

Now I need a new back

For the second time in 3 weeks my back decided to go out on me. The first time was just getting out of bed. The second time was while trying to clean up after the dog. Nothing very strenuous, I just happened to move the wrong way. The second time only allowed me to sit for 15 minutes or so at a time. I must find everywhere I sit that promotes bad posture and get rid of it. I'm thinking the first place is my chair at work. I spend a majority of my time in that chair and I think it may be part of my current back situation. Now all I have to do is find a good office chair.

Any suggestions?

Are we sure they aren't children.

***** Warning Political Post *****

The House vote on the health care bill took place Sunday. On a Sunday??? Why? Couldn't it wait until Monday? I'm not sure what I think of the bill itself. I don't have the time or inclination to read 2000+ pages of political mumbo jumbo. If a bill is 2000+ pages most of it is mumbo jumbo. I'm sure most of OUR representatives did not read it either. I don't care what your political leanings are, I really don't care what you think mine are. I do think the the people we voted to be in charge of our government really let us down on this bill.

Throughout the whole process, it was like children playing on a playground. "I have the ball, so we will play my way." "We

won't play your game, you can play with those kids." "I'll play my game when I get all the people to play my game." "We won't let you play your game." "Your game stinks!!" "You don't even have a game." "Yes we do, but you won't listen to the rules."

They fuss, they fight and then in what seems like the dead of night (weekends are usually slow for news). They get together and play. Things were done in back rooms so nobody could see what was going on. Things were promised so that others would play nice. Threaten, cajole or bribe your playmates so they play your game. Sounds more like children to me everyday. When are the people in Washington going to grow up. And when will the voters learn not to send children to do an adults job.

I wonder who got out the scissors to cut somebodys hair...

Things that turn back the clock

Many years ago, my wife worked at a pet shop in our little town. A friend of ours owned it and needed help keeping the animals fed and cages clean. It was a little shop and tended to have fish, mice, rats and some more exotic pets. My wife found a cute little grey furball. It was a chinchilla. That first chinchilla was brought home and given the name Jimmy. He would sit on her shoulder, under her hair with just his nose poking out most of the time. A very clean and personable pet. Over the years many other chinchillas made it into our house. Some were welcomed because of their specific colors, some because they were 'rescue' chinchillas. Homes that could or would not take care of the animals, those animals were cared

for here.

Fast forward to 2003. My lovely wife died, and my daughters and I are left with over a dozen chinchillas. Some most were older, but there were still a few youngsters. Over the last few years, I gave a couple away to friends. Others made it through there lives and died. The last few are all over eight years old and they are coming to the end of their lives too. Chinchillas can live to be over 20, I'm almost sure one of ours was close to that, but we never really knew how old she was. Most die after 10-12 years of life. Today, another little chinchilla passed on. Another connection to my wife is gone.

My wife and my youngest daughters could tell you the names of almost every chin. I'm taking nothing away from my oldest, but she had been on her own during the last few chinchilla arrivals. Me, I remembered just a few of the names. Those chinchillas have been gone for some time now. I didn't remember the names of the remaining 4. I just know the color and location.

So a little beige chinchilla is not with me anymore. And memories of other chinchillas and how my wife loved the little animals flood my mind. Funny how things turn the clock backwards.

Officially Spring In NW Ohio

I really don't care what the calendar says, as I've stated before I look for my own signs of spring. I've been waiting and waiting for the final signs of spring to occur and today I saw the last one. I saw ducks swimming around in flooded fields of NW Ohio. Not in a pond, river or lake, but in a place that corn or soybeans will be planted in a few short

weeks. What could say spring more than the quack of a duck?

Well, I've heard the call of the frogs from the creeks, ponds and swamps of the area. I've seen the buzzards circling over the highways and fields. Possums and skunks seem to have more time to move about. Buds are starting to appear on some trees. There have been a few crocuses blooming. And of course I've seen the first snake of the spring. What could say spring more than the hiss of a snake?

OH yeah, I saw a robin...

I actually went out to fix the mailbox

Sadly it is only temporary. Continued from a previous post...

The mailbox I have it a hollow plastic post attached to a piece of steel angle iron driven into the ground. Usually, this time of year, I just have to remove the plastic post and re-drive the angle iron. Packing the area with stone is always helpful. The freeze and thaw cycles, plus the push from the snow plows just seem to loosen up the area and the mailbox. Always a spring chore, but usually one that doesn't take too long.

Not this year. The angle iron was bent at about a 40 degree angle. The plastic post was split 1/4 of the way up. So I had to get a new post. I bought the same kind, so that I could keep my current mailbox. And then I found out the bad news. The angle iron was replaced with a wooden stake. The bolt used to attach it was replace with 4 wood screws. The tools needed list on the outside of the box did not include the drill

needed to start the holes for the wood screws or the necessity of both phillips and flat head screw drivers. Hmmm. I have other things to do today, so some of this would have to wait.

I drove the wooden stake in the ground (note self– get a bigger post) and then I attached the old post and mail box with a couple of the wood screws. I'll be back out there the next nice day to drive in a new wood post (treated lumber maybe) and the new mailbox holding plastic post.

Didn't I just have a discussion with friends on buying things that didn't contain the proper tool list? Oh well it should hold up through Monday's mail.

