

Haven't We Been Down This Road Before?

Seems funny as of late that whenever my little berg is mentioned in the news it is not the most optimistic of moments. We are still in the throes of cleaning up the remains of the [town hall](#) which was devastated by a "microburst" a little more than a month ago. Today, another quick storm passed through and wrecked more havoc. Around 11.30 at the construction site for the new K-6 grade addition to our high school, an 18 year-old worker lost his life when a section of unfinished wall collapsed and crushed him.

Living about a block away from the site, we heard police, fire, and EMS sirens blaring and thought "here we go again."

Voices imploring... "Get those candles lit!" "Get the flashlights out!" Phooey... it is daylight out. My dad went down the street to get the grandkids (age 15 and 9) from the trailer and informed us what the sirens were all about.

Of course, talk at work revolved around the tragedy. News crews from Toledo and Ft. Wayne as well as representatives from OSHA all converged on our little community.

[Link to news video and story](#)

Strange that the crew reportedly knew that something was brewing but continued to work on.

May the young man's family find solace in Him from this day's horrific events.

Don't I get half?

I was driving along one of the back roads of NW Ohio yesterday minding my own business. Of course I was looking for the deer that will run out of the fields as soon as the harvest starts, but I didn't see any of those. Now in the normal course of driving one usually expects to have their own side of the road. For some strange reason the driver of a grain filled semi decided he needed to drive down the center line. There was plenty of room for him on his normal side, seeing that I only had to get my passenger side tires in the grass when he flew by. As Maxwell Smart says, "He missed me by 'this' much". The 'this' happened to be about 2 feet at most. Not an enjoyable experience at all.

So after sitting on the side of the road for about 1/2 an hour or so, I continued my drive to see my daughter. I really was hoping that I could relax enough to enjoy the evening and then maybe drive home. As noted in my last post, I was able to relax.

In my years of driving, I've only had a few close calls. Each one affected me in the same manner. My nerves were a tangled mess for at least an hour or two. Only one of the close calls was my fault, and my reaction to it kept me from repeating my mistake. Now I am talking about life/death close calls, I've had my share of little fender benders, but the big ones scare me. And there I was taking the back roads hoping to avoid the traffic on the more populated routes.

Well, today there are three drivers that avoided a major accident, because of the alert action of two drivers (me and the guy following me). I wonder if the truck driver even saw us. I doubt it, since he kept right on truckin'.

So, I guess I'm just saying, "It is great to be blogging today, heck it is great to be doing anything today."

Drive safe.

Home and kind of in the dark...

I was scheduled to go to my sister's for a family Christmas dinner/gift exchange. Unfortunately, I am unable to go. I had the unfortunate luck to hit a deer on my way to work. I'm very sorry for the deer I hit, and my poor truck. While it is still drivable, there are some problems.

The inspection by the Highway patrol went fine, the insurance was no problem at all. This was the good part of the day

The passenger side head lights are out. The driver side seems to come and go. So no driving at night. So now I am sitting at home, and not going out.

There was also a game night scheduled at some good friends. After getting home, even with good lights, I found our back county roads very, very dangerous. I was slipping and sliding at 20 miles per hour and less. The rain that fell during the day made the road worse than they were this morning.

So here I am, sitting at home and blogging away...

Sigh...

I'm The Only One Professional Enough...

"...in this room, that I know of, to carry this force." says the DEA agent teaching a class on gun safety seconds before he *shoots himself in the foot!* Seriously, this really happened, and it's kind of funny. Well, maybe that's the wrong word to use since someone **did** get injured... But admit it, the irony of the situation is tremendously thick. And if *he's* the most qualified person in that room to handle the weapon he accidentally *shot* himself with, how scary is that?!?

I consider it a small miracle that no one was seriously injured. Obviously this guy should not have been teaching this class, and I would bet that he was **not** the only person in the room "professional enough to carry that force". But why was the gun loaded in a classroom in the first place? And why was there at least one little kid in the class? You can see someone carrying her out of the classroom near the end of the video. I don't really know what else to say, so watch it for yourself... and don't worry if you surprise yourself with a chuckle – I don't think it means you're twisted or anything... just a healthy dose of irony. If I was not writing this post so close to bedtime, I would use the opportunity for jokes on puns aplenty about shooting oneself in the foot, putting one's foot in mouth... oh, too easy, but not when I'm this tired! Enjoy, and note how the guy is able to keep his composure and regain control of the classroom, all while being in tremendous pain and presumably bleeding all over the floor – he finally just limps on out of the classroom!

multitude of flashing red lights

Driving to work this morning I saw a large number of flashing red lights in the distance. Due to the number I knew there was an bad accident somewhere along my drive to work. And unfortunately, I was correct. Over 6 emergency vehicles were converging on a spot about 1 1/2 miles from the State Route 34 / State Route 66 intersection. From the looks of a small compact car was hit by an large SUV. Nothing on the crash on any local news yet, so I have no idea if anyone was hurt. Just one more reminder of how many miles I drive in a week. I've seen more than a few accidents on the way to work, and with no small amount of luck can say I've never been in a serious accident myself. I hope to stay on that trend.

