

MIND CLEANING

By Jerry Tammer "Gus" Denny

Hey AJ & Mike. I guess it is time for a little mind cleaning. Much like the spring cleaning we did years ago. The spring cleaning consisted of removing everything from the bedrooms and the rest of the house, as much as possible have you ever tried to move a hot wood burning cooking stove, needless to say it stayed. The beds would be broken down and the tick mattress (they were made out of cotton, way before innersprings) would be laid out to sun. They were mostly covered with tell tale signs of yellow circles that indicated you had kids. The feather bed, which a lot of us did not have, was a straw bed, which on a cold winter night was warm., Also with its spots was laid out to sun. The bed springs of coils and braces were taken out side and with rolled up newspaper set afire were burned around the coils and corners to kill the "chitches" or bed bugs that had fed on you all winter. It was a disgrace to admit having bugs, but everybody did. The rooms were scrubbed down with lye soap and dusted. A broom was used to clean the ceiling and corners to remove the cobwebs which the spiders had worked during the winter to build.

Back then you didn't have the fancy spray can of this sweet smelling stuff. So herbs and any other aromatic spices were used to take the smell (which had accumulated during the winter) out. It worked and I still like it better in memory than I do the today's spray can thus so our minds need cleaning periodically.

The things I have written to you and hopefully will continue are based on facts, and to the best of my knowledge are true. They are not written to expose or to criticize. I have no support documents or written records to back them up. They all come from memory. If I miss a few days or even a month bear with me. Should I wander too much off like a decade, let me know and I will go peaceful to the home. I am of sound mind and somewhat in body. My mind I am thankful for. My body how it stood the abuse that has been inflected on it by forces other than my own has survived. I must admit the body abuse has been my own doings and the results of my "seeking" has truly caused by body to catch hell. It has been a tough and strong friend and I am so grateful that we have survived together. (even thou at times it reminds me of my misgivings) so as Willie Nelson once sang: here I sit with a drink and a memory. But I am not cold, wet or hungry; so classify these as good times.

I write of times that were hard and in many cases very cruel. The people might, in some cases, appear backward to our standards of today. (this is considered a joke) what they did or didn't do was a way of life, neither to be looked down upon or praised, but accepted. (I don't know a hell of a lot we could do about it now) do you? The next episode could be on religion (hadn't started it yet) I think it will wake you up.

OK, father, how much do I owe you for the confession booth. Gus

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