

Ave Virtual Viators!

I left off my last Solstice Letter with this pp which is herewith reused: Winter Solstice—another year. What have I to be thankful for this year? Three people very close to me have died this year. One sister, Susan; one cousin, David; one friend, Robert. My PSA test is yet to happen. And the weight lost last year has found its way back so I am fasting slowly again now. A continued and extended special Thank You to M1k3y, my Linux guru, without whom I'd still be blundering through Windows.

I hope this will not become another logorrhea however my migration this year has become more of a commute. To fill the page I am borrowing from others: As I age, I realise I talk to myself more often, because sometimes I need expert advice. I don't need anger management; I need people to stop pissing me off. My people skills are just fine; It's my tolerance of idiots that needs work. The biggest lie I tell myself is "I don't need to write that down, I'll remember it."

When I was a child I thought nap time was punishment; now it's like a mini-vacation. At my age "getting lucky" means walking into a room and remembering what I came in there for.

QuartzFest, 55th SKPade and Pi Day got 2015 off to a grand beginning last January. SKPade in March was a Bucket List Item of meeting members of my extended family and volunteering for other tasks to keep me busy and out of mischief. Pi Day was "The Pi Day of the Century" to be perzact. What do you make of that? 3.141592659... Works out to Pi for brunch on the March 14th 2015 at 9:26:59. Back to Tonopah, to a pile of mail, and the same ruts from whence I left. Paul says Welcome Home. Thank you Paul. Hurricane Hazel is beside herself with the excitement of getting back to her social work amongst the avian and rodent communities.

Wenzdays continue to find me volunteering at the Buckeye Food Bank where I fix things—most anything with wires or batteries—and then shopping at Fry's for comestibles not provided by donation. Packing away tools and the day's haul of food I had to put some stuff in the cooler to keep it frozen. Atop the cooler was a cat-carrier sized shopping bag containing a several years collection of Maine Public Radio tote bags along with a few from different other sources. I put them on the roof of the truck so I could get at the cooler. The little voice I often ignore said: Don't do that... And I ignored it this time too. A few miles up the road to Fry's Market and I reached behind the passenger seat for my sack of tote bags. Not to be found. I just knew where they were. I headed back and on the way made a hasty call to the food bank to ask someone to go look in the street. No sign of my tote bag collection.

Days later I wrote to Maine Public Broadcasting Network: "Several times over the past umpteen years I have donated to MPBN and received a tote bag in return. Thank you very much. They have been most useful over the years. Now they are gone. The natural ones with Maine Public Radio emblazoned on the side, the black ones with the colourful MPBN logo... All gone but the green one with the zippered side pocket which fortunately was elsewhere the day stupidity ruled.

"I don't listen to MPBN from here in AridZona, DX is not much use in FM radio, but I still donate annually just because on occasion I catch Dick Estell on some other channel and because one of these days I Shall Return. So... I miss my MPBN tote bags very much. How much of a donation will it take now to replace at least two MPBN tote bags?"

And surprise of surprises: Bill McCue, Membership Specialist, MPBN, wrote back: "...I'm also



going to send another popular tote bag to you because your email warmed my soul on this frigid Maine morning. Please accept the tote bags as a token of our appreciation for your continued membership.. ...and of course - you know we'll be looking for money again in the future!"

MayDay—MayDay... TinyTruck gets new lower ball joints; waiting on parts for brake job. *The Cat Drag'd Inn* is still waiting on parts for her front end problem. Filling fell out of my tooth #12 and will cost a day of pain and angui\$h to replace.

Summer Migration begins with a few days in Prescott and a few more in Kaibab Forest. Amateur Radio Field Day operating NU7DE and meeting more new friends.

Jeff, my world-travelling friend just in from Burma, stopped by for supper on his way from hither to yon. (Yawn?) We had a great visit. He brought me a cool new hat.

At Pie Town the kid next door came home with the assignment: "Get your parents to tell you a story with a moral at the end of it." The next day at school, the kids told their stories. There were all the regular types of stuff: spilled milk and pennies saved...

Then it was the redheads turn. Peter stood. "My Daddy told me a story about my Mommy. She was a Marine pilot in Desert Storm, and her plane got hit. She had to bail out over enemy territory, and all she had was a flask of whiskey, a pistol, and a survival knife. So she drank the whiskey on the way down so the bottle wouldn't break, and then her parachute landed her right in the middle of 20 Iraqi troops. She shot 15 of them with the pistol, until she ran out of bullets, then she killed four more with the knife, till the blade broke, and then she killed the last Iraqi with her bare hands."

"Good Heavens," said the horrified teacher. "What did your Daddy tell you was the moral to this horrible story?" Peter replied: "Don't mess with your mother when she's been drinking."

The Pie Town Pie Festival was different this year. Instead of making large pies and selling slices we made many more small pies to sell uncut. I was there to blow bubbles and play string games. And take pictures.

Late September, with only a few days to go before departure to Faywood, I found my AridZona Driver License had expired back in April. Not renewable on line; had to drive an hundred and umpteen miles to Show Low right away quick. The last time I drove without a license was somewhen back in the previous century, the early 90's I think. That Summer I rode a Honda 800 V-Twin 17,000 miles coast to coast twice on an expired NH license.

At Faywood Hot Springs, for a few weeks, thru Thanksgiving, fixing things and picking up roadside trash. The past few years this migration as become a routine, a commute: Tonopah, Williams, Winslow, Red Hill, Pie Town, Bosque del Apache, Deming, Faywood, Tucson, Estrella, Gila Bend, Tonopah, Quartzsite... My GPS remembers the Way, over the washes and through the deserts... Next year, I keep telling my Self, I will do something different.

I called the public library in Avondale this afternoon to check if they had a book I'd read about online concerning Pavlov's Dog and Schrodinger's Cat. The librarian said it rang a bell, but she didn't know if it was there or not.

Love, ajo

Thank you all for being and especially thank you who write.

SKP, TNS, ESL, OO, OAE, ISFA, INFP, FMCA, k1oIq, NU7DE

