

# Things that turn back the clock

Many years ago, my wife worked at a pet shop in our little town. A friend of ours owned it and needed help keeping the animals fed and cages clean. It was a little shop and tended to have fish, mice, rats and some more exotic pets. My wife found a cute little grey furball. It was a chinchilla. That first chinchilla was brought home and given the name Jimmy. He would sit on her shoulder, under her hair with just his nose poking out most of the time. A very clean and personable pet. Over the years many other chinchillas made it into our house. Some were welcomed because of their specific colors, some because they were 'rescue' chinchillas. Homes that could or would not take care of the animals, those animals were cared for here.

Fast forward to 2003. My lovely wife died, and my daughters and I are left with over a dozen chinchillas. Some most were older, but there were still a few youngsters. Over the last few years, I gave a couple away to friends. Others made it through their lives and died. The last few are all over eight years old and they are coming to the end of their lives too. Chinchillas can live to be over 20, I'm almost sure one of ours was close to that, but we never really knew how old she was. Most die after 10-12 years of life. Today, another little chinchilla passed on. Another connection to my wife is gone.

My wife and my youngest daughters could tell you the names of almost every chin. I'm taking nothing away from my oldest, but she had been on her own during the last few chinchilla arrivals. Me, I remembered just a few of the names. Those chinchillas have been gone for some time now. I didn't remember the names of the remaining 4. I just know the color and location.

So a little beige chinchilla is not with me anymore. And memories of other chinchillas and how my wife loved the little animals flood my mind. Funny how things turn the clock backwards.

---

## Officially Spring In NW Ohio

I really don't care what the calendar says, as I've stated before I look for my own signs of spring. I've been waiting and waiting for the final signs of spring to occur and today I saw the last one. I saw ducks swimming around in flooded fields of NW Ohio. Not in a pond, river or lake, but in a place that corn or soybeans will be planted in a few short weeks. What could say spring more than the quack of a duck?

Well, I've heard the call of the frogs from the creeks, ponds and swamps of the area. I've seen the buzzards circling over the highways and fields. Possums and skunks seem to have more time to move about. Buds are starting to appear on some trees. There have been a few crocuses blooming. And of course I've seen the first snake of the spring. What could say spring more than the hiss of a snake?

OH yeah, I saw a robin...

---

## Owning a 'Vette

[Derek's post on driving sports cars around the car lots made me remember my years of wanting a sports car myself.](#)

Back in my youth, I think that was yesterday, I wanted to own a Corvette. Not just any Corvette, but one of the original Stingrays. I liked the 1963 Split Window model, but any of them through 1967 were fine for me. I would have done almost anything to get one of these cars. (almost...)

Then, as luck would have it, in the summer of 1978, I was able to purchase my very first car. It was a 1964 Corvette Stingray. A friend of mine (work associate??) was getting rid of his old Corvette and was selling it cheap. My first reaction when I heard the price was disbelief, and then the question came up: "WHY???" It seems that he had a bit of trouble with the car. One was really high insurance cost, and another was that he lost his license after getting too many speeding tickets. He could not drive the car. The third and most important thing was that, while getting his last speeding ticket, he blew up the engine. Yes, I did say blow up. Pieces of it went through the front hood. Now at that time, I had a '66 Chevy Impala. The small block V8 in that car was a perfect fit for the engine compartment of the '63 'Vette. Not the same displacement, but it would power the car until I could get another engine.

Money paid, we had to wait until Monday to transfer the title, and for me to get a trailer to tow the beast home.. All was right with the world until that next Monday. The look on my friend's face said a lot. Somehow the deal just wasn't going to happen. He gave me back all my cash and told me a very sad story. That weekend, he was in his barn fixing up the holes the engine pieces put in the hood. He had said he was going to do some of this, so it wasn't unexpected. Through some stroke of ill luck, or spontaneous combustion of chemical soaked rags, his barn and all of the things inside burnt to a crisp. The only thing left from the Corvette was a twisted frame and some remains of the wheels. Since his barn was still insured, he thought he could get some money from the twisted Vette wreck. So he gave me my cash and I lost my first chance at

owning/driving a Corvette Stingray.

Later that summer, I did purchase another '66 Impala in hopes that I could get enough good parts from the two of them to make one decent looking car. That never happened, but that is another story...

I finally did own a 'Vette. Shortly after College, I went out and bought my first 'Brand NEW' car. It was a 'Vette. Unfortunately, it was not a Corvette, but a Chevette...

---

## **It's a love/hate relationship**

I've often wondered about the time change we go through. Why change the clocks for part of the year so it stays lighter longer in the evening. This really does nothing to the amount of light we actually received during the day, just how much we are awake for. For me, I wouldn't mind if they just kept the time the same all year round.

I like the fact that I have a little more daylight to do somethings after work, but my astronomy hobby doesn't like the fact that it takes so long to get dark. I sometimes like not having to drive into the sunrise in the morning, but give it a few weeks and I'll be driving into the sunrise a second time this year. That actually makes 4 times a year that the sun is coming in so lo that the visor doesn't help, too bright for no sunglasses, but not bright enough for my dark pair. I don't want to miss the deer that like the dawn to move from place to place.

And I often wonder, why am I more tired during this week. Getting up an hour earlier? I don't get any less sleep, but then again I don't get anymore. But I get tired earlier too.

Is it all in my head? Probably that is it. That is where all my sleep problems lie.

