

I Am Redeemed



Good morning, y'all. Cold and windy and snowflakes all around us. Even though the Whiz O Meter is calling it a "9", I'm going with a "12". I know the weather "charter/predictor" only goes to an "11", but I think I'm going to add a point for my emotional feelings. There's not a cloud in my psyche. In fact, if I was wearing a mood ring, it would popping off all sorts of psychedelic colors right now. Sort of like a Pink Floyd show.

Why the ebullience you ask? I am removed of my electronic wandering device. I am now free to wander about the world as I see fit. My parole hearing was a smashing success! I have been relieved from the custody of Union County, and the State of Georgia, and returned to the wild. No more ankle monitor, no more staying within 100 yards of Number Two at [TackyToo](#), no more required meetings and evaluations. I am free to be me! In fact, I didn't even have to tell you all about it. I am not required to do the daily blog any longer, but, I think I will. I do see the merit in letting off steam before the steam upsets the kettle. In fact, I might maintain a lot of my new learned behaviors. I haven't seen the inside of a police car in six months, so, who am I to argue with success?

The hearing was not without its testy moments, though. My attorney, Adam Dimwit, has recently grown a Van Dyke beard, and allowed his hair to grow to the point that he was sporting a "man bun". There is an old saying, "He who represents himself has a fool of a client!" I probably agree with that, but, I think there's other fools out there lawyering too. The fact that I've got a neo-hipster as my attorney was cause for great distress before the hearing started. I had almost gotten to where I could look at the Dimwit, I mean Mr. Dimwit, when the judge came out. Cue my shock and amazement. Rather than the right honorable Baldwin Rood, who had presided at my original proceedings, we were now confronted with a nice looking Asian lady, Judge Susannah A. Yoo.

Judge Yoo took charge of the proceedings and got right down to it. She had read the

reports from the various social workers, psychiatrists, psychologists, and commented that I seemed to be "on the road" to recovery based off of their findings. Well, needless to say, we wanted me back on that road in my 1977 Pontiac Firebird, Smokey and the Bandit Edition. I wanted all restrictions to my travel to be removed, and to that end, we had lined up character witnesses to testify in my behalf. First up was my AA sponsor, who will remain Anonymous as the second "A" in AA attests. He spoke of the trials and tribulations of remaining sober for an old timer, such as myself, particularly in an election year. He spoke glowing of my conversion from Dewars to Mountain Dew. By the time he finished, I was convinced I was a changed man, and I know me better than anyone.

Next up was the Right Reverend Dale E. Bread, and my pathway to freedom was nearly plunged into the abyss. Turns out, The Right Reverend and the judge are on familiar terms. I don't know how "familiar" yet, but the conversation started with, "hey Sue, how are you?" Which resulted in a "will the witness please address the court as Judge You?". So, I'm sitting at the little desk next to my neo-hipster lawyer convinced that the Right Reverend Dale E. Bread is going to screw me over in a new and different way. I should have had more faith.

The Right Reverend Dale E. Bread has a gift, maybe more than one, but persuading the fairer sex to his way of thinking is his true gift. After a couple of minutes of chit chat, it was "class dismissed" for the rest of us, as the Right Reverend and the Judge parried back and forth. Finally, they got tired of chatting. The Judge admonished me to "go and sin no more", and we were done. The deputy relieved me of my ankle bracelet and Mulva and I jumped into the Firebird headed for the Varsity in Atlanta.

A lot has been written about a prisoner's "last meal", well let me tell you about a "first meal". Two chili dogs, french fries and a large frosted orange. I ate my fried apple pie on the way back to Nunsuch.