

Change happens

The very pulse of our lives is change. It doesn't matter if we want to accept it or not, change will happen in our lives. Some of the change is good, some really isn't good. I think what really matters is how we accept the change when it happens.

We live and we experience birth, growth and death. We have children, parents, friends, lovers come into our lives. Those people often leave our lives too. We change jobs, churches, homes.

I'm sure I wrote something similar in the past, but again, I am experiencing some significant changes in my life. New life was brought into this world in the form of a new granddaughter. I hope to see this new little one very soon. I can not begin to express the joy I feel.

My youngest has graduated from school, moved out and got a job this year. I am both proud and feeling very old that my youngest is old enough to be starting her own life. But wait, I was planning on her being out of the house two years earlier than this, but she decided to go to school instead. Hmm. It is time that this little one spreads her wings to take on the world.

The other two daughters have had some changes in their lives too. This affects their father too. While I can't do everything I would like to for them, they are in my heart always. More to come on this as time passes. They are in the very midst of change.

And finally there are some drastic changes going on with my life. I would have never thought that I would be where I am. In 1984 I never thought that I would be a widower by 2003. I never thought that I would need to build another relationship in my 50s. Change that happened many years ago diverted the

path I had planned. I won't say that this path is better or worse than the one planned, but so far it is a good path. I feel more content with life than I have been. I find more comfort in the little things. In fact, you could say I am happy. And the hermit in me has taken a back seat again. Someone special has entered my life, or should I say that we chose to let our lives merge. I must say that I'm looking forward to see what turns this path will take.

I'm not just stopping to smell the roses, I want to count each rose, each petal and each thorn. To do so is to experience all life can give you.

How do you know

How do you know when you have found love and when love has found you?

An interesting question. A very interesting conversation. How do you know when love is so very hard to define. Many people feel like they are in love, only to find that this feeling fades in time. Do we often confuse lust, desire or loneliness with love? Do we confuse our other feelings with love? So it is a difficult question to answer. We really need to pin down what love is.

We know all kinds of love. Some of us "love" certain foods. We love our pets. We love our children. We love our friends. We love our spouses, or any other term you want to use for a romantic love. Except for the food, all of those other loves denote some form of caring or concern for someone or something else. While we feel that animals can return our affections, most think that the love we feel toward our pets is a one way deal. With people the love can be and often is something

shared between two people. How that love is expressed or even identified depends on who and how we love.

Now since the original query was relating to a more romantic type love, I will just skim over the other "loves". Love of children, siblings, parents and friends don't always need to be reciprocated. While we like the people we love to return our caring, it is often not essential to our outpouring of love. It is nice to have and does allow for more expression of our love. But we have all seen where someone cares deeply for another, but that caring is not returned. It can change how we feel, but often does not.

With a romantic love, it is almost mandatory that the love be returned. Without that return it is difficult to show, expand and grow in that love. But what is that love? In my very humble opinion, love is a combination of many different feelings and relationship experiences. Our physical chemistry, our mental compatibility, our communication level, our specific likes and dislikes, and various other conditions that define who we are play into what we think love is. And through this, love grows, changes and becomes defined by the people in a loving relationship. Knowing that it will change is important to remember.

After defining love (at least I hope I did), we can ask how we know if we found love or if love found us. You need to open your heart, emotions and mind to see what you feel. You need to ask and talk to your partner to find out what they think and feel. If compatible, and the two define their relationship as love, then you have found love and love has found you. But, and this is a big but, you must always remember that love changes. People change and the relationship between those two people will change. By keeping the lines of communication open, two people can keep love open and growing. Everything else is really secondary if communication is absent.

Many may ask how in the world I know any of this. I have experienced love in my life, and that love grew and changed for 20 years. I've known feelings that were close to love, but the lines of communication were never really open. I've confused feelings of desire and loneliness with love. I know what love did for me and how it changed my life. I also know that because of the love I shared, I am open and would welcome a new loving relationship. Love made me a better person than I was, and opened my eyes to all two people could be together.

We were better together than we ever could have been apart.

Or to answer the questions posed. When you are you better together than you are apart, you have found love and it found you.

A new adventure

I realize that most of us wake up everyday planning for a new adventure. We make sure that every thing we will need is in it's place and off we go to find a new challenge. Wait a minute, you don't do that? You wake up knowing that your day will be almost a carbon copy of the day before? You aren't looking forward to that daily grind? Life is static?

Do you remember the adventures? Your feelings before they happened? That can't hold me back attitude that a true adventure brings? Think about the feelings of that first day of school. The night before Christmas. The day before a special family trip. The first day at a new job. That drive to get going and tackle anything given to you that day.

We know what the feelings are like, but they don't happen everyday for most of us. I am determined to try to make each

day an adventure. New experiences are just waiting for me to find them. And if this old man can find the old drive for a few extra days in the week, that would be something.

So tomorrow I will be off on a new grand adventure. Anyone with me?

The beast had slept...

The beast had slept for thousands of years, but something or someone disturbed its slumber. It was now awake, and sacrifice would be required. Yes, the beast would be sated. Before this last slumber, the beast had battled the surface dwellers. They were bold, determined and tenacious, but with some forethought easy prey. They disturbed the balance again, and this would be the last time.

Slowly, quietly the beast made its way through the tunnels. Home for so many years, but now threatened. Yes the hunger was growing...

A lone man explores the vast network of caves and tunnels found during the ejustjvation. He shouldn't be here and he really shouldn't be alone, and he should have told somebody. If anything happens, it will be weeks before anyone realizes that he is missing. He is confident in his abilities, but it was an obsession that got him moving. There was something in these caves, something living, something dangerous, something that killed.

