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Title: **1970-10-15 Mike McCormick letter to parents**

Provenance:

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Person:

Date:

Thursday October 15, 1970

Dear Mom and Dad,

Joan and her dogs, Wow.

I don't see how anybody can say that someone else is growing. (Just the fact of designating something like that). I don't know what it is. Well, I'll try to say what I mean.

People develop. They go through stages. So that in some periods of their life they feel very open other times extremely calm or confident at other times. Those parts of a person's character or nature lay dormant at all other times (as they do when the being is a very small baby or before). These characteristics may

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be early suppressed or forced out or let alone to develop naturally.

Development comes when experiences lie in the path of the person's life. The being is set in motion (by the experience) and the dormant nature (ideally a mature character) steps forth.

It would be very nice if we were not born so unaware as a child. This babyhood and possibly childhood experience are not good. The first being an experience in selfishness. But maybe there are some experiences that are trials.

What a trial to be thrown right into the ocean on the first day of your life.

I wish I could go on. I do write like this sometimes

(when I had time). Just to get my ideas down - almost like a diary Not of my life, but of my mind (almost sounds too dramatic, dramatic anyway). [Life is the] Same thing [as mind] though, I guess.

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I had quite a series of dreams last night (I hope I can remember them because I don't have time to say much about them).

There was just an incident here. Not much time to explain. But some small kids (both Black & White) were chased down by some college kids because these small kids had done something wrong. Then some detectives(?) came and a police car. Took them away with a bigger Black guy. I don't know if this bigger guy was in this college or in with the smaller kids.

.....

One dream, though, was something about Dad, Mom, and me. Had all going shopping (something like that), somewhere. And outside as Mom and Dad heading to get into car. You all on the lower level. I was above (it seemed like a forest like place but with clearings here & there) and supposedly coming down too to get into the car. But Dad had said something or something had happened to make me mad at him. I picked up a quartz like rock and threw

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it at him. It burst into many pieces (in front of him) a hard brittleness about it. Dad just kept laughing. And I said something like "Shut up. You know I could have killed you or hit you with that rock."

Such a feeling. It was very real. But it is hard to remember when the feeling is gone.

Love,

Mike

P.S. rushed