

Life and experience

Now that I've lived over 1/2 of a century, I guess you could say I've got a little bit of experience living. In my life, I've been a child, student, husband, father. I've experienced the death of people close to me. I was married to the same woman for almost 20 years. I know about love, commitment and trust. I know about making promises and keeping them. I know grief, depression and anxiety. I know happiness, pride and hope.

But in those 50+ years there are many things I know nothing about. Things that I've never experienced. Things I never want to experience.

I know that with two ears, you should listen twice as much as you talk. I know that disagreements can only be solved by communication. I know lack of communication causes a lot of disagreements.

I hope to gain more experience in better things. I hope not to experience more 'bad' things. Realistically, I realize that I will experience both in the years to come. I don't need to like it, but to survive, i need to live with it.

In thinking of life.

I'm never sure that I have any answers to life's questions. I've lived a more than a few years now, and I keep finding things I have no answers for. A part of life, i guess, to be constantly looking for answers.

I hope to find them, I hope they can be found.

Growing up, I thought my father had all of the answers. To my young eyes, he appeared to be the best of everything. As I grew older, I realized my father had a lot of things that he could teach me, but there were things he didn't know. His life experiences were not the same as mine, so he had no knowledge in some areas. I had to learn those things on my own.

As a father, I would assume my children thought at one point in time, I knew more than I actually did. As they grew, I'm sure that they found my life experiences not quite fitting the lives they followed. They needed to find their own answers.

I hope to give one more piece of advice. Unasked for? Maybe. Not needed? Perhaps. Good advice, ahh, that is up to you. It is advice for anyone who needs it. And actually it came from my Dad.

"When you are in a situation where you will be making a choice, it is best to stop and think before making the choice." Maybe my Dad did know everything after all.

A tangled web is woven.

Yes, something about Tangled, but no spoilers.

I was able to see the new movie Tangled with my youngest over the long Thanksgiving weekend. It was a good little show. As with all Disney movies, it was a little bit removed from the original story. A good family show that I recommend to all, but that is all I'm going to say about it.

As I sit thinking back to this and other fairy tales, and I think back to the origin of these types of stories. They were all lessons to be learned. Morals for a good life. Things happened when you disobeyed. Hard times happened and the

stories did not always have happy endings.

Now a funny thing happened when our society grew up, we no longer had the same needs. The endings of the stories were changed. Then we ended with “everyone lived happily ever after.” Not real life, but everything was cleansed for the children.

I remember reading the stories as a child, and of course these were the updated versions. As an adult, I remember finding some of the original stories. The endings weren't as nice. People died. They were tortured. Life was not good and they didn't live happily ever after.

[Some original tales are here.](#)

Is it real?

I heard some bad news today. My first inclination was to see it as unbelievable. I've had this feeling many times in the past when I've heard similar news, I guess it is a natural reaction. At least it is for me.

I know that this time of year I tend to think about death a little more often. My parents died in early fall, and my wife died at the end of the year. Her cancer was found just before Thanksgiving. Today I heard that a friend lost his daughter. The thoughts went flying back in time. Was it back to 2000, 2001 or 2003? Yes those years and many other years past.

Last Saturday at the Weekenders' presentation of Mark Twain, Denver said something about loss being part of life. Mark Twain's words about loss in his life. Very fitting to almost everyone. In this time coming up for family, joy and

celebration, some families feel loss. One less plate at the table, one less person to visit. I hope my friend can find peace in this season, but I know it will never be the same.

Has it been that long?

I just noticed that I have not done a movie review in quite some time. Then I started to wonder if I actually saw any movies recently. I think I did, there were a few shows I wanted to see, but did I ever get to any? Hmm, I'll need to try to remember.

I also noticed that it has been some time since I've done a book review too. I know I've been reading books. And I haven't talked about any fast food sandwiches recently either. On top of that, I have not reviewed any of the plays I've been to recently. Am I slipping? Yep, probably.

Other things happened and my time on the blog has been focusing on other thoughts. Oh well, there are a couple of new movies, soon to be released, that I'm sure I may write a thing or two about. And I heard McDonald's re-released the McRib. And I think I have a pie to make. I may wait a bit on the pie. Christmas maybe?

What a way to end an

afternoon...

Nice afternoon at the theater, and nice company. All was well until my drive home. Some jerk in a old white pickup decided he didn't need to pay attention to the local road signs. Apparently the red octagonal signs mean to speed up and go faster instead of stop.

I ran through many things as I came to that intersection. I was traveling somewhere near the double nickel speed, and I had a choice of stopping very fast, or trying to get through the intersection quicker than the other guy. Funny how fast you think in those situations. I hate being in them, but I am glad that I have been blessed with a fairly quick mind.

I decided to speed up, a collision was avoided by a few feet. I'm not sure the other guy really ever saw me until I passed him on the road. And he blew his horn at me. Hmmm.

Other thoughts passed through my head during those tense moments. Time spent with family and friends. Time that I should have spent with them. Flashes of the past, thoughts for the future. Strange how fast you can think of things.

In thinking back to that event, I was wondering why I decided to speed up instead of slow down. All the years of driving experience, past Physics classes, Statistics/Probabilities all rushed to my head. A vehicle even the size of my truck does not stop on a dime. But thanks to a feisty little five cylinder, the truck accelerates just fine. I knew this, and was proven correct. (Thank goodness!!!)

