

Oh, that's a kick in the pants.

There are times when you think you make a difference. There are times when you realize that you can make a difference. There are also time you think that you will never make a difference. And there are also time when you _KNOW_ that you did make a difference.

Those times when you actually _KNOW_ you made a difference can really affect the way you think and live your life. Now in this, I am assuming that the difference made is a good one, but that is not always the case. Even with that said, those times you _KNOW_ will affect your life.

I feel that, even with different religious/moral beliefs, it is one of our jobs to help those we meet on the life journey. When you actually see the difference you make, it can be a kick in the pants.

Yes, I recently felt that type of situation. It made me feel good and insignificant at the same time. It was also just a little frightening. There is always the possibility that my own little efforts will not help, or worse they will injure. But, those times that have occurred, when I _KNEW_ I helped, are enough to keep me in the game.

Those little kicks in the backside keep me on the right path.

Woke up from a nightmare?

Well, I'm really not sure I would classify it as a nightmare,

but what else? What would you call a dream that had most of the WCCT regulars, Rosanne, the Flintstones (animated), large bats, broken windows, broken down garages, downtown Bryan Ohio, and seedy bars in it? I wasn't frightened but I woke up very confused.

Now I just had to write that down so I could get some sleep. Just contemplating the dream has kept me awake for the last 1/2 hour. Maybe this will help clear the brain for a few better dreams.

Have a good one, and I hope this slight description doesn't keep anyone else awake. I hope to forget the details of the dream by morning, so this is all you should hear about.

Why do I live in the woods?

Back in June I started to post about some wildlife adventure. I never got back to it, but the story was strange enough, so I will keep it in this post.

As I sit here listening to the rain hit the ground outside, I am reminded of all the good things about living in the middle of nowhere. I really like the time I have by myself, and being away from the hubbub of the world is a welcome relief. I'm just sitting here enjoying a peaceful day.

There were turkeys and deer in behind the house this morning. Even the dog's barking did not hurry them on. They kept their pace, eating, smelling and doing whatever those animals do. Like I said, a peaceful day.

The place here is full of memories. Memories of my girls growing up. Memories of family. This is a place of laughter

and tears, it lives.

I've had some problems living in the woods over the years that most people won't see, but they were worth it to me. It is my little place of refuge from the world outside. Yes, I think I could be a hermit, if there was just some way to make a living at it. I don't feel like the hunter/gatherer type. I like a few creature comforts. Heat, food, internet... But the isolation... I could live with that...

The sound of the rain, what a calming affect that has.

I had a little adventure with the local wildlife today. A chipmunk decided that the airfilter on my truck would make a good place to rest. It may have been, but wasn't after I started the engine. Poor little thing. The truck didn't care for it either. Sad for the chipmunk and sad for my wallet. It was quite a bill to get the truck running again. Something I could have done myself, if I had just realized what it was. The sad part about this. It happened before. The last time it was only a nest, no little animals. Same symptoms, same hurt to the wallet. All I can say is I should have known.

A day at the fair

Last Monday, I spend a good portion of the day at the Fulton County Fair. I will have to say that this is a very large county fair. It is also a real county fair, with all of the farm implements, crops and of course animals. There are food merchants galore, but I want to talk about just one of them.

[Let's talk about Bayou Billy](#). A wonderful little establishment that was set up on the grounds of the Fulton County Fair.

Unfortunately, I did not see that little fair listed on the website's event list. Did they just miss it. Will that particular food wagon show up at other sites that may not be on the event list? I really need to know. I may become a food wagon groupie.

Yes, the food was that good. I know one other semi-tangenteer that would like this food too. C – it had some real spicy kick too it. Especially the habanero pepper that was placed on top of my sandwich (by request). I'm going to be looking for more places that they will show up and may make a road trip or two. Yep, it was that good.

I found out from the website that you can order some of their sauces on line. I may have to do that for a game night.

Oh the rest of the fair? I had fun as usual. Played a game or two, but didn't win anything. Shot a bow for the first time in many years. I think I need practice. A great day with family and friends.

Where everybody knows your name.

I don't often mosey into a bar, plunk down my cash and drink a beer or two. In fact, going to bars is generally foreign to me. Before the Ohio smoking ban, I couldn't stand to be in one for more than 30 minutes. But, I occasionally enjoy a quite evening at a local establishment. The reason is quite simple, I know the bartenders. Since we have all been involved with the theater, I've known them for years. I knew them before they tended this specific bar.

Anyway, every once in a while, I will stop, get a bite or two to eat, and enjoy a drink. Then more often than not, I sit with a water while watching Jeopardy. I happened to be there this evening, since after my eye exam, I wanted someplace dark to sit. It started out as a nice quite early evening.

Then one theater person came in, and shortly left. We talked a bit, but he couldn't stick around too long. Then another theater friend came in, and we talked 'shop' for quite a long time. More theater people came by and everyone ordered their dinners.

To me the surroundings seemed like a friendly family dinner. We laughed, sighed and some even shared a song or two. Yes, I was in that place where everyone knew my name. Fun evening.

Now for me, this will never be a weekly event. I still tend to like quieter places. I have been, and probably always will be a 'small group' person. The fewer the people, the more I like it. Yes, that goes down to sitting by myself. I've never had a problem being alone. I guess growing up in a larger family helped me cherish the alone time. Good thing that I honestly like myself. □ From the years I spent with my wife, I learned to like that one on one time. Time to get to understand and know one other person. Time to listen and sometimes to share. Smaller groups allow some of this sharing, as we can all be part of one conversation. Everyone can be included

Larger groups, the conversations scatter in the wind. They tend to break up into those smaller groups. The unfortunate thing is that sometimes people are left out of any of the small groups. And no one seems to notice it. Except those that are left out, and those that choose to remain aloof. This happens in many large gatherings. No known cure, it is human nature. The extroverts have no trouble adapting. The introverts have trouble joining the gathering or like to observe. And then there are those, like me (now), I can join the group, or I can sit on the outside looking in. I have no

trouble joining a group (after many years of theater), but I've always enjoyed watching people.

