

An odd collection

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Now that I've retired, I'm converting my former work-from-home space into a personal office and workspace to accommodate resuming my writing and woodcarving projects. While working to de-crap the space today I came across an envelope containing nothing but airline boarding passes. I recall I started keeping them for no special reason about my third year with my last employer and according to the dates on the passes, gave up after just about six years. And then, forgot I had them. Until today.

I travelled for that company for about 17 of the 21 years I worked there, from pretty much the month I started until I broke my back and was taken off regular travel duties. I've no idea how many individual flights I took in that time but the six year tally was 241.

No, that's not 40 trips per year. Lots of my travels required connections, occasionally more than one each way, so I'd guess the actual trip count averaged 16 to 18 per year. Still a lot but I've friends who get on planes every week, so no complaint here. And the six years in question probably represented my peak frequency.

I love seeing new places and meeting new people. But I liked being home with our growing family more. So I was in no way crushed when I got a new assignment that required less business travel. Maybe one trip per month until I got stupid on a ladder and blew up Lumbar One.

I am so over business travel. Loved the work – teaching, management coaching and working directly with people living with disabilities - but airports, rental cars and hotel rooms came to be a less lovely aspect of my job.

These days, I look at my 'go bag' with something akin to disdain. Dread, even. SO glad that part of my life is in the past.

Of course, Mary and I will still hit the road but on our own terms and for our own reasons. Mary's never seen Yellowstone or Glacier National Park, so those drives are musts. Our son-in-law's MBA robing at Harvard is fast approaching, along with a niece's wedding in Spokane and a road trip to visit daughter and husband in their new digs in Texas.

Most of our adventures going forward will be of smaller scope, starting with continued exploration of Western Washington. But even those will be well spaced. And when I say smaller in scope, I don't mean less enjoyable. We like poking around together. But we also like staying home.

No more collections of boarding passes for this boy. Which is not to say I won't start pack rattling something else, equally ridiculous. I yam what I yam.