

Remnants of a cold hang onto me longer than is necessary or acceptable. I've resumed music practice and exercises, but I too often get interrupted by coughing and have to stop what I'm doing. Physical activity often seems to bring on coughing. I'm much better than I was a week ago, better than I was yesterday even, so I offer gratitude for improvement and keep working for more improvement and resume working on projects, music, writing, my website, exercises.

I ran into problems with the formatting of my website day before yesterday. I've spent much time straightening it out. I haven't as much patience for working with processes of making my work available to those interested as I need. In the midst of the most confusion over how my website got so messed up, I again considered learning to write code so I could put my website together at its most basic level. Two things stopped me. 1) Every writer I tried to learn from used language that assumed the reader knew many basic technical terms. I don't know many basic technical terms.

Unless I find a writer who teaches well from non-technical English, I am lost, frustrated, banging my head on a wall of technical terms that stands between me and learning.

2) What writers of explanations of html code (the computer code my website needs for correct layout) say is going to happen if I carefully follow their instructions often doesn't happen. If it happens that I try basic instructions which turn out to be incorrect, I stop. Why learn this stuff if it doesn't work for me?

After stopping, again, trying to learn to write code, I continued using a design editor that writes for me the code the computer must have when I say "Place this text or this picture or this hyper-link here." I figured out what I had done wrong (apparently, using tables in layout can lead to formatting problems, according to my brief research on the internet) and lurched forward.

Air is clear. Days are cooler. Autumn begins to appear on the land.

Laura and I have gone three times to Tumalo State Park since rain cleaned the air. The river and all its animals, plants, and rocks is essential to my existence. We've seen a muscovy duck at the park these last three visits. Apparently, he can't read and therefore doesn't know mucovies don't come this far north. I've told him, but he doesn't appear to be concerned.

Muscovies are often domesticated, so he might have come this far north with human help. He's friendly and comes close to us, but he doesn't seem interested in discussing his history, so we will probably never know.