

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.

Phase one completed

Yes, phase one of my getting back into running a regular role playing game has been completed. The group will comeback for more and maybe even complete the journey. I had a wonderful time. My dice rolling was poor, but that helped the group survive for one more day.

This has been a nice weekend. I got to spend some time with my youngest daughter. We were able to tackle our little corgi and get his nails trimmed. He never likes that, so it is an adventure every time. Maybe next week he can have a bath. I don't think he minds that nearly as much, but he is 27 lbs of compact muscle.

Lots of fun this weekend...

Puzzling The Night Away

Our 3-year-old Disney is really good at puzzles. Last night, she tried her first 63-piece puzzle, but she didn't quite finish it:



She got a pretty good start – that puzzle is particularly difficult. We were all enjoying a wonderfully peaceful evening since our little 5-year-old instigator had her first sleepover at a friend's house. She had a great time, and when she returned home today, the conflicts between siblings resumed immediately. There's always one in every bunch, I guess ☐

And today's lesson in everyday life: Coffee can dye a black dog brown. Don't ask me how I know that, but it was quite a mess.

Just watched a little football

I took my two youngest daughters to lunch today, and then scampered back home to allow my youngest to get her stuff together to head back to school. On the way to Fort Wayne, we stopped in Hicksville to see a play Jamiahsh was in. About 10 minutes into the play, I mentioned to my daughter that I was guessing Jamiahsh's character would be the murder victim. Not just because he was annoying the 'director', but because, these shows are predictable. At least to some extent. I will admit that I didn't get the 'real' murderer. A very fun performance.

Then off to Fort Wayne with a stop at a Walmart to get pictures developed and some scrap booking supplies. That took some time this evening. A rather late dinner and I got my daughter back to school some time after 8:00pm. Then the hour drive back home.

When I got here, I decided to relax and watch the end of Sunday Night Football. By the time I started watching, the game was just about over and it was only halfway through the 3rd period. At least during the game I did find out that most of the teams for the league championship series have been decided. Only the Phillies and Rockies need to complete their series. And they had a snow out... I think some cities should have domed stadiums (or more exactly retractable domes) if they start competing in October/November. Sometimes it is just too cold for baseball.

I also heard that the Bears won, so we should see another Whatever post... ☐

Boys Are Gross!

It's becoming clear to me why little girls think little boys are gross. They have a point – little boys ARE gross. Case in point: my almost 15-month-old **boy** was playing on the stairs today. When I went to retrieve him, he had taken half of his diaper off, and... well, I really don't want to get too technical or disgustingly detailed, so let's just say that he had gone #2 in his diaper and that it was a precarious situation and made for a difficult maneuver to get him off the stairs and cleaned up without spreading the mess. Leave it to the boy...

Not going to comment on my now 5-year-old daughter's 'painting with poop phase' she had when she was a toddler – that was far worse, but just a phase. Our boy seems to live to get into things he's not supposed to, whether it be splashing in the dog's water bowl, dumping the dog's food (he does each of these activities 2-3 times a day!), wanting to play with wires, throwing food, smearing food, squeezing food in his fist, dumping drinks, playing in the toilet, the list goes on... **BOYS!**

Countdown to Saturday – Tuesday already?

And we still need the bloody scissors... (that's the British use of bloody.) I was able to find a very expensive stethoscope, but the 5 1/2 inch Lister bandage scissors are not available

locally. If I knew they would get here on time, I would order them online, but I didn't think of that sooner. These should be available at the school before classes start. I hope so. I still have one or two places to check, but the time is limited.

Scrubs are still in transit (as far as I know). I hope they get in soon too. I would like to make sure everything is in place.

Other than getting all the ducks in a row, things are moving along. The countdown continues...

Pictures of Brides

And their dad



Check out the bare feet.



Or the knees...



Or the Alligator... Oops can't see it in this picture.

The newest bride's favorite tie is not your standard wedding fashion.



No time to upload and there are many more.

Thoughts on Daughters and Weddings

In some ways I can't believe my third daughter was married this weekend. I'm still in a bit of shock when I think of my

older daughters being married. Is this the way of it for fathers?

My job was to walk my daughter down the aisle. Her job was to look beautiful. She didn't trip over my feet, and she was lovely. Both tasks accomplished.

I was able to visit with some family I don't often see. Some of my daughter's (and by extension, my) new family. And of course my daughter made me dance. All of my daughters think it is their duty to get dear old dad to shuffle around a dance floor. They never can get it in their heads that dad doesn't dance. Oh well, I just use it for some time to talk to my daughters before they run off with their new husbands.

After the reception, I was able to meet with some friends from year gone by. My dear daughter's cake was made by the same people who ran the coffee shop I talk so much about. I enjoyed the cake, and talking to friends when they came to pick up the cake plates afterwards.

I will be posting a picture or two from this wedding as soon as I get them uploaded.

3 down 1 to go... But that one can wait for a while.

Late night/early morning

Deep in thought....

My mind goes back to a day in December some 21+ years ago. A few short days before Christmas when a chubby little blond entered my life. Yes at one time she was a bit chubby. Rolls of skin defined her short legs. And the blue eyes smiled from the first. All this and more in a tiny little package.

Her hair today is not as blond. She really can't be called chubby anymore. But the eyes can still smile.

I remember the day she found her first frog. We live in the woods, so it isn't very hard. When she learned to read, she found out as much as she could about the little animals. To this day she is drawn to them.

There were days playing in the mud, while wearing her sister's clothes. Days playing softball while dad coached from the sidelines.

Days being a child, days being a young lady. Days of very little care and days of hardship.

There was Star Wars both movies and books. There was friends, sisters, pets and family. We had shared a time or two on stage. She sang, I listened. There were the clothes from the boys section, there were beautiful dresses.

All of this and more. 21 years don't fit in a few short paragraphs. My beautiful blue eyed girl has spent years growing up. And I am proud of her....

Thoughts on Daughters and Weddings

In some ways I can't believe my third daughter will be getting married this weekend. I'm still in a bit of shock when I think of my older daughters being married. Is this the way of it for fathers?

My only job is to walk my daughter down the aisle. Maybe a dance or more. One never knows with daughters.

I wasn't ready to handle my daughters getting married. I was even less ready being a widower. 3 weddings in just over 3 years, the emotions don't get easier.

Hopefully the youngest won't get married in the next year. I'm not sure I can handle 4 weddings in 4 years. I know she doesn't have a boyfriend yet, but stranger things have happened. I think it runs in the family.

This wedding is a little different than the last two. It starts inside for the wedding and moves outside for the reception. The last two weddings were outside and moved inside for the reception. Having any part of a wedding outside was new to me. When I got married it was below zero all day. You get that in January. I guess that's why my daughters have spring/summer weddings.

We had birds, chipmunks, squirrels, alligators at the other two weddings, I wonder what kind of wildlife will show up for this one.

Weather looks good for Saturday. Will my daughters be 3 for 3 on good weather? I certainly hope so.

It will be the first time that all 4 daughters have been together since the last wedding. Great times. I really enjoy my family.

More later???