

My times, they are a-changing

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So. Sunday.

The first of my (we hope, long) string of Sundays that won't be 'Sundays' as I've known them my whole adult life.

Now, I'm not talking about Sunday as a day of worship. I feel no attachment to a religious tradition of any stripe, so the whole idea of worship service followed by Sunday Dinner is quite outside my experience.

What Sunday has meant to me this past half-century-plus is more centered on its position as the day before Monday. The second – and last - of my weekly two days off. Or the last day of a hard-earned vacation. It was a day of rest, of enjoyment, sometimes of satisfaction in completing projects long deferred.

But this Sunday, THIS Sunday, is my first post-retirement. And I'm not sure just what to make of it. After all, I am still the kid who never, ever skipped school. I left several weeks' worth of accrued sick leave on the books because I never called in sick unless I was actually, you know, sick.

I have always been the ultimate rule follower. So, what to do when one of the fundamental rules changes. I feel a bit like the sand is shifting beneath my feet.

Don't get me wrong; I'm in no way bothered by the idea of not setting my alarm tonight. It's just... weird.

Good weird, though.

A-a-a-h-h-h-h, forward.