

# Happy Birthday Dad!

Not that my Father would have every seen this, even while alive he did not access the internet. If my math is correct, he would have been 86 today. He died in 2001 at the tender age of 77.

Dad's birthday was very close to Fathers Day, and being at the start of Summer it was always a time to celebrate. Of course Dad liked his desserts so there would have been at least 1 maybe two if Fathers Day and his birthday were celebrated on the same day.

So with Fathers Day coming up this Sunday and my Dad's birthday today, I'm going to celebrate and remember by having his helping of dessert. Sunday, I will even eat the dessert first...

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## How does that work?

I've read that Robert Louis Stevenson wrote the novella "Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde" after having a nightmare. I'm really wondering how that works. I can remember only a handful of nightmares that I have had and not one would have made a good story.

Most of the nightmares that I remember are random things. Very short, with whatever it is that makes it a nightmare happening quickly and then waking me up. Never anything that I thought could be expanded into a story. Integrated into a story sure, but not as the basis of a story.

I guess I just have the wrong type of nightmare. They just

wake me up and now give me the desire to write something in a blog to calm down.

I was thinking about writing about the nightmare itself, but I now have no desire to re-visit this dream. I hope it becomes a faded memory by the time I awake for the second time this morning.

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## Is it summer?

Nice day today, even if it was a little humid. Played a little Putt-Putt with my youngest. We need a little practice, neither one of us broke par today. Hmm. I didn't have my stealth putter either. That may have been the difference.

Saw the A-Team today, so I will give you the rundown.

If you liked the TV show, you should like this movie. I liked the fact that the actors did not try to play the roll the same as the TV actors, but they kept some of the signature lines. This movie was exactly what I expected. Lots of things blowing up and well designed plans. I just love it when a plan comes together. Good movie for those of us feeling nostalgic over old TV shows.

\*\*\*\*\* Minor spoiler \*\*\*\*\*

I did like the story line of this movie. I remember watching the TV show and they always said they were fugitives "for crimes they did not commit", but never said how this top notch team was framed. This story does it, and makes it believable.

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# Baseball, Philosophy and dinner with the folks

And don't forget the big ball of rope. What does that have in common? Why would my mind put all of that in one dream? And why Susanne Pleshett?

On the explanation of dreams. I get some weird ones on occasion. I've never really tried to find any deep meaning or explanations to any of my dreams. I figure they are just my brain working a little overtime.

Baseball is easy to explain, I've been listening to some games and trying to find out when I can see a game this summer.

Philosophy – Blogging recently on this topic.

Dinner with the folks. Well I did see quite a bit of my family recently. We used to always gather at my folks house when they were alive, so that is also an easy one.

Big ball of rope? No clue

Susanne Pleshett? Well, I was talking about the Newhart show with someone recently, and she was much better looking than Bob Newhart.

Now if I can just figure out the BAD/GOOD stuff. I don't thing that is going to happen very soon.

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## Dream weirdness

I just woke of from a very strange dream. At first I was

playing in a High School baseball game, but that soon turned into a ballgame with current friends and a few big league stars (and a couple of those are no longer with us). Then I'm in a play trying to discuss some deep philosophical point with Susanne Pleshett, she eventually morphed into many different people and I was still trying to discuss the same point.

I'm not sure what the original point was, but it was a discussion of what is good, and what is bad. And then when or how to make bad things worse, bad things better, good things better and good things worse. All very confusing, especially when it ended, I was trying to discuss this with my oldest daughter, while making a big ball of rope, just before a big family dinner at my parents' house. Wonder what Freud would say about that dream.... ☐

Anyway, I woke up contemplating the Good/Bad discussion. My fuzzy 2 am brain just isn't wrapping around the dream discussion at this time (It was very deep ☐ ) Maybe by putting these words down, I can remember the finer points to what was being discussed. Or, I will find out that it was only deep in the dream.. ☐

Oh well, I'm going to think more on this latter, I need to sleep and I think I got out what was needed. Of course, I think I will need to re-read "When bad things happen to Good people", or some other book of the same genre....

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## **Confusion in the world of Nook**

I made a purchase for my nook reader over the weekend that made reading with the Nook just one step closer to the books

it is replacing. And it does have the smell of a new leather bound book.

I picked up a protective cover for it. A nice leather cover that opens up like a book. Holding the leather gives the Nook a different feel. Less like a piece of electronic equipment, and yes more like a book. I was surprised at how close to a book it was when I tried to turn the page. I actually tried to flip non-existent pages in an electronic book. I'm not sure if it was the feel of the cover, or the material I was reading.

