

Spring is in the air

I've written before about [my signs of spring](#), but since it is spring again, I thought I would take another look at it.

Yes, the frogs are croaking their little hearts out, and the buzzards are finally circling in the skies. I was saying to someone not too long ago, that I hadn't seen any buzzards and the very next day there were 15 or so circling in the sky. The geese and ducks made it back and find pleasant rest stops in the flooded fields. Farm implements are back on the road again getting ready for spring planting.

I failed to mention a few things last year about spring in NW Ohio. One very popular attraction, that I actually used to take part in, was annual spring walleye run. Anglers from all over the place would line up side by side hoping to catch their limit of walleye during the spring spawning season. The Maumee river between Maumee/Perrysburg and Grand Rapids Ohio was always the place to go to catch these fish. My brother and I went fishing many times together. I don't remember catching too many fish during the spawn, but we had fun anyway. I do miss those days. ☐

The other sure sign of spring is the start of road construction season. I experienced this first hand today on my way to a work meeting. Since I left early in the morning, I just saw the early morning setup. But on the way back the construction was in full swing. I was stopped so long, I was able to chat with the Road sign holder, they were waiting for a load of stone to fill in the big hole they dug (30 minute road closure). Any way, a sure sign of spring is a Rob in a red vest... Oh wait it was orange... Oops ☐ Sorry, it was a bad pun, but Rob the construction guy gave it to me, so I had to repeat it. He did have a point, his old safety construction vest was about the same color as the Robin's signature plumage. If they are known as Robin redbreasts, I guess we can

let Rob, the construction guy be known as “Rob in a red vest”.

Happy spring...

Thoughts on Random Thoughts

Today marks one year of my blog. More on that in the next post... ☐

I was wondering how random my thoughts have really been in the past year. I’ve written about a lot of different topics that interest me, but I’ve seem to have posted most about the things in life that are most important to me.

Family and Friends.

Posts written in times of sadness revolved around family and friends no longer in my life. Posts written in better times revolved around family and friends I share my life with now. Theater posts revolve around plays and my dear friends that I’ve met through that theater. Even posts on space and science go back to family events I’ve kept in my mind through many a year.

Just how random?

Over three hundred posts and some posts fit into more than one category, but here is a rough break down.

160 Thoughts on Life (default category could contain anything)

100+ posts on Family

50 posts on Friends

48 on the theater

42 on movies or reviews

37 on Widows and Widowers

24 on Science and Technology
10 to 20 on the remaining categories.

If we add the posts for family, friends and widow/widowers together, that is over 1/2 my post total. Yep, kind of shows where my mind is most of the time. This place is a dumping ground to clear my mind and help get thoughts back in gear. I've always know what is important to me, and it is good to see that my thought 'dumps' confirm this.

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Newspapers, a dying industry?

I have noticed over the past few months that a number of large newspapers are either going out of business or filing for bankruptcy. I'm sure this is also a problem with many of the small town newspapers too.

Personally, I have not had a subscription to a newspaper in many years. I was tired of the apparent lack of news I was seeing. More and more it seemed I was getting opinion pieces on the front page. It doesn't matter if I agree with the opinion or not, I just wanted straight news. While I still haven't found a place to get that, I feel I get better news coverage now, than I ever did before. I go to many different news sites on the internet. If I find that the stories I'm interested in are reported by more than one news organization, I will read multiple articles. I've found that most news is just regurgitated from one of a few major news sources, never a chance to get a full story there.

To my eyes, the newspaper industry lost its focus years ago. They didn't see that they were losing customers when cable news became a mainstay for most people. They missed the

internet boom of getting news to people too. The newspapers became a place to get ads and coupons. The news or opinions were no longer important to people. They could get those in other places. And along came coupon bug and other web based coupon sites. No need to wait for the Sunday edition of the newspaper for coupons.

Today I heard bits and pieces of some of the things coming from Washington, and there is some movement to bail out the Newspaper industry. My question is why. How is it important to the country. There are other news outlets, why do we need a newspaper that can't stand on its own? I don't like seeing jobs lost, this economy needs all the jobs it can get. I would like to see sustainable jobs. With newspapers going downhill for years (maybe even longer than auto industry), I only see bailing out newspapers as a big waste of money. If the economy had stayed healthy, I still saw the newspapers failing within the next few years. The young adults of today don't relish the feel of a newspaper anymore. It is much easier to get your news on the go. I-phones, Blackberries, computers, televisions all do a better job reaching people today.

And of course with the new soy based inks, silly putty doesn't do nearly as good of job producing reverse images of the comics. That was a big set back for the newspaper industry. Kids weren't playing with newspapers anymore.... ☐

Weird sleep cycle

Since Sunday my sleep patterns have been severely off kilter. While even in the best of times, my sleep habits are not the best (only around 5 hours per night), this is weird even for me.

I don't care what time the post says (I haven't bothered adjusting it to local time), it is now almost 1:00am. I went to bed around 8:30pm. I was just exhausted. I've been doing similar things every night this week. And then around 12:30, I wake up. Not just wake up to roll over again. No, I'm wide awake. I'm not sure how long I will stay awake tonight, but on other nights, it was the whole night or most of it.

