

I'm afraid I've been thinking

If the two previous posts weren't enough to give it away, I thought I might just let everyone know. Yes, I've been thinking. A dangerous pastime.

There are a number of things driving the thought processes at this time. My children have either grown up and moved out, or are growing up and moving out soon (youngest is a senior in high school). Out of 4 daughters, number 3 will be getting married very soon (How did I miss that?). A good friend of mine lost his son (about the same age as my oldest daughter). It is spring and review time at work. I'm sure there are a couple of other things that I've misplaced from my brain.

All in all, I've been a bit busy, but today was a slow day. Not a lot planned, but things fell into place. A time for reflective thought. Good, bad or indifferent. Today was a day for thinking. Even the weather was cooperative. Rainy weather is always good for thinking.

And think I did. As far as I can tell, nothing dangerous has happened yet. ☐

Paths and Traveling

When planning a vacation, you can decide where you want to go and then find the best way to get there. Of course, you may want to get places to stay reserved for the trip. This sometimes makes the trip easier on the nerves.

Or you can one day decide to go on vacation and just drive. When you see something you want to investigate, you can stop

and visit. When you get tired, you can find a place to stay. When hungry, you stop and eat. All off the cuff and unplanned. But what happens when there is no place to stay, or anywhere to eat. The whole trip can be easy, but a bit of nervousness when you need a place to stay.

It is much easier today to 'plan' that second style of vacation. With cell phones, computers and GPS units you can make hotel reservations for the end of the day and take off in the direction of your hotel. You can still make unscheduled stops, following a general direction.

But what about a journey where you don't know exactly where you are going? You don't know how you will get there. You do not know the path you need to take. You don't know if you will have a place to rest for the night, or even enough food for the day. Would you want to take that journey?

What would you say if I said you were already on that journey? If you are among the living, you are taking that journey. No matter how well you think your life is mapped out, the path you will take, and the outcome of that journey is all up in the air.

Think back 5, 10 or 15 years. I remember in interviews always being asked where do you expect to be in 5 years. As far as I remember any of the answers, I am not, and never have been where I thought I would be. My priorities changed, life intervened, things happened. Are you where you thought you would be? Is the path you took, the one you had planned?

Where do I want to be in 5 years? What do I want to do in 10? I honestly don't know. I am taking what life gives me right now. I work, I have fun and sometimes I relax. Plans we make can fall by the wayside very quickly. I don't know my path, but I will make it my own. Will there be a place to stay at the end of the day? I certainly hope so. If not, I plan to be resourceful enough to make my own place.

Even after 5+ years

I've had some good news. I've had some not so good news. I've had some bad news. For 20 years I would go home and discuss the events of the day with my wife. After 5+ years of being widowed, I still miss that time. Talking about the same things with my daughters or friends just doesn't give the same feelings. Funny how some things just hit me.

My logical and analytical side has been thinking about that very thing the past couple of weeks. Deaths, upcoming family events, things at work have been in the front of my mind recently. Every one of these events would have be part of the evening discussions. What was so special about those discussions? 'Twas a puzzlement, but I did figure some things out.

1) Depth of personal involvement. On top of being Husband and Wife, we were best friends. We just enjoyed being together. Anything we did was better when we were together. Trying times a bit less trying. Good times were always better. We were very compatible.

2) We did not agree on everything. I was logical and thoughtful, she was more emotional and reacted with her feelings. I was often slow to react to things. Discussions with her made me think of things differently. It was sort of an instant 'out of the box' experience. I never had to come up with another way of looking at things, she was there to do for me, and I did it for her. We were complimentary.

3) Depth of feelings and empathy. We knew each other very well. We shared our deepest thoughts and emotions from almost the beginning of our time together. She knew that I would

often have a 'delayed' reaction to something. I knew that the reaction she was having could have been triggered by a unrelated event. In some ways we were truly one.

Over the past few years, I've learned to be on my own again. I became comfortable with myself as an individual. Even when some of my friends see me as a appendage to one of my daughters (or the other way around), I am just me. For 20 years it was J and S (... S and J?), now it is justj. The meaning and reason behind my blog-name comes to light, and that is a good a place to stop as any.

It was a pitchers' dual

I really was enjoying a good ball game until the 7th inning. After that inning it was no longer a ball game, it was a slaughter. And yes, my favorite team got slaughtered.

Maybe it is the competitor in me, but I've always liked close games. It never mattered win or lose. I even enjoy a good slug fest for one team if it just happens to go that way all night. I don't really enjoy good tight ball games for 5+ innings and then have one blow out inning. I generally just turn those game off. Yes, it does make it more difficult when the team I want to win is on the losing side, but I've turned them off in both directions. Congrats to the Yankees and their excellent pitching performance. That side of the game was well worth paying attention to. The top of the 7th, well that was just sad. A poorly played ball, some lousy pitching and some good hitting made it a laugher. I'm just wondering what Tiger pitcher(s) will be sent back to the minors or even released after this game. Three pitchers did little to prove they should be in the majors tonight. I'm don't usually complain on

one inning of work, but a relief pitcher should throw strikes. If the other team smacks the ball around fine, but walks and especially back to back walks should happen rarely.

Oh well, that is my rant for the night.

Safe at home

Kind of a double content post.

