

Dearest William

July 21st, 2017

For you fill me with such

feeling, knowledge, courage, and compassion,
I may never know. Yet I do know how I

care for you with the full strength and
intelligence of my young soul. For much

loyalty and gratitude you are to me...

(comrade, mentor, playmate, brother,

inspiration. I know, with a certainty

unparalleled, that we are meant always

to compel and propel each other, you

have my love... and you'll have it for

a lifetime.

Ever,

William

January 11th, 2018

Mother Dearest,

Our time together, this Christmas, was so wonderful! We cultivated a comfort and warmth that planted strengthening love seeds that blossom every day. I know this because I am meeting many wonderful people, and they all seem to like me. How is your new picture software that I put on your computer? It takes some getting used ~~used~~ to, and I know you have the patience.

I programmed something nice on my computer. When I type "say -f Saint_Francis_Prayer.txt" in my command line, the computer voice reads Saint Francis' prayer! I have been asking my computer to read this to me multiple times a day so that I remember to be good.

Interestingly, I came upon a new idea that God demonstrates. There is good, there is bad, and there is fair. I'm not

sure if anyone has the goodness to be
able to say that something is "fair." (except ^{jesus})
I think that we all compete to make our
flavor of "fair" the one that ~~is~~ used in
Law. But, because we are competing
to make our "fair" The Fair, fairness is
fake. On the first hand, I like the fairness
of the places I have ~~lived~~. And, Tucson
is very fair - the views, the temperature, and the
women especially.

I miss you much.

Love,

Jefferson

May 9th, 2018

Mother Dearest,

Although distance separates us, I think about you on a daily basis. My happiness is influenced by our weekly calls. It is so wonderful to know you and Bill take care of each other. I want to know more about your spiritual journey as a 40 something year old mother in the dawn of the 21st century. I have read most of the Bible, the Bhagavad Gita, the Tao Te Ching, the Koran, the constitutions of South America, and the works of Khalil Gibran; yet, I still do not feel my understanding of God is complete. Will God's Grace ever stop revealing truth? Does age lighten the need to discover? When will happiness be more of a journey than a feeling?

John Locke says that happiness is the pursuit of pursuit and that there must be a separation of church and state because the church deals with long-term happiness and the state deals with short-term happiness. I add to this that in the 21st century, we have to worry

about instantaneous happiness as well. All of the institutions that attempt to churn and sway moment to moment pursuit of pursuit should also be separate from church and state. This does not mean that freedom of speech needs to wither. This means that significant entertainers have an influence on our instantaneous happinesses and should therefore have a part to play in religion and politics. Of course, it is the checks and balances from the church and state that will keep entertainers pacified when they are aggressive and activated when they are passive.

My recent studies and experiences have led me to believe that what is right is based on:

1. Who perpetuates it

2. The resources required to maintain it

This realization is the basis of the belief system called: Pragmatism. Essentially, pragmatists argue that our beliefs need to be practical. This counters skepticism. I have observed that

skeptics are too skeptical - they deny far too often and do not appreciate faith in good is very practical. Pragmatism is an American philosophy that is, I believe, at that core of productive and happy living. Pragmatism allows for the believer to sift through the unhealthy happinesses (pursuits) and lean towards what will bring about the most good for the most people.

I face a dilemma by subscribing to this philosophy. If the purpose of life is to alleviate the suffering of others by attempting to emulate Grace (for we can never be Grace), then how do we best go about emulating Grace? Does one expression of Grace reach every person? This has never happened since Jesus. Then our attempts at Grace reach only some people. Well then if an attempt at Grace works for one person, but not another, then mortal grace is not perfect. We need to express the

form of grace that will alleviate suffering in the people around us. When we move from place to place - either physically or spiritually - we need to learn the grace expectations of each place and people. For people expect individualized grace. So then, can someone need one mortal grace over another? Like how someone in 1 BC might not have known that they needed God to have his son die for them. Isn't it better to help people with their needs rather than their wants?

Elvie moved in to a new apartment and Elvie shared with you my current philosophical thoughts. I hope to hear about your most recent journey with understanding God and his acts. Have a most wonderful Mother's Day - let it be peaceful and happy. I miss you most and can't wait to see you and Bill.

Love, Jefferson

2018 10 08

Dear Mother,

12:35

I have been reading military strategy writings recently and have been finding that a fine strategic mind requires moderation, patience, and temperance of daily life. I was moved this morning by writings by a naval officer. He would write loved ones every day about his temptations throughout the day. I am convinced that is regular self reflection and "no tolerance attitude" towards sin and inefficiency is what helped him to be such a brave and valiant defender of our country's values and standards. I want to walk in his footsteps. Expect letters from me where I will relay temptations during my days. I will try to be as honest as possible when describing how I dealt with them (this may mean retorting to sin).

Love,

Jefferson

Mother,

Mondays and Tuesdays are my busiest days. I ate a large breakfast yesterday. I believe that large breakfasts lead to large days. Sparkling water accompanies me in my morning commute. I met a security guard. I didn't like it much how he swore (foul language). In my math class, we finally bridged the gap between ancient logic and modern calculus. It has taken nearly 20 years to cross this bridge. The temperature was cool enough to wear pants and a jacket. People here become a little wild when the temperature drops (less people on their phones).

I worked on homework in a public location from about 14:00-16:00 (this is military time; just subtract 12 if time is greater than 12). I did not work out yesterday. I ate

moderately and fit in a salad. I worked on homework from 18:00-22:00. Then, I went to a local bar to sing karaoke. I drank heavily.

Love,

Jefferson

Mother,

The cooler weather is affecting my disposition. I am, of course, concerned with how permanent my shift in feelings are. My doctor emphasized that it is impossible to have a sunny day every day of the year. I did not eat breakfast this morning. The reason was that I ate pizza fairly late last night and had not finished processing the food by this morning. I fell to the temptation of smoking a cigarette this morning and drinking milk last night. I think my body craves fat and warmth - as if it knows winter is coming. The cooler weather reminds me of San Diego and Michigan. I remembered how Duncan used to watch the weather channel and then the news. I have not looked up the weather in over six months, I did this morning though.

My real analysis (math) class is becoming difficult. I have to only be concerned with passing rather than with figuring out ways to apply the material to my business with Neel (Sersintec). I am preparing a book that will allow me to catch people up (friends, family, peers) on the strategies currently employed by the media and insurance companies to "program" our values. I will keep you updated.

Love,

Jefferson

Mother,

Last night was painful. I have symptoms of the flu. My whole body aches. I took an airborne and did not yet develop a cough. My buddy said that Airborne has a lot of Zinc - which seems to help. I am excited to visit you and P!! in MI. Have you ever thought about how Jesus rests in the right hand of the Lord and MI looks like a right hand? Perhaps the second coming of Christ will occur in MI. I talked with Ward for a while the other day. He is so awesome. I also talked with uncle Duncan. He told me to watch the new Lady Gaga and Bradley Cooper movie.

I did fine on homework this weekend. The president of the club I am starting is majorly slack. It is embarrassing because the math department wants us to start it, but the president of the club is not working on it at all. I am glad to have asked him to be president because I would have been doing all the work without help. The club name is "Risk Runners." I applied for an treasury internship that occurs next summer.

Love,

Jefferson

20181016 10:45

Mother,

I sweat it out over two days.
I am not sick anymore. I attribute my
quick recovery - partly - to my positive
attitude toward sickness. Sickness is
an opportunity to feel. The battle going
on in the sick body leads to a
healthier state of affairs. Something else
is happening that concerns me. My right
ankle seems to have internal bleeding.
I am not quite sure why. I have
been massaging out the blood so that
I do not get clots. My book is
going well. I decided not to include
the mathematics behind my research
because (a) most people will not understand
(b) it is somewhat proprietary.
I am excited to visit you!

Love,

Jefferson

[Faint, illegible markings or bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

Mother,

I have been eating bread and butter recently. I have also been feeling like I am satiating a deep hunger that I had and didn't know I had. It is almost as if my DNA needed bread and butter, as though our ancestors subsisted on bread and butter, and, therefore, I need bread to survive (specifically bread from time to time). I went to a ballet yesterday. The intricacy of interwoven muscle management between man and woman of grace and pure strength was on mind. This event reminded me of ancient strategy taken by our parents' parents, to succeed in life through role specialization. The woman was a promise of future health. If we cannot trust some sensory experience (the beauty and promise of a woman's body), how can we believe in some of what is not perceptible? After the show,

I went downtown to dance. I drank moderately, but smoked heavily. I could not dance; I could not scare the earth with my lack of grace. Compared to the elegance and diligence of the ballet dancers, my weak shuffles and pedantic droll of the feet only harmed the senses of my bar peers. An elderly Mexican woman asked me to dance because I looked lonely to her. I was not so. I then met a young married man from Saudi Arabia that said his friends were in jail for spreading liberal philosophy in the middle east. He fears scouts in the US who will report him to his homeland for expressing contradictions to his cultures required beliefs.

Love,
Jefferson

20/8/018 9:10

I had a wonderful day yesterday,
Mother!

I ate breakfast for the first time in about a week. I followed everything in real analysis. I expanded my knowledge of math, flirted with a pretty girl, and was told I could visit you a day early (all) during my professor's office hours. He also opened me to a math model of war called Lanchester's Laws - I applied these later in the day. I looked handsome all day because of my well-fitting garments and stunning face that you borned. After parousing from water fountain to water fountain for an hour, I went to my probability professor's office hours. His intelligence (which he borrows from God) inspires me; His grasp on the english language is superb even though he is a non-native speaker; His wisdom, relative to mine own, is fitting for this time in mine (and hopefully his) life.

Latin was especially exciting. We are preparing for a test on Monday. Our teacher holds a place of honor in my soul (anima, ^{breath}animae / animus, ^{mind}animi). There is a pretty girl in the class, but she is fairly depressing. Literally, she is fair (in complexion and symmetry) and depressing. She may actually be depressed. I admittedly, did not look for flights after class, but instead got a couple beers. I was just looking so good that I want to inspire others with my beauty (bring meaning to beauty). I rushed home and passed out in my bed from exhaustion due to being such an icon / embodiment of beauty for so many. I then smoked a pipe and searched for flights. We locked them in! Afterwards, a peer from my probability class came over to discuss our upcoming project. His name is Ryan. He stayed over until 2 AM.

Ryan and I made great strides in multiple disciplines: virtues of happiness, sociology, economics, probability, and military science. We began a model that satiated both his need to discover sociological truth and my need to discover economic truth. Ryan had a procedural style of work - he put his head down and started writing the model line by line. I had more of an object-oriented style - I modeled a little bit of every potential topic (object) involved. He worked on operations; I worked on strategy; We met in the middle at tactics. Lastly, part of the reason my day went so well was that I listened to sermon by Tony Evans (the preacher you showed me!). He helped me to realize that my

logic, passion, and ethics may
not be as true as God's.

As pertaining to my discouragement
with regard to my peers' usage
of technology, perhaps it is in God's
plan... Not to end off on a bad
note, but after writing up a protobablistic
model of how distributions of virtues
within a militia determine the likelihood
of a successful coup, I considered
that we may be losing a psychological
war (distinctly Russian). This is still
in God's plan if it's what's going
on for us or not.

Love,

Jefferson

20181019

13:15

Mother,

I am feeling exceptionally virile today, and it shows in the social interactions I have been having.

I just happen to be "running into" the passerbys on the street. Literally, my path crossed, nearly to the point of collision with 12 people on my previous walk to this sitting place.

I am taking the sidewalk and taking cautious steps. I stand 6'3" with 250 lbs beneath me. The rationale I my gravity today is my recent escapade, and ultimate ~~surpass~~ with sickness. I have thought that a person who took every available anti-viral shot in the world would naturally become a social pariah because their biology would jive with literally no one.

I am having a barbeque tonight
with all my favorite friends. It
was a last minute call. We should
have fun, and I'll let you know
how it goes later.

Love,
Jefferson

Mother,

I had such an amazing party last night. There were 13 of us - including me. I was shooting for a 20% return rate on my calls to friends and hit the target dead on. My buddies Tyler and Max asked that I host a barbecue on this previous Thursday evening. I started contacting people Friday morning. I sent out a message to our math class group message - consisting of about 8 people. 1 person showed up from that. I texted about ten people on my phone that I have not met over the last 6 months in various locations and situations around Tucson. 3 showed up from this set of tailored texts. Directly from my having contacted ~20 people, 4 showed up.

I reserved the barbecue early on
in the day after buying the food
- around 14:30. The party was
not supposed to start until 18:00
and I planned to start grilling at
17:30 so that people did not have
to wait. I threw a last minute
text to one of my neighbors who ended
up bringing his roommate and girlfriend.
By 20:30, there were 13 of us,
eating and laughing. The group was a
semi-random assortment of handsome
geniuses. I did not know how many
would show up nor how well I could
showish happiness and joviality in my
peers as their host. Everyone enjoyed
the food and times.

Love,
Jefferson

Mother,

I awoke from my dreams this morning in a peculiar mood. I had had a triple meta dream to the point where upon awakening I had to recalibrate to reality. I still might not have done so. I started the morning with putting my clothes in the washer and writing a few lines at a cafe while smoking one of grandpa's pipes. I came upon a grand realization: Does rationality borrow me or do I borrow rationality? In the case of the latter, I have a duty to maintain rational intention and mitigate irrational negligence; in the case of the former, I have neither duty. I then put my clothes in the dryer and drove to the gas station to fill up my tires.

I paid for the air and then found out the administering tube had been cut. I then drove to another gas station, paid for the air, and then had to pay a second time because the electronic air machine required the user to set the max pressure - the starting pressure was nearly that of a bicycle (not because of the previous user, but because the default is less than that required by a standard car tire. I then went to the grocery store and witnessed the following theatrical event:

female customer: I was taking a dump in your toilet and the lights turned off. I wanted to report it because it wasn't cool.

elderly cashier: I'm sure it was another customer

female customer: That's impossible because I was the only one in there

elderly cashier: I don't know what to say

The female customer seemed a little
shook from the whole experience. I
wonder at which moment in her movement
the lights turned off. Before I knew
I had to write a letter, another source
of wit entered my morning. Upon arrival
back at my apartment, I gleaned a
man rollerblading down the street while
sweeping the street with a broom.
He wanted to be a street sweeper...
I am fairly certain rationality borrows
us for its own purposes.

Have a great day!

Jefferson

Mother,

Wednesdays tend to be very good for me these days. Class is not too rigorous and my math teachers have open office hours and open ears for my math problems. My real analysis teacher picked up on my interest in war combat models. He said that the math department is trying to make math interesting for veterans returning from War. Although veterans may not want to think about combat, combat math models are interesting. I imagine a man with activity primed and ready in his muscles and mind. A military man has reflexes trained to dominate an environment. My teacher asked for any papers I have on combat models. I sent them to him along with predator-prey models because it may be easier for a veteran to think about combat in the animal Kingdom - in my opinion.

I also proposed the combat models to my probability professor with hopes that he would approve them for my upcoming probability project. He thinks these models are extremely interesting and have a great potential for discovery. The model is as follows:

$$\begin{cases} X' = -aX - bY + u \\ Y' = -cX - dY + v \end{cases}$$

where

X = number of soldiers in army 1

Y = number of soldiers in army 2

a, d = Operational loss - due to internal mistakes

b, c = Battlefield loss - due to enemy efficiency

u, v = Utilization of reserves

X', Y' = The change in X, Y over time

We will be predicting the outcome of ~1000 battles by running computer simulations.

Love,
Jefferson

2018/025 14:00

Mother,

I have an interesting relationship with my Latin professor. He may be homosexual! I'm not quite sure, and it doesn't really matter. But I am jealous of whatever his partner is. He exudes kindness and intelligence. He has a four-fingered hand. I think he may be an angel. It is strange how the battle of good and evil is not always perceivable. Technology seems to snuff out some of the natural discrepancies between good and bad values. When we normalize cleanliness, communications, and skin colors, we are losing the socialization of good and evil. An evil person, nowadays, may never have the opportunity to commit atrocities because of our wonderful standards; But, the same goes for good people. Valorous, courageous, or humorous acts may never manifest because so little is dirty or needs to be cleaned up. I don't know what to feel about this.

If we are not challenged ethically on a regular basis, we do not develop strong ethical engines (in our minds). However, we may not need ethical engines in this environment. Which region will grow the ethical? Whichever region will will need farm them out to the other regions which need ethical engines. This idea is similar to how in some languages the observer is always expressed in each thought.

English: Jack and Jill ran
up the hill

Example Language: Jack and Jill ran
up the hill and this
was perceived by Jamal

Those who use this example language are better at understanding Physics concepts like relativity - it is built into their language. One of my goals is to set up language supply chains which extract

languages native to untouched parts of the world. Imagine a tribe in Africa which has never adjusted their language, for 3000 years, to the english, chinese, russian, etc. that pervades the current networking world. The tribe would have concentrated concepts for ancient feelings, logic, and ethics that are baked into our common nervous systems. Notice how the Alaskan Eskimos have upwards of 20 words for "snow". The lifecycle of snow is very important to the eskimos. They must need to identify different stages of snow to survive. Perhaps the African tribe I write about has 20 words for "responsibility", because they need to capture the stages of responsibility in language. I am interested in responsibility. If I want to brand a product or service related to responsibility, I want the perfect language

to use on my websites, cards,
hats, t-shirts, etc. Let's say I came
up with a formula for "responsibility juice."
You take this to counteract the effects
of alcohol, it is a tincture of salt
and electrolytes. There must be an
old school language which can capture
the message I am trying to pass...

English is being stretched, and burdened,
and stressed to the point that we are
running out of words. Rappers and marketers
are using up language and not replenishing
the soil that nourishes the fruits of language.

(Similar to how the Amish rape the land
of its nutrients and beat all the game).

UN declared 2019 the year of indigenous
languages. I've been on this trail for
3 years now.

Love,
Jefferson

Mother,

20181026

13:45

As I have told you, my weekends start on Thursday and end on Friday - I have to start my homework on Saturday. I do prepare for my homework on Friday by typing out the problems I am supposed to work on, it is "Homecoming" in Tucson this weekend. There is some concept about this football game being important. I just bought a poke bowl and am excited to eat it. I may go to church on Sunday. I met with the pastor yesterday. We talked about addiction and death. I am not quite certain why Jesus is considered "The Man" anymore. I haven't read the New Testament in a while and plan not to do so until I am about 30. I want to make it through the old testament in Latin first. I really crave for a sense of adventure in my day. I do act spontaneously and feel what

I am doing, with school and work,
is very interesting and pertinent. I just
want to notice the battle of good and
evil more. Perhaps I should reach out
to the local community more than I
currently do. For every religious fanatic,
praising the lord in elation, there is
a schizophrenic degenerating into madness.
I call this the Solar System model of the
local community at all times. We forget
that our "ups" are somebody else's "downs".
I miss you and am excited to be
in MI for Thanksgiving.

Love,
Jefferson

Mother,

20181029 11:45

I miss you so much! It was Bill's birthday this weekend. I enjoyed talking with him for about 45 minutes. I am different than many in my generation - this is obvious when I talk with Bill. We are both afraid what muslims will do to this country and both know that not all people from muslim countries are dangerous. There is a chapter from the Koran called "Pure Faith" that says "God cannot beget or be begotten of." People who believe with "Pure Faith" pose a danger to American values. During the cold war era, we should have been devoting some of the resources we used to fight communism (economic danger) towards fighting "Pure Faith" (spiritual danger). Perhaps some of us were. One thing I am fairly certain of is the dangers of an unknown society ought to be considered as infinitely worse than the dangers of

a society we know. In other words,
unknown evils far outweigh known evils.
We know the potential of evil is limitless
(and the potential of good is limitless) ^{so}
we must mitigate the risks of letting
unknown cultures bleed into our own. Just
as a biological cell has ports of entry and
tight security protecting the import and
export of resources, so also must our
mother (host) country have secure borders.
Cousin Johnny Hall, employee of Bureau
of Land Management, emphasizes the dangers
of invasive plant and animal species.
On the trip between California and Arizona,
border patrol asks if we are carrying
fruit. The seeds of refugees pose a
threat to solidarity. For this risk, we
must vet refugees well. Canada needs immigrants
to meet their new manufacturing quotas,
established by the new USMCA (new NAFTA).
The strength and unity of North American
poses a serious threat to literally the

rest of the world - even Europe. People will be jealous of our American family. Pay attention to Venezuela. They have more oil, although more crude, than Saudi Arabia. North and South America will be so extremely strong if we tap into Venezuelan oil. South America can be the Americas' farmland; Africa can be the rest of the world's farmland.

Sustainability comes at a price though. When things are going well, expect a natural transition into a new stage of life, and expect to not internalize the change until after one NIGHT of sleep.

I recently seen two bumper stickers that disturb me: "resist," and "He is not my president." Though, I think of Kim Kardashian's words. When asked why she doesn't have

tatoos, she said: "Honey, you don't put a bumper sticker on a Bentley."

