

Birds and work

14 May, 2022

Okay, so over three months since I retired from my day job and I think I can get used to this new mode of existence. I find myself missing my work friends but not so much the work, itself. It was a good job those twenty years, engaging and fulfilling. And as I've said before, I did worry about the 'falling off a cliff' nature of suddenly being unemployed. As it turns out, I need not have worried about keeping myself occupied.

I have reached the point at which I can claim to have a 'typical day,' today being a good example. I awoke this morning to the sound of birds outside my window. This owes to the combination of where we live geographically, the woods behind and around us, and Mary's penchant for feeding anything with wings. Without going out back and counting, I believe we have about ten bird feeders of various descriptions within sight of our family room windows. Seed bins, suet blocks, and of course, four or five liquid feeders for the hummingbirds. At any given time, one might spy those hummers, robins, larks, doves, sparrows, Steller Jays, goldfinches, chickadees, the occasional nuthatch, the list goes on.

The dogs love to yell at the birds and let them know who's boss. The birds are wary but otherwise unimpressed. When Chihuahuas and herding dogs learn to fly, the avian community might show the canines more respect but for now, not so much.

Where was I? Oh, yes... Get up, feed dogs, make coffee and toast an English muffin, put away the clean dishes and contemplate my day.

It's been awhile since I wrote anything; hence, this missive. A few household chores, followed by dressing and heading out to the workshop. I've selected, rough cut and wrapped three blanks that I will turn into bowls for the local theatre company's fundraiser. I'll do those as the spirit moves me but the main project for today will involve cutting tenons and chopping mortises on legs, stretchers and crossbars that will form the base of my new carving bench. This will consume several hours while NPR keeps me up to date on world events.

With Mary out of town helping a friend, I am on my own for meals, so I get to eat the things I save for periods of bachelorhood. Nothing fancy. More chores.

I can track Mary's progress in building out her gardens by the length of time it takes me to hand water in her absence. Currently, about a half hour while hummingbirds try to startle me away with the thrum of their wing beating and larger (and less courageous) species wait impatiently in the woods behind for me to finish and leave.

Evenings are taken up with reading and watching woodworking videos. Or planning an upcoming road trip to visit Daughter Two. Or, whatever. And tomorrow, we begin again.

Nothing remarkable. Just life. And I wouldn't trade mine for the world.