

Time in a bottle

I'm listening to some old CD's and relaxing after a day driving in the rain. In the truck, out of the truck, into that building and then out. With all of the rain, my clothing was soaked as I drove back from Fort Wayne. As much as I complain to my children, I really don't mind walking in the rain at times. I prefer a warm summer rain to these cold spring rains, but they can be refreshing at times.

With the short walk back to the truck this evening, after dropping off my youngest, I really got soaked. The rain just decided to drop in buckets as I turned the corner heading away from my daughter's apartment. Anyway a warm fire, a change of clothes and some relaxation was called for when I got home.

The music is still playing, the fire is slowly dieing. And for now, I am relaxed. The weekend is at an end, and I enjoyed it. Now to look forward to the coming week. If I could save time in a bottle, the hours of this weekend would be ones to save.

A new day

In my life, while I remember the big events, it always seems like little things make a big impact. Yesterday it was an unexpected email that sent bits of my little world into a spin. Today is was being able to see pictures of my far away kids, and phone calls to the 3 other siblings.

The sun was out, there were new and interesting events today. So it was a good day.

Of course I realize that it wasn't just that one bit of email

that I received. My mood has been missing a bit of jocularly. And it wasn't just the few things I mentioned today that brought a bit of sun back into my mood. It just seems that the little things pile up and pile up until they become one big thing. And that last little thing upsets the whole thing. The final straw on the camel's back. The final pebble or snowflake that starts an avalanche. You just never know.

And of course I wonder, what little thing will start me moving again? And which direction will it push?

In a smile, I saw all the things I would ever need or want. Now, all I want is to see is that smile again.

Sometimes things happen

I'm in a bit of a funk today. Actually, I should say this afternoon and evening. The morning and early afternoon were just fine. Then I got a bit of sad news. That sent the rest of the day into a tailspin. I'm not sure why this happened, but it did. Anyway, I was hoping that by typing this up, my mood would improve a bit.

Life gives us constant reminders that it is a fleeting, temporary thing. How we deal with that those reminders help make us who we are. I just wish I wasn't reminded so often, and that those reminders didn't bring back all of the other reminders I have had.

Life lived to its fullest gives joy to all who share it and sadness to those left behind after the life is over.

A smile shared can lead to friendship. A tear shared can lead to trust. A friend you can trust is worth all the wealth in the world.

There are many people missing from my life and I miss them all.

Wow, the weather outside is

wonderful.

I just can't believe the day we had today. I'm sure the weekend is going to spoil everything, but today is a good day. Now, if I could have spent the day outside to enjoy it all, the day would have been stupendous.

It is a bit funny that even days that I can be outside, I don't always go out. But I do like having the option of doing it. I guess that is the whole point, isn't it. If you have the ability to choose, the day just seems nicer. I'm not outside right now, but I do have an option of going out. At work, I can only look out the window as I get my cup of coffee. Choices make the difference.

Enjoy the day as you can, and hope that tomorrow brings all you need.

Changing Tides

Unlike the precision of the tides, you will never know which way the wind will blow. The tides come in and go out on a very precise schedule. They have charts made for high and low tides in areas where that is important. The winds of the day can make the tide higher or lower, but it will not cause the tides to cease.

Life is very much like the tides, it flows in an almost predictable pattern. We are born, we live and then we die. The length and form of our lives depends on other influences. Inland the tides are never noticed, but they can be measured with the right equipment. On some ocean fronts you will see the tides marked on the beaches. In other places you see the marks of the tides on cliff walls. Much the same with our lives. We can sometimes see the tides and other times they are barely noticeable.

It is that way until something changes. Winds blow in, the coast line changes and the tides come in with quick fury. The winds change, and in our life things change.

We never know which way the wind will blow but we must prepare for the tides.

A cold wind blew tonight, and I was not prepared...

You knew my unspoken words. You knew the way my mind worked. You knew things before I knew them myself. You knew my heart, and I miss yours.

I didn't mean to use that much

I made chicken for dinner and thought that it would taste good with some salsa on it. It did, but I put on a bit much. Now I'm paying for it. Up late at night waiting for antacids to kick in. You can't put it back in the jar after it hits partially cooked chicken. And it was the good stuff too, lots of heat.

