

Jeff N is right; I've got to get back to this



I think I was doing better before this pair of cats adopted me. Back in the day, I was 100% a dog person, little room in my life for cats. Not exactly sure what happened to change that. I used to find time to carve out space for almost-daily diary entries on a regular basis. It was a whole lot cheaper than therapy, and one of those constants in my life, kind of like coffee in the morning and keeping my wife warm in bed. I think it was about 5 years ago, when a significant disruption came into my life from 45+ years ago (and no, it's not a kid I didn't know about) and I started spending my evenings differently at home, spending time after dinner cleaning the kitchen, watching dumb shows on Netflix with my wife, and kind of wondering what life was supposed to be like at an age where many of my friends have already retired.

That whole thing of re-evaluating everything in your world and trying to make more time for the important stuff. Thing is, that stuff you thought was important before, that you started to move away from... the re-prioritization... you've got to be careful because you might find some of those things you abandoned were more important than you thought.

In a nutshell, I let quick bites on Facebook take the place of longer, thoughtful posts here. Not that my thoughts are important to anyone else, but taking there's a bit difference between having a quick thought and posting it on Facebook, to see if it sinks or swims, and putting something here, where it's going to sit for eternity and better represent my ongoing thoughts and state of mind.

If I think about how long it's been between diary entries, I feel bad. When I get out of the habit, it's easy to just add another day without posting, figuring what difference does it make if it's two weeks or two weeks plus three days. Who knows how long it might have stretched if Jeff N hadn't come into the store and mentioned it. I had no idea he read it. For some reason, that hit me pretty hard.

So I'm going to try and get back to a regular schedule again, and somehow get past the easy way you can post on Facebook vs WordPress. I need to take the time to actually think about things.

And what am I thinking about right now, sitting in a United Club Lounge in Denver, en route to Europe with Karen (my wife of 45 years)? There's a little bit of that Talking Heads thing-

And you may find yourself living in a shotgun shack
And you may find yourself in another part of the world
And you may find yourself behind the wheel of a large automobile
And you may find yourself in a beautiful house, with a beautiful wife
And you may ask yourself, "Well, how did I get here?"

I've never lived in that shotgun shack (something I'd not understood if not for the Showtime TV show "Your Honor" about a corrupt Louisiana judge, describing a type of house where the front and rear doors are connected by a long hall, allowing a shotgun to shoot literally through the length of the house). I have found myself in other parts of the world, but always with intention, never the "how

did I get here" thing. Large automobile? That's one part of the American Dream that never got to me; I didn't get a driver's license until I was 18. The beautiful house... well, it's in need of some repair these days, but still have the beautiful wife.

The beautiful wife thing- beautiful wives are known for being high-maintenance, and I've certainly experienced the conventional side of that, but now, with her being Stage IV cancer, there's a whole 'nother side to that coin, but it's not a chore, it's not duty... it's what I'm here for.

Still not sure how I got here though!