

Watching the rain fall

There were some things I wanted to get done today, but with the weather, they just aren't going to get done. I guess I will blog.

I wrote a post some time in the past called [1 a lonely number?](#). If the numbering scheme is accurate, it was blog post number 4. This was about 3 years ago. I just saw a reply to it. It was a spam reply, but I read it anyway. The spambot was able to tell I was alone and my wife was no longer with me. It failed to pick up on the word "widower", and went into an detailed scheme to get my wife back. Of course they were trying to sell some counseling service, but I really don't think that any of the suggestions would work. Sad state if affairs when the spambot misses a very important word. If they could have picked up on that I may have pushed it through. It was almost a thoughtful post. Today it just made me chuckle.

For some reason I keep reading "Funky Winkerbean". Relationship between a widower and divorcee. Today, with all the thought balloons was very thought provoking. Funny how people think. Too many times we "think" we know how someone else is feeling, too many times we are very wrong. To quote from a Moody Blues song: "Say what you mean, mean what you say. Think about the words you are using." Words to live by, if you have the fortitude.

This wave of showers and storms seems to be finished. More on the way? I need to get to a store this evening, so I may do that soon.

I had an interesting conversation with my eldest and her husband a couple of weekends ago. May be the stuff of a blog, now that I can. One comment that came out of it, but was not part of the original conversation has me thinking. For your consideration: "A person can never have too many caring friends in their life.". Discuss.

That is all for now. More stuff and nonsense in a day or two.