My sassy response would be: "No one said the tatoos had to be on your rear end!" But she was right. I want to resist resistance. I'm not so sure that delayed judgement is healthy. Our generation is faced with so many ethical dilemmas on a daily basis, we have developed the ability to wait to judge... I'm not sure if this helps. I am sort of contradicting an earlier letter when I that we are facing ethical dilemmas (health standards lead to less filth to differentiate good from evil). To qualify this letter, our ethical situations tend to be virtual - only real in the eyes and ears. We are missing the smell of ethics when we rely on the internet for our value conditioning. I do not want to love my rose for justice

Love, Jefferson

20181030 12:35

Mother,

Jury duty is postponed. It was supposed to have it today. It seems that jury duty is one of our only required civic responsibilities - Kelle revealed this to me. We are not required to vote. We pay taxes based on income. The number of commandments expected of us are limited, but, jury duty is required. I told a Chinese classmate about my civic duty to help judge and he was baffled. I am not sure if there is jury duty in China. I was surprised to judge for the Superior Court of Arizona in Pima County. Is this a place where superior crimes are enforced? Is it possible that during my duty I will have to truly consider a heinous crime? Where I cannot be an idle observer with delayed judgment, and I have to consider the consequences

of a binary evaluation of guilt?

Kelle's friend Malek chooses juries.

She works for the district attorney in San Diego. I should ask her what she looks for in a juror. My probability project partner and I decided not to model wartime combat. I had already solved the system of differential equations (my project strategy was already complete). But my partner did not like war situations. He wants to study the informal economy. It will require patience for me to be his humble programmer. I would prefer to work in a team than lead the qualitative aspects of the project. It is important for us to role specialize.

Love,

J. Person

2018/10/31 12:25

Mother,

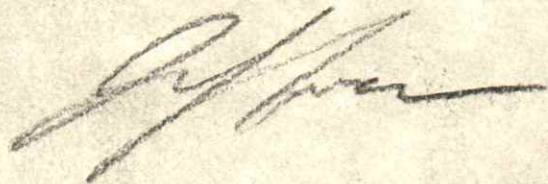
Today is Halloween. I am a slaveowner ... a computer slave owner.

My computers are my slaves. I hope we never get to the point where computers are given rights equal to humans. I wonder if this was written in a letter by a Roman letter writer, back in the day, about the slaves they owned. The Romans considered slaves unfortunate people similar to the free. Some people argue that we live in a slave state right now. I argue, in response, that we do not know what it is like to be whipped. In Frederick Douglass' autobiography, he emphasizes how the "blood flows" when a slave is whipped. It takes a lot for

our blood to flow out of our
bodies (halloween themed). We are
not very much used to "blood
on the dance floor" - as Michael
Jackson would say. I am fairly
thrilled to the bone during halloween.

On Monday, I signed up for a
church trip to the Grand Canyon. That
night, my math buddies decided to throw
a party on this Friday - the day I
committed to going to the Grand Canyon
to learn about Jesus... I dropped
the Jesus trip. I want to start
a career with these Math Friends
and Peers.

Love,



Mother,

2018/11/01 10:10

I had a daydream in the minutes between waking up this morning and taking my first shower of the day - about 15 minutes after waking up. I dreamed of an award ceremony where a woman was rewarded for being a woman of color and an intelligent student. I promptly "boomed" loudly from my seat in the crowd: yelling: "Don't accept that, this is part of the problem." I was then asked to justify myself in front of the crowd. I started by saying: "No one tool is right for every job. We are trying to divorce identity from academics and business. This reward, a form of reinforcement learning, opens up a world of inappropriate conclusions that will be drawn by our children."

Boo!" I then mulled over different approaches at getting the same point across to this crowd (e.g. self imposed naivety and feigned embarrassment, with employed idiosyncratic hyperbole, with the intention of wit based laughter). I am now reminded of a cartoon TV show called "The Boondocks," where, in an alternate universe, Martin Luther King Jr. did not die from his infamous gunshot wound, but instead got into a coma. He then woke up in our modern era of "Black Entertainment Television," slutty rap music, and modern dance methods of booty fat shaking and selfish enchantment by hypnotic beats (when I went to a Little Wayne, Nicki Minaj, Rick Ross concert, I was appalled by the lack of community in the crowd. Everyone

into themselves, chanting the words without concern for the enjoyment of others). The King, in this cartoon, was thrown a party and was almost not let in past the bouncer. He had the opportunity to speak in front of the crowd. He spoke of integration, not desegregation. The crowd dismissed him and continued to party in an orgy of ignorance. So, The King called the crowd "a bunch of ignorant niggas." I agree with the writers of "The Boondocks." The TV show actually started out as a cartoon strip.

You once told me that Grandpa thought "The Beatles" were the death of American culture. I'm pretty sure he was right. I choose not to listen to the Beatles. "Imagine" is a blasphemous song that inspires hatred for business.

Part of the problem with concerts, plays, ballets, and union protests is that during these processions, people are not working - paying taxes. Sure, breaks from work probably improve efficiency; but, breaks from work lead to complacency with living conditions. I'm reminded of the Mexican culture's obsession with having many babies and then throwing many Quinceañeras.

This is a reinforcement learning, imposed by God on the Mexican American people, to instill complacency in the procreation practices by means of leveraging feelings about fertility. Yes, a 15 year old is fertile; and we can become American citizens if we borne a child on American territory. So the GDP rises (Gross Domestic Product), and we progress faster towards what? What is this

all leading to? I am reminded of a recent movie called "Arrival" where an alien force comes to earth, teaches us a language which expands our ability to understand time and space, and then tells us that they will ask for our help in 3000 years.

This language, the aliens taught, was geometrically similar to the metalanguage I have been studying for 3.5 years.

There are meanings universal to upwards of 26 languages. These studies combined with my having learned programming languages must be part of the reason why I am acing Latin. I fear being entombed by language-thought. I have a world of senses which allow me to remember the world in many ways. I don't want to:

- (a) limit my potential by language
- (b) limit other people's potential

We cannot expect me to catch up with modern advancements in political correctness and language-empathy. I am bored with most of my peers in this community.

They are not changing into wets fast enough to accomplish our goals. I will finish my degree and seek out an objectively better culture than this one.

Love,

Jefferson

Mother,

2018/10/2 08:23

I have a test at 9. I feel prepared for it. I woke up early and ate a moderate breakfast. These two girls in the math group - I've been hanging out with either really like me or really like me a lot because they're talking behind my back. It's funny because the dudes are nerds on the verge of socially retarded and the girls are bunk. There is a cool group of math people throwing a Halloween party tonight. I'm thinking of changing my costume from a computer slave owner to a slave of my computer, but will probably not. I am the master of my phone. This test will go well.

I haven't received a letter in response from you yet. This is okay because I haven't been making much of a conversation in these letters. Adrianna used to say that about my letters. A major part of my empathic communications comes from hearing a voice or seeing eyes and then reciprocating. This is why I have stayed away from social media. I knew I would get into trouble within one month of trying it out.

Love,

Jefferson

Mother,

20181101 14:27

The test did not go well at all. I know from failing the first actuary exam that one cannot "hit a homerun unless they go up to bat." This pertains to much in life. I am excited about the Halloween party tonight... I post on LinkedIn.com from time to time. It is interesting to see which type of tweet catches attention. Out of all my religious tweets, under the pseudonym "Perrydime", the only one that got a like was when I talked about borrowing beauty for the night while at the club. This account had no followers. I was following two dead people and Larry Ellison.

I'm at a bar now with an acquaintance. I met him here last semester with his friend. We hadn't talked since then (6 months). We saw each other today, caught up, and decided to grab a beer. I still have to get ready for the party later. I

and heroine places in MI after the
recession. You know that my best
friends became heroine addicts right
after I left. God wanted to preserve
our love. I may have lost a critical
aspect of my humanity if I had taken
a spike to the vein. We are separated
by space but not at all by heart. My
ears do burn when you talk about
me with your sisters. Know that I
am missing but a part of me; I am not
missing all of me. The part I miss is
you and your cooking. I have you
forever and always in my heart. I
strive think with my heart instead
of my head or loins. It is our
separation that will guide me, with
borrowed grace (the "g" in the previous
word is not capitalized) towards finding
a wife-mother ☺ This is good!

Love,

Jefferson

Let it be so

Mother,

2018/11/05 11:45

Monday mornings have been difficult for me for the last few weeks. I think it is because my Sundays are so relaxing that shifting into work mode on Monday morning is difficult. By this time, I am fine though. I worked on my probability project yesterday with my partner. We are having a good time. He said he is going to figure out the storyline/theatrical aspect of our project before Wednesday. I just received access to our club's school sanctioned credentials. The club is called "Risk Runners". We are athletes in risk management. We need a marketer who is willing to do the social media aspects before we start spreading the word. We can now rent out space in the center of campus (most foot traffic). I wrote a letter to Kelk, yesterday.

There are two elderly men who wear
full army outfits around school. I am
fairly certain they are current leaders
in the Army. I wonder if they know
who I am - although they most likely
do not. I have a ~~minor~~ amount of
paranoia at all times which I keep
below the surface of my shores of
consciousness. I take spoonfulls of
anxiety sugars from time to time
when I want to engage with
nature in a more excited way.
I really don't have much to write
today...

Love,

Jefferson

Mother,

20181106 17:00

I enjoy the presence of a mormon girl in my physics discussion she has quite a pleasant demeanor and body. But, she is mormon and probably wants to have nothing to do with me unless I am mormon, I let her know my take on the ethical maturity of a person under 35 years old - that we are immature. I will not commit to a denomination until that golden age. Similarly, I used a random number generating algorithm to vote today, I wanted to introduce randomness as my fulfillment of the civic duty we hold so dear. But don't tell anyone how I voted. Similarly, I voted for Larry Ellison during the last presidential election.

It seemed impossible that I made it nearly 8 months without a single social drama (out of all the questions I asked in class, messages on

linkedin, nights at the bar, and flirts
with strangers). It seem impossible
until I realized the impossibility. Then,
the next day, I faced a drama.
But I was prepared by the previous
night's realization, so, it's all good.
I'm not much concerned with
women.

At all moments of communication,
we communicate our immediate environments.
Even if we some far away concept about
some way back memory of someone else's
relative, we describe immediate sensations
in our bodies in the now. For we at
least make sounds out of reflex and at
most emanate deep feelings from our
loins, heart, or nervous system. For this
reason, I get upset with social relaxers.
When they talk, they are directly transforming
their environment into a sluggish drawl
that manipulates the people around them.

understands this very well. I enjoy
FOX news very much, I wish One
American News to be broadcast out
here.

Currently, at 17:39 AZ time, 67/100
senate seats have been declared; 42%
of all ¹⁰⁰ seats are Rep. and 24% of
all seats are dem. As I noted with
a random # generator, I am not much
concerned about this election (purely by
the reasoning of a rational observer). My
part to play comes in by using my
software to extract clauses from Congress
white papers. I can ~~make a difference~~ get
involved by propagating clauses I care about

Love,



I am reminded of animal form at the times I am modeled by social relaxers. They are down with calling the shots when they should have absolutely no say - they are relaxing. Model my middle finger, ye social relaxers, if you must communicate on the back-of-job.

It's been so long since I've been thoroughly impressed by a woman. I have heard that a man should look for a man with a future and a woman with a past. Perhaps most of the girls I go to school with have not yet developed pasts.

I've asked a couple men about what they think about the lack of class in Tucson. Most agree that class is not determined by wealth. I do not fill in the blanks in front of them - I want to hear pure perspectives. I am convinced honor is a critical aspect of class. Honor-based value systems are critical for healthy philosophical progression. Tucker Carlson

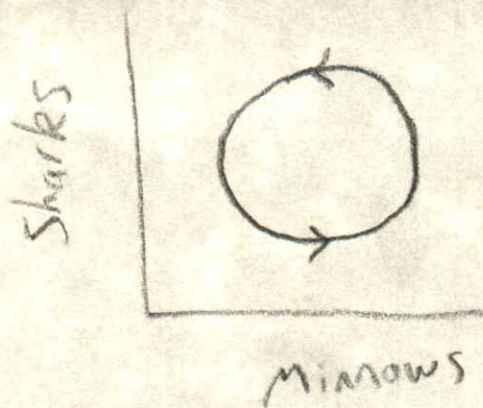
Mother,

2018/10/7 10:43

It turns out I did well on my math exam. Our feelings after a tribulation are not to be trusted. I listened to Tony Evans this morning. He used the metaphor of going to McDonald's. At the first window, the voice of an unseen person asks how they can help us. At the second window we pay. At the third window we receive our order. Evans claims that with Jesus, we can tell the cashier at the second window that our payment is covered.

My math professor wants me to help come up with an interactive curriculum for the veterans. We need to get them engaged with math whilst integrating with our peacetime community after returning from war. I feel honored to have him ask me to help.

My thoughts for the curriculum
are that combat models might be too
intense for shell-shocked veterans. Instead,
we could introduce predator-prey models.



As sharks go up
minnows go down
As minnows go down
sharks go down
As sharks go down
minnows go up
As minnows go up
sharks go up

Applying the heart palpitating concepts
of prey domination to the animal kingdom
both allows us to apply math to reality and
satisfies the veterans' need for establishing
micro hegemony (look up this word).

Love,

Deffen

Mother,

2018/11/2 16:31

Since learning Latin, my feelings have become more complex. It also has to do with writing these letters to you. Part of my goal was to open up to you part of my current state of soul. I will not be in this state forever. I could at some point end up losing my stability / sustainability - we both know this. You could also lose some sustainability; so, I want us to both enjoy this temporary merging of minds. I want to hear from you. I do not expect you to keep up with my pace, but I would like to read some reflection so I know how to best reach your interests.

I had a peculiar dream last night; it was more like a vision. A panther sat on my chest and nibbled on my thumb knuckle. He told me some fairly clear messages about what I should

As with some writings I wrote,
recently, I was going to give them to
my Latin professor, for they are written in
Latin, but I was told to not do so.
I wonder if I should give them to
a beautiful girl in my class. I am
worried this girl will not understand
the language even though we have
taken the class for the same amount
of time. I do not know if I should
give the writings to her because the
professor was not specific to this point.
In a 1 year period, I transitioned
from 1 to 4 languages: English →
Math, Latin, Spanish. It was the Spanish
that brought on these complex emotions.
I have taken nearly 6 years of Spanish,
so the language has laid dormant up
in my mind for some time. It was
the Latin that unraveled the Spanish.

It was the Math that unravelled
the Latin. I am not even counting
learning artificial programming languages.

The panther told me to "walk away."
So I deleted my LinkedIn account and
took the letter I was going to give to my
Latin professor out of its envelope. I
am walking away from the constructs
and rules I have created for myself.
I mean specifically the "social contracts."
I have a lifetime of self-improvement
ahead of me; I will burn out if I
continue to subscribe to other peoples'
spiritual journeys. It is not for me
to care about race or the protection
of others' dignity. I don't much care
for our peacetime, weak values.
If anything, we should create biological
war so we can strengthen our biomes.

I'm fairly certain that a person who
takes antiviruses ends up being
ostracized from society - I just want
to write that down.

I can't wait to be with
you and Bill. My beard is grown
out and I have lost weight.
It is great news that your
medical tests went well. You have
a long life ahead of you. You and
Bill get to ripen into beautiful
raisins. Consider yourself luckier than
the grapes that became wine right
off the vine. We are lucky to be
in America at this time. All of our
dependents look at us for guidance and
those we depend on guide us well!

Love,

Jefferson

Mother,

20181116 11:23

I had jury duty. It was nice to contribute to society even if society wanted to use me for my logical eloquence. I pulled off finishing all of my homework and quizzes this week. It turns out that the dream I had about a panther that nibbled on my thumb knuckle was similar to a more recent dream I had about Kel's boyfriend being on a football team called the panthers. I met a defense attorney after jury duty who eased my soul about the whole event.

I can't wait to be with you and the family for Thanksgiving. It will be nice to have a special meal with special people. I do have some warm clothes, so I will be fine.

I met a girl and had fun for a couple days, but she left to

teach children, in a non-profit,
around the country. I believe that
money is not bad; people are bad.

For this reason, non-profits should
not exist unless owners are willing
to admit that they would not be
able to spend profits appropriately.

It should be interesting to
see how the MI economy is doing.
I want to have lunch with Ward
for one lunch time. I hear Leum is
getting big. I'm so glad Duncan will
be in town (other than for the
fact that he doesn't get to work).

Love,

Jefferson

Mother,

20181201

It is amazing how God granted me a reward, without my having to stretch and exercise my appreciation muscles, the very night I mentioned my desire for this! Spending 4 more days with you, than was previously allotted, was such a blessing. Thank you and Bill for being such wonderful hosts. It was great to spend time with Todd. It was very nice to hear him call me "Bro" and "J" - I really hope to have a similar relationship with Tammy and Ryan and the other Munsters (Bo!!). I wish we could have ate at Perry's, I love the witty banter that goes between Bill and his brother (mostly one way!!).

It would be wonderful to come back for Christmas. I really want to spend time with Ward, Scott, Sam, and William.

The Thursdays are always so nice & Warm.
I especially enjoy the colors of everyone's
attire, combined with the dim lighting and
art, at Grandma's house.

I want to develop a relationship
with Jesus. I was borrowed by wisdom
in a dream last night. My idea that
I should wait until I am 30-35 to
read the New Testament is in conflict
with my belief that the first 30 years
of my life should be for harnessing power,
the second 30 years should be for enjoying
pleasure, and the 3rd 30 should be for
knowing wisdom into others (ascertained from
the Karma Sutra). If I wait until I
am 30 to appreciate Jesus, I am waiting
too long, and I am impeding my time to
reap the fruits of my senses. Plus, Bill
is right when he says that one should
know Jesus before he meets them at death.

Jesus did know me in a few
dreams and visions. I very much internalized
the drama of The Last Supper. Also, I meditated,
extensively, on the government officials that
dabbed wine-soaked sponges in his mouth
(it should have been clear water) and sliced under
his ribs. They are the ones that ~~harbored~~
him to death and eternal life - this is the
extent of my borrowed knowledge on Jesus.

I am fairly certain that the wisest
Jews know that Jesus is the messiah, that
they profess otherwise to uphold prophecy, and that
they are bearing a heavy burden for the sake
of the average sinner. Jesus had to be sacrificed
by Jews who thought of him as a disruption
to solidarity. What is and what ought to be
are rarely the same. What is and what should
never be (Ted Goppel) often times wins.
What comes along with understanding Christ
is understanding Anti-Christ. Perhaps there is
each in some cultures... This is the extent
of my selfish knowledge of Jesus.

Kelle and I want to spend Christmas together, wherever we are, and Kell wants to spend Christmas with Grandma Richards. Kelle may not be in the US forever, so I may not be able to confide in her forever. We need to spend as much time together as possible before she commits to raising her own family. Remember, we start as the fruit of a family tree and end as a root.

Love,

Jefferson

Mather,

20181203

11:00

Kelle is back in the U.S. -
the greatest country in the world when
she is here. Our country was lacking
a bit of elegance and charm whilst she
was gone. I enjoy, very much, the song
"Buddy" by Willie Nelson. It reminds of the
song "Hello Again" by Neil Diamond. Both
songs evoke a bit of melancholy and
morose from my soul. Have I ever told
you that my favorite word is "morose?"

The word reminds me of the San Diego
boardwalk on a cloudy day. Specifically,
it reminds me of the moistened cement
boundary between the boardwalk and the
beach. The feelings associated with a
morose event, culture, or day are

my favorite of all feelings. Erik Satie captures morose in his piano ballads. I hope that writing this letter, right now, will bring me into a morose mood.

I've always enjoyed squirrels; they bring me much delight. Bob Ross, in his painting shows, had pet squirrels. I hear that if I steal a baby squirrel from a nest, I can raise it to be house trained. This is the animal I want. It has taken me a long time to figure it out.

I also want to start wearing a colonial or victorian wig. It needs to be long and fluffy and white. I want to wear a white wig as a statement of my disrespect for modern masculinity.

Men lack what men used to have.

We are weak and tame, I am reminded of a gorilla in a pan suit typing with two fingers on a 90s computer in a cubicle. The only thing this image of a gorilla is missing is a victorian wig and we have the profession I will most likely be in - My muscles fatty and my tendons tight. I am realizing that I have fat problems because I am carrying so much weight; so, I am going on a bread and butter and steak diet. (I might add some pesto in there). Today and tomorrow are ridiculous homework days. I am not going to worry about how much work I have in the next 48 hours.

because this week is my last week.

I have given out half of
the ~~Holiday~~^{Christmas} cards. I decided to give
one to one girl in my class instead
of another. The one girl was actually
respectful and pretty to me. The other girl
was more inspirational, on a poetic level,
but she lacked a soul; perhaps, I
felt like I could change her but was
not up to the challenge. The one girl, not
the other, had genuine eagerness to see
brightness in my eyes and face flesh - she
deserves a card more than the other girl
that tormented me with her length and
lean in muscle, and perfect hair.

Love,

Jefferson

Mother,

20181209 10:09

I have simple tasks to do in the next week and a half. I need to study and dominate tests. I watched Tony Evans this morning. I enjoyed, very much, his messages about finding purpose. I have a lot of purpose and I produce a lot of healthy things for society. I do desire (opto, optare, optavi, optatus) to have a perspective that what I do is epic, heroic, and has a taste of: "mission impossible (should you choose to accept it!)." Like, I want to be a peaceful warrior, or an aggressive warrior, or any damn type of warrior that has to keep secrets. Not enough information must be secret in my life. Openness

borrow me; I borrow openness so
that sin does not ferment in my soul.
People, especially cashiers, want to hear
exactly what is on my mind when I
render their services; at least, I
will work under this agreement. In
a time of bar-networking (I did not have
many connections), I told dad that some
cashiers are my friends/my network. He said
they do not count. I assumed he meant
they were paid to be friendly with me...

