

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 is 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 times 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.

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...

Going on midnight...

I was watching a movie, but I fell asleep sometime while it played. I can't say when that was, since it was a movie I've

seen before and I can 'remember' most of it. Anyway, I'm awake now and not quite ready for bed. (grumble, grumble).

On to the thoughts that are currently on my mind...

I've been thinking about privacy in the age of the internet. Back many, many moons ago when I was still young and reckless, the internet did not really exist. Oh there were a few things happening, but not the great connectivity of today. As with most young and reckless people, I did one or two foolish things (or more) that I really hoped would stay in the group I was with. Most did, I think the others were afraid of there foolish failings would get out there too. ☐

But now, it seems the foolish and reckless failings of people find there way onto the wonderful World Wide Web. Notice those first two words, World Wide. Doesn't that mean most of the world can see your foolish acts on You Tube? We can read about them in your blog. And then there is always FaceBook...

I make a water slide off my roof and miss the landing pool – You Tube...

Want to share something off color with my friends, post it to face book and all 600 of my closest friends see it. Oh, I forgot about my privacy settings, everyone can see it.

I don't like what someone did, I post that on facebook. Oops that someone sees it...

I blog about all sorts of things. Oh that is ok, I never use names, but others do.

Hard to hide in this wonderful webby world, but then again do you really want to? I'm not here to keep things hidden away, I am here to share them. I hope I don't do anything to embarrass myself, but it may happen. It happens outside of the web, it can happen here.

Through the web, I've connected with new and old friends. I've

shared thoughts and ideas with people who have shared similar experiences. I've learned from people who share my hobbies. As long as I remember that the internet isn't my whole life, things are good. Just one more way for me to know others and them to know me. That is the human experience.

I should know better...

Why didn't I back this drive up? I know it was the old machine. I didn't really do that much on it. Surf the web, write a blog, catch up on a ball game. No I didn't do much on this machine.

The hard drive crashed/failed. I think I will be able to get some of the pictures that were on this machine. I think I have duplicates of all of them, but I'm not sure yet. My daughters did their homework on this machine, and I think all the old reports are toast.

Some recent pictures that I took with the phone are gone. A new e-book list, vanished. Software updates poof. Some music became an electronic ghost.

Hmm... I do have another hard drive I can drop in this machine. I think I know where the windows install disk is. Maybe I can get the machine functioning again. I may drop in some other operating system. Who knows.

Then there is one other loss. I've never used it. It was there like a memorial for the past 6.5 years. Kept when I upgraded the computer. Disk imaged over when I got this drive. Gone are some web bookmarks. Little used since 2003, simply marked "Sarah's Favorites".

Searching for myself

and I found me and a bunch more.

There was a time before the internet (Oh yes there was, I remember it...), when I thought that there were only two people with my name. Me and the priest (great uncle) I was sort of named after. Of course when Google came into existence, I googled my name. I didn't find me then, but I found some interesting others.

Now when I google my name, I do find myself and some more interesting others. My place of employment now has some web presence, so I am there. I found myself in some local papers because of involvement in some local activities. I found my name on facebook, but it wasn't me. I found myself on a Voter polling site. I'm sure it was me, but I wouldn't trust the accuracy, they still had my dad listed as a voter.

The others with my name were so more interesting. They tend to dance and sing or even play sports. Some are related. Some are not. Yes, I found out that even though the name I have is relatively rare in the states, it is more common in other parts of the world. Most of them are not related, as far as I have been able to find out. Not that I am looking that hard.

But the sad thing about this, is that I wasn't able to find anything on the me I was looking for. ☐ Maybe I should try Hare Krishna.

I think it might be a bit warm

My new phone (the droid with no name), chirps whenever I get weather updates. For the past few days, it has been trying to chirp its speaker off. There have been quite a few "Heat advisories". I'm very curious about what makes it a heat advisory. Do they have these in places that normally get hot? Do the deserts in the SW have one every day of the Summer?

I realize that the heat can be dangerous. If you don't get enough water, or if you push yourself too hard, heat related illness can be deadly. But I know people survived many years without air conditioning, without ice water and other cooling refrigerated beverages. How did they do that? (heavy sarcasm...)

Me, myself and I slow myself down on days like today. It may take me twice as long to do something. No need to push myself on the hot days. Days like today are mad for sitting in the shade waiting for that next breeze.

Hot summer days, and warm summer nights. Savor them, you will want them in January.