(I think my randomness tonight is flowing well. I went from a topic of dinner and bars on to personality types.)

Back to the bar...

I was a joiner/observer this evening. I enjoyed my salad (yes, I was slightly healthy tonight, ordered deep fried mushrooms later), my drink and the company. I watched, I listened and I learned a thing or two. I interjected, talked and shared one or two things.

I enjoyed the similarities and shared the differences. I said many time that my theater family helped me in troubled times. I was not troubled today, but the theater family gave me an hour or two of fun. Today was a good day to live.

Now that amuses me.

In a recent trash cleaning of my little blog, I came across two comments with less than positive reactions to my little bits of writing. One would assume that a more positive feedback would allow the post to get included in the blog and therefor allow the additional link posting that they are looking for. Me, I just get rid of things when I don't know where the people are from. At least most of the time. I check the web pages and such when they look almost legitimate.

Yep, I talking about the wonderful spam stuff that gets through the filter. Hmm, do I really need to allow the following.

1) Hey, get your loan here. – on a post about hamburgers.

- 2) Hey, get your loan here. – on a post about theater/movies
- 3) more of the same on posts that have nothing to do with money.
- 4) Hey great post – You need more pictures.
- 5) Interesting post – Looks like you need English lessons or an editor.
- 6) Why do you even write this drivel?
- 7) I like your site, but you need a new template.
- 8) I don't like your site, try my template.
- 9) Try my book on blogging.
- 10) I'm a spammer, accept my comment.

Ok, that last one I really didn't get, but all of the others really seem to say that same thing.

Grump, Grump.

I found it...

But then again, I knew I would. I started to look for a version of "The Hound of the Baskervilles" after watching a very poor version from 1959. As such things go, I found more than what I set out to find. A complete set of Jeremy Brett's Sherlock Holmes stories from the BBC. I remember watching these with great fascination when they were shown on PBS many years ago. In the short time I've watched again, I still think that Mr. Brett gave one of the best performances of the great detective. Great fun this.

I normally do not watch programs of plays I am in. I tend to want to give my own performance as a character, instead of bringing what another actor did at an earlier time. In this case, the character in the play is a bit different than those of the movies.

Movies in their magic, can go more places than we can go on stage. That allows characters to be developed more fully. It is a wonderful thing that we do on stage to bring our characters to life. And I look forward to doing it one more time. Back on stage with one of my favorite characters.

Should be fun...

Change happens, get used to it.

Change is inevitable in life. If we want it or not, change will occur. It is our job in this life to adapt to that change. Those who have trouble adapting to change, seem to have more problems.

I've written multiple times on life's changes. I've written about changes in my life. Daughters moving out, getting married, finishing or starting school. Those are changes.

I've written about the changing seasons and how that affects life in general.

I've even written about changing flat tires

I've come to realize, just recently in fact, that as much as I've written about things changing, at times I was actually fighting to keep things the same. I wanted that sense of stability. That comfort of a routine. Things were changing, but I was getting set in my ways.

Changes are constant. Maybe it is time to flow with them, and not fight them as much. But I can be stubborn. I think that like some mules, it may take a few kicks in the side to get me

out of my comfortable routine.

Hmm, Slow down the roller coaster..

Consider last Thursday. It started out as a completely uneventful day. Work went well and all was right with my little world. Then the evening came and it was rush to the Fort, rush to practice, rush around for pictures. Night fell and that was the first day.

Second day was more rushing around for me. Saturday slowed down a little, and I was able to relax. More rushing on Sunday, More rushing on Monday.

Yes, the past few days seemed like one of those big roller coasters. Up the big hill at a nice slow pace, and then rush down the next hill, quickly around the corner charge up the next hill and repeat. On some large coasters there is that place in the middle where the car gets pulled up again, a slight rest, only to continue on its rush through the hills and curves. Maybe there is a tunnel or two with an unexpected turn or drop. Finally, the train comes to rest in the station.

Now back to my days. It looks as if I might be pulling into the station soon. The train seems to be slowing down a bit. And yet I wonder, is the train going to stop, or will it just continue on, one more time...

Now don't get me wrong. I like roller coasters. Those at the various theme parks, and most of the ones I have in real life. But there comes a time, when you need to get off the coaster. Sit down, relax a bit. Get some refreshment and enjoy the

things that are going on. That way the thrill of the coaster is anticipated and enjoyed. Rushing from here to there can be fun, if there is time to spend just watching the clouds roll by. I think I saw some clouds this evening.

Life's stories

I was taught, many years ago, that when writing, you should always have a well defined beginning, middle and end. This is especially true when writing stories. Without a good introduction to the characters and plot in the beginning, the story flounders. Without a good buildup in the middle, the reader will quickly lose interest. And if the end has no depth, and little conclusion the writer may fade into a reader's forgotten pile.

Life itself has at least one beginning, middle and end. The whole story includes everything from our birth to our death. That is the entirety of our story. But in our lives we live multiple stories. Our stories are intertwined with the stories of others. There are many beginnings, just as many middles and a multitude of endings.

How does my life affect others? What part of their story am I? Where do they fit in my stories? Where am I in my story right now? Is there enough there to keep the participants in my life active, and engaged? Do I have a good story? When the final chapter is written, will my story be revisited?

This is where I am. I hope to make my story a good one...