

Car Problems and lots of fun

I was going to take my car in today to see exactly what was wrong with it. It started up fine after charging the battery, but this morning the battery was dead again. Hmmm, didn't seem to want to hold a charge. I tried the jumper box and it was no go. I hooked up the charger again, but the battery would not charge up. I took the cover off of the battery and found out the problem. The four year old batter was leaking acid and the sides were bulging. After 4 years, I guess the battery gave up.

Now it was off to town to get a battery. First to Wally World, no battery for my truck. First Car Part store, no go. They could order it for tomorrow... How do I get around? I'll try the dealer. Dealer was a no go too, they could get it tomorrow too. So I stopped at the next Car Part store. Yes, they had one (maybe). The guy knew there was one there this morning, but he thought it may have been sold. They went to check and it was still there. Yeah.

I got home and installed the battery and the truck started right up. So for now I will keep an eye on the truck to make sure the battery isn't getting drained by something. But with the looks of the old one, and a strange smell that was no missing, I'm sure it was just the battery. So for now, the truck is up and running.

Special thanks in this to my newlywed daughter and her husband for driving this old man around town looking for a battery. Also thanks to the Admin for the use of his battery jumper. It only worked once, but that wasn't the fault of the device.

I do have a question. Why do new cars and truck enclose the battery in a box? You can no longer see the battery and lose visual clues as to its condition. I think I would have looked for a battery sooner if I had seen a side bulging.

And back to the start...

Last week Tuesday, my youngest and I dropped off our little corgi with the newlyweds. They agreed to watch him while I took her sister back to Florida. Good exchange. Watch a dog, so your sister could be in the wedding.. More on that when I get the full story.

We then drove to Toledo to spend the evening with the rest of my family, and to get an early start the next day. The truck was full of stuff to get to Florida, so packing our clothing was an adventure. I should put an ad in for the [Space Saver Bags](#). They gave us a more room for more stuff.

Travel is always an adventure, even more so with two (or more) young children. I didn't know how they would react to a long car trip, so I was prepared for anything. Plenty of kid friendly snacks (somewhat healthy too), and drinks. Our early start was later than I would have liked, but we did have time for a good and filling breakfast. (Not me, the pizza we had for dinner the previous night did not agree with me, some way to start a trip.) Loaded up and on the road at around 9:00.

My youngest had a sore neck from some sleeping arrangements or playing with her niece and nephew (not sure which). That made an interesting note to the trip too. We stopped for a break and to pick up a pillow for my youngest about 2.5 hours into the trip. Good timing. So far the grandkids are behaving very well. They would sit and watch out the windows or color ([Color Wonders are a marvelous invention](#)). There were a few more questions, but they were great.

We stopped for lunch at one of my favorite places in OHIO. A

little side jaunt took us to [Cedar Falls State park in the Hocking Hills area](#). A quick walk down the path showed us that the falls were indeed falling. This time of year, the falls are usually reduced to a trickle. Back on the road for more driving.

We took an easterly route to Florida this time, picking up Interstate 77 in West Virginia. The trip through the mountains was breathtaking. I really like that area. Beautiful country. Easy sailing well past dinner time and then we ran into fog in the mountains (or were those clouds?) This would add a good hour or two to our drive time. We pulled into the Hotel around 10:00 PM. My grandson was worn out and ready for bed (sort of) and my granddaughter wanted to explore (she fell asleep first). Me, I was happy being with my family. It was a good day (even with the fog). Our stop was just north of Charlotte NC. More fun on the second day of driving...

Traffic in Nowhere Kentucky

We made it back from Florida in one piece, but the trip back was a bit of an adventure. This will be a short update with more to follow.

Today started out well. I spent the night with my oldest sister and we were able to talk about this and that. Just sharing some family time. It was a delight. My youngest and I got up early to try to avoid the rush hours in Cincinnati (some 7 hours away). The initial drive started so well. Light traffic, wonderful weather and plenty of coffee. I was good to go.

It was all good until we got to Kentucky. Somewhere near our entry to the State we stopped for lunch and a bit of a

stretch. All was still good, and then it started to rain. This was somewhere near the Cumberland Gap on I-75 (if anyone knows their geography). A good bit of rolling hills, steep grades and steep rock faces on the side of the highway (complete with 'falling rock' notices). This slowed the traffic considerably. And it also had the benefit of bunching it up nicely. It rained about halfway through the state of Kentucky and then we had a lane shift to go from 3 lanes to 2. Traffic slow down. Little did I know there was a bit of construction just ahead that took the traffic from 2 lanes to 1!!! Major traffic stoppage!!. We were bumper to bumper stop and go traffic for 15 miles of Nowhere Kentucky. No exits, no rest areas, no way out of the middle lane. That took over 1 and 1/2 hours.

Needless to say, we hit Cinci just at the beginning of rush hour....

Pictures of Brides

And their dad



Check out the bare feet.



Or the knees...



Or the Alligator... Oops can't see it in this picture.

The newest bride's favorite tie is not your standard wedding fashion.



No time to upload and there are many more.

Thoughts on Daughters and Weddings

In some ways I can't believe my third daughter was married this weekend. I'm still in a bit of shock when I think of my

older daughters being married. Is this the way of it for fathers?

My job was to walk my daughter down the aisle. Her job was to look beautiful. She didn't trip over my feet, and she was lovely. Both tasks accomplished.

I was able to visit with some family I don't often see. Some of my daughter's (and by extension, my) new family. And of course my daughter made me dance. All of my daughters think it is their duty to get dear old dad to shuffle around a dance floor. They never can get it in their heads that dad doesn't dance. Oh well, I just use it for some time to talk to my daughters before they run off with their new husbands.

