

Starting the Day

9-8-25

Prompt: What is the most important thing in your life right now? Do you get up every morning whistling at the bright new day, or are you fearlessly coping with the changes life is throwing your way?

I start the day, still in bed, reviewing the things that I have to accomplish in the next 12 hours or so. For example, this morning I decided to finish off and can tomato sauce that I've been working on for a couple of days (it spent the night in the frig.), go to Writing Group, organize and print songs for the three new Grannies coming to today's rehearsal, tune up the guitar, and meet Pam by 3:00 to carpool to the rehearsal. (I've spent the last three afternoons processing a glut of tomatoes that Tim, our minister Mary Sue's husband, gave to me. I've canned five quarts plus one pint diced tomatoes, five pints of salsa, and three pints of tomato sauce. I love looking at all of those jars, all lined, so shiny and fresh.)

Too much to do? Some days it seems like it, but it does keep me humming along.

My two favorite things though, at least for the moment, are working in my garden and "Date Night" with my kids. The garden is meditative and the "kids" are terrific.

It is the Grannies, though, that keep me sane in these days of Trump turmoil. They are sucking up a great deal of my time, but it is worth it in the long run. We had a great rally on Labor Day with some of the best speakers that I've heard in that type of setting. Grannies were sprinkled throughout because we sang our "bit" but then different folks

kept asking for us to sing along with them. Really enjoyable. Ken Lonquist sang an Irish song dating back to “The Troubles” era which we absolutely need to learn. It was sort of “Don’t say you know what because you will get in trouble with you know who.” Wonderful!

Going forth from now, I don’t see life slowing down much. The garden will soon be put to bed, but choir is starting next week. Hopefully the Granny schedule will taper down to a less insane level, maybe in January? Hopefully that will help me get my stories to Mary on time for a change!

During Covid, it turned out I really enjoyed the enforced slower pace and vowed to not get caught in an accelerated life pace again. Clearly, I failed that goal.