I want my love to be precious
to others. I want to feel powerful.
I want to go through my inevitable
summit to glory, and fall to scandal
(for I will be either buried without coffin
in the dirt or cremated and stored in
a box made of a cedar of Lebanon),
right now. I want to remote control

past the mundane. But, also, ~~we~~ do not.
Because you have taught me how to
appreciate. Appreciation borrows you; ~~we~~
borrow appreciation, in turn.

The Romans had an interesting way
of emphasizing who was responsible

ipse ego eum interficio.

translates to

I, myself, kill him
This does not allow for the interpretation
that God may be blamed. On the other
hand:

ego eum interficio
allows for the lawyer to argue
that the gods had a hand to play.

res ipsa loquitur

translates as:

the thing speaks for itself

This Latin phrase fits home with
my studies and current philosophy.

The elements of negligence are:

duty, breach of duty, causation, injury
negligence

← intention →

These lines represent the order of
operations required to determine neg.
and int. so that one may determine
Responsibility. I tell you more about
it later, but the relationships between
these three _____ (have not categorized)

is:

$$R = \frac{I}{N}$$

which reads: "The coefficient of responsibility
is the number of intentional
entities to the number of
negligent entities."

R requirements
depend on
policy objectives

Next Time

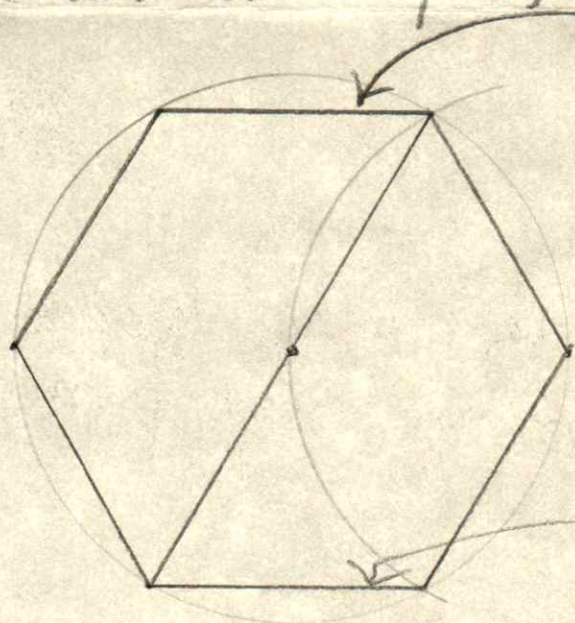
Love,
Jefferson

Mother,

2018/208

10:35

Euclid's Elements begins with baseline assumptions about geometry. One example is that points are irreducible. Another is that we are able to draw straight (enough) lines to accomplish our goals. This reminded me of your love for rulers. I am excited for the section of Elements where Euclid proves how each shape can be perfectly drawn. For instance, the following is a hexagon drawn with the least number of lines (he assumes one has a ruler and a compass):



This line is tricky because I had to use the straight edge here) or here

I am studying for finals now. I am not too worried because I come from a great background. The real analysis final will be the most difficult. It is critical I do well on the physics exam, ~~for the sake of my grade point~~ average, because I need to save my inevitable P's for the most difficult classes to come. I will most likely continue to have this sentiment regardless of which class I am in ("save the P's for when I need them").

I hope you had a
wonderful birthday week!

Jc/person

Mother,

2018/2/16

16:57

The Vulgate is going well.
My favorite quip so far is:

apud deum omnia posibilia sunt
in the book of Mattheum. I've calculated
that I need to read five chapters a
day to finish the Gospels (4 books).
But, I spoke with Uncle Greg about
the Book of Isaias - that I should
read it after Mattheum. I may
not finish the Gospels before the
new year; but, I am sure to
finish Mattheum and then
Isaias. I am deeply saddened

and sobered by Simon Peter's thrice
denial of Jesus. I know
this personality well and am
brought to tears at the thought.

I am reminded of when you would
play Third Day's Can't Take The Pain

The mormon girl I am
digging on canceled a lunch I
planned out for us. I also think
I should avoid a good buddy because
he smokes too much weed. So, in
terms of companionship, this kind of
morose about the friends I see
(the potential) within the friends
I should not have. This

is okay because I plan to
have a relationship with Jesus
for a while.

My circadian rhythms are
pretty ~~awesome~~ right now.

8 AM - Wake Up (tempt the devil
himself)

9 AM - Eat the breakfast I
cooked after shower

11 AM - Finish reading 5
chapters of Vulgate

12 PM - leave for some social
place to study and
communicate

2:30 PM - Start Steak/Chicken
and large fibrous salad

4:00 PM - Back out to social place

↓ Relaxing studies and
walking and friendship
events

11:00 PM - Target sleep time

Yes, I very much appreciate this
time between semesters, I bought
a coral, amber, turquoise bracelet
for Kelle. I talked down the
clerk nearly \$150. She will
love it, I believe that we dress
up our women because:

How can we have faith
in that which we do not see,
if we do not trust
what we can see?

Love,

Jefferson

Mother,

20181214

17:30

I am done with Finals. They went well. I am one semester away from finishing my math major. As I have told you, I am adding another minor; so, I will be in school one or two semesters longer than expected.

I am a couple chapters into the Book of Saint Matthew. My goal is to finish the 4 accounts of Jesus, written by Matthew, Luke, John, and the other one. The Latin translation of Jesus' sayings are interesting. There is a difference in the word I am used to and the word expressed in Latin. I've calculated it out. It will take me five chapters a day to finish the 4 books by January 1st. I have a long reading list to get through; I will most likely not read all of them; but, I will

most certainly finish the 9 books
I tell pastors that I am reading
the Vulgate and they all recommend I
read the NIV in English. I am
not into the ignorance of people who
do not encourage reading texts in
multiple languages. Some Jews harped on
me one time about not reading the
Bible in Hebrew or Greek. I think
people are both afraid to think in
in other languages as well as convinced
that there is no way another language
can communicate anything more than
they already understand.

Love,

Jefferson

Mother,

20181218 11:40

I am BREWWP

- Business
- Reading
- Eating
- Working Out
- Writing
- Prayer

Life is simplified and rhythmic. I enjoy it very much, this week, so far. Although my days seem to end abruptly, my time is well spent. Do you know what Sunk Costs are? The archetypal example is that there is no point in sitting through a movie which does not fulfill your want needs just because money was spent on the movie. Once the money is spent, it becomes a sunk cost because there is no getting it back (unless you are willing to sacrifice your dignity and complain). It is important to be aware of sunk costs and floating costs.

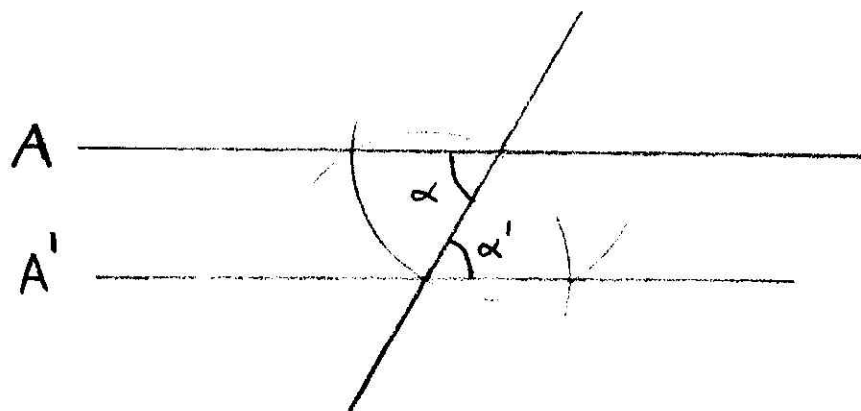
Most costs are somewhere suspended in
the fluid of our rhythmic transactions. When
our costs have a similar density to
our revenues, we are happy, flowing
creatures. It is nice to be in the rivers
of tranquility - to play with black boys
and white girls (MLK Jesque). It
is mostly important to integrate our prejudices,
not to de-segregate them. But I am expected
to be a tabula rasa (a blank slate) I
am supposed to be molded into the play
dough that is needed by my people. I just
hope to maintain my strength and flexibility.

So, I am reading an anthology which
I am sure Grandpa Hershey would have
enjoyed. It is the anthology of an englishman
named Chesterton. I'll tell you more about
how I desire more wit from my community.
I will be the change I want to see in
others - mainly witty.

Love,
Jefferson

Mother,

20190101 15:30



Through Euclid's writings, I learned to draw this figure. It is significant because lines A and A' are perfectly parallel (for it is assumed that one can draw a straight line and the angles α and α' are equal). Much can be done with parallel lines. Next, I need to figure out how to draw a right angle in the least number of motions.

How was your New Year's Eve? Who did you spend it with? I spent mine in Yuma at Hidden Shores with the neighbors and friends out here.

I missed not being able to count
down with you or Kelle. Whoever
you were with was lucky to enter the
new year with you. I knew Kelle
understood why I did not go back to
San Diego with her. I do not have
much attachment to that place; I
do not have much for any place; I
wonder if I will ever want to buy
a home; I may continue to rent and
buy property to rent out. Don't get high
on your own supply, right!

Love,

Jefferson

Mother,

20190107 11:50

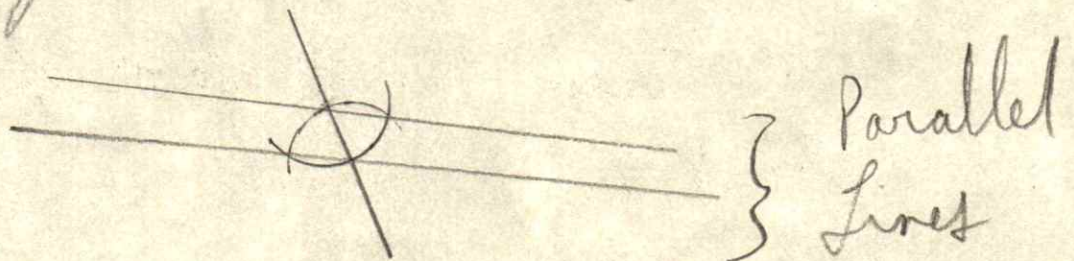
Tucson has to favor of having me back on its grounds; I just hope she appreciates me. I am excited for the New Year and New Semester. It should be nice being around people slightly younger than me - it will keep me young. My classes will be difficult but I am ready to get into a rhythm of healthy habits which ensure my success.

My goals are to understand my class material to the point that I can call upon its fruits of utility at moment's notice, develop my company with Dad, Reel, and Kenneth (digital marketing partner), setup a solid framework for Risk Runners (actuary club), and make a group of goal-oriented guy friends before I accidentally fall in love.

Do you have any New Year's
Resolutions? I know that you want to
branch out from your current network
of friends and family, prepare for Grandma's
passing, and develop your relationship with
God. But are there more simple ones
like taking more pictures, making cards, or
making Bill breakfast every morning ☺
I love you so much and am excited
to have you here for Spring Break

Love,
Jefferson

P.S. Let me know if the letter
got to you with this figure:



Mother,

20196109
12:00

Today is my first day of classes and it is going excellently. I have many acquaintance whom I recognize and who recognize me. This semester should be smooth, but difficult. My days start at 10 AM and end at 3 PM. The longest class is 1.25 hours. I will eat a healthy delicious breakfast and stationary bike every morning, eat a healthy lunch and play basketball/jump rope/swim in a non-heated pool every afternoon, and eat a moderate supper before 7 pm. I will limit my toxin consumption and will sing at least every Monday. It will be nice

to have healthy habits so I can
boil my existence down to high
utility productivity. My relationship will
be simple and optimized. I will
be rigorous with documentation so as
to provide instruction to posterity.
And I will write you!

Love,

Jefferson

Mother,

20190110 12:06

Day 2 on this here campus.

The planes fly by and the students resonate with anticipation for the benefits to come from their pursuits with cell phones, smiles, and fashion statements. It seems simple enough to quickly grasp the intentions and negligences of these people, and then to move on to a community which actively seeks me out as a source of inspiration.

My Latin class is extremely intimate and close-quartered. I will have to be careful not to disrupt the necessary control of our young teacher. She may be around my age and 100 pounds less and a foot shorter (and a higher pitched

voice). There are many pretty girls in the class.

I invited 45 people to a barbecue I am going to host in Saturdays. I should probably ask a friend to help regulate. I must put on the Ritz so as to avoid Foupaux. The theme is: "The Cessation of the Renaissance Man." Let me know when you buy your ticket to visit me during spring break!

Love,

Jefferson

Mother,

20190114 12:00

My daily prayer is as follows:

gratias tibi
da mihi auxilium
da mihi auxilio
in nomina patri
amen

thanks to you
give me help
give me troops
in the name of the
father

a bible study friend asked me what I needed him to pray for. I told him I needed troops to channel my endless orderly energy. I wonder if he will actually pray for what I need...

Throughout our day, we make micro optimizations. Everything from where to buy coffee to how to avoid drama in social interactions. We spend a lot of energy figuring out the paths of least resistance. My new favorite optimization is to bring a Baileys coffee mug (like Grandma's favorite spirit) to school, and then ask for hot water at a local coffee shop. I cut cash and manage my intake of milk fat - for I enjoy Half & Half in my coffee. I, of course, must drink

tea in my Barleys mag. There are so many more options with tea than with coffee. With tea, we open up the possibility of steeping flowers, herbs, grasses, etc. with coffee, we have one lame bean and water powdered (most likely artificial) additive that it is roasted with. Basically, this is the comparison of 1000 tastes to 1 taste. Tea is 3 orders of magnitudes better than coffee. And, above all, coffee is tea (for coffee is steeped), but tea is not necessarily coffee.

Love,

Jefferson

Mother,

20/9/15 12:00

The "No Deal" vote in Britain is today. Grandpa would have felt passionately, rationally, and properly about this momentous historic event. He watches this event through me. The British economy is 2.3 Trillion. Here are my calculations to determine how many people this can support:

Life per person costs \$100,000 for a year
(Life per person costs \$1 million for ten years)
\$1 million lasts 10 people for one year
\$10 million " 100 " " " "
\$100 million " 1000 " " " "
\$1 Billion " 10,000 " " " "
\$1 Trillion " 10,000,000 " " " "

Assume 50% of people are expected to live off of \$50,000 a year
Then \$1 Trillion lasts 15,000,000 people for one year
" \$2 Trillion " 30,000,000 "

Overestimating the economy as \$2.5 Trillion, we can bring 20 million more people in at \$50,000 a year $\Rightarrow$

This proof implies Britain can support 50 million people. The actual population size of Britain is 66 million.

My primary belief about how much money it takes for someone to survive is that: given all of the medicine, available resources, and clean amenities (shared services) we each spend \$100,000 a year. One could argue that a person can survive on \$20,000 a year. This is true. But the burden on the entire system, incurred by the wear and tear caused by a person using roads, street lights, and innovations died over by our forefathers, ends up costing about \$100,000. Yes, even the Amish are a social burden!

Love,

Jefferson

Mother,

20190116

12:00

I just got off of the phone with you and grandma. It is so nice to hear her laugh. She does still understand many things. She has such a warm and wonderful spirit (like the seasoning from Up North). You have the same spirit, Mom.

Kelle and I are starting to collaborate on finance and personal branding. She can help me with setting goals, and I can help her with learning the newest and best tools. Kelle has a clean record, a keen intellect, and a set of healthy habits. She would be great for a public position of power. I want to support her to be the greatest possible leader which God destined her to be. She has done the hard part already - getting into a rhythm of healthy habits. Now, she can sit back and have me cater to her potential/power based needs.

She may not want to be in a position of power. This would be devastating for me because she is the only chance I have to improve my socioeconomic status. Do not tell her this, please. I will be the Fox for her perfection.

Soon soon will you be here (Spring Break). Kelle might get a ticket as well. I am fine with this, but you should decide if it is okay for her to come. You may be worried that her awesome energy will take away from our time... I am not at all worried about this.

Love,
Jefferson

P.S. Could you please mentor me on the costs and benefits of doubt?

Mother,

20190117 9:50

The RiskRunners barbecue is this weekend. I have invited nearly 70 persons, personally, and my math advisor posted an ad on the entire math department email (even though I asked her not to). I just wrote a speech. Here it goes:

The Cessation of the Renaissance Person

The Renaissance is over, or perhaps, it has started again. But we are in a different situation than during the previous Renaissance. We must now ^{role} specialize at a much younger age. The best jobs used to be: doctor, lawyer, or business person. With the very recent advent of the internet, there are new archetypal jobs.

It is very useful to have a doctor
and a lawyer in your family.

Not only because they can write you
prescriptions or contracts,
but because of the potential internships.

For indeed it was not Leonardo Da Vinci's
awesome intelligence which set him
apart;

He hit the ground running with
awesome internships

to seek internships, and inspire
your children to be doctors and lawyers
(or whatever is needed of them in their
communities)

We must specialize early on, for indeed,
the Renaissance is over; or perhaps,
it has just begun!

Love,

Jefferson

Mother,

20/9/22
09:10

This weekend was spectacularly special. In a couple hours, I am going to invite an elegant girl to a ballet. I am going to say: "My buddy photographed a ballet, I was thinking to bring the most elegant person I know, and you came to mind. Will you go to a ballet with me?" I mostly want to see her happy during class - rather than her usual morose self. If you remember, morose is my favorite feeling - because it is that which I do not experience often - Melancholy is nice as well. One can be melancholy and happy if melancholy is what one pursues. I ask my friends not what they want to do after they graduate, but

what gets them into a state of pursuit.
For some it is drinking a cup of
camomille tea on a rainy day, in
doors with a book. I want to get
into a state of pursuing money and
time. This weekend's barbecue, which
I hosted, was inspirational. It took nearly
\$300 for everything to run smoothly.
I will save money so that I may have
Big Balls: Dancing Balls, Balls for charity, etc.

One of my current philosophies can
be titled: "Find reasons to look both
ways when you cross the street." It
is quite difficult to have the energy to
look both ways, every time we cross.
Conditioning myself to need to be cognizant
of negligence and intention (Responsibility),
through flexing my appreciation muscles,

will lead to a more moderate life.
To ensure that I do not rock my
peers' boats, I will tolerate their plans
- relative to my needs. But, I will also
express my needs in a straightforward
way. "This is what I need of you: ..."
"Part of what I need out of this relationship
is ..." "I expect you to ..." I'm
not sure when this practice developed in
my communications.

My ultimate goal right now is to:

1. Run financial simulations with Kelle
2. Move up in class
3. Do legwork for my business with Dad
4. Establish a sustainable framework for the

Actuary Club
I need to focus. I am at a calm before
the storm; it is lightest before night; I may
be in the eye of the storm and not know
it. I am pleased with how the Female

Forces are leaving me be. This is the best plan of action for them, indeed.

Queen sings: "Don't stop me now!"

Luckily, through you, Kelle, and various Nannies, I can recognize an unhealthy relationship. When I ask this girl to go to the ballet, I will be cognizant of the fact that we have another entire semester together. I will not foster a passive aggressive class environment, nor will I hurt her ... I just want to see her happy!

Love,

Jefferson

Mother,

20190123

12:05

We will have a great time during Spring Break. My apartment is clean, I have great recipes, I have two queen sized blow up beds (with clean sheets), and I live in a great part of town for activities - we will have a blast! It's good that we planned this out early because I am so popular now, my time is in high demand. $\frac{11}{10}$

The skies have been clear and blue, and the temperature has been around 55°F. There is a minor wind blowing; this brings about a chipperness. I get to sport my new jacket - so I am pleased.

I asked that chick to go to the ballet with me. She talks so very little that it is difficult to know if she will give me the courtesy of letting

me invite another girl. I can sit
between them, and let them both
know we would all make a great
team. The other girl represents
voluptuousness to me. So, elegance and
voluptuousness are in my life - I am fortunate
- and I want them to be in each other's
life as well (to let me rest in my mathematics
and other eccentricities).

Love,

Jefferson

Mother,

20190129 12:15

My cup is filled with cheap tea.
This is not much of an issue to me. My
shirt is too large, but I wear a backpack
which carresses my body; so, the size of my
shirt does not much matter. There are a
lot of minor issues which don't really
matter much. On the flip side, I don't
know which issues, or non-issues, will lead
to distress in others. How I handle matters is
being watched, and graceful handling represents
a way to deal with the inevitable distresses
associated with life's passage.

There is not much for me to do
other than my 4 concentrations (written about
in the previous letter).

Kelkwellness → started Kelli's gmail to
share files and calendars
Classes → getting down routine for homework
EPS → migrating from Sensotec
RiskRunners → Had BBQ. Need to table

I invited girl 1 to the ballet.

She is balking. I dropped a hint to girl 2 about a ballet. Girl 2 used to be a ballet dancer. I just bought 2 tickets for Feb. 1st 7:30 pm. When Girl 1 most likely declines, I will immediately ask Girl 2 (who may also decline). I don't really know anything about either of them. I don't really care to. I'm just doing what is needed of me by my community (act like I want to invite girls to events).

Love,

J. Person

Mother,

20190125 11:15

Strange feelings awakened me this morning. I am now fairly certain that I have flu bones. But, for a while, I was enraptured in the holy spirit. I had thought my blood was pinching every inch of the insides of my veins and arteries. It was surprisingly enjoyable - to the point that I was brought to tears. I hope it is not the flu.