After the reception, I was able to meet with some friends from year gone by. My dear daughter's cake was made by the same people who ran the coffee shop I talk so much about. I enjoyed the cake, and talking to friends when they came to pick up the cake plates afterwards.

I will be posting a picture or two from this wedding as soon as I get them uploaded.

3 down 1 to go... But that one can wait for a while.

Late night/early morning

Deep in thought....

My mind goes back to a day in December some 21+ years ago. A few short days before Christmas when a chubby little blond entered my life. Yes at one time she was a bit chubby. Rolls of skin defined her short legs. And the blue eyes smiled from the first. All this and more in a tiny little package.

Her hair today is not as blond. She really can't be called chubby anymore. But the eyes can still smile.

I remember the day she found her first frog. We live in the woods, so it isn't very hard. When she learned to read, she found out as much as she could about the little animals. To this day she is drawn to them.

There were days playing in the mud, while wearing her sister's clothes. Days playing softball while dad coached from the sidelines.

Days being a child, days being a young lady. Days of very little care and days of hardship.

There was Star Wars both movies and books. There was friends, sisters, pets and family. We had shared a time or two on stage. She sang, I listened. There were the clothes from the boys section, there were beautiful dresses.

All of this and more. 21 years don't fit in a few short paragraphs. My beautiful blue eyed girl has spent years growing up. And I am proud of her...

What about them oats.

I was allowed to attend a dress rehearsal of ["Wild Oats" at the WCCT's Little Theater off the Square.](#) (Is that a mouthful?) If you don't have a wedding to attend, a daughter to pick up, or some other things that will take up all of your time for the next two weekends, make some time to see this wonderful little show.

Yes, this is a melodrama. Be prepared to laugh, boo and maybe even hiss. There were twists, turns and setups galore. Love,

laughter and greed. And religion, we had religion too. And of course there was the sowing of wild oats.

I won't give anything away, but I really recommend this show. I would give a run down of the cast and crew, but I didn't see any programs yet, and I wouldn't want to miss anyone.

I really wish I could see this show with a full audience. It is one of those shows that will feed off the audience energy. So go, be prepared to have a good time and join in the fun.

One more word – Take in some canned food for the Food bank. 1 can of food will get you money off the admission. Great way to give to the community. One non-profit helping another. Great idea.

Thoughts on Daughters and Weddings

In some ways I can't believe my third daughter will be getting married this weekend. I'm still in a bit of shock when I think of my older daughters being married. Is this the way of it for fathers?

My only job is to walk my daughter down the aisle. Maybe a dance or more. One never knows with daughters.

I wasn't ready to handle my daughters getting married. I was even less ready being a widower. 3 weddings in just over 3 years, the emotions don't get easier.

Hopefully the youngest won't get married in the next year. I'm not sure I can handle 4 weddings in 4 years. I know she doesn't have a boyfriend yet, but stranger things have

happened. I think it runs in the family.

This wedding is a little different than the last two. It starts inside for the wedding and moves outside for the reception. The last two weddings were outside and moved inside for the reception. Having any part of a wedding outside was new to me. When I got married it was below zero all day. You get that in January. I guess that's why my daughters have spring/summer weddings.

We had birds, chipmunks, squirrels, alligators at the other two weddings, I wonder what kind of wildlife will show up for this one.

Weather looks good for Saturday. Will my daughters be 3 for 3 on good weather? I certainly hope so.

It will be the first time that all 4 daughters have been together since the last wedding. Great times. I really enjoy my family.

More later???

Of course I want to be a superhero

Derek (another Tangents' Blogger), posed the question ["Who wants to be a superhero?"](#) in his blog. My first thought was about the Saturday evenings I spend with my oldest daughter, her husband, and a few friends. For the past few months, we spend Saturday being superheroes. A fun little [role playing game](#) based on Marvel Comic book characters and settings. Yes, there are mutants, armored, magical, or insect-bitten

superheroes running (flying) all over the place.

Our game master has a wonderful gift in the design of the stories/settings the players face. We designed our superheroes and try to bring them to life during our Saturday games. Now as with most groups like this, sometimes the game gets set aside for a while and we have idle talk about this or that. I'm not sure if she knows it or not, but my eldest invited her dear old dad into part of her life she wasn't expecting. On Saturdays, I am not only her father, but I am a friend of her friends. By extension, that does make me my daughter's friend.

Hmm. I think that is a place any father would want to be. She still calls me and talks to me about her troubles. In her eyes, I can still make things better with a hug or the right words. By any other name, I am still her Daddy. And she is still my darling girl. During the past few months our relationship grew. I am more than her Father and maybe a better Father. Maybe I am a superhero in my own life? And by all counts, I will be an important factor in the life of my soon to be grandchild.

Who would have thought of that 25+ years ago....

And I missed it.

Many people know that I really enjoy my coffee. My dear wife and I used to frequent a local coffee establishment until her death. During the many years of enjoying the coffee and company, I found that I know a thing or two about a good cup of joe. I was sad on the day that little coffee shop closed its doors for the last time.

I will still visit our other local coffee shops, but I no

longer make it a weekly habit. I tend to buy good coffee and share it with the people I work with.

We also used to visit many small coffee shops while on vacation. I really liked getting the feel of a location in the local place. I did stay away from the big chain coffee shops, since their goal is to move people in and out. Most local shops have a customers that will stick around and talk over their cups of coffee, not stare into computer screens or newspapers.

But I am sad to say I missed visiting one coffee shop with a bit of a twist. I haven't been to Maine yet, so I didn't get to visit the 'Topless' coffee shop. It [burned down this week.](#) The owner had no insurance on the building, so it may be up in the air as to any reopening of the business. I am curious as to what my lovely wife would have thought of this establishment. I am sure that we would be glad our daughter worked at our local coffee shop and not the topless one... ☐