

A long weekend

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I'm in the first morning of a four-day weekend as I type this and you could be forgiven for assuming that means I'll be kicking back, sipping mint juleps while holding forth on the problems of the world. The fact is, this will be a very productive four days.

After I post this missive, don't bother calling because today Mary and I will be off to Bellevue for various medical appointments, not the least consequential of which is our second round of Covid vaccinations. When we get back – and one hopes, before the predicted arm soreness kicks in – I'll be framing the divider wall between the workshop and the garage.

Over the weekend proper, we have laundry room cabinets to install, the garage shed to populate, now that it's painted and the floor installed and of course, work continues on the oh-so-gradual task of unpacking, which is becoming something of an embarrassment.

On Monday, I'm having a crown replaced. Dental adventures not being my favorite pastime, I wanted to get it done soonest and off my mind and our dental practitioners are very Covid-conscious so off I'll go to the land of Novocain and overextended jaw muscles. Depending on how I feel once back home, I may do some craft woodworking on which I've fallen behind.

Why should you care how I spend my weekend? I guess there's no reason you should and I admit that in the grand scheme, my plans are pretty mundane.

I promise it's not a lack of caring for those of you facing life-altering challenges that leads me to share this parade of the inconsequential events in my life. But if I'm honest, this is my life – for the moment, anyway.

Hope yours is going well.