

Preface

To quote Lincoln they “will little note, nor long remember” what I write here about my life sojourns because my life was ordinary. Nothing to write home about. But I don’t care, because I am writing for me, to keep me off the street. Time gets heavy when it is just you. Nobody to talk to. Nobody to “mute the TV”.

Writing is a struggle. It is me versus me. The biggest struggle is getting started and the second biggest is keeping going. John Steinbeck in his “Travels with Charley in Search of America” sums it up well. “When I face the desolate impossibility of writing five hundred pages a sick sense of failure falls on me and I know I can never do it. This happens every time. Then gradually I write one page and then another. One day’s work is all I can permit myself to contemplate and I eliminate any possibility of ever finishing.”

So what drives me? The adventure. The freedom to go where I want. By myself. Accountable to no one but me! Free. Free, at last!

I enjoy the chase.

Me writing. What a joke. Here you have a fellow who never could diagram a sentence, a terrible speller (thank God for spell checkers), a fellow who never knows when it is “affect” versus “effect” and a fellow who knows it is “i before e” and, hence, always spells “their” the way the rule says.

I am like a musician who plays by ear. I write by ear, never having mastered the rules for writing.

Often I turn to writing to figure out what I believe or think. In the old days it was paper and pencil. Now it is a keyboard, screen, and Word Perfect. Not Word! And not “e-mail”.

So let’s see where this takes me.