I am sitting in the sun right now and singing Bob Marley songs. I can barely keep my eyes open to write this letter. I ate an awesome breakfast from leftovers. I have been cooking a little less than one cup of rice (jasmine, long grain) with each meal. I think this is a very good idea, but I don't want to get diabetes.

My homework schedule is becoming apparent. Two homeworks are due on Friday, one is due on Tuesday. Then, I have homework

Thursday through Wednesday for later, it will
need to about the two homeworks for Friday
around Sunday to be able to get a full
night of sleep on Thursday. Actually, it
could never have these homeworks if
it could not about my Friday homework early.
I will see what the embodiment
of elegance says in response to my offer
to go to a ballet. It is mostly about
the process, but this girl has special beauty.
I will need to brush up on English and
Latin poetry.

I love, Jefferson

Mother,

20190128 12:00

Saturday was the best day of my life in 6 years. All of my senses were educated and explored, and my thinker brought about some heavy realizations. Truly, I have hit a certain level of "senioritis" because I have now been educated. Do you remember when, whilst we were driving in Michigan over Thanksgiving, I realized that I will never know everybody's value system? It came on from looking through all of the windows of the households - with comfortable families around a dinner table using cell phones, and attempting to have family time I will never know what drives each person to waste away as a family, to be distracted from usefulness, inevitability, and non-determinism. The chaos of our simple homes can be managed to some degree. Aunt Charlotte calls herself a "Domestic Diva" I like that. Being the goddess of the household is a nice endeavor - it distracts me from much.

I prepare, in my pre-meditation what
I will say when the next news team
asks me to depart with my forms and images.
The approach will be two-fold:

- ① Try to have a conversation with
the videographer - claiming the
camera is obstructive my view. The
person ES there and should be
held responsible for capturing a soul
on camera
- ② Requiring credentials from interviewer.
If they have not read the
religious and business-oriented texts
I have, they are not in my
paradigm and cannot accurately model

Hopefully I will never be in the limelight. I
would, however, like to support Kelle to be powerful
because she has a cleaner record than me
and she is cleaner.

Love,

Jefferson

Mother,

2019/12/29 12:10

Wow! I am happy today! I went to bible study yesterday, and then karaoke. Tomorrow, I am tabling for my club. I bought a The Shining poster, a David Bowie poster, and a Buddha poster. My advertisements will be as follows.

The Shining

Visual: Vivid, scary scenes from the movie

Quote: "Know the risks before you commit!"

Buddha

meditating Siddhartha

"Just Breathe. We got it handled"

David Bowie

Seductive Bowie androgynous

"We insure body parts as well!"

My club president does not sacrifice enough of his life for our organization. This is not a major problem though, because I do! It will be difficult to set up a club that will actually survive. I learned from previous clubs that if I do not do some maintenance after I leave this school, it is bound to not survive. Well, I will have tried and practiced the process.

I'm getting into Partial Differential equations. Life is a multi-variant, differential equation. Some of the youtube visualizations of these complex math concepts are traumatizing me - in a good way.

My buddy asked for some help when his girlfriend tried to smash his car windows with a cinder block. She was arrested and beat up. He handled it all very well - most likely because he has seen at least 2 terms of service in the middle east. You never know, he may need the intensity to feel because he has burnt out his feelers for our country.

Love,

Jefferson

Mother,

20190130 12:00

The posters and quotes are designed for the tabling I am to do tomorrow (I had thought the tabling was today). I changed the quote on David Bowie, striking a pose, from "We insure body parts too!" to "Protect what your Momma gave you!" I like this new quote better because it is less primordial, and because students have body issues. A half-naked David Bowie flies better than a half-naked Beyoncé.

A nice girl brightened my weary soul this morning. I had let her borrow a cookbook, and this morning she brightly said she would return it tomorrow. It was mostly that she said she had taken photos of the recipes she wanted. This brightened me because she put effort into enjoying, savoring, and saving the fruit of my labor of bringing a heavy cookbook to her. Hopefully the recipes will plant roots in her dietary habits. She recently became a vegetarian, so she need some thoughts on how to cook veges. She was proactive ☺

Here are some operations for being
in a relationship with Jesus:

1. Stop trusting in your own efforts to please God
and begin to trust in what Jesus Christ has
already done.
2. Ask him to forgive you for your sins.
3. Invite him to come and live inside of you.
4. Ask him to take his rightful place as Lord
and God of your life.
5. Turn away from whatever the bible says is sin.

This is from some 80's pamphlet. I was looking
for specific operations so I can, non-chalant,
have a relationship with Jesus (integrate him in) and
then move on with our life. I've been into the Holy
Spirit lately. I like the mood associated with such
as is mostly a conglomerate of the hegemonic standards.
I am going to Bible study. My life is boring. I
get adrenaline rushes from Mathematics and singing
Karaoke to a bunch of drunken comrades.

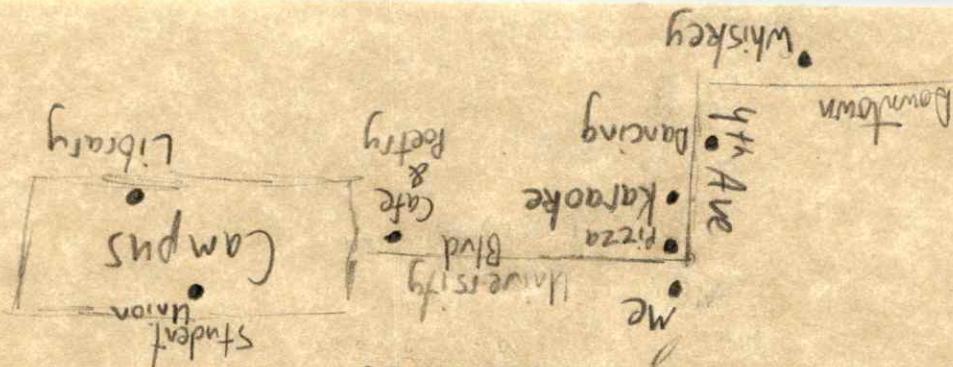
Love,

Jefferson

Mother,

We will have such a good time when you and Kelle come for Spring Break. Of course, not everything has to be planned, and here is a guide to what we could and should do:

- Walk around campus
- Show you the aerial spots
- Walk you through my days
- Float around University Blvd
- Half mile stretch
- Young, hot, high energy bars
- Primary cafe I go to
- Barbecue at my apartment
- Time Market across the street has great salads, wine, and pyra
- Relaxed, local bars on 4th Avenue
- most frequented bars
- Karaoke
- Breakfast, lunch, and dinner (Mexican Food)
- 1/3 mile stretch
- middle age, hot, high energy bars
- classy restaurants



20190201
09:35

We may want to see some of the sights around Tucson. There is great hiking. Most days are clear and sunny, and around 70°F . The air is dry. There is not much need to defend against the elements during this time of year. It may be warmer around the time you come - I'm not quite sure. I have two queen size, blow-up beds, with clean sheets, and multiple pillows, so there is no need to get a hotel. I will make breakfast most mornings. We should have a barbecue one afternoon. Can't wait!

Love,

Jefferson

Mother,

20190204 12:15

Something might actually be wrong in that chick's life who turned me down for the ballet. I don't have much time to find out. She hasn't been in class for a while now.

This week, I am going to accomplish a bunch of things on my To Do list. It would be nice to clear my docket and start fresh with new tasks. It doesn't feel good to carry forward old tasks, from previous lists, onto new lists. On the flip side, it feels great to cross tasks off.

Latin translation is getting easier. I plan to carry on Latin reading beyond this semester (my final semester of Latin at UA).

I am getting senioritis. I don't care much about grades. I more care about how I can utilize what I am learning for work after school. I am in my last semester of Mathematics. Two of my classes are the crux of all math I have learned over the course of my life. I synthesized these classes with Risk Management to

come up with a framework for my research over the next few years. It is much easier to listen in class when one has a reason to listen. It is important to leverage our selective attention to keep us attentive.

My week is pretty straight-forward. I will try to write you each day. I need to avoid boredom, with all of my effort, so that I do not succumb to unhealthy habits. I will not maintain all of the healthy habits I established over Christmas break. I'm shooting for keeping around 80% of them.

Love,

Jefferson

Mother,

20190205

13:25

My letters may not be so great for the next few days. My mind is fairly quiet and my passion is even quieter. I don't have much to say. My biggest goal throughout the day is to eat breakfast and workout. I bought a new soccer ball! I plan to work on my foot work. My ankles and feet are so terrible, yet, I work hard to strengthen them. Because I have tarsal coalitions, I need to break them down so that they are not stiff in the mornings.

Kelle says that emotion is stored in the hips. This is probably because she has a uterus. Emotion for a man is in the head and chest.

This may just be for me. Some people have "gut" feelings. I do not much pay attention to my stomach. Fatty, healthy, buttery, lean, clean, warm, sugary, savory all rest the same in my stomach. Kelle, on the other hand, is sensitive to all of these attributes of food. I am, on the other hand, Keen on

the smells excreted from our bodies.

I know that the Holy Spirit has something to do with our bacteria cultures. We provide and sustain the lives of all the creepy crawly things around us by when, how, and what we waste. What we breath out is breathed in by some other entity. I believe part of love is to forgive (and even enjoy) the exhaust of your partner. But we do not have enough time to know everyone's value system. It might be useful to have a people with deterministic values - not for the qualities of virtue, but for the determination of habit.

Love,

Jefferson

20190206

12:05

It is extremely cold today in Tucson.

I am fully bundled with a scarf and a new jacket I received from Duluth Trading Company. The weather is not such a shock as it could be if I was not prepared by Thanksgiving in Michigan. It baffles me how young girls can bear bare legs, all the way up to the crotch, in this weather. I am not a mother; so, I am (actually) impressed by their tough skin. I would be shivering. They must have strong wills if they are able to withstand extreme cold without clothed legs. Perhaps we are getting back to our original purity of not being clothed by figs or skins. Maybe our original sin is being forgiven... I suppose it has been by Jesus. It is nice to think that people are comfortable being naked in public. As long as the men have enough self-control to not lunge and squeeze the exposed flesh, we should all be fine. I don't have the disposition to believe people are dumb and damned.

I am absolutely amazed right now. This girl, in the grassy area, has tamed her rat to the point that it walks with her without a leash. I did not know that cat whisperers existed. It is sort of amazing to think about cats. They are highly efficient killing machines.

I had a scary dream last night. I was at a house where 3 or 4 old people lived. They had an invaluable rocking chair which was positioned by a ledge. They asked me to do something by the chair, and the chair fell and broke. They said they were going to sue me if I did not serve them around the house in an indentured fashion. They wanted to own me for the rest of their lives. They had purposely positioned the chair so that I would have to be their slave. I was in a "move-on" kind of mood - where I was willing to be of service so as to not let on that I would find a way to get out of it when the time was right.

The second part of my dream was
in a garage with campers, trucks, and toys.
There was a huddle of some of the people
from Yuma and the riverhouse at the hood
of one of the trucks. Aunt Barbara was there
(I'm sure this is because I met a woman
yesterday who looked similar to Aunt Barbara).
One of the women was the mother of a family
of partiers from the river. In reality,
she has always been judgemental and a
high energy bitch; but, she loves her children.
Her son (in reality) is training to be a pilot.
I was very impressed with him over the
last New Year's Eve. Anyway, the bitch mother
from the riverhouse (now this is back in the
dream) was huddling together my Yuma family to
figure out how we could protect me from an
identity theft which had occurred on social
media. The bitch mom was saying: "You know
cather right? She is on your facebook." I said
to the huddle: "I might know her. I do not
remember anyone ^{by that} name. Also, I do not have facebook."

The bitch mom politely moved on and mostly wanted to figure out how we could all help me protect my public image. It was like we were huddling to decide what to do in front of the cameras. All communications were constructive in the huddle; but, I knew we would have to resort back to fulfilling the roles expected of us once we left the huddle. Then, Dad took me to the side and told me how to deal with the first dream. He was not worried, but was serious. He said I was not to file a civil suit. This was the end of the dream.

Dad told me, one time, that one of Grandpa Harsbys' dreams was to be a butler. Is this true? It seems like only a man who understands how to BE a father, son, and spirit would want to be in perpetual servitude. A limited man studies freedom; a free man studies limitations. Freedom is the state and change of being able to choose who/what one wants to be in debt to.

Love,
Jefferson

Mother,

20190220 12:00

Patience is not friends with me right now, but are becoming familiar again. I get caught up with concerns of humility and pride which leaves patience and toleration forgotten. I do not have enough time or energy to pursue the research I want to due to the daily grind and required preparation for exams. This is a source of sadness for me.

Neel advised that I should refine down my extracurricular activities to focus on a few. This will lead to me mastering a few and eventually being trusted by my peers to lead projects. When I stretch myself to thin in many domains, I do not gain trust nor power. However, social skills are important because I will be able to delegate with them.

On the back of this letter I lay out my side projects. I had to refine down the list from nearly 3 times the # left over.

Classes

Equation Crawl

- Decompose major equations of science

Diffusion $\rightarrow$ Random Walk

- Discover how a fundamental PDE relates to Stochastic Processes

Pro Midone

- Latin court case by Cicero

Kahlil Gibran

- Learn personification of values

Risk Runners

Bank Account

- To receive funding

Actuarial Program

$\rightarrow$ U A

- Formulate Business Architecture

Epic Professional Solution

Finalize Acquisition

Database Analysis

- Organize News DB of 300,000 articles

Kellewellness@gmail.com

Asset Research

- Simulate Investments

Karaoke on Mondays

Bible Study on Mondays

Prepare for Spring Break

Write Letters to Mother

Kellewellness is the name of a project I share with Kelle. We are working to move up socioeconomically.

Love,

Jefferson

Mother,

20190208 11:05

Janis Joplin's "Summertime" flows through me today. It is a good day. I very much enjoy my classes. In my last semester of mathematics, I am at the peak of two mountain tops: one being the apex of calculus, the other being the crux of probability and statistics. The common thread is linear algebra. After this semester, I will be ready for any math problem, truly. The quantitative world is boring, though. My path will always be related to the linguistic analysis, applied to risk management, which I have been programming for nearly 4 years. The qualitative world is much more vast than the quantitative world.

It is the weekend. I have many tasks planned; I also have some fun activities planned. I really want to go to a large field of grass with my new soccer ball. It will be amazing to have a bunch of free space to kick a ball as hard as I can and then go run after it.

Here are two inventions of mine. One

is called "Urban Fetch." We would manufacture sticky balls, the size of tennis balls, which the player would throw in an urban environment. The point of the game is to fetch the ball wherever it is thrown. The game may incorporate gymnastics, innovative scaling of buildings, and/or illegal entrance into restricted zones. Essentially, you find ball on top of a building and you have to do whatever it takes to get it.

The other invention is a musical instrument for MC showmanship. It is built off of the practice of "scratching" records on a turntable to produce hip sounds. Instead of records, this process would utilize cassette tapes. The main instrument would be a pair of gloves with cassette tape readers on the end of the finger tips. The MC would cut cassette tapes, before their show, and put them on various objects which comprise the set on stage. Imagine all of the artistic objects, during a play/concert/show, having black strips on them.

Then, the MC would run their fingers on the tapes to produce music. The tapes need to be "scratched" with precision - the tips of the tape readers need to run precisely on the tapes - for music to sound out. So, the glove's fingertip tape readers would need to have runners which lock in with the inverted runner which the tapes are cut and attached to.

We are getting closer to when you and Kelle will visit. I am very excited. I am internalizing how both alone and not alone that I am. It was funny; when I told Uncle Greg that I live alone and that I have a network of 55 people, he laughed and exclaimed: "You call that living alone!" HaHa

I am losing weight, getting stronger, and stretching on a daily basis. I remember, and am personally experiencing, when you would let me know that your spine was separating when you would touch your toes; it is a great feeling to have your spine stretch out. Last time I talked to Uncle Greg,

he said he hangs upside down every day.
Uncle Greg's style of eating still has an
impact on my diet. We really are tied
at the hip in many respects. I wish we
could be in each other's lives more often. He
does answer his phone when I call...

Well, I am going to go to my
last class for the day, prepare my homework
for next week, grab something to eat, take a
nap, and then get ready to paint the city
red. I heard there is jazz at a local,
posh bar on Fridays. I would go to a
comedy show, but it is too dark. I might
do stand-up comedy myself at a local cafe.

Love,

Jefferson

Mother,

20190211 12:00

Wow! Thinking you makes me feel really good. I look forward to writing, talking to, and seeing you (and Bill). I miss Bill's views on life and society. I also miss a sense of comfort when discussing God and prayer. Many younger folk are sensitive to the word "God." When I drop the G-Bomb, I preface it with something that might soothe the listener; or, I might say "the Big G," or simply "nature." I am comfortable saying "there is only one Grace."

I am starting to grow weary of my ability to maintain integrity with my network. I find myself forgetting some of the expectations expected of me by various sub-networks with the total network I am a part of. My buddy taught me that it is important to accept criticism; so, I asked a girl, who doesn't like me, why she does not like me. We will see how it turns out. Her dislike probably has to do

with me not using social media (a big part
of her thought space). I do not, very much,
speak her sub-language (within English).
Really, the best defense against disharmonious
communications between democrats and republicans

$\begin{matrix} \uparrow^D \\ \square \rightarrow R \end{matrix}$ is to say: "You must speak a different
dialect of English than I do. We may need a
translator if we are to continue this discourse."
It is rational to assume that each state
has its own dialect of English. Having lived in
Michigan, California, Massachusetts, Arizona, and Kentucky,
I have gleaned a sample of various sub-english
- dialects. Moreover, my studies of programming &
universal semantic metalanguages, spanish, and
Latin gave me a healthy hunger and thirst for
flexibility in my teachers and audiences. But, I
must tolerate ignorances and appreciate age differences.
I was never one to consider age differences;
I am more so nowadays.

It makes sense for you to surround yourself with your sisters and close friends.

It is painful to have to adapt to each new culture that comes around. I have been singing

a Bob Marley song recently: "Oh please, Don't rock, my boat. Cause I don't want, My boat. To rock..."

It is comforting to know that I and others equally do not want our boats to rock. I have to consider the stability of our homeland as well. I must need not rock America's boat because of a drive for honor or fame. I guess:

al, an over the revolutionary age (18-24). (Please don't take this too seriously!) it may be best to use wage wars and incentive working in corporations (vacation time, stock options, health insurance) to pacify

and neuter our young, passionate men. I suppose it is less crude to have insurance companies condition our values with premiums.

We may all have an equilibrium of willingness to take risks. Imagine your insurance company notifying you: "Hey bud! You've been risk

averse for a couple months now. You may
take a trip to Las Vegas if you would like!"
because the insurance company has the job
of regulating our behaviors. As long as we
have the freedom to choose which insurance
company (family) we must buy assurance from,
we will be fine! Better than having to
buy insurance from the damn government!

Love, Jefferson

P.S. Tell Duncan to have our military look
into Grandpa's bronze star act of courage
during WWII. Apparently medals can be
promoted. If he really had to act like
multiple people, because his platoon died, to
defend against Germans or Italians, he
could be retroactively given a medal
of honor. Have Duncan look into this,
please.

Mother,

20190212

12:00

Last night (and yesterday in general) was impeccable! I ate a moderate, but hefty breakfast. [I keep a spreadsheet of all my peers in my pocket (along with an enterprise architecture / Zachman modeling document)]. I was able to read my friends spreadsheet before class (~100 people with personalized virtue and bio representation). I saw my faculty advisor, and got to tell him we have 28 Members in Risk Runners, & in linear algebra, we covered bases - the foundation of analysis. In Latin, we covered whole sets of language and grammar which adds uncertainty and conditionality to expression. This will help with modeling negligence, intention, and responsibility - for the sake of risk management (risk management is uncertainty in regards to the outcome of an event due to a lack of information).

I then read an old Roman court case by Cicero (Pro Milone). He defends a murderer to make for a graceful transition between power and responsibility structures. Cicero, in a sense,

says: 1. Judge not that ye not be judged

2. Get ready, because you are going to determine the fate of a man and our empire

3. Our precedence shows that not all murders go to trial like this one. Why must this one be different

4. I (Cicero) am a virtuous man; I come from a virtuous state, a virtuous family, and a virtuous group of friends. I support Milone ...

5. You judge! (indices)

I then laid in the sun. After a quick nap in the flowers for a half hour, I went to Partial Differential Equations - where we considered

the beat diffusion of a cup of coffee, and the
underlying patterns in vibrating/pulsing systems
(swaying trees, crashing cymbals, hundreds of
students pursuing happiness throughout campus, etc.).
I promptly went home and played basketball/
jumped rope for 40 minutes. I ate a
delicious dinner with a fibrous salad. I
met a veteran at the bar for a quick
cig and drink. I went back home and
had a great conversation with Neil about
health, risks, and pharmaceutical standards (spanned
from a not so great revelation about how
Madison's mom has pancreatic cancer ^{!!}).
I went to the cafe to review linear
algebra. I then went to Bible study
where we read chapters 6-9 of genesis.
Around 10pm, I drove home and immediately
left for Karaoke. A few fellow math majors
and their girlfriends happened to have been
there when I arrived. I sang three songs:

"I drink alone" by George Thurogood

"Tush" by JJ Top

"Back Door Man" The Doors

It was a friends birthday, so I stayed with him until around 2 AM to make sure he was having as much fun as possible before his girlfriend picked him up. Voluptuousness was keeping him elated about his birthday by saying: "You're a birthday baby!" over and over again. I drank peculiarly before going to bed and woke up feeling like a baby. I always want today to be the best day so that I do not look back at yesterday from tomorrow... unless I am repenting.

