

Going on midnight...

I was watching a movie, but I fell asleep sometime while it played. I can't say when that was, since it was a movie I've seen before and I can 'remember' most of it. Anyway, I'm awake now and not quite ready for bed. (grumble, grumble).

On to the thoughts that are currently on my mind...

I've been thinking about privacy in the age of the internet. Back many, many moons ago when I was still young and reckless, the internet did not really exist. Oh there were a few things happening, but not the great connectivity of today. As with most young and reckless people, I did one or two foolish things (or more) that I really hoped would stay in the group I was with. Most did, I think the others were afraid of there foolish failings would get out there too. ☐

But now, it seems the foolish and reckless failings of people find there way onto the wonderful World Wide Web. Notice those first two words, World Wide. Doesn't that mean most of the world can see your foolish acts on You Tube? We can read about them in your blog. And then there is always FaceBook...

I make a water slide off my roof and miss the landing pool – You Tube...

Want to share something off color with my friends, post it to face book and all 600 of my closest friends see it. Oh, I forgot about my privacy settings, everyone can see it.

I don't like what someone did, I post that on facebook. Oops that someone sees it...

I blog about all sorts of things. Oh that is ok, I never use names, but others do.

Hard to hide in this wonderful webby world, but then again do you really want to? I'm not here to keep things hidden away, I

am here to share them. I hope I don't do anything to embarrass myself, but it may happen. It happens outside of the web, it can happen here.

Through the web, I've connected with new and old friends. I've shared thoughts and ideas with people who have shared similar experiences. I've learned from people who share my hobbies. As long as I remember that the internet isn't my whole life, things are good. Just one more way for me to know others and them to know me. That is the human experience.

A weekend with two sides

I had a longer weekend than most since I took Friday off. The day was filled with some time of quiet reflection for me. I was in need of some time and space to think. That evening and well into Saturday morning was filled with friends and companionship.

Since I was up so late, Saturday was one to recuperate until the evening. Then on to my oldest daughter's house for our regular Saturday gathering. It started late, and went long. The end of the day was filled with a strong sense of family. We were there to support each other when it was needed.

There was laughter and fun this weekend. We shared food and good times. We shared in common interests. We shared fun in the life of others. In that, life continues.

One year ago on the 13th of August, future laughter was never heard. Sadness filled many hearts. Other loss was averted, but the anxiety was left behind.

It has been one year, but the loss is still there. The loss

remains and will remain.

It has been one year, but the love is still there. That love seems to grow daily.

It has been one year, you are gone, but not forgotten. Memories remain, however short they were.

It has been one year, and that is not a magic number. Time heals, but scars remain. Pain fades, but the hurt is still real.

Friends, family and love continue. In those things there can be strength. It is not weakness to shed tears, it is strength and love.

We miss all of those we lose, but on some days a special one is remembered.

And the fog rolled in...

Tonight/this morning I was ready to sit in my lawn chair and look for shooting stars. The Perseid meteor shower was to hit its maximum two days. The sky promised to be clear. The mosquitoes did not promise to stay away, but I have my bug suit. ☐ So, I drove the truck out into the field, had my chair sitting in the bed, and I watched the night sky.

I saw a couple of shooting stars, but no storm/shower. Kind of a sprinkle. I had a grand view of the summers stars. The sky was dark enough to see the Milky Way. For an hour I enjoyed kicking back and just watching the sky turn.

Then I noticed some of the horizon stars were not as bright as they had been. Passing clouds I thought, not a big deal. Then

I noticed more and more of the stars were just that much harder to see. Dang too many clouds except I stood up and the sky was clear once again. The cloud had formed much lower as fog around my truck. I stood for a while in hopes to see one or two more meteors, but within 15 minutes the fog was at my head. No more star gazing.

I should have guessed with the heavy rain this afternoon, and the warm temperatures today that fog would form easily. I just wish it would have held out for an hour or two. I'm sure I could drive one way or another to get out of my little fog bank, but the bed and work are calling me. Maybe tomorrow will be better.

Thinking of raw fish and family

I got to sit down and enjoy some sushi with my oldest daughter and her husband last weekend. It was part of a great weekend. But this is about the raw fish.

Many years ago, when my oldest was the only child, our little family would go to a Japanese restaurant at least 1 time per month. It was there I first tried Sushi with my wife. As we grew to know the owners, they would let our little girl play with their daughter if the restaurant wasn't that busy. I'm not sure what they fed her, but she was fed, and it never turned up on our bill. I'm wondering if she didn't have sushi way back then. Unfortunately, that little Japanese restaurant closed, and there was not another place to get Sushi in the area for many years. We moved to the country and our choice were cut back even further. I went without sushi for a long

time. While Japanese food was one of my wife's favorites, the raw fish wasn't on her top ten. I never pushed the matter, since there is other excellent food that we both enjoyed.

