

10/22/19

LATE-ONSET OCD, ETC.

Greeting Journal Victims!

Latest round of quick thoughts... hope you enjoy! As always you can get rid of me by just requesting off my "hit list"! Chapter 2 coming soon, although I may substitute a long section I wrote yesterday... stay tuned!

If you live long enough, you come to the point where you understand that your "professional life" is at an end. Note that I did not say your "work life"... that continues, at least for me. When I was in Cleveland I would tease that I was retired, so I had 5 jobs, a fact that was demonstrably true. Here in the House, it's more of a mission than a job, but it still feels good to be engaged... and to keep busy! Right now I'm occasionally dealing blackjack for 2 companies and also looking at going back to substitute teaching... on the other hand, maybe this Journal is one of my new jobs. Stay tuned!

Came up with a new term to describe my in-house behavior... "Late onset OCD". I was never the neatest person, generally well organized, but far from a "clean freak". But here I find it almost impossible to walk by a piece of paper on the floor and not pick it up. I know part of that is age, part is wanting to set a good example and another part is exercise! But I find it fascinating and it's definitely compulsive.

One of the things that bothers me about the guys in the food program is waste. I try not to be a "nudge" about it, but it bugs me when they pile their plate with more than they can or will eat and throw half away. A big part of my attitude was our upbringing by Saint Ruth and the Bear... they were both children of the Depression and wasted nothing. And, yes, I was a Charter Member of Captain Penny's Clean Plate Club (Clevelanders of my age will identify with that reference). I guess this is partly a product of the "fast food" generation and the fact that they were always on the run. I have often thought that the sign at McDonald's should say "10 billion sold and 6 billion digested!" Not likely to change that pattern...

Been here 2 months and finally made it to the Uptown Oxford Farmer's Market this Saturday morning, the first really cold day of fall. Interesting combination of produce, crafts and creativity with really nice people who are genuinely happy to be there and see you! However, it's totally devoid of students... guess that's not surprising! I do my regular Wal Mart jaunt early Saturday as well... just me and the folks stocking shelves. Makes me wonder if Farmer's Markets will survive this generation...

Sent an email to most of the Alumni Council and started it with "Bothers" instead of "Brothers"... Stefan immediately responded, "Was that a Freudian slip?" Well, maybe... but it's an interesting question. Maybe I should ask the current members, "Which one R you?"

Thanks for reading and responding! Hope all is well with you and yours!