Love,

Jefferson

Mother,

20190219

12:30

I cannot very much talk today, so it is nice to write. I just got back from the dentist. I have no cavities after not having been in 5 years! This strength of saliva is due to you - I am sure.

Last night was very nice. I had nice prayers with the Lord. He asked me to make myself less known. I think this is both a safety precaution as well as a way to prevent me from hurting others out of pride. I have a 100 person network now (I am more powerful than I was when I came to Tucson) so there is a high probability I will hurt somebody - either logically, emotionally, or ethically. I am concerned about the mental health of one of the girls in my class. She had a bit of a breakdown because of my insensitivity. I do not know what I can do about this.

My very good buddy, Aziz, has just experienced the death of his 67 year old

father; This saddens me. He approached me and said that he needs and misses me.

My other buddy is having a birthday bash this weekend. It will be nice to be with friends of similar nature and nurture. I am excited to not just think about myself.

There were many messages last night which I thought. The nicest part was having rational, full-sentenced thoughts in English, Spanish, Latin, and Mathematics (Greek). I have learned that a critical aspect of rationality is having clearly enunciated thoughts.

Love,

Jensen

Mother,

20190215

My teeth and gums hurt. Again, 11:15
after 5+ years of not having been to the
dentist, I had no cavities; but, I had
plaque. Ouch! It's okay. My blood pressure
was 113 over 71. The strange thing about
Grandma and Grandpa Richards was how
Grandpa had ^a perfect heart but was extremely
overweight, and Grandma is extremely petite but
has heart issues.

I don't know stress on a daily basis.
But I did know extreme stress when I went
through the head imbalances. Of all the peculiar
experiences, the most vivid and memorable was
the physical pain a weight in my head. It
felt like my head was flooded with chemicals
and there was nothing I could do to relieve
the pressure. God is telling me to make amends
with myself. I wonder if I could have
prevented what has happened through abstinence.
I do not much know what making amends
is. I do remember how one of the 12 steps

of AA is to right the wrongs we have caused in other people's lives. Is this what God means when he says we need to make amends with myself? I live by the 80/20 repentance set of operations. I have probably hurt 20% of people, either logically, emotionally, or ethically, this week, so I must have a general repentance for the 20% of need which I was blind to or intentionally ignored, and as many particular repentances I can fit in before I am exhausted. My repentance about

- the pain during
- the pleasure afterwards
- the fulfillment of our duty to do so

On a side note, Dad wants to retire and go back to Yuma. We are worried that he will have trouble adjusting to having social expectations. Kelle and I have picked up a bit of this Wild Wild West mentality.

I would like Kelle to live in Michigan with/near you before she moves in with Ryan. Not only is MI closer to Winnipeg, but also Kelle needs to prepare to be a Mother. She needs to pick up some good motherly habits. I know women have it pretty naturally (just as Men have fathering down in equal proportion), I'm just keen on the idea that it makes most sense for Kelle to have some backup if things drop out with Ryan. My Risk Management mind has two uncertainties: ^{-healthy}

1. Sustainability of Kelle's habits if Ryan Breaks up with her

2. Philosophical Trash Karla and Maria will impose if Ryan breaks up

Dad is going to be leaving San Diego. She will be alone to the vices of a group of "friends" who illegally marry people into our country and support a lack of security when it comes to personal and communal boundaries. It makes most sense for

Kelle to be in MT before transitioning
to a joint life in Winnipeg. Please talk
to her about your ideas on these topics -

On a lighter note, I am going
to make vegetables for my buddy's birthday
party tomorrow! May my hand be steady, generous,
and at the same time moderate with the
spices and salts which the Lord provides, and
the little lords put on our tables through logistics,
manufacturing, and supply chain management!

Love,

Jefferson

Mother,

20190218

12:00

Such a fine weekend I had,
with social and studious past-times, I was fulfilled;
but I don't live for the weekend! I live for
each hour. Though, my habits are regimented
right now, so time elongates and shortens at
the same times each week.

My mouth hurts from the deep cleaning
I had. I mostly miss the fibrous salads; but
my movements (in B minor) are fine. Kelle taught
me how to flush before I stand up to reduce
odor. This is a useful practice. Didn't Grandpa
Harsley not flatulate (loudly) around Grandma?
This was polite. I will have to break up
with a future girlfriend if she ever will have
flatulated. I just can't bear to associate the
two of them. But, of course, I may do so and
expect no repercussion and still be just.

Listening to one hour of Donald Trump,

and one hour of Tony Evans this morning was very nice. They each need our respect and support because they are bringing such virtuous art into our world. They should go down in history with Kahlil Gibran as the writer of their biographies, but this will most likely not happen in the social circles of Tucson - so I must leave after I graduate.

I'm going through a \$10,000 acquisition of Sensotec by Epic Professional Solutions. It is exciting and comfortable because I know and trust the shareholders.

Love,

Jefferson

Mother,

20190219

12:00

I did not drink moderately last night, and I did not not drink, therefore I am hurting pretty badly today. Pedialyte kind of helps. I could barely hold down food. I also cannot bite, with typical pressure, on the right side of my mouth, so my food is not very well chewed before I consume it. If only I had Ace Ventura to chew my food for me (remember the beginning scene when he is climbing a mountain to save a Raccoon, and he finds a little bird and regurgitates food and feeds the bird from his mouth saying "Here you go little fella!"). I am laughing out loud thinking about Ace Ventura. I think my dentist dug out some of the meat which covered my wisdom tooth. I have all of my wisdom in the back of my jaw; I don't want it extracted; however, I am taught by Kahlil Gibran to let others drink from the wells of my soul so that a steady flow may commence - like how when we syphon gas, the gas flows with an initial drink; or like how when Janis Joplin gives a piece of her heart, the

blood lets (flows) for her audience.
It is nice to get the wax in my ears
flowing with an initial pick, or tears in
my ducts flowing with a moving flick. And
it is good to let coffee grounds cleanse
the palate and olfactory. I am getting the
mouth juices flowing; peppers get the nose fluids
flowing. But really, it is longing that gets
time flowing, and it is shorting which
helps with the sufferings of patience. For
when we drink from the fluids of time -
which really are the wax and tears of the
Lord - we must press and pull the sources
of our senses in order to get back in
line. We are all waiting in line (at all
times). Thus, it is how we wait in line -
ideally with the intent of gracefully suffering;
to be a model for others, - to allieve their
suffering - which defines each and every of
us.

Love,
Jefferson

Mother,

20190221

12:05

With Kelle, I am starting to study various assets. There are primary assets which most of us are familiar with: real estate, intellectual property, stocks, bonds, notes, etc. Then there are assets which are designed for specific situations. Really, an asset being owned is a contractual agreement that one entity gets to collect interest and pay taxes to maintain ownership. Contracts come in many forms. Property and truth end up being based on what is agreed upon; what is accepted is based on what one is willing to sacrifice for that to be the standard.

Oracle is an interesting company which pumps out the standards for software and business processes. Part of the reason for making the documentation free is to promote their standards as the universal standards. For when your standards are the standards, you are ahead of the paces of business and science.

Contractual property is a secondary asset. A contract is an instrument which affects a risk manager, such as myself, to insure investment in a project. The purpose for me doing this is to spread out the risks of failure or success amongst many people.

My job ends up being more of a communication manager between the subject matter experts and those who are responsible, accountable, and consultable, or informable. The model which helps me with this is called the

Responsibility Assignment model.

One who is responsible may not be accountable. The president is accountable, but

not responsible (in an ideal perspective). But, really, a President takes responsibility for success and accountability for failure. One of the downsides of group/mot mentality is that the leader is thought of as the state of affairs. It was best, in ancient times, to transition to new states

with a ritualistic, agreed upon slaughter.

Sacrifice must be thought of in the sense of conditioning oneself to be able to survive with less. When I sacrifice 10 out of every 100 of my goats, I am conditioning myself and my family to be able to handle when 10 of my goat die due to disease, mistakes, or weddings. The lord wants us to sacrifice to be ready for risks that we cannot model/price.

When written law came to be, the King could divorce himself from responsibility. He could say: "this is god's law; I am merely accountable." This did not prevent usurpation or usury. So with a contract, we are able to spread out risk.

I am getting ready for Spring Break! My tests end next week, so I will be free to explore and enjoy Tucson with you!

It's chippier today (colder than a
witches tit!). I may eat more than
I usually might - to stay warm. I
wonder how cold it is where you
are. That weather must make the
women there hardy! Women here are
frail.

Love,

Jefferson

Mother,

20190227 09:20

I'm still attuned to the solidarity today; though, I am noticing more administrators. My buddy warned me that there are people who are trying to influence my internal narrative. First of all, I consider this to be the chorus in my personal language - I never thought of this as a narrative. Kelle likes to narrate her life (we joke about that). Second, I think of Whole Foods when I think of the best place in the world I want to be when I am weak in choral defenses. Whole Foods allows for thousands of marketers to bombard our senses to try to get our attention; I only have so much attention. This brings up an axiom of mine (like how Lincoln appreciated the axioms of Euclid): we do not have enough energy to care about all causes, and those with more money can be more negligent, intentional, or responsible. It's quite a simple, fundamental idea. I do not have enough energy to look both ways every time I cross the road (so I must find reasons to do so); and, when I have money, I don't have to walk.

Oh media grants, I don't care about
most of your causes. You will pit people against
me for this; this is okay; this tells me who
can hang and who cannot. People fight
for our precious moment to moment thoughts.
It is funny how difficult it is to find
a unique domain name nowadays (<http://K...J.com>).
Our language and culture - English - is rich
with waste. We float from brand to brand, and
have little time to focus on our own brand.
This is why I love to write letters to you,
Mom!

Well, there's not much for me to do today
other than to study, workout, and eat.

Love,
Jefferson

Mother,

20190222

12:15

Kindness is like snow, it beautifies everything - Khalil Gibran. It snows today. I don't want to concern you, but how wonder how warm it is going to be for Spring Break. I know we will have fun no matter what. I have a new Duluth jacket which is perfect for this weather. It is nice to be overweight and to have proper clothing when it is cold.

Tucsonians do not know what puddles are. I video taped nearly 10 people trudging through a huge puddle with sneakers on - only realizing their feet were wet at the end of the puddle. It would be trouble to have wet feet all day.

I just had a linear algebra exam. It went fine but I missed some easy points. I will be done with all of my midterms by Spring Break, so, I will be free to focus on you and Kelle.

There was a march two days ago
for the sake of marching and holding up
signs. They played music and had no
organized theme. An elderly woman followed
in the rear and looked like she was
happy to get out of the house. The peculiar
part was that the police blocked off the
roads for them. It is best to appease the
young revolutionaries' sense of influence and
power so that they think they matter. We
are so past "French Revolution" times. Anybody
who tells you otherwise is purposely ignorant.
It is good, sometimes, to ignore and be
naïve for the sake of others. I'd rather
throw myself under the bus and hate God
than hate people - God can handle it.

Love,

Jefferson

Mother,

20190225 09:30

You and Bill are in St. Thomas right now. It is so nice to hear that you are getting out to see the country. You and Bill are very active - it seems to me. It seems like you are frequently traveling up and down MI

Arizona is not in a good place when it comes to K-12 education. I do not want to raise children here. There is not much for me, socially, in Yuma; but, I plan to go there after I graduate. My habits are so refined and simple now that I will be able to survive on a simple income - earned from simple work. This is a backup; don't get me wrong. I am shooting for the stars! It just seems that Yuma doesn't have much opportunity for a person with my mental health background because the major work is with the Department of Defense. I was able to pass a background check for my Nautilus job this summer; I will have to stay with the private sector. I'm not sure if the US is the best place for me given

my medical history will never leave me. - It
may even come to be that a future leader
and legislation require medical histories to be
published on public record; or, medical databases
could be hacked and then published. Once
Americans are willing to publish their medical
information on social media (genetics, history of
diseases, etc), our social structures will crumble.
We will do it to ourselves. Those who have
nothing to hide will gladly post their genetics.
Then, when we have glasses which can detect
faces - bringing up social and genetic history at
the moment's glance at a passerby - the scream
will rise and the chaotic cesspools will
form on the fringes of the resource chains.
Lord, keep us where the light is!

Love

Jefferson

Mother,

20190226

10:30

Forgive the strangeness of this letter. My prayer to the Lord is bringing on a warrior style perspective on the network I am apart of. Remember that the prayer is: Gratias Tibi Da mihi auxilium, Da mihi auxilia. In Nomine Patri, Amen. This means: Thanks to you. Give me help. Give me troops. In the name of the father, Amen. I have been given troops. I have a network upwards of 120 people with whom I am in contact on a bi-weekly basis. This is not virtual social media type contact; this is in person, hand-shaking, eye contact, smiles, humor and serious remembrance of each other's needs. I listened to Tony Evans last night, for a long time, and am in a non typical zone.

I thought I could bleed off some of the power from the bible without having to be a follower. I have thought and experienced this with many religious texts. I have held onto the one-liner: know thy enemy with grace - as protection. This one-liner came to me whilst reading the Koran for the second time. On the flip side, I verbally committed to Kelle and a couple peers that I am postponing pursuing women so that

I may have a relationship with Jesus. This should count for something! I externalize a commitment to loving Jesus with all my soul more than a commitment to chasing women; and, neither do I externalize very often. I don't know the operations that it takes to have Jesus as a support. All I know is that I will not be able to accrue power from the bible without having to give some of myself to this creature of God and infinity called Jesus.

My Latin studies are helping with militarizing my conceptions of the soul. It was not until today that I considered the potential my network has to deseminatate/dessimate other networks (this is the strange part). I almost want a network battle to weed out those who can hang and those who can not. It's a wonder why so many young men in America right now have flat-feet (this is symbolic of how war weeds out the weak and plants them somewhere else). ^{slightly} What I now notice is solidarity. There are

no people regulating our behavior. On campus, it is just us students holding things together. On my street corner, at night, it is just my neighbors keeping it quiet and congenial. It is comforting to know we can call 911 for emergencies; but, it is the times of non-emergency that the soul sheriffs are holding down the fort. There really is no one keeping us in check but ourselves and our desires to maintain the associations of solidarity with the excellent cleanliness and intuitive design of our shared services. Let me break this down

1. Ourselves: I want to maintain my internal distribution of happiness (pleasure, pain, fulfillment)

2. Associations

- 2.1 Solidarity with cleanliness: Our streets are clean and our communications are politically correct (no ethical dilemmas)
- 2.2 Solidarity with intuitive designs: The trash cans have round holes for round bottles, square holes for square recyclables and isolated bins for smelly waste; the light turns green and the white walking man appears when you may go.

For some it is clean streets, for some it is clean communications, for some it is the apparent intelligent design; regardless, it is solidarity, which regulates decisions - not administrators.

This brings up an important perspective. When you ask for a raise, you should ask: do you trust me with _____ more of our resources? One cannot earn money - the men and women who have died for our solidarity prevent this. One can earn trust with money. This gets into an old idea from Plato. He wrote that the noble lie, a leader may tell his people is that the material of soul is non-changing, and that their material determines which work they may be allowed to earn a wage from. How else can we truly justify why one person does a dirty job and why another does a clean job. This is why the TV show "Dirty Jobs" was so amazing. I think the man in the show was Mike Rowe? He demonstrate strength, flexibility, and respect.

On a darker note, it makes sense that some people think it is their job to erode solidarity: the goths and the emos, the people who wear black piercings, and tattoos (to simplify this category). The darkies disrupt our flow, and cut through solidarity. I do, actually, understand where this comes from. My cousin Allison used to wear dark, gothic clothing when she was in high school in Boston. She did this to have identity in a place where there are many cultures colliding in small areas. When she asked me to meet her in Harvard Square, I was worried I would not find her. But when I approached our meeting spot, I immediately noticed her and her friend. They were the locals. They wore black to cut through our solidarity butter. I immediately began to notice who were the locals in Boston (and the greater Metropolis of the East Coast).

The Dad part of me wants to have an identity at UA. The Mom part of me wants to foster and accentuate the identities of others. Jesus wants me to make myself unknown.

I cannot compete with the awesomeness
of the image of Jesus which permeates America.
People on campus propagate Jesus on a daily
basis. Looking at the army Jesus has is like
looking into the sun. I am fairly convinced
that I am like the Van Helsing of Evangelists, but
I do not want to play the game. I cannot escape
the families and the primordial communication rivers
running deep within the currents of society.
There's really nothing for me to do about this
information. I'm sorry about the strangeness
of this letter. I just hope you keep it
on record.

Love,

Jefferson

Mother,

20190228 10:00

Today is for the birds. They ought to have a day once in a while. Oh how I could only bring but one twig to a bird for its home, my day would be fulfilling. One twig to support their goals of propagation and maintenance. I would give of my dignity, just an ounce, to come close to expressing a birdinality (bird personality) for a family of Robins, Bluejays, or Cardinals. To hopefully alleviate one alone bird from its anxieties.

We are in an age called: the Great Anxiety. It is a complicated time for some. The internet was the amphetamine our dark age Psychiatrist gave us to make ourselves better, cheaper, faster. It could not have come at a better time, and we could not have been born at any other time as anyone else. You could not possibly have been born as them because you were not born as such. And yes, some of us are damned because of man's choices.

Today is the most perfect day since
I have gotten to Tucson in purely an
atmospheric sense - for I had a day of
pure ability a while back which happily,
positively, inspirationally Trumped what today is
to be. Oh how I short (versus long) to
sing, and am satisfying this shorting with
every 50th breath.

I now have a dilemma: sacrifice
solidarity to express my experience of today's
perfection, or search for the upset, in the faces
of my peers, to potentially notice how I
can customize expressions which bring fortune,
Broadcast or flyfish? I'm better at laying
Trot Lines and frog gigging.

Love,

Jefferson

Mother,

20190301 12:25

It is the end of my school week. I let my hair run wild and I am opening my senses to the women around town. It will be nice to drink beer and barbecue. There is no requirement on me to study; but, of course, I will line up some research. I am not working, so it makes sense for me to work towards moving up socioeconomically while I have the chance.

Let's bite while you are here. The weather has become perfect, and my tanning skin reflects it. I am still thinking about the birds after yesterday's letter to you. Birdinability is a personality of a bird.

I thought I had lost my water bottle, but I did not. This water bottle was 25¢ at Goodwill. It has brought me much goodwill.

Slidarity in this town is at a state where we are welcoming to all sorts of

There's two aspects for group think
which I am sure was different in the past
than now.

- 1) Group prayer: When a militia,
community, or family all focused their
dreams and prayers on accomplishing one
objective, he or she with the talent needed
would rise up and approach the leader
with a strategy. In this context, freedom
of thought cripples our teams.
- 2) Delayed action after an idea has sprung,
is inherently slapping god and nature in
the face. On the flip side, working smarter,
not harder, is preferred. This comes with
age; delayed ethical judgement wanes with
age.

I'll keep you posted!

Love,
J. Person

Mother

201903/9

It is not that I was not feeling
feelings before you and Kelle came here for
1 year, it was that I was not being
mindful of them. Part of this is a defensive
mechanism because of my polypolarity.

Matsura and I want to set up a
decentralized risk management platform. The idea
is for there to be an intelligent forum
for anonymous asking about the possible risks
of a new project.

Let's say you want to start a reading
group with your sisters, and the first book
is Angela's Ashes or Sisterhood of the Travelling Pants.
You could use our anonymous application to figure
out what could go right or wrong with starting
the reading group.

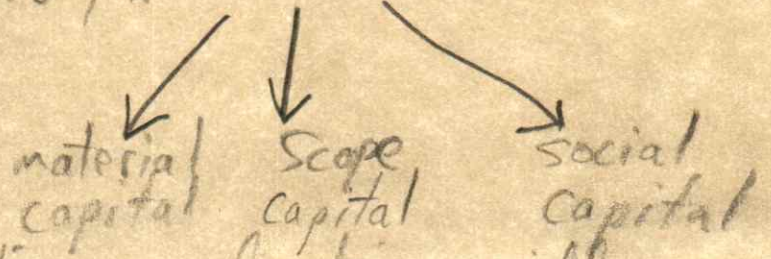
Right

Creativity, Boost
Relaxation
Discovery

Wrong

Argumentation
Judgement
Spreading self too thin

We would need to ask the users
questions about the current state of
their narratives, habits, structure



The key aspect of this application will
be that a user will not have to use their
facebook to "signin". We don't want to know
how much influence someone has because
risks can be understood by students at
the University of Arizona (even here!) I will
need to build troops to protect against
marketers and sophists (opposite of philosopher)

Love,

Jefferson

Mother, (Forgive the complexity)
of this letter

20190321 10:00

Dollars are both promises and orders.

When I buy a cup of coffee for 1 dollar - rare to find nowadays - I am both promising that God, of whose I am a part, will pay forward something of equal value upon no condition, and ordering God, of whose I am not a part, will pay forward something of equal value upon no condition.

