

Evenings alone

Over the past few years, I've become quite comfortable spending time by myself. I found out, with all that time, I really do like me. I'm easy company. I don't ask for much and don't need a lot of attention. A good book, good movie, good music, some computer time, a warm house and full belly is all I needed to be comfortable. It was much different than my life as a husband and father.

Even in that time alone, I found I did miss the human contact. I missed having someone to share my life with. More than just the companionship of close friends, I missed someone I could share the many aspects of life. It is a comfort to know I can share my joys, tears and just about every little bit of fluff I encounter with someone again. I will never under estimate the importance of idle chit-chat with another person. That sort of thing makes the world a wonderful place to live.

Due to schedules, there are evenings I spend by myself. That 'down time' is something I found I need. I need to keep in touch with the person I am. Even if I am doing the same things I would do other evenings, this time for self is also important to my well being. I had that before, but I never really saw the worth of it. Time alone is a relaxing 'tune up' for my mind and heart. It makes me easier for me to get along with others.

This time also gives me a chance to think about where I will be going with this blog. As said, the original reason for the blog has been pushed to one of the safe places. With luck, it will be a place I don't need to look for again. Life is good, and I am a comfortable, happy camper.

So anyway on a few of these evenings on my own, I will be putting my fingers to the keyboard again, and sharing part of what I'm doing with any readers I have.

One final note for this evening...

Quick evening meal

Boneless Chicken breasts

Vegetables

Chicken stock thickened

Rice or Noodles or Bread

I wanted a quick meal this evening, and threw the above ingredients together. I guess it would be about one medium chicken breast per person with about 1 and 1/2 cups of vegetables cut into bite size pieces. I browned the chicken while I was cutting the veggies. After the chicken had browned, I removed it to cut into bite size pieces while cooking the veggies in about 1/4 to 1/2 cup thickened chicken stock (I could have some cream soup, but I had the stock). The veggies I had were broccoli, cauliflower and mushrooms, but it could be whatever you have on hand. I then added the cooked chicken and simmered for about 5 minutes. I served this over a slice of homemade bread.

Total cooking time 1/2 hour. 1 pan, one knife, one cutting board and one wooden spoon were used in preparation tonight. Minimal time, minimal mess ... just what I want when I cook a meal.

Different Directions

It is strange how life takes many twists and turns. Just a few short years ago, was it really over 8, I was very happy. I had everything I ever thought I needed. Events changed that happiness. After that time, I had happy moments, but not

really a happy life. Everything was tinged in a bit of grey. It seemed the color in my life was gone. I wasn't sure how long that situation would last, and I really didn't care.

Things did change over time. The happy moments became more frequent and the grey periods less dark. I was open to new things. This blog was a very instrumental part of my coming back to the world, so to speak. In it I opened my own mind to living again.

It is interesting to me to see the changes in me. I actually started looking for a way to get out and see the world again. I was surprised that during the searching, I actually found a world out there.

Through the various blog posts I opened my heart and soul to electronic world. I am glad I did, but that part of this blog has come to an end. I found that in sharing here, I was able to share in the real world. Fascinating that it turned out this way.

With less to vent about, I think I need a different direction. I have a story or two developing in my head, they may need a place to go. This blog may or may not be the spot for them. I have many other interests that I only touched on here, I may go back and visit them. There are other parts of my life vying for my attention, they do come first.

In the few years I've been blogging, I had 3 of 4 daughters leave high school and graduate from college (the oldest was already out on her own when I started blogging) 3 of 4 daughters were married (youngest is still single). And 3 out of 4 daughters blessed me with grandchildren. I have a busy life indeed. I met someone very special and I guess you could say I'm building a new life too. That adds to my time away from blogging.

I will be back. I guess you can look forward to more recipes, thoughts on astronomy, computers, and other things of science.

I may even post a political piece or two when I really get tired of the election year.

Here is to starting on a different path....

It has been a long time.

I guess it has been a while since I've posted anything here. I guess I've been a bit lax at keeping up anything resembling a blog. Life has been a bit busy recently.

Life seems to get in the way of my random thinking. I guess that right now my original purpose for writing this blog has not been needed. My mind doesn't seem to require a weekly emptying. So I guess I will be taking this blog in a new direction. As soon as I figure out exactly what that direction is, I will continue to blog.

I will keep you posted...

all about friends

I've been thinking recently about friends and friendship. I value my friends and value my close friends highly. If it is within my abilities, there isn't much I wouldn't do for a friend. Now there are some questionable activities that I won't consider, but if asked for, or needed, I try to be there for my friends.

I have a few very close friends, a few close friends and then

there are friends that I think I should get to know better. Generally, once I decide someone is a friend, to me they will always be my friend. The only consideration, is how close of a friend are they.

I've often wondered how others make the determination of a close friend, but I know how I do it. Should be obvious that a person should know how they determine who is a friend and who isn't, but in the age of a Facebook, friends seem to be something to count instead of count on.

My friends are people I trust. I trust them with my secrets, I trust them with my children, I trust them with me. How much trust I give, depends on how trustworthy I deem a person to be. This can change over time, but when the trust is lost, it is difficult to regain.

I wrote something on Facebook that I think is appropriate for this post.

