A little **stopped by** while you were away. She wanted to thank you for all the wisdoms you gave her when she returned to the 🌗. The wild was a very unapologetic and unforgiving place; she scavenged for food, and lost a bit of weight over the years. A mind that once saw nothing but **slipped into** 🌈. It seemed for a while that nothing would let up. There were many storms, many sleepless nights, many fights, much loss of companions. Little foxes alone with big sad thoughts were no good, so she decided it was time to find help. And when she did, she recalled all of the 🐾🐾 left behind on her walk. Some she created, some you did. A long time ago those 🐾🐾 did not make an awful bunch of sense. But as the **went away and the 🌞 came back into her vision, they did. She asked many more questions now. Her life isn't a singular 🌗. It's got many other creatures in it with living and breathing emotions. They're starting to make sense now. I understand why the 🦃 screams, why the 🦌 is always cautious, why the raven calls **NEVERMORE** all day long. Not all
is a negative song. One simply has to listen for the sounds thoroughly to understand them. Food is in understanding. I harbor there often. Sometimes, it is difficult to swallow, to digest, but when it does I put on a different kind of weight. It shows in my gait now. People can see right away that I have eaten plenty of the difficult food. They still don’t understand how something so tired and heavy can smile as it walks with limp and all. You probably can, though.

After all, it was you who taught this how to.

Sincerely,

Kenya

Kenyaninoarta@gmail

Peace be with you pops!

And now I teach children how to do the same!!

Ps. Tell Candice to say Hi! Everyone for that matter.