We have faith that our dollars remain indivisible - beyond the penny. Let me explain.

If God is everything, then we are but a part of God. Let us know that God is divisible, but not changeable. The possible states within our space are irreducible and closed. If I am a piece of God, then there are pieces of God which are not me; but, we share common relations. This is to say that it is useful to partition God, but we can never comprehend the differentiability and non-differentiability (free will v. predestination). Not to contradict, but God is one that may best be understood by the Trinity; though, prophetesses may express love pretty damn close to the unconditional kind, nowadays.

Promises, orders, and even IOUs are our currency. We have the free will to commit, and what we manifest ought to be considered our choice in the court of law. We must keep in mind that not every cell, atom, garden, or room is a place of trial for judgement to be passed. It is in our externalized commitment that we elect pieces of God to represent who we strive to be, and it is in our internalized commitment that we reflect on who we are; there is no such thing as who we were. When we trade a \$ for a coffee, in America, we do not have to anticipate where the dollar will end up unless we hand the dollar to one of our interdependents. As stated before, we are all interdependents within God, but it has high utility to partition our people. When our money is no good (here), we therefore must rely on conditional love - which is to say: not of Jesus Christ.

Love,

Jefferson

Mother,

20190322

08:50

I question our solidarity.
Truly, verily, what is it which holds us
together?! This life we live is so simply
connected, and yet fragile to a mere utterance.
I despise the loud personalities of will.
When a body is loud without trying, this
is acceptable.

I am reading a textbook on
Negotiable Instruments. Remember how I wrote
about promises and orders in the last
letter? That was meant to supplant this
letter's discussion on negotiable instruments (NI).
A promise or order to pay an amount
to a body at a specified time upon
no express conditions is an NI.
A check is the best example: "pay
to the order of Carole" means that
you can order a bank to pay you
the amount on the check.

I am also going to read a textbook
on the Parliamentary Rules of Order.
Have I let you know that I try
to watch British Parliament as frequently
as possible. American politician do not
even compare to the class of the
best member of BP.

I will educate myself on RI and
Rules of Order and BP to be better
acquainted with how to generate language
based \$, lost an effective constitutional
assembly, and pronounce /annunciate.

Have a great weekend!

Jefferson

Mother,

20190326

12:00

My new business arrived in the mail. They are very nice. I will include one in this letter. Also, a copy of "Robert's Rules of Order" arrived in the mail. This book outlines proper procedure for business communications. I will impose English style standards of ordered behavior upon the world. I may not have children, but I may impose order so that seeds of Jesus's love may sprout roots and bear fruit.

I sung Karaoke last night. I sung Bob Marley and Luther Vandross songs. The locals at the bar (the regulars) do not have as many people in their networks as I do; so, they consider friends at the bars as friends. If I did not have healthy, business-oriented relationships, I might think the same. It was nice, however, to integrate with a small community for a short time.

I might be a bit old for this campus. Or, the people here are not very well accomplished.

It must not be in my path to be around
successful people for very much time. I pray
I will have the necessary respect for when
I am around productive people. A part of
this will be reducing my expectations of a
random individual. I do not know "people"
in general.

Project Mango is a go. We will introduce
an Actuarial Program to UA. I'll tell
you more about it later.

Love,

Jefferson

Mother,

20190328

08:40

I shaved today. It was a simple task. I will not send a picture, yet. It took 3 goes at it. I wonder if the face hair will grow back evenly since I attempted to reduce all friction. It is strange, to say the least, to feel my face flesh brush against the passing winds. My forehead feels all the more naked, but my eyebrows seem all the more bushy. If I am to go grey, now is the time. At my last job, they made fun with my beard. To be honest, Adriana told me to never cut. With the clean shave and drain of face filth comes a renewed hunger for the female flesh. Since we gaze into our reflections, and seek to find our face in others, my freshly formed face may attract a Mona Lisa; though, I prefer to share my property in common marriage union once my companies

have boring, sustainable cash flows.
It would be smart for my future partner
to lock herself into a pivotal position
in the business... I may avoid telling
her that it exists so I can prove
her ignorance of the hustle.

{ Ignorantia juris non excusat }
{ Ignorance of the law excuses not }

but one cannot even glean what they
do not know. Our country is not satisfied
because the most recent transitioning of
power did not coincide with the beheading
of the King. We would only need to watch
one sporting event a year if it would
be a matador and gladiator struggle.

Love,
Jefferson

Mother,

20190329

11:45

yesterday was atrocious. I was
stunned of masculinity by my own hand.

I used a shaving kit from the Fairmont
Hotel in Dubai, so at least it was a royal
shave. I preferred it to have been done by
an instrument of shave from the Trump Hotel,
but I will not complain further.

Tomorrow is the initial meeting of the
MANGO committee.

Maieyue
and
Applicable
Negotiations
Guarantees
and
Opportunities

Our mission is to enact Project Margo
Project Margo has three parts

1. Draft a constitution for Risk Runners
2. Architect Actuarial Training System
3. Disassemble with skills pertinent
to our individual careers

- I Heretic information is now non-discriminable
but we will publish our own
on social media
- II Disgrace is allowed as long as it does
not cause physical harm
- III We will adhere to the laws more superior
to these as long as they do not
contradict Nondiscrimination and Non-Hazing

Our motto is: ignorantia juris non excusat
Ignorance of the law excuses not

I am using Roberts' Rules of Order to
figure out how to assemble deliberatively.
Grandpa H would have loved this manual. Let
onlines Parliamentary procedure. If only Grandpa
could have watched English videos on Youtube

Love,

Jefferson

Mother,

20190401

12:15

This weekend I had the first constitutional assembly of MANGO over for a barbecue. We read and edited the first draft. We then wandered about town, philosophized, and determined further action. It was pleasing to be highly deliberative. The style of the barbecue was welcomed from these groups of guys. We were serious and witty. We ate meat and drank beer. We smoked cigarettes, made motions (e.g. to table, to vote, etc). We tested out concepts in the light of modern theory and practice. We were borrowed by freedom!

It was fortunate to have been moved to host such an event and for it to have turned out so successfully. To have shared in a spiked vein of the sovereignty, maintained by our shared services, was an honor. This was the apex of my career here at UA. The momentum of our group is in the hands of our lord and savior.

I'm not sure when and how I
should process on this weekend, I won't
be able to today. It would be nice for
the team to reciprocate me and propagate
our constitution - out of their own wills - I
just don't want to have to ask. I most
definitely felt the freedom of thought and
emotion we experienced as a team, but I
not sure how long-lasting the residue will
last on our tongues. Well, we can't hit
a home run unless we go up to bat!

Love,

Jefferson

Mother,

20/9/04 17:50

There are now noise canceling, orange earbuds resting in my ears - the kind which block out noise at concerts. We have the freedom to Not Listen. I am protecting myself from my peers' narratives for at least a couple days. Many of them do the same with music emitting headphones. I prefer to sing more music (create) than I listen to. My singing to listening ratio is pretty good right now, so I don't want to perturb it (the ratio) with music if I am to be blocking out noise.

I do not look down on the narratives of my peers; I just need to focus on a clean transition into my career, and getting bogged down with the burden of deciphering the noise seems nearly impossible when there are so many narratives, not from

this community, exerting influence on us. I mostly do not have the skills or patience to be a healthy mentor or "daddy" to these young, hot creatures around me.

I had a gnarly dream about going to a Vampires Ballroom Dance the other night. I immediately went to a Bible Study to clear the palate. I wonder if someone would be persecuted if they came here from a pure place like Transylvania and started slaying Bots, Emo's, and Evangelists? Couldn't they argue that their cultural/religious upbringing is the reason for their negligence of the law? They may have been trained from birth to recognize and eradicate creepy-crawly things as if they are wolves, bats, or spiders... Of course,

ignorance of the law excuses not!

But, it seems there are some permitted justifications, in the legal atmosphere, which allow for protection from persecution; specifically, non-discrimination policy as a defense for atrocity. The word "fair" is thrown around here and there with caution thrown to the wind. "Fair" is allowed and perpetuated so that people's talents may be deterministic. Indeed, a deterministic crop yield is much more valuable than a few delicious fruit; but, which fruits make it to the farmer's table?

I enjoyed you reading my letter
* to you for me. Where I am at while
I think of you is much better than
where I am at during most times
of the day. Making a habit out of
writing to you has been one of the

highlights of my time here in Tucson.

It is important to time box negative thoughts. Only allow a few minutes for them. It is better to let them play out with a managed schedule rather than succumb to the inclinations which go along with them. It physically hurts to think about the sin I would love to be doing, but currently cannot. Specifically, I mean the acts of objectifying lifecycles. If only I could move freely... Since, it seems, that the Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away from whom he chooses.

I just need to figure out how to lock in a covenant with him, ensuring my children's prosperity, so that I may have a free pass.

Love,

Jefferson

Mother,

20/10/03 09:30

My sleep went well even though I ate a wedge of Brie Cheese last night and drank a half gallon of whole milk with a corresponding number of Biscoff cookies. Perhaps I should drink water until I am back in caliber.

I shaved off a few inches of hair yesterday. It is nice to complement my clean shaven face with an appropriate summer haircut. I also adorned myself with scrumptious aromas. This will guarantee more female attention as I am looking for a mate.

It may be time to look more closely at this body of poor peers to see if there are some diamonds in the rough. I'm down to wear diamonds on the soles of my shoes if that is what motivates my partner; though, I am looking for two domestic partners so that they may keep each other happy while I am off being a mad scientist (from time to time). It just makes most sense given my energy and lovability ☺

The power went out on campus yesterday. I had not typed up my math homework yet and it was due within 2 hours. I had a choice to either run home to finish the homework or find out another way. I decided to type the homework on my phone. The thing about this choice is that the homework I type has many mathematical symbols which cannot be typed with a typical keyboard. So, I used a programming language (LaTeX) with the hopes of the power turning on before class started so that I might print the work. Lo and behold, the power turned on and my homework was submitted in time by me.

A part of me is not at all
worried about my tests and social expectations
; I want to cultivate this. Lord, please
manure and polish my soils so that the
virtues and vices we agree must grow will
do so with fervor. It makes sense
for me to be concerned about getting
good grades; but really, these UA value
systems are artificially inseminated. I
am not a part of the strategic team
which decides for what reason we should
base our happinesses.

Geico commercials are hilarious!
Have you ever seen the one which
says: "That's like Pinocchio being a motivational
speaker!" and Pinocchio is telling people, in
a high pitched voice: "and you're gonna be
successful, and you're gonna be successful..."
while his nose is growing! I would love
to tap into the thoughts of the Geico
marketing team, for I am getting into

Insurance-Based Value Conditioning; However,
I must prepare for these discussions by
learning orderly parliamentary procedure.
If only I could talk with Frank
Hursley about this... I suppose I could
talk with Mick! (because his name is
the same)!

Parliamentary order comes from
North East Europe - where they did not write
and they did have discussions in huge banquet
halls, about the values which should be
on mind in the populace. The jews and
users of the semitic language, on the other
hand, wrote everything down. I am clearly
writing, and currently I am in the "banquet"
hall of the library - where we study. Why are
we not joining in massive discussion!?
People corrode into their technology... I
do as well, but this tech is well
proven to help accomplish goals.

A womb and baby are not the same as a baby. When baby is in a womb, one must consider how the baby depends on the container which houses and nourishes. Mother Mary maintained the womb which maintained Jesus; for this, she is to be honored.

The Mexicans do honor Mother Mary! Mexicans also have a lot of quincenizas. I miss the family events, because they act as milestones which indicate what time of the year it is. I like to remember how you and your sisters plan out meals for the upcoming family event at the end of the current one. It may be that we are not to develop rich memories while at work during the 8 hours of daily service and taxation. It is up to us to make the effort to create family events - especially for the little ones of the family. Mexicans must have this as a common sense understanding - "Claro! Suh!"

My days still take a while to pass
and I am happy about this. I prefer
not for the day to end quickly. Also,
when we think about the year ahead or
behind, it is important to remember that we
sleep for $\frac{1}{2}$ of that time. Lastly, every
hour we sleep, someone else has to work
to hold the fort. * Lord, give me the strength
to work one more hour so that someone
else may rest. *

Love,

Jefferson

Mother,

20190910 12:00

Ah how we enjoy and lament what is about us in a debate of dissonance and harmony. To have problems to solve, or disharmonies to resolve, is truly a wretched, but real, reason for us to organize. I deliberate on goals and accomplish them. Because of my medicine, and perhaps my diet, I have impeccable focus - this really is my curse. It would be nice to adorn my breast with tweed ~~or~~ some other material which is qualitatively fancy. Today I did not even try to look like I am trying - just as so many of the athletes do. Perhaps there is a bone deep tiredness in the blacks... my bones do not have this so I should work to let them rest. I look like a husbandman in the worst American public school in the world. The military on campus is wearing uniform. today for it is Wednesday. The hour is right after 12. I have no secretary to keep minutes.

The chain of command does not allow for
my contract to be approved (the contract
intends to solidify a partner in crime who
also has a coalition of Margots like I).
We are governed by the people, and
we are in the party xor we are
not in the party. The party likes to
have big dancing balls for charity and
rest. At my next constitutional assembly,
I will incorporate shooting dice and not
giving a crap.

Sorry for the poetry,

Jefferson

Mater,

20190411

12:25

Our latin class just read an ancient poem together with a group of high school students. The students come from a preparatory school. Here in Arizona, the public schools are terrible. These students were eager to learn the language of Latin - a language much more important than the infantile and disgusting utterings of Hebrew or Greek (this is mine own opinion).

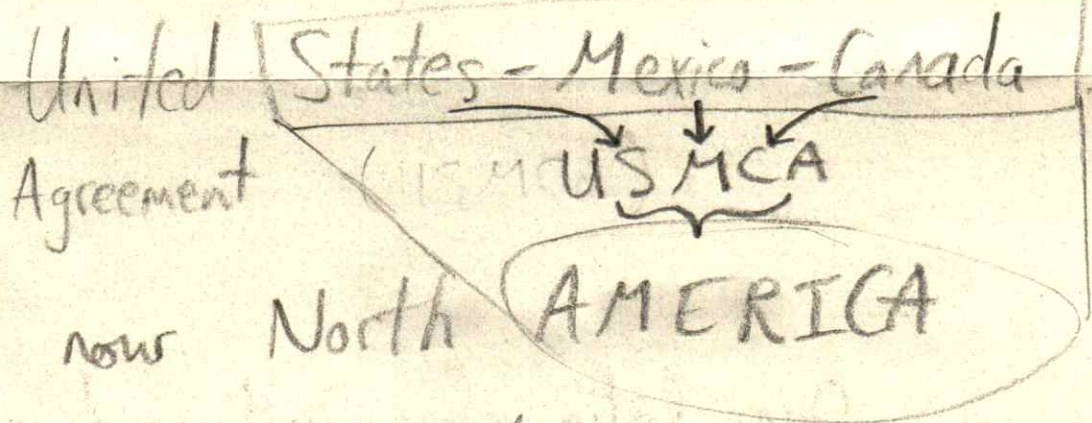
We have an old jew
- each of us -
in our spine.
He clicks a ticks
like a croaking african tribesman.
His phbm builds
because he is inbred.

But, we must respect him

It will be interesting when our DNA gets compared to monkeys. Perhaps some people are closer to monkeys than others. All of this page does not really matter in the grand scheme of one lifetime.

But in the grand scheme of many lifetimes,
it probably does matter.

Our country wants to stay alive just
as if it is a mother or father. In Latin,
we might call America a "motherland" (matrux)
or "fatherland" (patrux). Some of the duels
going on in politics (like education reform or
abortion) are really long-term duels meant to
keep America alive for as long as possible.
We may not understand why the question of abortion
seems to split families, lovers, and brothers
within one lifetime. Also, on a sidelines note,
keep your ears open for the



We are now North

Love,

Jefferson

Mother,

20190419

12:00

This weekend I am going to the flat-sea level desert on the east side of Tucson. I will spend Saturday out and about with the cacti. I do not want there to be any mountains. I need a simple visual scenery to focus on. On Sunday, I will go again to the exact same spot - so as to reduce variability. My diet will be fruit, nuts, and water. It will be a simple time for nothing but a purge of what I am and was.

I have done this before. After High School, I went out to the desert after fasting for 7 days and laying naked in the Yuma summer sun. I meditated up on a big rock. Johnny warned me that the scorpions were attracted to warmth. The donkeys whinnied. A huge moth (size of my head) beat its wings around my face. The stars were uncountable. I knew it

was time for me to leave when I
fell asleep amidst the most awesome fear
I had ever known. I woke up abruptly
and reverse-climbed down to the wash I
used to find the rock I meditated on.
As I walked through the wash of
darkness, I spun in circles because the
eyes of coyotes were following me back
to the car. I drove home to Grandpa's
house, ate a sandwich, watched a soft skinemax
film on television, and went to bed.

I do not plan to have such
an intense experience (mainly because I
have not been fasting), but I do hope to
tap into a similar wavelength. I hope
to reignite my awe and fear of God

Love,

J. Jensen

Mother,

20190422 12:00

This weekend I went on a hike and went to church. I enjoyed both of these activities very much. I now have a lot of homework to do. I write this letter with hopes that you will know that I love how we have developed a strong relationship - especially in the last few years. You have always been there for me. I appreciated being with the Harsbys during the year after high school during which I was not able to maintain myself.

Our empathy ought to be majordly measured by how we spend our precious resources (time, of course, is by far the most expensive). In the pursuit of wisdom, we lose pieces of our soul to what teaches us of the world. I am reminded of Janis Joplin's "summertime" and "...you know you got it... take another little piece of my heart now baybay."

I'm tired of non-beautiful voices. Imagine we lived in a castle. When us

men come home from war, we must
bellow out to the echoing hall and stone
rooms with an operative voice if we
are to be heard.

It would be strange to be
exiled into a castle or onto an island.
What is it that an island does not
feel? or is that a rock? either way,
first there is a mountain, then there is
no mountain, then there is; and, a mustard
seed of faith moves mountains as long
as there is healthy, fertile, barrenless
soul for it to take root

Love,

Jefferson

Mother,

20190426

12:05

The insurance companies will have a stranglehold on our values. This may, actually, be for the best. Often times, the just decision is not great for any one individual.

The book of Isaiah describes the "strange[ness]" of God's acts and works. I just checked out a book on Insurance Governance, and am excited to read it over the 3 weeks I have off before summer school.

I only have one more homework assignment

this semester; it is due on Wednesday. Then, I have 4 finals. And then, I am done with my theoretical math career. I'm sure I will go through withdrawals from the awesome daily realizations and happenstance epiphanies.

Epiphany is the strongest drug there is - with the shortest half-life for thinkers and soul-sisters such as us.

I downloaded some old insurance

society documents on rules and structure.
One, in particular, was written by Benjamin Franklin. I got the idea to look up books on "insurance societies" because they were mentioned in "The Souls of Black Folk" - a book by W.E.B. DuBois. He discusses how the Negro churches of Chicago housed many societies which brought order to the communities. These churches influenced Black Folk around the world! I remember something about the crime rate in and Obama coming from Chicago. All I know is that makes most sense to think of the leader of the free world, during the three month window of the transition between presidents as a joint position held by the union of the two. So the sequence of the last 3 presidents goes like:

Barrack	Obama
Obama	Donald
Donald	Trump

Love, Jefferson

Mother,

20190425

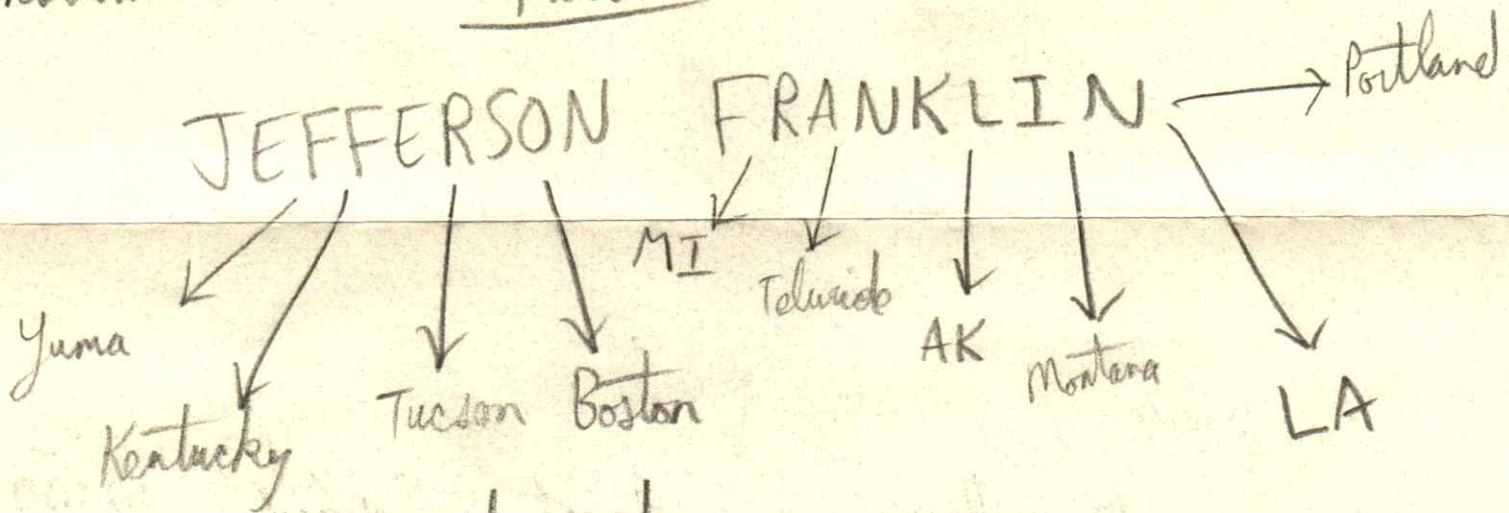
10:00

My classes are almost solidified for Fall semester. I am set to definitely graduate then. I have (and will have) valuable skills which can be brought to all sides of my family. It's nice to dream that I could travel around the country to each family member's home to fix problems and help create a strategy for future prosperity. I don't want to consider myself a "fixer," but I have the skills to do so; and, I would rather keep the skills in-house than to be panned off to a corporation. I notice that professors of great intelligence are, in a sense, snubbed out. I could see it being potentially dangerous for professors to put their minds to significant problems. They are given nearly unanswerable problems which take them exactly one lifetime to solve so that they are kept quiet. This sounds like a certain level of Hell to me.