We never really know the depth of our friendships, until we trust our friends when we are in something really deep.

I was going to say "when we are in deep shit.", but that didn't sound as philosophical to me. So my thoughts were already in the trust area weren't they?

And today I wrote

A friend will stand with you when others are against you. A real friend will know what to do with the bodies.

Not really a realistic statement for most people, but in the humor lies the real depths that friendship can take. A friend isn't always trying to stay on your good side, but they should be willing to have your back, even when you are wrong. If you are wrong, expect them to kick your backside when it needs it. That is one of the true marks of friendship.

The path that was taken

I've developed a sense of gratitude for facebook. I started using it just to make contact with my children, but I've noticed that there are times it puts me in a thoughtful mood.

Case in point, a question was brought up today: "If you could go back 20 years in your life, would you?".

I've asked myself that question, or one similar many times in my life. I always give it the same answer. I like who I am. I like where I am. My past made me who I am and took me to the where I am. I can't change the past without changing me. So, no thank you. I'll stick to the past that was.

Of course, this is all conjecture. There isn't a way to get to the past. And even if you got there could you be sure the changes you made would be better for you and all involved. I know that I couldn't be sure.

My life has been filled with joy and sadness. I've done some incredibly stupid things, and have had some flashes of brilliance. Without the sadness, the joy would be less intense. Without the mistakes, the good choices would be lost in history. Because of the differences, things stand out. They shine and become things to strive toward. They become part of the greater picture.

I have said that I am the product of my past. My past made me who I am. But the best thing of all is this: If I don't like who I am or where I'm at, I don't need to go back in time to change anything. I can start now and change the person I will be tomorrow.

A haunting we will go.

For years I've enjoyed the simple thrill of various Halloween hauntings. I've been to many haunted houses, cemeteries, theaters, mansions or woods over the years. There was even a time when I was trying to help organize a haunted attraction. This year I've had the pleasure of being one of the haunts.

What can I say, it has been a lot of fun and I get to do it again next week. I will say it is much harder to scare people than I thought. It takes timing and the proper setting. Then there are some people who think it is fun to go through not being scared. It is almost impossible to please them.

I've been through so many haunts that it takes a lot to scare me, I will get startled, but scared takes a bit. But I've always enjoyed myself and recognized the work of the actors. I hope the people going through the haunted forest this year do the same.

Notice something different?

I did too. As soon as I opened my blog this morning, I saw something wasn't quite right. What happened to my sunset? The three column design? I wasn't sure. But I do know it was too early in the morning to investigate. I was set to write about something else, and that is now gone. So much for creative thoughts this morning. Later, I will try to discover what happened to the layout of this little blog site...

Limping along

For the past week I've been limping along on my sore foot. Silly injury caused by yours truly. I'm still hoping that this makes me a bit more careful while doing household chores, but only time will tell.

I had play rehearsal tonight and I limped my way through the paces. I desperately need to get the script out of my hands. Time is moving quickly, and the show will be here before I can blink twice.

It does have the makings of a very good show. I'm looking forward to having an audience. It has been a while since I've felt that way about a show I've been in.

In other areas, things have been changing. Life is getting interesting. I do believe I like the changes. It should be fun.

And one other different thing this September, the Tigers are doing very well. Right now they look to be playoff bound. I'm looking forward to it.

It has been a while, but I wish it had been longer.

I don't usually have the need to visit the local hospitals, especially for myself. As far as an unexpected trip to the hospital, or emergency room has been years. The last time, I

think I was 4. I really dont remember it. So almost 50 years later, I was back for more stitches. Last time was my head, this time my foot. So I've had stitches from top to bottom.

WHAT!! I went to the emergency room? I didn't call my kids? Yes to the first, no to the second. Why not? Why didn't I let anyone know? Well, the first part is that I was hurt. Serious enough to warrant some stitches, but not life or limb threatening. If push had come to shove, I would have been able to drive myself to the hospital. Luckily, I was with someone who could drive. Trip to hospital taken care of.

The emergency room staff were very pleasant and efficient. I was in very good hands. A little clean up, some pain killer, and 4 stitches later, I was out and on my way. My plans for the day were shot, but I will be back to doing what needs to be done soon. I can't really complain.

So after 200 words, I have yet to say exactly what happened. The best I can come up with is that I used tools without the proper equipment. Canvas deck shoes were not made to stop a sharp axe. My foot was able to stop it, but only after suffering some damage. My good work boots would have stopped the blow with ease. After years of working with tools, I failed to follow the simplest of rules. Dress properly. Be prepared for those accidents. Use the proper safety gear. Hmm, you would think I didn't know any better. I guess even at my age, one can live and learn. At least I hope I can.

They missed the wolfbane...

Even a man who is pure in heart and says his prayers by night, may become a wolf when the wolfbane blooms and the autumn moon is bright.

Finally saw the latest Wolfman movie. I know it was a disaster in the box office and critics generally disliked it, but I found it to be an enjoyable romp in the werewolf legends.

While it was different than the 1941 original, the writers gave us a good story. Some tension, some mystery and excellent performances from all the lead actors. I enjoyed the film craft of the movie as it harkened back to that 1941 original.

I would recommend this movie to any fans of the horror movies of the 30's and 40's. A wonderful way to spend an evening with someone.