

What's next?

Nov. 7, 2021

Of late, I've posted a number of items related to my impending retirement; I hope I haven't worn out my welcome in this regard.

The thing is, I'm finding out what I suppose many people find out around this time of life. Retiring from my last day job means bringing to an end not just an occupational mode but rather, a way of ordering my life, itself. Yes, a lot of disposable hours fall open but more to the point, I can now do anything within my ken to redefine who I am, what I 'do,' and what I consider important.

This consideration must extend beyond the narrow scope of occupation, if by that we mean a way and means of occupying one's time. To be blunt, just filling my time seems to me akin to surrender, just trying to keep smile on face until my last breath. That's not enough.

The inputs to this thought process are both historical and aspirational. While I'm not embarking on a crusade to right all the fumbles and downright wrong turns of my past, neither am I interested in resting on the laurels of those decisions and efforts that seem to have gone well. Should I have buckled down earlier? Yes, undoubtedly. Would I have been better served by choosing and sticking to a particular path – academic or tradesman? Maybe, but which? And after all, I'm here now and my starting point is set, if not particularly well defined. So, what will I do with my life?

Occupationally speaking, I know my hours in the near term will involve finishing the setting out of my third and, we hope, final workshop. And in that regard, I am delving more and more into hand work – I couldn't tell you how long it's been since I turned on my electric router. I dove into turning this year and intend to learn more hand carving. But as to the direction the work will take artistically, I couldn't say. And that's alright, for now.

I can't stop writing because it is how I speak in both directions, to myself and to the world. I've kept a website of sorts running just to keep the muscles exercised but more and more I feel the urge to express myself through the fiction that I seem to have set aside a few years ago.

So, what's next? Hm-m-m...

I think I'll stop here because, truth be told, I'm not sure what I'd want to say next. Except that I'm about to redefine my life yet again and not sure which trail to take. Or perhaps, whether to blaze a new one.