On Sunday, I'm sure my nerves were getting in the way of any sleep I was going to get. After answering all the questions at the Hospital on Monday, I realized that this was the first time I've ever been admitted to a Hospital. Any other time I've had something wrong, it was done in a clinic or the Doctor's Office. While I've visited many hospitals, this was the first time I was in for me. Good news that, I guess, even this visit was a screening visit. I've had no complaints.

I'm very certain the medicine used to put me under has been the main culprit behind my strange sleep habits this week. It put me under quickly, and I remained in a relaxed state of mind for 2 days. Too bad I was very relaxed early in the evening. Now I'm wide awake and I can't think of anything really quiet to do. I need to hit a library or a book store for some new books to read. I just don't feel like watching a movie. So here I am writing a blog about being awake. Dang that sounds familiar, [just without the kids](#). Wonder if I can find something a little different to comment on.

Another one gone...

I heard and read that Baseball player/hall of famer/tv announcer George Kell died. I am just a bit too young to remember his ball playing days, but I do remember him

announcing the games on television.

My brother and I used to watch the ballgames on TV just and his voice gave more to the game. With Ernie Harwell on the radio, we had wonderful announcer either on TV or radio.

Just another sad day for me. Memories shared with my late brother. A voice from my past gone. Sad thoughts for me today.

You won't know what hit you

That's the last thing I remember the nurse saying this morning before my 'little medical procedure'. The next thing I knew I was back in the 'staging' area. I'm not sure what they gave me, but the procedure was relatively painless.

I wish I could say the same thing about the pre-surgery preparation. I can't. If there is anything that would prevent me from seeing a Dr. again, it would be this preparation.

I was able to find someone much better with words than I am to tell you about the procedure. Mine was the non-Abba version.

[Dave Barry's colonoscopy.](#)

Funny read, but serious stuff.

They said what?

My wife loved to sing (I'm sure that is where my daughters get their talent), but she was hard of hearing and would make a

mistake or two on the lyrics of popular songs. I do realize that this was not something that she alone was guilty of, but she had quite a few good ones. Unfortunately, I know longer remember the specific misheard lyrics, or I would send them to a site I found this evening.

Have fun looking up some of the songs. Some of the misheard lyrics are quite funny, others better than the original lyrics.

So, [“‘scuse me while I kiss this guy”](#).

Ghost Stories

Back in my past, before I even started school, my older brother would tell me ghost stories before I went to bed. Sometimes he made them up, but at other times he would read stories out of his book of Poe stories.

While I really liked the Poe stories, some of my favorites were the stories he made up. I remember ghosts in the backyard, or down by the river. Werewolves in the park. Vampires in the local schools. I'm not sure if he made them all up, or heard them from his friends, but some were quite scary.

He was, of course, just trying to torment his little brother. Scaring me right before bed would guarantee that I would remain quiet through the night. I would keep my head hidden under the covers, and never let out a peep, just in case the ghosts or goblins would get me.

Unfortunately for me, this all came to an end when I was about 6 or 7 years old. My brother being 12 years older than me went

off first to college and then to the Navy, and finally he got married. No more ghost stories every night, but to this day I still like them. Not the Horror movies you see in the movies, but the old fashioned, around the campfire ghost story. I wish I knew a few to tell, but I would love telling a few. I guess I will settle for reading a few Poe stories, or some other good author. Just pure fun.

I guess that is why I liked the old TV show like [The Outer Limits](#) or [The Twilight Zone](#). Ghost stories told in the old fashion way.

Stop and smell the coffee

Today I had a stop in town and I was right next to a fairly new coffee/ice cream shop. I've been there once or twice and decided to treat my self to a cup of coffee. It was a fairly trying day, so I thought a cup of coffee would be welcome.

I had a sip or two of my triple espresso and left to drive on home. Just as I was getting into my car, a gust of wind threatened to blow my hat halfway down main street. Instinctively, I reached for my hat, but I had in that hand a cup of coffee. The coffee flew all over, most over me. Being espresso it had a very strong aroma. I was able to smell that the entire ride home. Even after changing clothes, I was able to smell it. Seems it got in my hair too.

Well, so much for a relaxing cup of coffee. I ended up wearing most of it. I guess I didn't need the caffeine.

No, there were no burns, and I'm not going to be suing any coffee shops. My own stupidity was responsible for the coffee on me. Reach for a hat with the hand coffee is in. None too

smart that.

Of course, if you can't laugh at your own stupid antics whose can you laugh at. Really a decent day after I got my jacket cleaned.

A question asked...

On one of those email 50 question things, one question struck me differently than most others. This was mostly a fun little time wasting exercise, until question 50.

Question 50: What is the farthest you traveled from home. I've traveled from coast to coast. East, West, North and South. I've traveled far from home. What hit me was my furthest journey. I traveled farthest in the days following my wife's death. Sitting in the dining room or in my room I traveled very far indeed. It is a journey I would not want anyone to take, but I know many who have. It was and is a long journey to take.

It has been over 5 years since that fateful day. I've grown and changed over the past few years. But I've grown and changed every year of my life. Not the path I set out on, but the path I must take.

Life, the longest journey we ever take.