Anyway the book I was reading was another free download from B&N. The author is Lee Child and the book was the 9th in a series of murder mysteries with the lead character being Jack Reacher.

It was a gripping novel that had me not wanting it to be time to sleep. Very hard to put down. It also made me want to look up other works of this author. While I haven't been disappointed in any of the free books I've had the chance to read, I did notice the special free selections seemed to be aimed at getting the reader to buy other books. Excellent marketing ploy. Free books to download on Fridays and for a limited time more free books to download when you go into a B&N store. Most have been a good first representation of a particular author/style. A couple have been books I wouldn't normally look at, but I try at least the first chapter to see if I care for it at all.

Not much in the way of a book review, but I thought that it was interesting that I tried to turn a physical page after I put the Nook in a cover.

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# If you could...

Let's say that you have 40 hours per week to get a job done. No more, no less, just 40 hours. After that was done, you could spend the rest of the week doing exactly what you wanted. 40 hours is just shy of 2 full days. How would you allocate your work time.

I am contemplating on this. 40 hours is a normal full work week. Some jobs require a bit more, some a little less. That is our 'normal' allotment for work, job, career.

If I were the only one to think of, my desire would be to get as much in as I could in a day. Two 16 hour days and one 8 hour day could do it. Then I would have 4 days on my own every week. Maybe a 14, 12, 14 week? Four 10 hour days? Four 9 hour days and a 4 hour day? The old standby, five 8 hour work days? Five 7 hour days and one 4 hour day?

Is it worth contemplating this at all?

A wandering mind can discover many new things. A stagnant mind only sees what has been.

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# All I can say is WHAT!!!

I was listening to a ball game tonight and it sounded like it was going to be something special. Very close, well pitched game. 1 – 0 going into the 8th inning. A blown call and a hit/error later made it a 3 – 0 game going into the 9th. The home team pitcher had a perfect game going.

Long fly ball to deep center field, chased down by the center fielder, 1 out.

Ground ball to short, 2 outs.

Ground ball to 1st, close play at first. Perfect game/no hitter ruined. And then the announcers started to complain. They yelled, they screamed. They could not believe what they just saw. The same ump that blew the call in the bottom of the 8th did the same thing in the 9th to ruin a perfect game. Both announcers said it was an outrage.

Tempers grew hot when the game ended. Final score Detroit 3, Cleveland 0.

Strange thing, I was listening to the game on the Cleveland network, since I get that better than the Detroit network at home. The Cleveland announcers were outraged at that call in the 9th. They were the ones yelling and screaming about the umpire. I'm sure the Detroit announcers were doing something similar, but I was amazed to hear this from the Cleveland crew.

Watching the replay on the net, confirms that the umpire blew the call. Out by at least 1/2 a step. I didn't see the 8th inning close play yet, but I am going to assume the announcer got that right too.

There are very few times we are able to witness perfection in any activity. A perfect game in baseball is very rare indeed. Funny how human error eliminates this perfection. Good life lesson that.

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**Thanks, Congratulations and**



# Apologies

First and foremost this past holiday weekend was to remember those who served this country as part of the military. A special thank goes out to all members of the services past, present and the future. They all gave more of themselves than I will ever know. Special thoughts go out for two of these servicemen, my father and brother.

I've also used this weekend to remember loved ones no longer living. They are gone but never forgotten. Sometimes I think there are way too many for my span here on this earth.

Congratulations go out to the numerous graduates I know, both from High School and College.

Belated, although not entirely missed congrats to a couple who celebrated their 4th anniversary. I hope you enjoy or enjoyed the bison steaks. I enjoyed the gathering Saturday and I'm glad I could get your gift to you.

And of course I am sorry to all the people who had gatherings this weekend that I was not able or did not attend. I totally forgot the Sunday pot-luck, for some reason I thought it was next week. Big Sorry there. Sorry about missing the special Saturday game night, but I was delivering an anniversary present to my little draclet and her husband. And there is that regular Saturday function that I am so fond of. [OK, there were a lot of personal wants and desires here, it doesn't mean I didn't want clones for the weekend. ☐ ] So to my fellow bloggers, who planned weekend activities, I'm sorry I didn't show up.

And finally thanks to my daughters. The time you give your dear ol' dad is a gift I will never forget. If you are ever at a loss for a gift for me, remember those words.