So, until next November we have daylight savings. I know it never saved me any daylight. I get up when I please, or when the alarm rings, and stay up until all hours. Heck, I work most of the sunlight away anyway, in my dark windowless cubical...

---

## Let's go boys. Can we do it?

How dare you challenge me? ☐ You should blog about that.

No problem, Piece of cake... piece of CRUMB cake! People just don't understand what is involved in this. This an art-form! My mind is a raging torrent, flooded with rivulets of thought cascading into a waterfall of creative alternatives.

Is there a point to this? Do you believe in love at first sight? Or have you ever, like, seen somebody? And you knew that, if only that person *\*really\** knew you, they would, well, they would of course dump the perfect model that they were with, and realize that YOU were the one that they wanted to, just, grow old with. So that's, like, a metaphor? Not if you pay attention.

So how does it happen, great love? Nobody knows... but what I can tell you is that it happens in the blink of an eye. One moment you're enjoying your life, and the next you're wondering how you ever lived without them. I don't know if that amounts to insanity. I had it great and perfect for a while. You know, I had a dream. And it was wonderful. Well, it was a million tiny little things that, when you added them all up, they meant we were suppose to be together... and I knew it.

I knew it the very first time I touched her. It was like coming home... only to no home I'd ever known... I was just taking her hand to help her out of a car and I knew. It was like... magic. Who could ask for anything more?

---

## **Ch . . Ch . . Changes... .**

Hmmm, do you see the changes around you? Do they make you stop and think a bit? What to do?

Spring is a season of major change, and we are now in the first inklings of Spring. The weather seems to be getting warming. Rain is falling instead of snow. The ice and snow is melting. What to see?

I'm getting older, my children are getting older and our lives are changing. Our relationships are not what they were last year at this time. Things may or may not have gone the way we wanted. Change is there. Who do I love?

Change is all around us. Do you see the change? What changes will you make because of those changes?

---

## **Been deep in thought**

I often wonder if I will ever get lost in my thoughts and not be able to find the way out. I tend to think about some strange things when I should be getting some sleep. I have a feeling that this is the main cause of all my sleep problems. I just can't turn my brain off long enough for sleep to come

easily. I tend to stay away until I can no longer function.

Maybe my body clock doesn't conform with the standard 24 hour day. Maybe I'm really a night person and should be working a 2nd or 3rd shift job. Maybe I just think too much. Hmmm I need to think on this.

I've worked both 2nd and 3rd shift jobs, but I had the same problem with sleeping. I never seemed to get enough until the days I had off. Sleeping late wasn't what I intended to do, but I slept late because that gave me my 8 or 9 hours of sleep.

I've been involved in a sleep study, but never one that would allow me to 'set' my body's clock. I think that may be an interesting study. I don't think I would mind finding that out. That could explain the times I feel like sleeping and those times that I don't. I'll have to keep that in mind if I ever see that sort of study in the area.

And of course I could think too much. The various ramblings on this blog and other places tend to show I have a lot on my mind. I could talk about all subjects, but there are a couple that I stay away from just because I really don't want any conflict on this blog. Maybe I should start another blog or two under other assumed names for controversial subjects. Now that may be able to clear a thought or two from my mind to let me sleep.

---

## **When things calm down, ...**

...what do you do? Someday I would like to know the answer to that question. Me, I'm simply avoiding all the stuff I need to do. I'm sure that puts my ability to get to that answer a day

or two behind, but it is what I want to do now.

Maybe that is the answer. Things don't have to be calm to find that time to do what you would do when they were calm. Doing them when life is hectic is the exact time to do them. Yes, finish those things that are a priority. Pay the bills, feed the family, get the things that must be done out of the way. And then for a minute, an hour, a day, or weeks even, do what you would do when things are calm. Relax, enjoy and recharge yourself.

For years, I've held back on taking time away from a perceived 'must do' list and didn't do some things I would have wanted to. That put me to a point where I was not doing things that I should have done. So some time in the near future, I will schedule some time for me.

I may use this to do some things around here that I should have done years ago. I may do things that would just be relaxing. But it will be what I want to do. I'll let you know when I force things to calm down. Then I will know what I would do...

---

## **Wow was that a long day**

I had to make a trip to Columbus, Ohio for work today. So the day started out extra early and involved a 3+ hour drive this morning. I started out at 4:50 am to get to the State Capitol between 8:00 and 9:00. The drive was so much fun after getting just 4 hours of sleep last night. I went to bed early but woke up 2 hours later and had trouble getting back to sleep. Warm milk and stuff added does nothing for me.

7 hours of meetings later, and I'm on my way home. Just pulled



in and got settled. I don't think I want to drive anywhere for a while. The day was too long.

I did see lots of deer today included the 5 that thought the road would be a good place to stand just after sunset. I now know that my truck still has good breaks and my reaction time isn't too shabby. Just one more thing that added to the length of the day. I'm just waiting for the next 'thing' to happen. Maybe I should go to bed before it occurs.. Naah, it will still happen.

Good night folks.

---

## **It is fairly early on a Friday night**

My body is now telling me it is very tired. I'm going to hope that going to bed now, I will get a full night's sleep. If I wake up too early, I have the milk and vanilla to heat up. That was it wasn't it? Nutmeg, cinnamon?

Now I lay me down to sleep, but forgot to wash my dirty feet. If I die before I wake, I pray they Lord my soul to take. Please don't send me to the pits of hell, because of the way my feet still smell. Good night all, an early Friday night after a long week...