I'm very glad to say that I had a wonderful afternoon. I'm glad I have the chance to enjoy more of my life.

my life in 144 characters

I did say that I may blog more, but I'm living a boring life and nothing is happening. So here is my life in 144 character bits. More or less.

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I can't understand why twitter is such a big deal. Even the place I work has a twitter account. I don't like the character limit, it seems to g

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I'm not one to use word abbreviations like lol and l8r, so the character limit on twitter would really slow down my fluid writing style. It woul

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So I decided to try my hand at this 144 character stuff. I was just wondering how coherent I could actually be. It seems to be a bit of work to

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I am fairly certain that the character counts on all these little snippets is 144. And with that, my thoughts are getting cut off. I could cont

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My youngest and I went to the Hut today and they had wings for 50 cents each. I liked the wings, but they didn't like me, so I am up at 3:30 am.

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Ok, this is getting a bit silly, even for me. I will say that I am under the influence of a late night wing attack, and a brain that doesn't kn

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Twitter asks the question: "What are you doing now?" To the logical soul I am the answer would always be the same. I'm writing drivel on twitte

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Never give a blog to a slightly crazed brain after midnight. You will never know exactly what you will find there. Tonight

I was on a twitter

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I think that the wind is what really woke me up. We've had heavy winds for the past few days, but it seems to be gusting a bit more this evening

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Good night all, or is that good morning. My life is boring, even 144 characters at a time. I think that is a good thing.

Exhausted...

Wow, I had this title waiting for me in my draft blogs. I think I remember starting it, but I was too tired to actually write anything down. I am almost that tired, but I can write a line or two.

First things first. The Hound of the Baskervilles is over, done, complete. Wonderful time. I really like playing evil characters, I should search out more of them. The local playhouses need to do more psycho-thrillers. Maybe somebody could do "Wait Until Dark". I was in that one once, but I didn't get to play the evil ones in the show.

Second. Lovely youngest daughter is well on her way to finishing her schooling. She will be back home while she does her externship. That will be interesting.

Third. Halloween is coming, I'm done with the show and I may now have a bit of free time to see a haunted house or two. Except some kids are doing this moving thing again. Still, there is hope.

Finally!! I may have time for blogging again. I've had things filling my brain, so the outlet may be needed.

love stories

It was the spring of 1983 when I first met my future wife. At this time, we were not aware that we would be together in a few short months. What I did realize was easier to identify. I found her to be very attractive, with a strong personality, an infectious smile and a bit reserved in the setting. Most people would have said she was shy, but I noticed something else was holding her back, shyness had nothing to do with this. At that time, I wasn't sure what it was. I observed, that she was watching the group intently. I was intrigued and captivated, too bad she came with her boyfriend. ☐

About a week later, I met her for the second time. I realized at that point why she was reserved and observant. She had a hearing loss, and this helped her compensate for that loss. The second time we met, we both knew we would be good friends. Two weeks and two meetings and we felt some connection. Nothing yet to indicate that a different relationship was in our future.

A couple of weeks later, this wonderful lady brought another charming lady with her at the weekly gathering of our little group. She was not quite two years old. I'm not sure what this little girl was told before she got to my apartment, but I got the biggest leg hug ever. She sat with me most of the night, and I was smitten. (So yes, little draclet, I loved you before I fell in love with your mother.) She became a common addition to our weekly game night group. I knew at that point I would do almost anything for that little bundle of energy and spunk.

Weeks went by, and as my love for the daughter grew, the relationship with the mother grew too. I was there when a tearful lady needed someone to talk to after a break up. I was

there when her first trial at seeing others went askew. At the end of May, I finally asked my future wife out. Somewhere in the many walks and long talks after that date, I fell in love a second time. Whirlwind romance occurred and marriage followed the following January. In less than 1 year's time, I went from a single man, to a husband and father. The father part came first. My love of the daughter won me the heart of the mother. Without that initial caring, the second relationship may not have happened as quickly.

My lovely wife always told me I had 3 strong characteristics that pushed her toward me. I was dependable, stable and loving. For many years I thought it was how I treated my wife, but later I found out it was how I treated the daughter. Yes, my unconditional love of another woman gave me almost 20 years of love from a wonderful wife. Through the years, she loved her daughters more than she loved me. I can't say the same thing, but I loved them almost as much. And one of them I loved longer....

She taught me what love was, after I showed the ability to love.

Oh, that's a kick in the pants.

There are times when you think you make a difference. There are times when you realize that you can make a difference. There are also time you think that you will never make a difference. And there are also time when you KNOW that you did make a difference.

Those times when you actually KNOW you made a difference can

really affect the way you think and live your life. Now in this, I am assuming that the difference made is a good one, but that is not always the case. Even with that said, those times you _KNOW_ will affect your life.

I feel that, even with different religious/moral beliefs, it is one of our jobs to help those we meet on the life journey. When you actually see the difference you make, it can be a kick in the pants.

Yes, I recently felt that type of situation. It made me feel good and insignificant at the same time. It was also just a little frightening. There is always the possibility that my own little efforts will not help, or worse they will injure. But, those times that have occurred, when I _KNEW_ I helped, are enough to keep me in the game.

Those little kicks in the backside keep me on the right path.