Even back when I was learning how to drive, I had a profound respect for the power of an automobile. I learned to drive on a fairly large car ('66 Impala) and for a time owned an early 70's GM Station Wagon (I don't recall if it was the Chevy or Buick model, but it could fit a full 4 x 8 sheet of plywood in the back when the rear seat was down.) I guess I knew what those hunks of metal could do if they hit something. The wagon's ride was so smooth, and the engine so powerful, it would cruise along at 70 before you felt any speed from the thing (unless you hit a curve, the beast always wanted to go straight). I learned to be careful with my speed too. I didn't like seeing those flashing red lights in my rear view mirror.

It was amazing today at the distance I could see the lights this morning. For those who don't know, NW Ohio is flat, very flat. There was no fog this morning and I could see those flashing lights for miles down the road. This afternoon I

guesstimated that I was around 4 to 5 miles away when I first saw them. I've driven in areas where you were lucky to see 2 miles of straight flat roadway. If I had come from the right direction, it could have been much farther. It is amazing how bright those red lights are in the dark.

Now just how did we decide that red lights should be the warning lights. The state of Ohio limits the use of the red lights to Fire and Police, The police may also use blue. I have yet to find any historical references to the use of these lights for emergency use. I will keep looking because my curiosity has been piqued.

The box of eight has been completed...

It's only a dream...

Boy did I have a strange dream last night. Normally, I don't remember them, but this one was long, involved and memorable.

***** Dream cloud surrounding the following narrative.
Comments are in italics *****

I was sitting on the porch of my house and a mid-sized red car comes up the drive. A lady I knew stepped out of the car and asked if I wanted to go someplace with her. She was very sorry for coming out to the house without calling, but really wanted male a companionship for this outing. I was more than willing to go, since I was thinking of asking this lady out for some time. I hadn't been asked out much during my life, and I liked the feeling...

In reality, I have no idea who this woman was and the house porch I was sitting on was my parents' house, and it was sold to my new neighbor almost 5 years ago. Yes, I do like the

feeling of being asked out.

Before I could even step into the house to get my wallet and keys, a LifeFlight helicopter was landing in the front yard. Now I had no idea why they were coming here, and the life flight nurse was sure that this was the place to pick up the an emergency patient. I tried to explain that the only two people there were the two they saw now. Then a school bus comes barreling through the woods, not on the road, but right through the woods, and over the swamp. This is when I told the LifeFlight crew that this must be the person/people they were waiting for. While talking to the crew, the school bus turned into a tanker truck. Helping the people out of the tanker and unto the copter took so much time that my date and I were too late to go to her function. So we made plans to get together at a later date.

Ok, this just happened very quickly in the dream. The lady in question (I sure wish I would have had a name associated with this dream.) The next section of the dream occurred in the blink of an eye.

I was sitting at a table of a park lodge with the lady of my dreams (*I like the way that sounds!*) and someone fell off a speed boat on the lake in view from the lodge. Leaving my date behind I run and swim out to rescue the person. Coming back into the lodge, I ran into my father-in-law. He was giving me a thumbs up sign on my date. I then went into a restroom (straight out of a Harry Potter Movie) to change my wet clothes. My brother-in-law came into the restroom to make sure I put on the suit he brought me. He wanted to make sure I was ready for the wedding. What wedding, I was here on a date?? Anyway, I get dressed and step out of the restroom to tell my date about the wedding. Instead of finding my date, I find my late wife. She said "Hurry up, we can't miss this wedding." I'm going, "Wait, you aren't supposed to be here, you died years ago." She said, "I know that silly, I just couldn't miss this wedding. Come on, let's go." I said I had to explain it

to my date. My wife said that this was already taken care of. Me, I'm wondering how she took that.

The gorilla ushers took my bag (*where did that come from?*) and we took our seats. The wedding was over before it even began *Yes, this was surreal. Even in the dream it had a feeling of weirdness. I'm not sure who the wedding was for, but all but 1 daughter was in the dream.*

After the wedding, my dear wife said she had to be going. I wanted her to wait, but her time was at an end. Then I went looking for my bag. (*Why not the date?*) I couldn't find the gorilla who took it. In fact I couldn't find any of the gorillas. The girl at the lobby desk told me she would go through the security tapes to find the gorilla that took my bag. I was watching it with her and saw the part where I came out of the restroom. I saw me talking, but I was talking to nobody. My wife was not in the video. Then I remember my date. Did she know why I was gone, did I ruin another date? I find my date, and she was still waiting for me. I told I was sorry for being gone so long, and she said it was no problem. She had a nice talk with some lady who told me I had to be at a wedding at the lodge. She was told I was surprised and didn't know about the wedding. Hmm, how did that work out. She then said a gorilla gave her my bag.

***** Here the dream ends.... *****

I'm not what was going on in this dream, but after telling it to my youngest, she reminded me of a dream I had a bit ago. In that dream I had a date with a raven haired psychic. This lady in my dreams, also had raven hair, but I don't recall the face of either lady. Hmm.... But then again, I've always liked dark haired women. Just a weird dream I remembered today.