

What next?

This may be a difficult post to read. It was certainly hard to write.

No happy or witty sayings in this post. This is a story of life, death, mourning and maybe life again.

At the beginning of this year many wonderful things were in the making. My 3rd daughter had her wedding scheduled for June. My fourth daughter was to graduate High School. Those two events happened as planned.

Also occurring early in the year, my two oldest daughters told me they were expecting new arrivals. The oldest was due in September, my second daughter due in November. Expanding of family going full force this year. I was really looking forward to visiting my new grandchildren.

The first bad news came when my 2nd daughter had a miscarriage. I was unable to fly down to Florida and be with her. I am very glad she has a wonderful network of support with her. At that time, I had a countdown to the impending birth on my blog. I quietly removed that and all other mention of that news from my blog. This was news I didn't feel like sharing with the rest of the world. Stick with the good news. Too much bad news news in the world.

Last Thursday brought news that my oldest daughter lost her baby too. Much farther along, she had only a month before the due date. I quietly removed the countdown that that impending birth, and wrote a quick cryptic post. The mind was not working well enough to post anything else. I could write about the cause, but I will let [this site](#) handle that. I just needed to get these words out.

I spent the past few days with my oldest, at the hospital and her house. There were many tears flowing. Hugs given and

received. While the words were not initially spoken, we were worried about my oldest daughter's life too. She had a serious medical condition that could have take her as well. In this we were fortunate. Physically she is recovering well. The emotional and spiritual recovery will take more time for all of us.

I did say something about life again didn't I. There is a little bright spot in all of this. I've written a few posts about my daughter's friends. These are people I consider to be my friends also. Our ages and backgrounds vary widely, but they are true friends. People who will be there for my daughter and son-in-law. My children came home to a clean house, because someone thought this would be a good thing to do. They didn't ask, they acted. The bedroom for the newborn was in the final stages of finishing, but the door was off the hinges. It was put back in place and closed. Friends and family will supply food, companionship, or solitude when needed or wanted. Can we ever ask for more?

Through all of this, I've had many old wounds opened again. I keep wondering if each new death will bring back the memories of others. Faces I've not seen in years, faces I never saw, came into my thoughts and dreams. The past and future molds into one. The laugh of a child not heard may be one of the saddest moments in life.

and the bottom drops out

Semi cryptic post here, I'm not ready to write about it, if ever. Just to say some changes are very, very bad. I may not be posting for some time. Take care folks.

Things change

Well moving days are coming up. Yes, I did say moving days. There will be at least two of them.

The first will be next week at work. We are moving to a new building, and we are scheduled to move as soon as it passes inspection. That should occur this week. A little farther to drive, but it should be a nicer work environment. We will see how that goes. Good news, no students in the halls. Bad news, the way the cubicles are set up, my back will face the entrance. I never did like having my back to the door.

Then at the end of the month, my youngest heads off to college. That may take a trip or two depending on how much she needs to move into her college room. When I went to school, I was able to fit everything I needed into the back of a Chevy Chevette, I have a truck now, and I still wonder how many trips I will need to take.

At this point in time, I guess I should be feeling a bit of the 'empty nest' syndrome. I'm not sure I will in the same way other parents do. The whole point in my parenting was to get my children ready for the world. It is time for this one to spread her wings and see how she flies. A bit of anxiety, sure, but I'm ready to let her try more on her own.

There is another part of the empty nest that I really never expected when I first thought of this some 10 years ago when the first daughter spread her wings. I have the nest to myself. The question I really need to ask is "How will I spread my wings?" For more than a quarter of a century (over 1/2 my life) I've been a parent. For most of that time I've been a husband and then a widower. Before that I was in my

childhood. What am I going to do with the time I will have for myself? What will I be when I grow up? ☐

Life is all about the change...

After 5 and 1/2

Today would have been my wife's 47th birthday. She never got to celebrate any birthday past her 41st. In the past I've bought coffee for everyone that entered our favorite coffee shop. That little place closed many years ago, and that 'tradition' has ended.

A new tradition started that first birthday she did not get to celebrate. I took my available daughters to a Mexican restaurant. Mexican food was always her favorite, and would be the request if we went out to dinner on her birthday. So what family I can get together, celebrates the day with a little Mexican cuisine.

