

Angels Predicaments

Thu, 24 Sep 2009

7:44 PM

Day

Dear Sophie,

Today was such a drag. I have never before been so caught up at work that I have absolutely nothing to do. I wished all day that I could just leave. All alone, I sat in the office researching nothing. I applied at Target. Maybe I'll get hired! Then I'll have even more money!

Another thing happened today. Mari texted me and now I think she got the point. What kind of friend starts to plan something then just bails? I don't know. She said she's beenm having a rough time, but when times are rough doesn't one typically want to vent to someone? Well I usually do. Maybe we'll hang out soon. Maybe not. I'm really on the verge of not caring anymore.

Better times are planned for tomorrow! I'm going to watch the Angels play the A's! I can't wait! I will be dressed in red! We get a free hat too! I'm going with Sammy! It should be an awesome time!

I am finally leaving work now! I'm going home and watching the game! Lets see what kind of predicament there will be when I get home!

End.

Security: Public

Location: Work

Mood: Not Specified

Music:

Wed, 30 Sep 2009

2:46 PM

Crying

Dear Sophie,

Why do women cry so much more than men? I have begun to think God is punishing women by making us overly sensitive. Yesterday on my way to work I was listening to a CD and one of my favorite songs came on. It reminds me of my ex/father of my baby. I never thought it would envoke such feelings. The lyrics go "as we were, so perfect, so happy. I remember only the smiles..." I began to get the lump in my throat and tears started to roll down my cheeks. My senses must be out of whack. As the tears kept rolling down my cheeks I began to remember so many feelings I wanted to forget.

So back to the first question...

Why women cry so much more than men? It's because women feel much more compassion then men. We have the weight of the world on our shoulders. We make every other persons problems our own and make ourselves feel how others feel. Compassion is what makes me feel weak. I don't suppose every woman feels this way, but I do. Why must we do this to ourselves? I know that women must have such big hearts that we should be able to handle it. Though some times our hearts well up and explode. It never matters where we are or what we are doing at the time it'll just explode and whoever is there at the time will be in the way.

I tend to hold in all my crying for when I am alone. I lay motionless in my bedroom, put on the radio and weep. I will do this until I am finished. It sometimes takes minutes and sometimes it can take hours. I know that this form of therapy is not good, but I can't help it. Crying to me is a sign of weakness. Am I weak for admitting I cry alone? Or is it that I can't talk about why I'm crying that makes me weak? I can't be sure.

End.

Security: Public
Location: Work
Mood: Bewildered
Music:

Mon, 12 Oct 2009

5:39 PM

Rude

Today a client complained that I was rude to them. I don't see how. I simply asked if they would be able to pay off their balance when they come in to sign their documents. How is that rude? I'm the middle man. NOT the person making these rules and decisions. I just relay the messages. I could care less who gets paid, as long as I do. They are from eastern district so they take things all personal there... O well I really don't care. They are just a frustrating and old case. I will just move on like always. I always could tell this guy was someone who would get on my nerves. I hate eastern.

Wow it feels great to be able to vent in the middle of the day. On a happier note I am very content with my life. My son is healthy and thriving. Walking everywhere and happy. I love it!

End.

Security: Public
Location: Not Specified
Mood: Aggravated
Music: