

Crunch Time



I guess it was maybe ten years or more ago that my grandsons and I placed a brick in the crotch of this tree.

I don't remember the reason why.

I noticed it the other day, on my way down the driveway. The tree has grown around the brick, securing it in place.

It seems like the perfect illustration today.

Today is the day I've put everything off *until*. There is no more time for delay.

I leave first thing tomorrow morning for a two-day seminar down-state. To round out the trip, I've arranged a birthday dinner with my daughter, and a breakfast meeting with the son of an old friend.

As I'll be giving a presentation at the seminar, I have notes to review and materials to gather.

I have to pack. That involves pulling presentable "mainland" clothing out of the depths of my closet, plotting four days of wardrobe choices, making sure everything fits, and eliminating any accumulated dust, lint or wrinkles.

This is my last chance to get the house in order. Whatever is left today, will be what I come home to. Because I taught a paper-making class yesterday, I have six bus tubs full of paper-making supplies, unloaded last evening from my car and now taking up space in the kitchen and hallway. Some need only to be brought back upstairs and stored in the studio. Others need to be emptied of their (wet) contents: papers need to be pressed for drying; felts, clothes and towels need to be put through the dryer cycle, then folded. My dining room table is spread with research materials for my presentation. My bed is covered with possible clothing options. This, on top of my normal disorganization and clutter.

This is my last day to spend quality time with the dogs, before they go to the boarder tomorrow. At least one good walk is in order.

I have a meeting at four, of the Natural Resources Eco-Tourism Steering Committee.

I have to stop at my aunt's house, to pick up the key to her mainland vehicle.

I have a dinner obligation.

Then there is my *new* endeavor: I am taking over the reins of the Beaver Beacon, our island news-magazine. The position involves writing, editing, and design work, gathering information, covering events...and probably a world of other things I can't even think of. Today, before I leave the island for several days, was my personal deadline to get everything written, edited and sent off to the dear young man who is putting it all together...since I don't yet have the computer or software needed to do it.

Then there's my blog, which I hate to abandon every time life gets crazy.

So, I've been busy since I got up this morning...which was late, because I was up into the night working on the things that were worrying my sleep.