

I've said, many times, no weddings or funerals on Tuesdays or Thursdays...



So tomorrow morning, Thursday, when I'm usually heading up Kings via the park, I'll be doing what I said I'd not do. Driving in a car to Dixon, where my mom's husband will be buried.

Just so you know, I've discussed this with my wife today, this final resting place thing. I don't know why it became an emotional thing for me. Previously I'd told my wife (and anybody else who'd listen) that I wanted to be cremated and have my ashes spread over Sonora Pass in the Sierras. I can't remember her previous wishes for herself, but I asked if she might consider a change of plans. That whomever goes first "waits" for the other, and our remains mixed together.

I don't really care if our physical remains spend the rest of eternity in an urn in a vault or scattered over the sea like my dad was. I just care that it's with Karen, my love, my wife.