

Still Here

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With warmer temperatures and Spring breezes, the snow is melting fast. Off the path and into the woods, though, there are traces of winter, still.

The ice breaker came in to the harbor here on Beaver Island, and our ferry boat has now made three trips to the mainland and back, right on schedule. There is still ice out there, moving around based on the wind direction and currents. Sometimes it jams up the north shore, sometimes crowds back in to Paradise Bay. It will all be gone soon.

My old dog is still with me, though I watch her closely for the signs of discomfort. She has learned to get along quite well walking only on three legs. The other day, in fact, she managed to tear a giant hole in the back of my garden fence, then *leap through it* in an effort to get to a cat that was lounging on the roof of the garden shed. The weather has been pleasant, and she enjoys

being outdoors while I'm working in the garden. When her time comes, I'll bury her in that spot in the front yard near the snowball bush, where she sits right now in the sunshine.

I'm still here, though I haven't been visiting or writing on this site much.

I'm still struggling with incorporating my new enterprise into my life. I have neglected my personal pursuits – my studio work, this blog and my other writing – for the necessary tasks involved in putting out a news magazine. It's a matter of shuffling things around, until a balance is reached. That's what it takes whenever a new challenge comes into my life. It doesn't seem to matter what brings the change, or how welcome it is...there is always a struggle.

The thing that has brought this particular endeavor beyond the realm of a normal transition is the *#&@*%# computer*. Actually, the combination of a new computer with a different program and – entirely new and foreign to me – design software. I have sat in front of the screen *trying* – *unsuccessfully* – to make it work until I was ready to weep...until I *was* weeping...day after day, until I was ready to throw the whole shebang out of the second story window.

I came to the conclusion that I cannot do this alone.

It is *hard* to admit defeat!

Harder still – for me, at least – to ask for help.

Difficult...but necessary.

With little to offer in the way of compensation for the trouble, I asked. Several people went out of their way to assist. We are getting it together! As soon as details are worked out, I'll have more information.

Meanwhile, I feel like I may be getting a little bit of my life back!

And I'm happy to be back here!