My youngest made it back from her competition in Myrtle Beach. A superior rating was given to the dance choir. They scored 95 out of 100 in the competition. I will need to wait until tomorrow to get more information, it seems the trip tired someone out.

The other thing, one of my 'other' favorite teams (anyone playing the Yankees – Sorry Jamiahsh) had a player steal home. A rare feat in baseball. A matter of timing, skill, and a bit of luck. Not done too often now. Major league record holder for most swipes of home was a former Tiger, Ty Cobb. Just for Jamiahsh, Lou Gehrig is on the home steal list with 15 and even Babe Ruth had 10. No it isn't something that happens very often. More pitchers staying in the stretch when there is a man on third. Managers not wanting this to happen. Ball players a bit more cautious. Any and maybe all of those things contribute.

I'm trying to find the active player with the most steals of home, but it is hard to find. I'll keep looking.

By the way, I didn't mention Ty Cobb stole home 54 times. 50 times for the Detroit Tigers and 4 for the Philadelphia Athletics.

Thoughts on a new day

Today had a rough start. I knew that in advance, so I did little things to prepare for it. One was taking an entire day of vacation, instead of just a partial day. Another was to go with the flow of the day.

I went to the funeral of a young man I barely knew. I do know his parents. I know his father very well. We've worked together for that past 16+ years.

Funerals something I generally try to avoid. I've been that way all my life, but for the past 5+ years I've really developed an immense dislike for them. I will go to them when people I know need support I might be able to give. It was still a rough morning.

As to going with the flow... Well after the funeral I thought it would be nice to spend some time with friends. A little time not thinking about the final aspect of life. It was a good choice. Lunch with good friends made the difference in the day.

Just thought I would share.

Upsetting news for parents

My youngest is on her way to a show choir competition. That in itself is enough to make a parent worry a bit. She will be spending this evening on a bus, and arrive at the destination tomorrow afternoon. That is also enough to make a parent

worry.

But she is heading south and east to South Carolina and the Myrtle Beach area. Has anyone seen the news about that area? Unfortunately, I have. If you haven't I will share.

[FIRES in South Carolina.](#)

Can a just say that this is really something to worry about. My youngest is always getting herself in this situation. When she was in the 8th grade she went to a Vet Camp. There was news that a Black Bear was roaming around in that area. Hmm.

She decided to go to a specific college. There was a dorm fire in the dorms she was going to be living in. The students in the fire were in the same area of study she wants to go into. Hmm.

Does bad luck follow my little girl all over the place, or is this just some weird set of coincidence.

I'm guessing the latter. It helps keep me sane.

West Coast Baseball...

My favorite team (the Detroit Tigers) are at the end of a West Coast road trip. After tonight's (this morning's) game they will head to Kansas City. I'm curious as to the start times used on the West Coast. In Seattle, the games started just after 9:00 PM our time. Most of the games were over before 1:00 am. In Anaheim, the games start just after 10:00pm, and they haven't been over before 1:00 am.

I usually have to get up by 6:00 am, at the very latest, so these west coast trips are usually going on past the time I

would like to be asleep (I don't always get there, but that was another post). Since I'm paying for Game Day Audio, I feel like I should get my money's worth and listen to as many games as possible. So, yes I did stay up for all of the west coast games (3 in Seattle and 2 so far in fair Anaheim).

As you could guess, I'm kind of tired today. I did go to "bed" early last night, but I woke up in time for the game. But that really doesn't get to my initial curiosity. Why the different start times for Seattle and Anaheim? They are in the same time zone, aren't they? Now the 10:00 start is what I would consider normal (that is 7:00 in California), but the 9:00 (6:00 in Washington) is a bit odd. So, I started doing some research, and found my memory failed me (I was missing some sleep here). Only the Saturday game started at 9:00 our time. That now makes sense. Saturday games could get the people there by 6:00 local time. Not a bad idea.

Of course, now everybody knows why I was so tired on Saturday during filming. I was up late listening to the Tigers lose last Friday... ☐

Since I answered my own question, I imagine there won't be many comments here... ☐

More Melancholy...

Things have been up and down these past few days for me. Semi-enjoyable day Saturday with the filming of the Clinic (see posts from others). Very nice evening Sunday watching my daughter in her show choir. Monday I was able to 'Save the Day' by delivering some Fruit Loops... ☐ However, (you saw this coming with the title) things aren't good.

A good friend's son died over the weekend. Young with his whole life ahead of him. Sad, so very sad. The other thing in my life that happened isn't for blogging.

There are times when things just seem to stack up, and this is one of them. Up then down. Down then up. Mini Roller Coaster compared to other times in my life, but uncomfortable anyway.

Just my time to vent a bit.

melancholy

Strange isn't it, melancholy is such a lovely sounding word for pensive moods or depression. A good word for any vocabulary. This feeling of melancholy is not such a lovely feeling. The early Anglo-French word originally meant 'Black Bile'. This is from a 'humor' secreted by the spleen or kidneys that control or influenced our emotions.

For various reasons, that feeling of melancholy is upon me today. More a pensive state than anything else. I'm in a position with no solution. Being a guy, I have the innate desire to 'fix' things. Somethings just can't be 'fixed'. So the feeling of melancholy on me.

I guess that is life.