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Title: **1970-09-29 Mike McCormick letter to parents**

Provenance:

Category: **Document**

Person:

Date:

(1) September 29, 1970 Tuesday

Dear Mom and Dad,

Hello, again. I received the letter you sent, Mom. (today). I have same problem, sometimes, with not knowing what I've said to whom in what letter. I don't know why I put "whom" there. I was thinking of which would be more appropriate when before I knew it I had already put the "m" on. I wasn't even conscious of it. I didn't know it until I glanced back. Oh well enough of that.

I got up a[t] six this morning and took a run. Ran up to the place "Grampion Hills" to the first road and

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(2) back. I was rather tired before I was through so I had to walk some of the way. This is the first time that I've had enough will power in the morning to do it. The evening before I went through a series of trials in my will. Not as serious as it sounds, now. Just an expression of explanation. At first I was very deffinate in my saying to myself. "I will get up and run tomorrow morning." Thus, I felt it inevitable. Later that night though I had a very poor (weakness) feeling of "Heck I'm not going to get up." But I remembered how I had "vowed" earlier. So I got over this later feeling and in the

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(3)

morning I was out of bed with little difficulty. I awoke at exactly 6. AS the bells ring very constantly at this hour. I woke near the end of the loud series of bells (which ring last). I suppose you all

know all about the bells though.

It was as though my indecesion was lessened by each "bong," and so finally awoke near the end (slowly or gradually with the bells).

Dave, being a light sleeper, wakes up very easily especially in the

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(4) morning. Before I went out he was awake. And as I came back in he woke up. /When I got back I got back into bed. He was soon asleep again. So I tried a little trick. In my mind I yelled, "Wake up Dave. Wake up." I watched him and in the next moment his eyes fluttered open. He looked out the window and pulled his covers over his head. It was almost funny. I felt like laughing anyway.

The last rain brought some rather cool weather and little sunlight for the last few days. Around 60°-65° I think. Before that It was very hot - up to mid 90's.

To explain the weird order of pages, I ripped off[f] two sheets at one time without knowing and likewise began writing on the back of the second sheet.

Love,

Mike