Fast forward a few years, and we are celebrating my oldest's birthday. As was our custom, the birthday celebrant got to choose the restaurant. The younger sisters were not thrilled with the choice of restaurants, but the father was. I got to experience Sushi again. It seemed so much better than the last time I had it. Had my tastes changed, or was the preparation better? Or had time just dulled my memory? I'm not sure, but since that day, I've held Sushi as a special treat when having a meal.

As with the first time, and all other times I've had Sushi, the meal is more than just a time to eat food. Sushi seems to be a shared experience more than most meals. You try some of this, and a little of that. You find things you really enjoy and then some thing you may not care for as much. As time goes by, you learn what you like, and skip things you don't. But it seems there is always room for something you don't remember having before.

Different places serve different things. Sushi, like most dishes, varies from place to place. More than that it seems to vary from visit to visit more than most foods. Is it the freshness of the fish? The time of year it was caught? The way it was cut? I'm not sure what influences all of the variance but it seems real to me.

And finally it is sharing with family. Most of my daughters will still make a face or two if we invite them for sushi. They either don't like fish at all, or would prefer it warm. □ But with my eldest and her husband, the experience is one I enjoy. Good natured fighting over that last bit of eel. Who took the most ginger? Trying to get my daughter to try the spicy roll. And, for some reason, always wanting just one more piece.

Family, friends, food and sharing these things make life a joy.

Early morning

I woke up a little before my alarm this morning. Wide awake at 4:00 am. I realize this is because I went to sleep much earlier than normal, but still that was an hour of sleep I could have used. ☐

Oh well.

Hard drive restore is going slowly, but is making progress. So far I've been able to restore 1 partition from the drive and I'm working on reading data off of the primary partition. It looks like all of my recent additions are completely corrupted. That just means more time spent doing what was just finished. So much for digitizing my CD collection.

I think, but I'm not positive yet, that I will be able to get most of the important stuff restored. The drive itself is on its last legs, so I'm not sure how long it will keep spinning. Most of the restore software I've been able to get my hands on are telling me the same thing. The drive is failing, and I should back it up. Unfortunately, the drive is failing and doesn't like being 'backed up'. Different software does allow me to restore different parts of the drive, so that is a plus.

For those interested, I'm now using some restore utilities on Ubuntu Linux to access the drive. After this is done, I'll mount the drive in an external bay and see if Windows will see it better. It may take some time before the Linux is finished, because it stops when it doesn't fix/copy a file. The more problems it runs up against, the more it stops. Unfortunately,

when I am at work I can't hit the button to make it continue. It does try to do multiple reads before saying it can't copy it, so that is a plus. It also does a file compare after the check, to make sure it was a clean copy. That just takes forever when the drive being copied is failing.

Since I woke up early, I was able to continue the process 10 times, for files that could not be copied. Every one of those was something I can live without. I just have to wait until it is done before I can see what I got back.

I should know better...

Why didn't I back this drive up? I know it was the old machine. I didn't really do that much on it. Surf the web, write a blog, catch up on a ball game. No I didn't do much on this machine.

The hard drive crashed/failed. I think I will be able to get some of the pictures that were on this machine. I think I have duplicates of all of them, but I'm not sure yet. My daughters did their homework on this machine, and I think all the old reports are toast.

Some recent pictures that I took with the phone are gone. A new e-book list, vanished. Software updates poof. Some music became an electronic ghost.

Hmm... I do have another hard drive I can drop in this machine. I think I know where the windows install disk is. Maybe I can get the machine functioning again. I may drop in some other operating system. Who knows.

Then there is one other loss. I've never used it. It was there

like a memorial for the past 6.5 years. Kept when I upgraded the computer. Disk imaged over when I got this drive. Gone are some web bookmarks. Little used since 2003, simply marked "Sarah's Favorites".

They have an app for that

pThis is my first attempt at using the WordPress app to blog from my phone. The entry is tedious for a touch typest. I haven't used the hunt and peck method for anything more than a few words in a very long time. /p

pIf I had found this before my trip to Cincinnati, I could have blogged during my down time. Never again will I miss a blogging opportunity. ;)/p

pNot really, but I needed to try the tech. The nerd in me demands it. I also loaded the nook app, so I will rarely be without a book to read. Nerdy summer fun./p

One more time around please.

