

# Jan 31 1983

Monday mornings. I hate em. I am unusually lethargic and unmotivated. I should go see Mr. Gaines. I need to go to the wharf & to the tourism dept. Most I just want to sit here. Rivited in immobility. Doing anything at work has become quite a chore. I'm excited by the possibility that something might come of my visit this afternoon at the Dept of Labor. Gads. I hope something happens. I doubt I can put up with this under (or non-) utilization much longer. No doubt I am learning patience. At this rate, I'm learning to be THE most patient man in the world.

Talked to mom yesterday. It was so wonderful to hear all their voices. We talked for about 25 min (probably cost a BUNDLE) but it was certainly worth it. We had to straighten up a lot of 'fuzzy' rumors and misinformation. But it was certainly worth it. we had to straighten up a lot of fuzzy rumors and misinformation. I must learn to be clearer in my written correspondence. sometimes I think I shouldn't write at all because it seems to do less for understanding. Anyway the phone call cleared up a lot of the rough edges at least I know what was going on.

After the phone call the afternoon settled into a kind of melancholy. Both Deb and I felt "bleah". So we decided to go out to dinner and a show with Joan, Greg and "Anchor". It did a great deal for our morale. But for the last few days I've been feeling wrung out achy tired and bleah. No fever no flu. Just kind of punk. Don't know if it's physical or psychological. Diet? Food poisoning? Too liberal use of insecticide around the house? Whatever it is, I wish it would go away. I have a hard enough time being with it when I'm healthy.

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