Different Directions

As we go through life we have many choices laid out in front of us. Paths to travel, things to see, places to go and people to meet. As we make our choices, the paths, things, places and people change, move and diverge. Each choice, by its nature, limits the things that will happen in our lives. Because of this, people will often ask "What if?" or "If only I could?". Or to steal from a play I recently saw, "I wish I had..." Paths not taken, roads closed and detours set up.

There are many times in my life that I have played the games of "what if or I wish I had". Normally, when I feel life isn't going in the direction I like, I fall deep into those games.

And of course as we grow and gain experience we play those games to make plans for the future. What if I take this job? If I would put my money here. I think I will buy this thing. These thoughts can lead to comfort. Knowing that you planned for your future. Anticipating coming events. Or they can cause some trepidation. Fear of that Dr. Visit, maybe that big meeting coming up, or even wondering if something will or won't happen.

As with most things in life, these games, the planning are all wonderful if done in moderation. Too much wondering about the past "what ifs" leads us to forget about the present and the future. Too many "If i do this, or I think I wills" can lead us to stagnation contemplating our futures. Not enough of either can lead to an extreme "go with the flow" attitude. Not preparing for the future or learning from the past.

So after all this, here is to reaching that choice in life. Here is to following the path that you choose. Taking some trips back down memory lane, and those trips made while planning for the future. While we live, there is always a new direction to take, just up the road...

no more questions

no more coming back for “just one more thing”.

Yesterday (24/jun/2011) Actor Peter Falk died. I don't normally write about the death of actors, but Peter Falk was one of my favorites. I loved the frumpy detective he played in Columbo and The Cheap Detective or even Murder by Death. His characters were similar, but they all had great depth. A man who seemed to know his craft and he did it well. I think later I will dig out my copy of one of the movies he was in, just to remember. I think I will need to pick up a season or two of Columbo, because there is “just one more thing”...

Life's lessons from children's books

I learned in my young adult life that there was a lot of good things to learn from Children's books. These books have good things to teach children and, if you let them, adults. As you read to a child, make sure you pay attention to all of the things these books have to say.

I enjoyed reading to my girls, but I really enjoyed sitting back and listening while my wife read to each daughter. From the works of various authors we learn that life can be fun, sad, scary and comforting.

Through stories, you learn that you shouldn't touch things

that do not belong to you. While in real life the town does not fill up with pasta, things can break and that could hurt someone you care about.

You learn that being polite should be a good habit and not something you need written on your hands. You learn that good friends can have fights and still be friends.

Sometimes bunnies do the wrong things, but they find that their mother still loves them. Yes, I've learned a lot over the years just from reading children's books. More than I can remember, but maybe after some bread and jam, I will try something new.

Happy birthday Papa

Almost 10 years ago, my father left this world, almost exactly one year after mom. Today would have been his birthday. Sometimes I couldn't remember the date, but I knew it was always near fathers' day.

Just a short little post to remember someone I loved and admired. They didn't make many like him.

"Papa I don't think I said 'I love you' near enough"
-- leader of the band – Dan Fogelberg

Nope, not nearly enough...

20,000 Leagues to Dearborn, MI

Give or take a few leagues.

Last weekend, Sunday to be exact, I was attending my first Steampunk convention. To explain what this is, I tried to come up with all sorts of analogies. The best I could come up with is to think of Disney's 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea. From the time they board the Nautilus, the movie turns to what is now known as steampunk. Other movies of this genre are League of Extraordinary Gentlemen and Frankenstein. All of the Victorian era clothing, marked by advanced inventions powered by steam or clockworks.

I was thrilled to spend the day with my oldest daughter, her husband and my lovely step-granddaughter. I was able to pick up some steampunk garb and blend into the convention a little more than my jeans and t-shirt allowed. I know I will wear the coat more when the weather is appropriate.

Now, I have been asked why I would want to do anything of this sort. Easy answer, it was a lot of fun. Going to the events themselves is an eye opening experience, going in "garb" makes it a total immersion. I know I will never get to the point of digging local garage sales and flea markets for pieces of brass, but the theater nut in me will complete at least one set of clothing to wear next year.

It was a step out of my usual comfort zone. And I enjoyed myself that day. Maybe next year a comic book convention. I always wanted to be a super hero, or villain.

Watching the rain fall

There were some things I wanted to get done today, but with the weather, they just aren't going to get done. I guess I will blog.

I wrote a post some time in the past called [1 a lonely number?](#). If the numbering scheme is accurate, it was blog post number 4. This was about 3 years ago. I just saw a reply to it. It was a spam reply, but I read it anyway. The spambot was able to tell I was alone and my wife was no longer with me. It failed to pick up on the word "widower", and went into an detailed scheme to get my wife back. Of course they were trying to sell some counseling service, but I really don't think that any of the suggestions would work. Sad state if affairs when the spambot misses a very important word. If they could have picked up on that I may have pushed it through. It was almost a thoughtful post. Today it just made me chuckle.

For some reason I keep reading "Funky Winkerbean". Relationship between a widower and divorcee. Today, with all the thought balloons was very thought provoking. Funny how people think. Too many times we "think" we know how someone else is feeling, too many times we are very wrong. To quote from a Moody Blues song: "Say what you mean, mean what you say. Think about the words you are using." Words to live by, if you have the fortitude.

This wave of showers and storms seems to be finished. More on the way? I need to get to a store this evening, so I may do that soon.

I had an interesting conversation with my eldest and her husband a couple of weekends ago. May be the stuff of a blog, now that I can. One comment that came out of it, but was not part of the original conversation has me thinking. For your consideration: "A person can never have too many caring friends in their life.". Discuss.

That is all for now. More stuff and nonsense in a day or two.