When I see the huge structures of steel or wood, my heart fills with anticipation. The thrill of a Roller Coaster makes me feel years younger. But then my body starts to react in ways it never used to. A queasy feeling enters. I think to myself, that it is only in my head, but more often than not, my stomach shows me who is boss.

The funny thing is that this doesn't usually start on the large coasters. The ones that send the stomach turning are the

little ones. It all started with the carnival type rides. The ones that go in circles multiple times. They never fail to turn the motion sickness on.

Even with some medication, the queasy feeling was felt. Not as bad as some times, but the day would need some pacing. But without a line to wait in, pacing was only the distance between two rides. So, I had to sit out a couple of rides. Even with that, I had more rides on roller coasters than I've had in a long, long time.

4 times on the Beast

I think 4 on the Diamondback, but it may have been 3.

1 each on the Racer, Vortex and the Backlot Stunt Coaster. I think I also road the Adventure Express if that was the one with the lame ending. That is a lot of coaster riding in 8 hours (9 hours VIP with 1 hour for lunch). Not to mention 4 times on the White Water canyon ride, once each on Congo Falls and a shoot the rapids ride and bumper cars.

During a normal day at a theme park you can expect to hit 7 or 8 coasters in a 10 to 12 hour day. More if the lines are shorter. I road 11 or 12 times, my tangent's friends road on a few more coasters than I did. As I said, I needed a break every now and again.

Tour of the Beast was just great and so was the show we caught. I can't say much about the lunch, since I was in no mood to eat.

All of this was great and I would have said it ranks right near the top of my theme park excursions, but there was more. I spent some time with some wonderful people, and that made the two days in Cincinnati grand.

A day was remembered

and celebrated in my heart.

A 7th birthday came and went without you being here to celebrate it with us. We have spread apart a bit this little family of ours. 3 not much more than an hour away, one more than 18 hours away (at least by car). And I know you were missed.

On your birthday, I had to take your dog to the vet. He needed some care, and would be in observation for two days. I had taken him in for a checkup the week before, making sure all of his shots were up to date. He was scheduled for a couple of days in a puppy vacation. I had scheduled time with some friends and he would have been in good hands. But then I got the news he needed some medical care. I was at a in a bit of a quandary. Should I go on my trip while he was at the vets, or take that time to be around for him.

Unless the unfortunate happened, I would not be seeing the little guy for two days. Unlike hospitals, there are no visiting hours at the vets office. My being around would not help him at all, so I decided (with a bit of a heavy heart) to go on my trip. I'm glad I did.

On your birthday, I went to the Cincinnati Zoo with some friends. Unfortunately, you never knew them, and they never knew you. I think you would have liked them. It was a good day.

As I wandered around the zoo, I did wonder about the changes that were made. Some of the exhibits were exactly like I remembered them. Others seemed very new to me. Since this was not a zoo we visited often, I imagine most things were new. It has been a few years since my last trip there. We were still pushing a stroller or two around the last time. I'm sure the manatees were not there on our last visit. I seem to remember

more elephants, but I could be thinking of another zoo. I think you would have remembered that. A couple of red pandas (one of your favorite animals) were doing what they do best, sleeping in trees. Just like almost every other time we saw them.

We did spend a full day at the zoo, but like all of our trips, we never seemed to have time for the entire zoo. Extra time spent at this animal, or another seemed to slow down the pace. But then again, what sort of pace should there be at a zoo. If we can't take the time to learn, observe and wonder about animals we share this planet with, why would we care if the places they live are there in the future. That was the lesson we tried to teach our children, so that they could teach theirs.

Again, it was a day well spent, but I wish you could have been there. Miss you still.

Searching for myself

and I found me and a bunch more.

There was a time before the internet (Oh yes there was, I remember it...), when I thought that there were only two people with my name. Me and the priest (great uncle) I was sort of named after. Of course when Google came into existence, I googled my name. I didn't find me then, but I found some interesting others.

Now when I google my name, I do find myself and some more interesting others. My place of employment now has some web presence, so I am there. I found myself in some local papers because of involvement in some local activities. I found my

name on facebook, but it wasn't me. I found myself on a Voter polling site. I'm sure it was me, but I wouldn't trust the accuracy, they still had my dad listed as a voter.

The others with my name were so more interesting. They tend to dance and sing or even play sports. Some are related. Some are not. Yes, I found out that even though the name I have is relatively rare in the states, it is more common in other parts of the world. Most of them are not related, as far as I have been able to find out. Not that I am looking that hard.

But the sad thing about this, is that I wasn't able to find anything on the me I was looking for. ☐ Maybe I should try Hare Krishna.