

My Week Away...and Other Distractions

Posted on [May 25, 2015](#) by [cindyricksgers](#)
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The sun was shining yesterday, when I made my way home down the Fox Lake Road after a week away.

Today, it's raining.

That's fine with me, as I have work inside. I'm finding plenty of things to lead me away from the writing and other desk work I have to do; I can live without the further distractions of yard and garden.

After a day's delay in leaving the island, several hours of waiting for the fog to clear for the flight to the mainland and a great deal of traffic and road work to make the drive a nerve-racking one, I had a good time down-state. My sister, Brenda, included me in her twice-a-week water aerobics class. Another sister, Cheryl, arranged for all of the sisters – along with our

friend, Joel – to play Pub Trivia one night. Another evening, we played *Scrabble*. I had good visits with each of my daughters. I received a beautiful hand-forged gift from Kate's husband, my son-in-law, Jeremy. I had the opportunity to become better acquainted with Jennifer's friend, Jamey. I met my two little great-granddaughters for the first time, and managed to get hugs and smiles from each of them. I spent a wonderful afternoon with Madeline and Tommy, wandering in and out of the galleries, bookstores and specialty shops that – along with a few good restaurants – have come to define downtown Lapeer, Michigan. I had a nice visit with my brother, Ted. My brother-in-law, Keith, presented me with a pair of cowboy boots that he found for a price he couldn't pass up. They fit me perfectly! The week was filled with walking and shopping, and lots of catching-up. There were meals out and meals in, all wonderful, and even better for the companionship and lively conversation. .It was a good week!

Now, it's time to get back to work.

I made a pot of coffee and turned the computer on first thing, ready to get at it.

And yet...

The little dog reminds me frequently that – after a week alone in the kennel – she needs attention. Rosa Parks is a very social animal, and this was her first trip to the boarders without Clover to share her space. Dropping her off alone was traumatic for me (I saw none of the usual tail-wagging when we got there) and I'm thinking it seemed like a long, lonely week for her. When she wants attention, I indulge her; I was lonesome for her, too.

I have made several trips to the laundry room, to keep things moving there.

I've paused more than once to page through new reading material – books and magazines – that came home with me.

I called to check balances on each of my credit cards, to assess my spending habits while away.

I threw out a bouquet of long-dead tulips and watered my houseplants.

I went through a stack of mail, made a grocery list, answered a few Emails and returned a couple telephone calls.

I balanced my checkbook.

Then, it seemed of absolute necessity to report here, on my trip.

That's it...I'm done! It's time to get down to work...just as soon as I put those clothes in the dryer.