Ahh, the joys of aging. I still like all the spicy stuff, but it doesn't like me as much as it used to. The cast iron stomach seems to have some rust.

On another note, I miss my laptop. Even though I got the tower up and running again, it was so easy to have the laptop with me wherever I wanted to be. I have an old machine going, but it is very, very, very slow. I think it is slower than my internet connection. I do have it loaded with a full version of Ubuntu Linux at this time, maybe that is pushing it a bit. I wonder if it would work with the netbook version of that OS. I may have to try it and find out. I need to get a list of USB or other wireless cards that work with Ubuntu or Puppy Linux. I have two old laptops that I have installed Linux on and only 1 wireless card that works. The newer of the two laptops has an internal wireless, but Linux doesn't like that one either. I even tried a backdoor way that was supposed to allow the use of the windows drivers. No go. I guess for now I share. [I really can't use two laptops at once can I?](#)

Just a short note from Fort Wayne

I'm making sure that the internet access and printer are hooked up for my youngest at college. If this posts, I know everything works.

So the drive was very damp as rain fell during the entire trip. It is sometimes fun to drive on the expressways when the rain falls. The trip today was uneventful.

Yesterday's trip to and from Toledo were not as uneventful. I saw two semis driving erratically. One on the way in and one on the way home. The one on the way home bothered me enough that I pulled into the rest stop to let him get farther ahead.

Well, I made it home so that may have been a good decision.

Here in the rainy woods

It is a cool, wet, dreary day. I have a fire going and the house is warm and comfortable. As I sit and watch the clouds gray thoughts find their way into my mind. I have thoughts of little gray mice and large gray elephants. Gray skies and gray tree trunks. It is spring time, but the green has yet to bloom forth, so I am here with gray.

I have a picture of a sunset. I've talked about it before. It is of a sunset in these very woods. I'm not sure if that was a spring time sunset or not, but there are no leaves on the trees, so I will 'assume' it is spring. Since I was the one who took the picture, I know the day was cool, but not too

cold. So either spring or fall works. That picture is full of reds, oranges and yellows. That is not today. Today is a gray day.

Gray can describe a mood, or just a color. Today is all about the color. In the early day of computer screens and graphics our displays were in gray scales. There was the same type of thing in early TV, movies and films. Black and white mixed give us various shades of gray. In a colorful world those shades of gray are often missed and ignored. But in the black and white world of old graphics and the new world of e-book readers their are gray scales. Those scales brought realism in a time of black and white movies and TV. They are not the color of life, but they are the shadings of life.

Gray had me thinking a bit today.

Now I need a new back

For the second time in 3 weeks my back decided to go out on me. The first time was just getting out of bed. The second time was while trying to clean up after the dog. Nothing very strenuous, I just happened to move the wrong way. The second time only allowed me to sit for 15 minutes or so at a time. I must find everywhere I sit that promotes bad posture and get rid of it. I'm thinking the first place is my chair at work. I spend a majority of my time in that chair and I think it may be part of my current back situation. Now all I have to do is find a good office chair.

Any suggestions?

Are we sure they aren't children.

***** Warning Political Post *****

The House vote on the health care bill took place Sunday. On a Sunday??? Why? Couldn't it wait until Monday? I'm not sure what I think of the bill itself. I don't have the time or inclination to read 2000+ pages of political mumbo jumbo. If a bill is 2000+ pages most of it is mumbo jumbo. I'm sure most of OUR representatives did not read it either. I don't care what your political leanings are, I really don't care what you think mine are. I do think the the people we voted to be in charge of our government really let us down on this bill.

Throughout the whole process, it was like children playing on a playground. "I have the ball, so we will play my way." "We won't play your game, you can play with those kids." "I'll play my game when I get all the people to play my game." "We won't let you play your game." "Your game stinks!!" "You don't even have a game." "Yes we do, but you won't listen to the rules."

They fuss, they fight and then in what seems like the dead of night (weekends are usually slow for news). They get together and play. Things were done in back rooms so nobody could see what was going on. Things were promised so that others would play nice. Threaten, cajole or bribe your playmates so they play your game. Sounds more like children to me everyday. When are the people in Washington going to grow up. And when will the voters learn not to send children to do an adults job.

I wonder who got out the scissors to cut somebodys hair...