On the up and up, I can bring

finance and risk management to the family before I lock in to a career. How am I to be trusted with the funds to take a road trip to all parts of the motherland to bring tidings of good cheer and risk management? I will have to get the ball rolling by finding remote work. Please pray for ways for me to do this. It only makes sense given the gifts God has given to us through me as a well-oiled and fine-tuned instrument.

First



Second

Find which city needs Risk Management Love,
of my style!

Jefferson

Mother,

20190429 12:00

The "Tucson Festival of Books" journal has been calling to me. It is nice to write about whatever comes to mind. This method of expression is called "stream of consciousness." I hope it does not seem that I write only whatever is on my mind at the moment the pencil, which I hold, touches the paper, which I send to you. These thoughts are developed each night when I rest my mind. There is so much to think about; these letters help me establish some order to the nonlinearity around me.

This week is a study week. I feel up to it and am not worried about my grades. I will pass all of my classes (maybe even with some reputable grades to take with me). My schedule is all mapped out until January 1st (2020/01). I plan to go to Washington DC with father as a reward for graduating. He wants to see architecture; I do not. I want to go to the Library of Congress, but, apparently, there are not shelves to peruse through. Perhaps I

will go to some sort of reading room to just
read some Spy vs Spy comics. I do not
want to see monuments, if I do go with
dad, I'm sure he will convince me to go
around to some statues and museums. I
will not be strict with my current desire to
not do so.

We should go on some vacation
together - just you and I! That would be
cool. Or I could be yours and your sisters'
body guard in Ireland. I only charge 2 pints
a day! (Along with Sheppard's pill and a
trip to parliament).

Love,

Jefferson

Mother,

20190430

I killed it in Karaoke last 12:25
night! I sang "Beast of Burden," "long train
running," and "can't you see." People were dancing
and grinding and making out and holding hands
because of my singing; I created love. It was
nice to sing again. My buddies and I had taken
a saxophone, a piano, a guitar, a set of small
symbals, and my voice to a high traffic spot
on Friday evening to play music for people. These
bachelorettes joined us along with birthday girls.
We wooed women on the street and struck
jealousy in their boyfriends. We marched down
the street singing "When the saints go marching in"
whilst one of us played saxophone.
I got a bunch of inexpensive art
supplies and painted a few symbols and scenes.
I got nice pens to write with, and journaled for
a bit. I'm feeling fairly well. I am ready
for tomorrow to be my last day of classes.

I am fairly sunk into the drive
to get a steady job after I graduate. I need
to pay off my loans and to be able to not
have to worry much about small expenditures.
Part of me thinks I can handle, ethically,
a lot of money in my bank account; part of
me does not. I know not money. I have never
had it and I am fairly certain I wouldn't
know how to act with a few more zeros to my
name. I need to prepare for horizontal and
vertical growth. Neel is my saving grace in
these matters.

Love,

Jefferson

Mother,

20190501

8:00

The students at this school are ready to go into the world as young adults.

When a young, strong man walks by, he no longer is given the respect he deserves - he has potential others do not; this is demoted today. We are in a sad situation with each need being fulfilled at a moment's notice. There is barely a sense of sacrifice in the eyes, hands, and feet of my brethren. We had been able; we will be able.

I wonder how many black ops teams are fighting the world for us to maintain our awesome solidarity. It is a wonder to me that our shared services run so smoothly. We may trust in the health standards - maintained for us by hard-working people who are incentivized to care and take some responsibility for the repercussions of poor policy. How I lament, and feel worse, about the state of the homeless - mostly in our country. I can not even know that life exists beyond where

I have traveled, it is possible that I
am the only living being, and that all else
are mental constructions. How could I ever
prove otherwise. I do not know that it
thinks, and therefore exists. It seems that
we borrow from the scarce resource that is
called thought. The birds utilize our common
share in the mornings when they sing together.
I want to sing with the birds every morning
I am able. What is left of this semester is
mere hours. I am saddened to see this phase
of my life transition into a new one ... more
morose than sad.

Love,

Jefferson

20190408

08:40

Mother:

I am in Yuma now. The pool house in the back is perfect for my needs. Grandma is doing well and Dad is well ordered, but still relaxed. We are changing as a family: I think for the better. I am pleased with my ability to thrive within a small square-footaged house. I am happy to be with family.

It takes an effort to be with family when one lives far from them. The drive from Tucson to Yuma was, really, not that bad. I mostly meditated and free-style rapped. My radio barely works, the volume does whatever it wants (fluctuates up and down), and I have no auxiliary cord. I did, surprisingly, have cell phone service even though I was within the barren desert. It seems like we cannot escape telecommunicative waves in the air.

The immigration here is a major problem.

Over 1500 immigrants, over the last three days, were apprehended. The shared services here are over-burdened, and it is detrimental to the local community.

Grandpa R served this town to improve the judicial system. The family must still bear the psychological burden of trial and sentence. Grandpa brought Turkey to all the Judges and Lawyers in town: every Thanksgiving. This town has seen major legal growth over the years. Now they face illegal growth. We plan to check out the local affairs as Minute Man with Pens (Minute Pen).

Love,

Jefferson

Mother,

20190520

21:47

It is so great to be your son.
I am so fortunate to have had so many great experiences with you. Your motherly role model (Grandma) must have been so very loving, because you are. Her mother must have been similar as well! Now we may think of how your sisters and friends support and maintain what it means to be motherly. You all are foremothers to Kelle: who will also be a wonderful mother.

I am sensitive to unhealthy female relationships because you have set such a great example of how nice a healthy relationship can be. Homie don't play the mean girl thing. I look forward to the healthy female partner(s) I will spend my years with - in our household. Very soon I will start planning out to go about finding a matronly, homely companion. For now, I need to take care of myself. This is just as how a mother is asked to put her oxygen mask on first before her child's.

in the case of an emergency. This is an important metaphor.

She keeps in mind Grandma's kitchen prayer on a regular basis:

I've wept in the night
for the shortness of sight
that to somebody's need
made me blind,
but I never have yet
felt a trace of regret
for being a little too kind.

Happy Mother's Day!

Love,

J. J. Person

20190514
15:00

Mother,

San Diego is beautiful. There is much more to do here in the 1 mile radius around Dad's house than in all of Tucson. I cannot assign reason by priority because of all the beauty and harmonious geometry, I am utterly convinced that pretty people hold the skills of prioritization. Or, perhaps, people who prioritize are necessarily pretty.

I fixed up my long board and am hitting up the pavement. There are not very many people out on the weekdays. I had a grand realization, back when I was apprenticing under father, that most of the people we see in San Diego are here during the 2 weeks of vacation they have per year. We can feel like we are missing out when we see other people pursuing exciting things.

I am wearing sunscreen and am not drinking very much (1 beer every 2 days). Kelle and I are doing Yoga at 17:30. Yesterday I did family finances, read about insurance

societies, and went to the park. I switched off between basketball and jump rope for 30 minutes, and then read letters by Washington under a tree in the shade. Afterwards, Kelle and I walked down the boardwalk. We talked about how he prioritizes and how she is addicted to people liking her pictures on Instagram. We agreed to embrace this with the warning that she will need to feed her addiction. Too many are practicing to be followers. They want us to want to feed the insurance engines with personal information for free. Might be the best!

Love,
Jefferson

Mother,

20190515

US 19:30

On the beach with the
at my back, I am long-boarding up a storm.
It is nice to be productive while relaxing.
People are motivated to get nicer things than
what they currently have. I must be the
same.

Insurance societies provided assurance
to the working man; but, they were communistic
at the start. The key information they were
missing, about the population, limited their
ability to predict catastrophe. We are not in
the same position. Young folk are very willing
to produce free information about their daily
decision making. Even if person A does not
use social media, there are hundreds of other
person A's who are similar enough and are
producing content, that person A is represented.
It is quite obvious that the pipeline of
info could keep flowing forever. It is less
obvious that one could cut off the pipeline

with no adverse effects because our
pictures have already been taken. Look into
"Cambridge - Analytica." That was the snapshot
of people that the insurance companies needed.
Well, I am getting Ramen with
Kelle, later on this evening. We had a
delicious dinner yesterday. The Richards are
starting to include me in family risk
management. It is nice to be needed and
for the need to be expressed!

Love,

Jefferson

Mother,

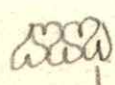
20190520

17:34

San Diego is treating me well.

Kelle and I spent time with Neel's family and her friends. We are about to go to an Italian dinner. Kelle really did a great thing this break by going out of her way to spend her free time with me. She is about to have to reside in another country, and we are both cognizant of this. We will be only a plain flight away, and we will both be within North America, so there is no problem. I am happy to spend quality time with her and Dad.

The MANGOES and I are starting develop a strong teamship. We talk often and are planning to do community service! We are considering getting involved with some sort of community outreach, with pamphlets, regarding pollution. Did you know that plastic is found in many of the sea creatures? Discovers just

Sent a robot down to a deep part of the
ocean and found a plastic bag. That is one
expensive trash cleanup project! All only
we could start a project for offenders to
do "highway cleanup" in the deep blue sea.
Well, I love you and Bill 

Love,
J. J. Jensen

Mother,

20190525 - 20190526

I am in Yuma, now. Grandma and I are getting along fairly well. Mitchell's graduation was a good time. I gave a large "hoot" for him. His Dad came, and it was kind of awkward. TJ also went, which was a great thing. We were all proud of Mitchell for his long road to the next phase of his life.

I wrote a song about Jesus!

{ What's there to say about Jesus?
What's there to say that we know?
What's there to say about Jesus?

(Ex) Cept that he's in our soul

→ Repeat

Cept he's strollin' on down the road

Singin' Fee, fye, fiddlee aye owe

Fee, fye, fiddlee aye owe
owe owe owe

Fee, fye, fiddlee aye ohhhhhh

A strollin' on down the Road! "

Kelle made it through the Canadian Visa process. I am pleased (for Canada's sake) that the interrogation lasted 15 minutes. She is with Ryan now. God speed towards healthy chittin'. She doesn't have to worry about having to use a portable air conditioning anymore because his family can support central air. I wonder if they have central vacuuming? Where she plugs a hose into a wall and gets to it.

I appreciate Grandma's Kitchen here. She has a powerful sink with an extendable nozzle. She has an island with ventilation above. Her knives are not sharp enough though. When I worked at the slaughterhouse in Davis, before my first skinning of a fresh sow, my knives were not sharp enough

so - I got scalded, I retreated to the wet stone and came back with an understanding of the criticality of toolage. a finely tuned instrument is a must to gain a masters trust - during an apprenticeship

- I have some letters of Jefferson Davis which - I am to get to working this week. My check will come in when I am top to bottom.

Bread	←	Latin Dictionary
Vegetables		LISP (Language - Lisp)
Meat		Japanese and German
Cheese		Jefferson Davis letters
Bread		Latin Workbook

It's like a cheeseburger of knowledge.

Kelly is - where with Barbara and
Grandma right now. It is nice to have
closely and some personal communications to
the state website.

I did to live with
Kelly and it was. We all are going to
long are actually going really well. I
am glad to share these moments
with you.

Love
/ / /

P.S. I am a Veteran buddy for
4 hours and Dad helped clean up
a Marine's house all Memorial Day
Weekend

Mother,

20190602

18:30

Tucson welcomed me back with the heat of a thousand suns. I must splurge on air conditioning. It is so nice to be back in my apartment. I enjoy the solitude and order which my apartment brings. I have met with a few MANGOES and went to a birthday party.

I start school tomorrow. I have been getting ready for the last 4 hours. My refrigerator has plenty of vegetables, and I am making dinner for a friend tonight. My life is fairly simple for the next two months. Even though I am going into debt for this experience, I feel fortunate.

San Diego and Yuma are in the past now. I need to focus on my future career. We'll see if the solutions I

brought manifest themselves. I wrote a
Strategic Roadmap for the Richards family
so as to restructure the administration.
I have to give a lot of credit to
Google, because it would had taken
me a long time to program such quality
applications (e.g. drive, calendar, email). I'll
get back into the rhythm of writing
letters. I look forward to one from you.

Love,

Jefferson

Mother,

20190603

20:13

My first day of class was amazing! There are 13 of us in the two back to back classes. They are so very worth it - I think so far. Getting A's should not prove to be difficult; but, the material seems so very pertinent to ownership, management, and asset pricing. I am finding that the best leadership practice, and the steps we must take to learn leadership are entirely independent of Finance. This team of students is wiser than the team I worked with for my Finance Classes last summer. These are senior business students who seem to have gotten over the pride and grandiosity that they most likely had when they entered business school. I have still not got over mine!!

I am to be the student who
has a desire to reinvest any profits of
knowledge back into our team. There are
a wide range of skills available and needs
within these resourceful students, because they
are about to enter the workforce. I
am in the same boat, and I can bring
my skills in theoretical math and programming
so that we may have solid underlying
algorithms. The teachers are very cute.
This makes seeing the lessons comfortable.
One has an eager, elegant, foreign voice
- which makes listening palatable.

Love,

Jefferson

Mother,

20190605

11:55

Day 3 is going very well. The students in class are starting to talk again. It is nice to have not very difficult classes.

Yesterday, I philosophized with my buddy Matsuura yesterday, and enjoyed the conversations very much. He gave me his 2¢ on the current Mueller situation. He argued that the media was trying to dissuade people from thinking about Trump's obstruction by having people focus on collusion. I brought back the concept of determinism. How it is best for a president to be deterministic than to lead with perfect rightness. Matsuura agreed that presenting for testable hypotheses allows for growth and innovation. The opposite stifles and pacifies independence. Matsuura said the role of an agent is to "Defend the rights and liberties of the citizens they represent."

I am back to class now, Taking
Accounting helped me with these classes.
I am applying what I am learning
to family matters. I did not eat much of
a breakfast this morning. The teacher just
said she will give us the formula sheet
for our quizzes... I have nothing to worry
about for these classes!

Love

Jefferson

Mother,

20190606

10:52

There was a massive hornet that needed to die. It flew so slowly. I had my long-board primed like a baseball. The damn thing survived by 2 inches. This insect was disturbing.

On a lighter note, my company is coming together. The distribution of labor is as such:

CEO - Jefferson
CFO - Neel
CIO - Matsuura
COO - Paul

Dad is driving in this weekend to meet Matsuura. He takes the pressure off me to have to program and handle computer things. I can focus on algorithms and executive decisions. I received the insurance policy you sent me. I will decompose it with my software. Timing is funny because I just decomposed

an Error ^{and} Omission insurance policy to deal with
the liabilities we face as actuaries. The idea
is that if we give consultations that leads
to loss (error), or we omit certain information
that leads to loss (omission), then we can get
sued.

I'm starting to give out my card
with the intention of providing risk management
for local businesses. I don't have a sales pitch
down, but I tell it how it is with my current
skills. This is a much more serious service
than, say, art; and, I may not be ready if
someone does want to hire my services. Young
people nowadays would call this my "side
hustle". It would be beneficial to this community
for me to teach people how to better do
their jobs while adhering to their insurance
policies.

Love,
J. Jefferson

Mother,

20190610

11:00

This weekend was nice. I spent time with friends, cooked curries, and did personal budgeting. It was amazing to meet up with Matsuura. He generated a work contract which blew my mind. He outlined what needs to be done for the next 5 years. We talk of such great matters and find comfort in each other's friendship. I also spent time with my Veteran buddy, Daniel, as well. Here has a hardcore wisdom which teaches me about reality in its rawest forms. He continuously expresses how lucky he is to have me as a friend and that he is learning "positive feedback loops" from my habits. I have seen him calm down, in general. His art has improved dramatically. We are great friends, and we get kicked out of a lot of bars. Not because we get into fights or are rude. Daniel justly has a rough, penetrating voice

and philosophy. It is very difficult for some Veterans to integrate back into the Civilian World. He is proud for having survived what he went through. I am glad to know him.

I am in class, so I will focus.

Love,

Affection

Mother

20190704

18:00

It has been a while since I have written you. I have no excuses; and, I want to know you what has been going on. I took two Finance classes over the last month: Investing and Corporate Finance. They were both fairly easy given the previous Finance classes, Accounting, and Math I took. The classes were composed of a young hot crowd of ambitious, social creatures. They were passed their pride, for being business students, because they realized their dispensibility - there are at least 1000 other students who have more skills than they do, in this school alone. There were 4 who stood out as having a good balance of motivation and ability. Their names were Cammy, Mike, Yusuf, and Grant; I am glad to have met them. We finished off the summer session with a beer, and we said our goodbyes.

My company affairs are going exceedingly well. Matsumura proves to have valuable skills,

Need is on board and attentive, and Father
is keeping up with an acquisitive mentality
We will do fine to bring about a new
style of small-business with management

terminals. We are teaching small businesses,
partnerships, and sole-proprietors. I have not

yet determined the dollar-figure market
we plan to steal, and why we will do so better
than our competition, but I am doing my due

diligence.

Kelle is now gone. There are four ranges
which capture my emotions: A change is going to
come" and "I'd rather be dead. Please Ruth
to those, and know them well.

fore,
Jifferson

20190826

12:50

Dear Mother,

School has started, I am on the 40th page of the book I am writing. I miss you and Bill. The photos were so nice from Northport. It was cool to see the air vehicles fly by; I am curious as to why they were doing so. I have a simple schedule this semester: physics and systems engineering. I have no class on Tuesdays! I have been reading the Bible in French. There is an old Roman writer named Vitruvius who wrote about architecture in Latin. His writings were so beautiful they made me cry.

What is the weather like there? Is it humid? Have been keeping track of any woodland critters? How did your sunflowers turn out? Although you might have needed to use pesticide, all chemicals

are natural. It's hard to call a
fruit "non-genetically-modified" because
fruits and vegetables have been interbred
since Mendel. Did you know the first
"GMO" fruit originated in Davis? It
was a tomato that had a long shelf
life - something like a week.

Love,

Jefferson

20180828

Mother,

I am looking at girls' faces again. It seems like for a while I was only looking to men's faces to strike fear, accrue power, and appropriate troops.

Now I am softening to the docile. I am almost 30 so it is okay to stare for some pleasure or intimacy.

I finished the first draft of my book on Responsibility. It turned out exceedingly well! I sent a draft to Dad because he wants to help edit it. He has just retired, so I am bringing him concepts to think about. Otherwise, he may wither away. He is gardening.

I have been working out pretty hard and eating healthily. It is nice to Basketball, jump rope, and swim in the 100°F weather. Stepping into the pool after the intense heat is absolutely satisfying. Then switching between the

hot tub and the cool pool, after a
few laps and aerobics, is the right kind
of traumatizing. I miss and can't
wait to see you and Bill.

Love,

Jefferson

Mother,

20190829

15:45

How are you these days? I hope they progress at a perfect pace. We should not aim for our days to end before or after we are ready for them to end. Ideally, we do not watch the news before bed, because we will think there is something more to be done with our precious hours of rest. Though, I do seek to work one more hour, so that some other citizen may sleep one more hour, I cannot accomplish more than what God aimed for me to accomplish.

I have been reading the Book of Mormon. I very much enjoy how American the concepts are - for the "first" translation from "egyptian" was in English. Regardless of the inconsistencies, they are doing something right. The base story is quite interesting and exciting -

The plague and locusts and frogs were prophesized in Ancient Egypt. So, a smart

family thought "we need to get out of here!"

So they left into the wilderness. Then, they realized they needed women, so they went back and got a couple on board to bore. They traveled a bit and came to a large body of water. They built a boat and came to a new land (America). There was a younger brother, Nephi, who was wisest and meant to be King. The older brothers were Laman and Lemuel. So, they fought and tricked. Eventually, they taught us about Jesus. The amazing part about this book is how it brings a condensed, American, English, Renaissance style interpretations of the expectations of God and Jesus have for us. The book is actually intoxicating. It seems to be a much healthier, smarter, and altogether purer supplement to the Bible than the Quran; But they are similar.

The Quran has this low-wave-length melodic chant about it that puts the reader into a trans. I had to purge and pray for forgiveness for about a month after reading it twice, sorry to be vulgar: I had to get that shit out of my system. I may have to do the same for this book, but it probably won't take as long.

