

(One) Seven Wronged Women.

A long time ago, I worked at Mason Chevrolet in Chico, California.

I scheduled work for the mechanics as customers brought their cars in for various services. I figured the billing, gave rides to or arranged rides for people who left their cars for work in the service department, and I did other, related, tasks. I had ongoing contact with the service writers through the day, and I occasionally chatted briefly with one or another of them.

Bill told me he'd been married seven times. He said, "I get time, I'm gonna write a book, call it Seven Wrong Women."

I said, "Seven Wronged Women?"

"No. No. Seven Wrong Women."

"That's a good title. I might be interested enough to buy a copy if I saw it on the shelf, Seven Wronged Women." He looked at me as if he might be angry at me or disgusted with me, then turned and stomped away.

I shrugged and went back to the work order I'd been writing on. I tried to get along with everybody, but sometimes I made off-the-wrist comments that I meant to spice up conversations I was involved in. Maybe I'd said something I wasn't aware of that made him mad.

Sometime soon I'd ask him about it. "Was it something about that book you mentioned, Seven Wronged Women?"

Maybe he needed encouragement to get it started. Maybe I could encourage him. "If I were you, I'd get it started while you're still young enough to do the whole project. A good title is a good place to start. Sounds like a pretty good title to me, Seven Wronged Women.

"I'd want to read it and see how your living has led you to grow and become richer in your mind, in what you share with others."

(two) We Live in Town Now

(February 10, 2025)

Snow on the ground. The forecast says 10 below zero tonight.

We live in a small town in eastern Oregon now, the drier, colder part of the state.

I don't get out much. I don't get out any, all winter. All summer the only time I get out is when I ride my recumbent trike a mile every day.

Were we in wilder country, I would be outdoors much more than I ever am here, even though I am unable to walk much, because injuries I suffered long ago when a drunk driver hit me combine with age to limit my movement now.

In this small town, there isn't much of the wild close at hand.

If I lived in wilder country and went outdoors, any time I needed to take a leak, I could just stand where I was and do so. If I needed to lie down and rest, I could lie on the ground and rest or sleep. I could sit, lean against a tree and rest. I could admire and live in the wild, farther from human habitation part of my time.

Around this town, there is no place to even sit down, except in the park by the railroad tracks, where trains often roll by at speed. I don't like to be near trains speeding by. They are very loud. They shake the ground I stand on.

But, However —

I'm grateful we have a place to live.

We have shelter, and a place to work, to write, to play my guitar and sing, maintain my website, listen to music.

I'm grateful I've lived away from human habitation most of my life, so I have rich memories to write about and sing about, to think about.

I stroll through memories and imagination, still struck by the beauty of natural existence. I share beautiful memories and imagination with others all I can.

3hree (February 12, 2025)

Sixteen below zero, fahrenheit, last night.

Sun shines this morning. We have a large south window, and the sun shining in that window helps heat our place. I have a large west-facing window in my room. Afternoons in here often get hot, even on very cold days. I share my room's hot air with the living room.

I wanted to buy a small fan to move air when it's too hot in here and cooler in the living room, but I couldn't find a fan at any of the stores I visited. Eventually, I gave up and bought a "turbo force power air circulator" instead. It looks and acts like

a fan, and it seemed to me it was priced about like what a fan would be.

It's "dynamically housed in dark, force-injected, solidified, petroleum derived, scientifically-designed, environmentally-friendly, recyclable material."

Looks to me pretty much like black plastic, but maybe the people who describe and package it know more than I do.

It does what I bought it for, moves air. It sounds like a fan when it runs.

I'd rather have a fan, but I'll get by with this thing. I look it over once in a while, hoping it doesn't do anything odd and unpredictable, but it goes on acting like a fan. So far, everything seems to be all right.

I don't turn my back on it if I can help it.