Today it was my two youngest daughters and newest son-in-law. It saddens me a bit that the two youngest son-in-laws never met their brides' mother. From what has been said, my first son-in-law liked her. I'm a bit biased, but I thought she was special.

After lunch today we celebrated the first birthday of a very special young man. Check other Tangents blogs for more information on this.

All in all a very relaxing day.

The Village Green

Yesterday I spent the day with my youngest daughter, her friend, one of my sisters and her husband. We traveled to Michigan and back in time to visit [Henry Ford's Greenfield Village](#).

The very first thing we did was ride a Model T. Our group had to split into two and we road in two separate vehicles. The one I rode in was one of 6 historic reproductions made by Ford. (I can't remember the year these were made – Sorry) The driving tour on the Model T was a history of the car itself. The number of cars made, number of years in production. Location of the gas tank (I was sitting on it in the front seat). And how people differentiated their cars from all the other Model Ts on the road (mainly with special radiator caps and maybe a blanket or throw on the seats (no heat in these cars, so winter travel almost demanded a blanket). Top speed of the car 30-35.

We then road on a 1913 Carousel. I was able to ride on a frog. I'm sure I would have missed out on this if my recently married daughter had been with us.

We saw skits of the Wright Brothers, and a Waterford general Store. As an community theater actor, I was impressed by the way the period actors stayed in their roles. They told a good story and gave an insight into the times and life of the periods.

The afternoon continued with a horse drawn Omnibus ride and and also a ride on a steam locomotive. We had lunch after getting off the locomotive and walked to a 1860's rules Base Ball game. The home team La Di Dahs were playing the

Nationals. The pitching was underhand and they players wore no gloves. Foul balls caught on one bounce were outs. Players were warned if they did not keep their caps on their heads. Very interesting to watch ball played by the old rules.

Of course we walked around the Village. We went into a variety of buildings that exist. There was no way that we would be able to tour the entire village in 1 day, and we didn't even try. It was a very enjoyable day.

Up on the roof

I spent some time at my eldest's house on the 3rd of July. With my two youngest daughters, and the youngest son-in-law we (and a few others) climbed on the roof to get a better view of Maumee's Fireworks. It was a wonderful location. A bit far to get the full effect of the detonations, but close enough to have a full view of the fireworks. It was a good evening.

It started out with food, drink, conversation, music and friends. I met a few more of my daughter's friends, and sometimes I wonder and then I wonder some more. A very diverse group met for the evening.

Our early evening fireworks started off with a few brats burning on the grill. Yes, in the things going on during the party the grill was left unattended for a bit too long. There was still plenty to go around, so all was good.

At the end of the evening, when the group started to break up, I bade my own farewells to get some rest for what was going to be a busy 4th. More on that later...

Swimming in the Ocean

That is a good metaphor for a lot of things, but it is actually something I did not too long ago.

Now I generally prefer a nice swimming pool. A non-public pool is better than any public pool too. I never liked swimming in ponds or lakes. Mud, pond weeds, sharp stones and the non-clarity of the water were the things I didn't like. My wife's family had a lake cottage when I first met her, so we did spend some time there. While I did swim, I can't say I every really enjoyed it. I enjoyed being with family but not the lake swimming part. Of course, there were a few other things I really didn't enjoy about that cottage, but they had nothing to do with swimming.

I did find out more than a few years ago, that I do enjoy swimming in the ocean. The big waves, the sandy beaches, the smell of the salt water. I wish I could do it more often, just not feasible in the NW Ohio. The first time I remember swimming in an ocean was some 20 years ago in Southern California. The big wide Pacific was a blast. Sitting on the beach with my wife as the tide came in (and almost getting caught with no way out, but that is also another story).

Recently I was with my family in Florida, and I got to swim in the Atlantic. We didn't stay long enough to get caught by any tides, but we enjoyed the waves, sand and salt water.

Other than people, I didn't see any wildlife in the ocean. Some no longer used shells, but nothing living. A bit sad really. When we were in California, we saw sea lions and otters. They weren't where we were swimming, they knew better. □ But they were close by.

Some day I should go to Hawaii and see some really big waves. Someday is always just around the corner isn't it?

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 are we

there yet 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...

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.