I did pull three concepts from Islam that are excellent, one that is neither here nor there, and one that is horrible. I know you can handle them:

- Good {
1. Zakat: pay a portion of wealth to the poor
 2. Riba: Usury is a horrible thing (charging interest to friends and family)
 3. Sharar: Gambling is inappropriate
- So-so {
1. Heaven is: "beneath which rivers flow" and "beneath the feet of the mother"
without a well in the desert, life could not flourish

Horrible } 1. Pure-Faith: God cannot beget
nor be begotten of
It makes sense this horrible falsity
exists in some minds, but a
Muslim of pure-faith will never support
a christian.

My brief thoughts on the Book of Isaiah
are that he prophesied the coming of the
Messiah would bring magnificent resolve to
the middle East. I believe that because
Jesus did not bring resolve in the exact
way prophesied, Jews cannot believe in Jesus.
So, they have something in common with the
Muslims, but they think the Messiah will come
one day. I figured out the families of
Abraham, so I am bored of Monotheism. I
will commit to one of these for my family at
35. Hopefully I don't die before then so I
don't go to every hell! Love,
Jefferson

Mother,

20190904

09:22

It was perfect timing for you to
send me these linen envelopes. The previous
were very fragile and beginning to upset me.

I have been having many dreams. They
involve me being in Michigan, Canada, Colorado,
and Kentucky. I am in a weird place about
how revelatory these dreams are. The consistent
message is that I am "past the point of no
return." I don't quite know what this means.
It may have something to do with my fidelity.
Here is an analogy I have been working on.

Symbols Fidelity : Courage :: Patience : Confidence

Language Fidelity is to courage as patience is
to confidence.

This is like a riddle for which my solution
is that : Fidelity pities patience
Courage pities confidence

I want to know what your solution is!

with fidelity comes

- trustworthiness
- credibility
- belief
- faith
- honor

with patience comes

- suffering
- inactivity
- passivity

with courage comes

- will power
- proactivity
- accomplishment

with confidence comes

- opportunity
- mistake
- apathy
- ego

Somewhere in these relationships is the
roots of forgiveness ... maybe?

Love,
J. Green

Mother,

20196905

The Wall Street Journal will ^{12:00}
be showing up at my door more often.
I have been out of the loop with regards
to many modern issues and decided to do
something about my willfull ignorance by subscribing
to a highly circulated Journal. It was an
easy decision to pick the Journal instead of
The New York Times because I am going into
finance.

My computer beckoned me to start
programming again last night. I have not
struck the keys of code in a long while.
I set up my phone to be able to program
from anywhere I have service. My pipe dream
is to set up some applications which make
it easy to calculate significant equations on
the go. I use the model of a forensic

scientist. The FS has only so much
time to collect data at a crime scene
because the bacteria and microbiology grows
and decays so quickly that details
about the actual crime get more and
more difficult to trace back with every
minute passed. The same applies for actuarial
entrepreneurship. When the opportunity arises to
trace back risk factors, to expose opportunity
and potential loss, I will only have moments
to make a choice. By setting up my phone
to perform difficult calculations, I will miss
less opportunity!

Love,

Jefferson

Mother,

20190909

12:00

This weekend went excellently. I had a lot of dreams about Grandpa Hursley. I was remember this moment in the Smoking Room (Den), I was rolling around on the ground, soaking up the heat from under the TV. I accidentally tripped Grandpa. He was very startled. He looked down at me with these deeply fearful eyes. I was shocked. I literally felt at that time that he passed on some of the fear he experienced during War. This is a true story; I was just remembering... So I read some of his flyfishers journals and watched flyfishers online. The people seemed so happy to be on the river all day. I think that, in life, we are either flyfishers, trot liners, or net casters. Fly fishers make an art out of graceful drops of bait. Trot liners

set a healthy number of lines on
a river or behind a boat, and
drink beer until a bit hits. Net casters
put in major effort to catch every
fish available. They foresee where the schools
are going and set the net ahead of
them. I sort of float between all these
roles in my social, maternal, and scope (understanding)
interactions, transactions, and communications.

I love you so much,

Love,
Jefferson

P.S. Let's invite Aunt Mary, Duncan, and
Aunt Ann to my Graduation in addition
to you and Bill!

Mother,

20190911

11:30

I slept all day yesterday. It was due to my having read the newspaper for a couple days. I woke up and cried and then slept for 20 hours. I had prophetic dreams, woke up, read more of the paper, and started financial analysis on the accounting spreadsheets from one of the Richards property. It's very hard to be me ☹️ — ☹️ ☹️ I am happy to be back at school with young, perky people. Though, they are less perky than they should be. Maybe they are going through the same things I am ... but I am perky and 26 and a man and a genius ... so they have no excuses.

How are your days? Do you find time to smell the roses? I saw your first sunflower! It lit up my day for about 2 hours. I was thinking about MI.

On a sideline note, it is important to
time box our negative thoughts, egotistical
thoughts, and judgemental thoughts to about
20 minutes each a day. Like how Bill
showed me that SNL skit where the
therapist said: "Stop it!" I like
that.

Love,

J. Person

Mother,

20190912

12:10

Campus brings humor to my cheeks. If I can bring a tweak of the cheek to even one passerby, I am fulfilled for the day. And I am not saddened by the black women who have a general displeasure with my happiness. They have it very hard. It is the black men who are the "Queens" of this region and age.

In India, they deemed the Untouchables "Queens" so as to break up the cast system. It seems this is the approach being pursued in our country as well. But the torch is to be passed of to the transvestites and other lame ducks. One might ask: "Why must I care for these demographics when they represent a small portion of the population?" The reason is to condition our language for the world economy. If people cannot handle the simple

courtesy of calling someone by the pronoun
they choose, people will not be able to handle
the onslaught of cultural diversity which will
come in the next 10 years. I respond
by asking to be addressed as "Yassa Massa".
I am not screaming for attention by asking
this of my peers. I just do not feel safe
unless people address me as such. And
isn't security, or a sense of, the most important
need satisfaction?

Love,

Jefferson

Mother,

2990918

11:0

Your letter on courage,
confidence, fidelity, and patience is on my
white board now - held up by a magnet.
Thank you! I can look at that everyday
I leave the house.

I have been singing the psalms
in Latin before I leave the house. They
flow through me like wine. David must
have been on a good one, because they
are gorgeous. I may read them on a
street corner soon or at a poetry
reading.

I have an ear infection. It's not
too bad. It's allergy season. My immune
system is plenty healthy to deal with it
all because of all the times I refused
antibiotics. I am pleased with my health.

I am excited for you to be here for my graduation. We almost got me through to sustaining myself. It has been a long road. I couldn't have done it without you. These letters have helped me to express my spirituality. My relationship with Jesus has grown stronger through the process of writing to you.

Love,

Jefferson

20190923

Mother,

10:00

What a great weekend! I kept it simple. I'm a bit sick with an allergy cold. I got my ears cleaned out; that was nice. It sounds like you, Ryan, and Kelle are going to be in the same hotel for my graduation! And Bill? I hope so. This week should be great. I have a homework assignment due on Wednesday that should take me about 4 hours.

I prayed to Jesus last night. I asked why he is so elusive. I don't really get it - I admitted. I don't get the whole Jesus thing as well as I thought I did. But maybe one day I will. You taught me that patience. And I will have fidelity that Christ will reveal himself to me one day.

Jimmy and I had a great talk about dreams. He had some stories; I did also. He sent me an astro reading and said I could call anytime.

I very much support Kelle being
with Ryan in Canada; Seems like a
happy place. She is surrounded by many
cultures. It will be cold in the winters.
She may need to fatten up a bit. Find
time for nature, and keep singing!

Love,

Jefferson

20191014
09:40

Mother,

This weekend was the insurance symposium of my life! It feels like I just ran through the ribbon of a 30 mile race. This has been a long run. I trained for about a year to get to this point, and I finished first. There were many wise mentors who gave insight into what it means to have a successful career. There were also comedians who gave us insight into the opposite. It was all such a healthy way to spend a weekend.

The ~~major~~ major topics were credit scores, fire dangers, cannabis, and professional relationship building. The whole event was orchestrated so well in a large, beautiful, ballroom. We really

do have big balls!

My professor came along, and the Riskmaners numbered in the 10s.

I aimed to support the freshman, seeing as how I will be leaving Tucson in

December. At least, this is my plan.

It was humbling to realize that I was only a part of one of the "threads" or "networks" within the conference

you see, at a party, there are many conversations going on simultaneously.

As we walk around, others walk around to fill the gaps of where we just were. This results in separate bubbles. It is possible to go a whole party without having met at least one person. And as the parties get

bigger, as they are bound to given how well
this ball went, it is easier to miss out
on meeting even more people! It is
not that I am sad to have missed out
on meeting everyone - on the contrary!

I just gained insight into how trivial
my tables were compared to all the other
tables, all the other ballrooms, and all the
other balls in the universe.

I need to focus on physics. Now
that I am done with an important
test of courage, honor, and determination,
I need to stick my big old Hunsley
nose into the physics books; This is
not only due to that I have a physics
class right now. I also see how

electricity may help to save lives.

We can simulate process-like self-driving cars, or illegal migration - by sending electrons through wires rather than sending people through roads.

Electrons cannot be created or destroyed, but people can.

We are set on a straight path as arrows, through the bow that is our parents, by the Grand Archer. Yet gravity brings us down. Well enough, electricity and magnetism are also forces which act like gravity.

(Some people have more charge than others. A lot of people on campus do not have much of a charge,

This saddens me.) As we travel on our

paths, we can get redirected by conservative or liberal forces. Conservative forces and laws are deterministic, wholesome, and not forgiving. Liberal forces and laws are sporadic, disgusting, and merciful.

We can get caught up in the chains and bondage of our bad habits.

For instance, an athlete can end up nervous and a mathematician can end up gambling.

The unnatural growth of muscles, by means of steroids, can lead to unnatural wins in the Olympics. Playing with excessive uncertainty can lead to excessively uncertain bank accounts which are meant to support those we love.

Usury is to Gambling

as

Health Insurance is to Property Insurance

This was the point of my network of the conference.

I can't take credit for these awesome
and scary concepts. The Grand Archer
revealed these to me for some good
reason. I know not why...

I love you and Bill and
am so excited for you to graduate
your son. I'll be respectful to
the others students when I yell for
joy and flail my arms around "I"
It will be so warm for your sisters
and my Auntys' to be here. It is
sad for both Grandmas to not be able
to make it, but I know their husbands
are proud as hell up in heaven.

Love,

Jefferson

Mother,

20191021

10:45

My routine is clean and regimented. I balance out my work and life goals.

I've recently come to the conclusion that I am 80% going to San Diego, getting a job with a math major, and pooling resources with Dad, sort of like domestic partners, until we are both financially stable. I know I can handle this commitment with good faith and spirit.

20% of me is working to continue the actuarial program at UA. In terms of card games, I will have "shot the moon" if I can pull off getting a work-research position here. I'm going with the flow and contacting the appropriate people. But, I am not going to fight it. It is so comforting to have the backup of being back in SD.

My daily habits are simple, so I
can focus on complex thought. But,
I need to focus! I am so close to
my degree. I can't get caught up in
a relationship, get in a physical accident,
or somehow ruin my reputation.

We'll see what the Good Lord
has in store!

Love,
Jefferson

20191121

Mother,

How can it be that the end of my school career has come. It has been a long road, indeed. I am so excited to see you and your sisters in the ~~the~~ crowd of my graduation. It seems I am too cool for school, now. This town has treated me well, and I hope to come back to visit. I must pass my classes and find time for friendship before I leave. I was to have a barbecue, again; but my communal grill has broken.

My teammates are going to be greatly missed. I will not forget them. Our time together was splendid. We each learned from each other what it means to be a MANGO. I find it hard to believe that I am forever missed.

by some, and forgotten eternally by others.

The club is up and running. We have made great strides in bringing about a treasury chest of resources and potential connections ~~between~~ between UA and ASU.

I will have my final meetings and then pass across the border of town to Yuma. Grandma Richards is in the hospital, so I must go see her through this busy time.

Love,

Jefferson

688 Bloomfield Ct.
Birmingham, MI 48009

Dear Master Jefferson;

January 12, 2003

This day promised and inturn delivered another brisk chill and I responded by lowering a few stout logs into the fireplace. Complementing the mood afforded by even a modest roar in the fireplace, Jane Austen's novel "Emma" was being shown on the T.V. This is a lovely story, very English, just as all the Jane Austen novels are. and each serve a delightful read set in the late 18th century.

At some period in your future you should introduce yourself to Jane and discover some of the finest English writing there is.

With the above in mind I was inspired to write to you using an old ink pen that I used for writing letters twenty five or more years ago.

The pen can be described as having a black body 6 1/2" long with a cork grip in order to prevent the pen from slipping while in use. The marking reads:

A.W. Faber - Berkeley # 445 U.S.A.

I have added a new point numbered A-5. A new bottle of ink labeled Higgins Black India was necessary.

Best wishes - Love,

Grandfather Hurley

688 BLOOMFIELD CT.
BIRMINGHAM, MI 48009

JANUARY 31, 2003

Dear Master Jefferson,

Thank you for your letter. Even if its shape did stump those at the Post Office they eventually arose to the challenge and it was delivered safely.

I am even more stumped by their stumped reaction, after all they have been in the business of shuffling letters for generations.

Regardless, this letter is to let you know I have written to Sean, Dylan, and Evan thus completing the first round to the quartet of cousins. My thought is to encourage an exchange of letters between you four and of course by using the ink pens cherished during previous generations. Your topics could include books, sports, or various experiences. In a sense the four of you could form your own private letter writing club.

What say you to this proposal?
It would be tragic to allow hand written letters to die out.

Best wishes!

Love,
Grandpa Hurley

March 1, 2003

Dear Jefferson,

Just good luck with your
goldfish Specky and Snowball.

Needless to say those little fellows
are known to have a mind of their
own and are liable to go belly up
if they do not get their way.
A regular refreshing of their bath
water along with a generous
dole of hot pepper enhanced
fish food will find them going
loop-the-loop in delight. I
believe this is what occurs, but
then I may be quite mistaken.

Love,
Grandfather Henry

The Duke Blatchers Society

March 20, 2003

Dear Jefferson,

Thursday

I copied the paragraph below in order to illustrate how C.S. Lewis (author of the "Narnia Chronicles") became absolutely enchanted by books at an early age. An atmosphere created by numberless books provided an influence on Lewis that I certainly enjoyed as I read his comment.

I cannot say how or when I became entranced by books. By no means was the apartment where my mother and I lived crammed with books, although she was rather proud of the modest size book case that housed a good selection of novels and biographies. So sorry to say the book case is long gone, however I have managed to salvage three of her books and they now share space on my own shelves, and needless to say I still have visions of that old book case. All is not lost.

Grade school provided a great influence for me. While there a required amount of time had to be spent in the school library. One, the span of a number of trips to the library I recall having read a novel by Winston Churchill. This Churchill was an American writer now long forgotten, not the former prime minister of England by the same name.

Before the war (W.W.II) there were several happy excursions to West Horne, Ontario (90 miles from Windsor). It was

here that my aunt Kate McColl lived in a small house that was as yet not to be graced with running water. Aunt Kate was a retired school teacher and she had a great appreciation for books. Her modest book case held a number of Sir Walter Scott books and it was here that I was first introduced to Scott's fascinating stories set in Scotland.

Aunt Kate often said we were distant relatives of Rob Roy MacGregor the clever cattle thief whom I was adept at stealing cattle from the Squires in order to aid the poor. Naturally, "Rob Roy" became the first book by Scott that I located in Aunt Kate's book case. Many more by Scott were to follow.

What with the great number of McColls adding their Scottish heritage to West Lorne during those years, it all had a great influence on me and I longed to visit there when ever possible.

Even before my introduction to Scott there had to be some set aside for King Arthur, "Swiss Family Robinson," Robinson Crusoe, and so many more.

What follows is taken from "Surprised by Joy" (1955) written by C.S. Lewis (1898-1963). This is something I cherish and never tire of reading over and over,

"My father bought all the books he read and never got rid of any of them. There were books in the study, books in the drawing room, books in the cloakroom, books (two deep) in the great bookcase on the landing, books in a bedroom, books piled as high as my shoulder in the cistern attic, books of all kinds reflecting every transient shade of my parents' interests, books readable and unreadable, books suitable for a child and books most emphatically not. Nothing was forbidden me. In the seemingly endless raining afternoons I took volume after volume from the shelves. I had always the same certainty of finding a book that was new to me as a man who walks in a field has of finding a new blade of grass."

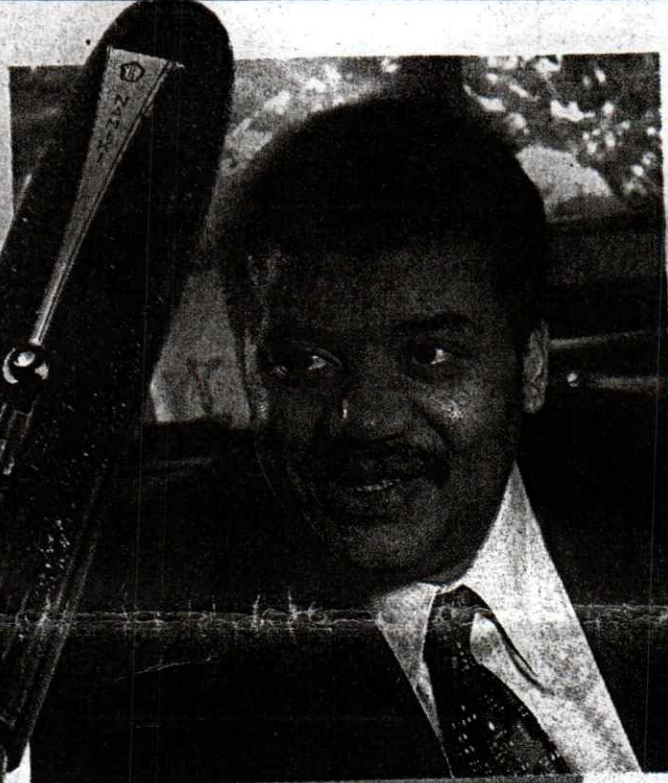
I would like to hear what book you are presently reading. As for me I am nearing the final pages of a marvellous biography of Samuel Pepys (1633-1703) written by Claire Tomalin. Pepys is noted for his fascinating diary in which he writes about England during the plague, the fire of London, and the restoration of the monarchy.

Love,

Grandfather Hurley

Stars In His Eyes Over A Pen

IN THE FLOW Neil de Grasse Tyson thinks he writes more eloquently using a fountain pen, like his Nightline.



POSSESSED

By ELAINE LOUIE

NEIL DE GRASSE TYSON, an astrophysicist and the Frederick P. Rose director of the Hayden Planetarium, is a big guy. He stands 6-foot-2 and has hands that can palm a basketball. He speaks in a booming baritone. In his TriBeCa loft, he ambles around a space with 14-foot ceilings. When he studies the stars, he goes to the tops of mountains like Palomar and Cerro Tololo to look through their powerful telescopes. He thinks big.

He even writes big, with scrolls and flourishes. A calligrapher, he is adept with quill pens made from fluffy ostrich plumes and, lately, a Nightline fountain pen made by the Japanese company Namiki.

"This is the pen," he said. On his desk was a wooden box tied with purple cord. He lifted the top and slowly unfurled a crimson cloth to reveal a black pen inlaid with seamless strips of abalone and sprinkles of gold dust. If you hold the pen vertically, the abalone slivers glint like city apartments at night, some bright, some dark. The gold dust shimmers like stars. As you turn it, the colors shift and change, constantly.

"It's a schematic city," he said gleefully. "The lights in windows change depending on who's staying up late."

It is the right pen for the man whose memoir is titled "The Sky Is Not the Limit: Adventures of an Urban Astrophysicist." "I'm a city kid, born in the Bronx, yet my whole career is about studying the universe," said Dr. Tyson, who is 45. "Proof that I'm truly urban, emotionally and

philosophically, is that when I go to the telescope on the mountaintop, and there's this beautiful star-filled sky, I say, 'This reminds me of the Hayden Planetarium.'" (When he was 9, he went to the planetarium for the first time, saw the Milky Way and meteors shooting through the sky and knew, as the lights came up, that he would become an astrophysicist.)

Four years ago, when he signed the contract to write his memoir, his wife, Alice Young, computer programmer, gave him the pen as gift. (The pen, which cost \$6,000, is no longer made, but smaller versions are sold for \$2,000 at the Fountain Pen Hospital in TriBeCa.)

Dr. Tyson's passion for fountain pens is not about collecting, but about wanting to be expressive. "People think a word is just a word but depending on how it's written, you can convey emotion," he said. "Because writing now done on computers, we've lost the edge conveying emotion. I like to slow down and remove myself to another era, and that gives me context for the present."

He is convinced that if you have to dip a pen after every six to eight words, you form paragraphs of text that have a natural rhythm, a rhythm that listeners are used to. "Listen to the Gettysburg Address," he said, his eyes bright.

His voice boomed. "Four score and seven years ago." He counted the words. "Six!" Never mind that Lincoln was a brilliant speechwriter. He proved a calligraphic point.

Each night, before he goes to bed, Dr. Tyson uses the Nightline pen to practice number curves and random words. Boy. Betcha. V. And what does his wife do each night while scratching away with his flexible nib?

He just hooted with laughter.

