

A post about a big spider

It is a seasonal thing... I was going to post a news article about a big spider in Australia, but after seeing some of the pictures, I decided not to. If you really want to look it up, it was about a spider the size of a person's hand dining on a bird.

What really interests me is that there are so many different arachnids around the world. I always thought of the tarantulas as the big spiders. The tarantulas are not web weavers in general. But here was a rather large spider in Australia that actually spun a web that caught the bird.

Anyway what caught my attention to this story was the bird being the victim here. If I remember the song correctly the bird ate the spider, after it ate the fly...

Now who started going through the rest of the song???

Bee In Your Bonnet?

Very often, the best way to help ease the tension of a rough few days is to do something fun with people whom you consider dear friends. This past week has been a doozy. I learned through a rather ill-timed phone call that my mentor, (one of) my greatest influences, and staunchest supporters (to put it mildly) is in her final days of her nearly year-and-a-half battle with leukemia. Then, I learned that one of my best friends, influences, and staunchest supporters is having medical problems of his own. I am constantly praying and hoping for both of them, but that was not at all what today was about.

Following my shortened shift at work today, friends gathered at the area miniature golf/go-cart racing park. It was a blast. I loved the thrill of traveling at breakneck speeds along the hairpin turns and steep banking of the quarter-mile track (more or less). Most times, I was accompanied by one of three darling girls (even when they are highly animated when faced by spiders/bees) who enjoyed it at least as much as their adult(?) counterparts. I am quite pleased to say that I do not believe that I finished anything less than 3rd place and came in 1st at least once that I recall. If only I had not kept tapping the brake at inappropriate times...

The group then decided to visit the batting cages at a nearby park in order to practice up for our 2nd annual funday/softball game coming up in a few weeks. Some of us did better than others but it was just another excellent diversion.

Following our early dinner (must have been early as some of the items on the menu were not available before 5), four of us returned to the Putt-Putt location and accepted the round offered by our resident miniature golf regular... who claims that he has made a hole-in-one on every hole but one on the course). Although I came in third, it was still fun and I thought I did well... a 58? [Justj](#) just happens to carry his \$8.00 putter (that was the clearance price) wherever he goes.

Before we departed our other group of friends, I could tell that C was beginning to feel fatigued. I just hope that all goes well tomorrow and am certain that his tests come back with good results. And I know that [Ma_2](#) is soon going to be in a much better, peaceful place and remembered by everyone whose lives she touched and will continue to touch. To paraphrase a quote from a classic curmudgeonly (guess that is a word) science-fiction [physician](#): She really will not be gone as long as we remember her. (I refuse to use the "d" word).

So thanks, Chris, Lisa, Taylor, Sammie, Disney, Christopher,

John, Megan, and Carol. You all are so important to me and I cherish every moment we spend together. I love each and everyone of you.