Owning a 'Vette

[Derek's post on driving sports cars around the car lots made me remember my years of wanting a sports car myself.](#)

Back in my youth, I think that was yesterday, I wanted to own a Corvette. Not just any Corvette, but one of the original Stingrays. I liked the 1963 Split Window model, but any of them through 1967 were fine for me. I would have done almost anything to get one of these cars. (almost...)

Then, as luck would have it, in the summer of 1978, I was able to purchase my very first car. It was a 1964 Corvette Stingray. A friend of mine (work associate??) was getting rid of his old Corvette and was selling it cheap. My first reaction when I heard the price was disbelief, and then the question came up: "WHY???" It seems that he had a bit of trouble with the car. One was really high insurance cost, and another was that he lost his license after getting too many speeding tickets. He could not drive the car. The third and

most important thing was that, while getting his last speeding ticket, he blew up the engine. Yes, I did say blow up. Pieces of it went through the front hood. Now at that time, I had a '66 Chevy Impala. The small block V8 in that car was a perfect fit for the engine compartment of the '63 'Vette. Not the same displacement, but it would power the car until I could get another engine.

Money paid, we had to wait until Monday to transfer the title, and for me to get a trailer to tow the beast home.. All was right with the world until that next Monday. The look on my friend's face said a lot. Somehow the deal just wasn't going to happen. He gave me back all my cash and told me a very sad story. That weekend, he was in his barn fixing up the holes the engine pieces put in the hood. He had said he was going to do some of this, so it wasn't unexpected. Through some stroke of ill luck, or spontaneous combustion of chemical soaked rags, his barn and all of the things inside burnt to a crisp. The only thing left from the Corvette was a twisted frame and some remains of the wheels. Since his barn was still insured, he thought he could get some money from the twisted Vette wreck. So he gave me my cash and I lost my first chance at owning/driving a Corvette Stingray.

Later that summer, I did purchase another '66 Impala in hopes that I could get enough good parts from the two of them to make one decent looking car. That never happened, but that is another story...

I finally did own a 'Vette. Shortly after College, I went out and bought my first 'Brand NEW' car. It was a 'Vette. Unfortunately, it was not a Corvette, but a Chevette...

Fixing the mailbox

It seems like every winter I need to fix the mailbox. The force of the plowed snow seems to bend it backwards and loosen the very stone it is set in. I realize that I could have gotten one that needed a 4×4 post to set it up, but I settled for one that allowed a spike to be driven into the ground. For a couple of years it worked too. But after it got pushed back during one heavy snow fall, it was never the same.

I guess I should see if there are any new improvements to the mailbox selection. I'm not really set on getting one that needs a big post. I've seen too many of those not move and have the whole mailbox destroyed by the plowed snow. Hmm... This year, I think I will just get a fencepost and drive it into the ground next to my old box. I can then attach my mailbox to this new post. It may not last forever, but maybe it will last until next winter. I guess I really need to wait until the ground is completely thawed out don't I. That is good news, one less thing I have to worry about today. ☐

Just Lucky I guess?

Today was a day to realize that I have a wonderful family, very good friends and life, while not perfect, isn't too bad.

Over the years, I've had quite a few rough times. Some worse than others, but most of them were "the worst that could happen" when they occurred. During all of those times, I've been lucky to have a wonderful safety net. That net included the above mentioned people.

So on this St Patty's Day, I leave those in my safety net this

thought.

May you have warm words on a cold evening, A full moon on a dark night, And the road downhill all the way to your door.

It's a love/hate relationship

I've often wondered about the time change we go through. Why change the clocks for part of the year so it stays lighter longer in the evening. This really does nothing to the amount of light we actually received during the day, just how much we are awake for. For me, I wouldn't mind if they just kept the time the same all year round.

I like the fact that I have a little more daylight to do somethings after work, but my astronomy hobby doesn't like the fact that it takes so long to get dark. I sometimes like not having to drive into the sunrise in the morning, but give it a few weeks and I'll be driving into the sunrise a second time this year. That actually makes 4 times a year that the sun is coming in so lo that the visor doesn't help, too bright for no sunglasses, but not bright enough for my dark pair. I don't want to miss the deer that like the dawn to move from place to place.

And I often wonder, why am I more tired during this week. Getting up an hour earlier? I don't get any less sleep, but then again I don't get anymore. But I get tired earlier too. Is it all in my head? Probably that is it. That is where all my sleep problems lie.

So, until next November we have daylight savings. I know it never saved me any daylight. I get up when I please, or when the alarm rings, and stay up until all hours. Heck, I work

most of the sunlight away anyway, in my dark windowless cubical...

Anybody else tired of Census commercials.

***** WARNING POLITICAL RANT INVOLVED *****

I hear at least one everyday on my way to work and it is beginning to bother me. They keep talking about not having funding when things change from year to year. PEOPLE please, the census only occurs every 10 years. It isn't going to make much difference in the year to year running of your community. Are people really that dense that they don't realize this? Do the people in charge of Census advertising think we are that dense? Ok, don't answer that, some people are that dense.

I did get my census form today. Yes, hurry and fill it out for who will be in your house on April 1st. The government really doesn't get it do they. Census on April 1st? Just who is the April Fool?

Today I read that the Census is over budget. 30 second radio spots everyday? Big TV spot during the Superbowl. NO, there is absolutely no way they could be over budget. But then our elected officials have no idea what a budget is. Ya don't spend money when ya don't have it.. ARRG!!

***** Back to your normal non-political blog *****

Just had to get that out Sorry...