

# Odds and Ends

It took me a while to figure out how to write this last chapter. Up to this point, my narrative had been pretty much chronological, but there seemed to be so much in my life over the last twenty years, that a thematic approach seemed more appropriate. That, and the fact that almost all of the people and situations I might recount are, relatively speaking, current. Of course, then, thinking about it, these last twenty years are a quarter of my entire life, so naturally a lot has happened. But to me, they are happening in the present, not the past, and have led to what I am doing with my life now, rather than being a chapter that has closed.

First of all, of course, is my kids. They are in their mid thirties now. I have on my desk pictures of them in a snow globe, the kind of toy you see at Christmas. When I look at it, I remember with love their cherubic faces and innocence. Now, they are more like friends. Their lives have been far more stable than mine back when I was in my twenties and thirties. I guess this is good. Both spent a considerable amount of time connecting with their careers, and both have, to my mind, established themselves in a long term occupational category.

Jacob had said he wanted to be a teacher, earned a Masters in Education, and spent about five years getting hammered by the system before, several years ago, he landed where he wanted to be. He is now teaching middle school, in a tenured position, in the city where he wants to live. In 2019 he got married, in 2020 he and his wife bought a house. When they visited in the summer of 2021 I was happy to see a couple of adults who knew what they were. After the wedding, I realized he was no longer “my child” and after seeing him in 2021, I better understood how well he is maturing.

Rachael majored in environmental science in college, and, after graduating, had absolutely no, that is none, that is, it made her physically sick, no interest in any more school. She returned to Boston, got a job at a big box store, high end sporting equipment, volunteered the New England Aquarium, and looked for a job that she wanted. The store where she worked wanted to promote her, but she did not want the corporate life. She got a job as a lab tech at Harvard Medical School on a temporary basis, the permanent was given to someone else, but she kept at it, and landed the job she now has, taking care of frogs, and their eggs, used in some kind of genetic research. She lives close to her work, in a shared apartment, and seems unlikely to get married, and even less likely to have kids.

Me, I would love to have grand kids, and I just learned, as I was writing this, that Jacob and Sarah are beginning the process of adopting a child!

My brother Steve and I had a testy, distant relationship over the years, which turned far, far south when the love of his life, Fran, suddenly died. They were living in Sicily at the time, both retired, traveling around Europe and the Mediterranean, coming back to the states to visit her kids, and her family. He continued visiting her family here afterwards. I often had no idea he was in the states until I got a phone call.

Then one day I received a strange phone call, from a policeman, who told me that he had apparently fallen asleep while driving, and been in a very serious auto accident in the Adirondacks, near where Fran, and then Steve and Fran, had lived before they moved to Sicily. He was transported to the closest trauma hospital, in Syracuse, a hundred miles away, put in the ICU and into a medically induced coma. Judy and I went to visit him; Fran's son John, with whom he was close, was spending a considerable amount of time there.

His systems were failing. I thought he was going to die. But he pulled through, on a ventilator, as they repaired what they could, saving his life. After several months, he was transferred to a rehab hospital, where he would learn how to breathe, again. The hospital he chose, for whatever reason, was in the Hudson Valley. I visited him on a monthly basis, sometimes with Rachael, sometimes with Jacob, sometimes with both of them, and with Judy. We were even able to bring him a Thanksgiving dinner in the rehab facility.

Over the months, our relationship was repaired. We could talk about things only a sibling could talk about, who our family really was, what had happened as we were growing up. I was simply showing up, because it was the right thing to do, but the reward was the bond I developed with him. He learned how to breathe and John and I agreed on a nursing home close to Boston, far more convenient for both of us.

He was confined to a wheelchair, and an oxygen line. I found a local accessible apartment with appropriate services in Milton. The nursing home approved his move there, and he was able to live in a far less institutional setting, and, my hope was, begin getting a more normal, though wheelchair, bound life. Sometimes his oxygen line would get tangled, and I would be able to get to him in ten minutes; I saw a lot of him

that Fall of 2013. But then, after Christmas, he caught a bug, was transferred to the local hospital, which transferred him to a major hospital in Boston. The oxygen line, and the oxygen mask, was not enough. It was either be intubated again, or die. He knew that if he was intubated, he would never breathe on his own again, and live the rest of his days in a bed. He made the right choice. As I recall, Jane, Judy, John, maybe Jacob and I were with him when he died on a Sunday afternoon.

I still miss him, and the relationship we had created over the last year or two of his life.

After Birch had left Parkway Church, I returned to First and Second Church in Boston. Rhys had retired, and the church chose as its next minister someone with whom I had attended divinity school. I noticed that some of the people in the church had begun to turn to me for pastoral care, and I was glad that Stephen was in the pulpit, taking care of their needs. I was also impressed with how hard he worked in his first few years to gain the support and love of the members of the church, using each sermon as a chance to establish a heart connection with the members of the congregation. In my training for the ministry, in my practice of the ministry, I had never gotten a glimmer of how important, how crucial, how necessary this is if the minister is going to become the minister of a new congregation. Stephen would speak a sentence, and then scan the congregation, to connect with whatever person might be open to him, and then speak the next sentence to that person, create an emotional dialogue so essential to pastoral care. It was not the content of his sermons that impressed me, but the manner in which they were preached.

About 2006, I attended a neighboring church. I had heard that each Sunday, it performed a Bach Cantata, with full chorus and orchestra, and my musician friends recommended it. It was an Episcopal Church, so I figured I could endure the formalist liturgy, the vacuous theology, as I then understood it, of the Anglican Communion, and that particular Sunday there was to be a guest conductor who I respected.

The service started at 10. The service music was most accomplished, though the words of the hymns seemed to again and again stress the trinity ... Remember, I am a humanist Unitarian. Then, about 11, after the communion hymn, a twelve piece orchestra processed into the church, tuned up as the choir gathered behind them, and began to play.

Now, to me, Bach had always been interesting, in a mechanical sort of way, as if the notes were the gears of a wound up clock, that ran through to the end, complex, technically challenging, but bloodless.

Not at Emmanuel. My response to the organic sound flowering from the chancel was visceral. I felt a trembling in my heart, a feeling I can only describe as the fear of God, and I started to cry, not from sadness, not from joy, but from the music. I was astounded. I came back the next Sunday, and had the same experience, and began attending every Sunday.

I maintained my relationship with First and Second Church, attending Emmanuel, and then going to the coffee hour at First and Second, a few blocks away. During the summer, I would typically preach one of the Sundays, and I remained active with the Social Justice committee.

In spite of the formalism of the liturgy, and the Christology of the service, I was drawing closer and closer to Emmanuel. Palm Sunday, the sermon was delivered by a faculty member at Boston College, also an Episcopal priest, who pointed out in his sermon that it was the 25<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the assassination of Oscar Romero, “by people trained by the United States government, with weapons paid for by you and me,” or words to that effect. So clear, and so true.

At the First and Second Coffee hour that morning, I mentioned this to the Associate Minister. Her response? “We could not do that, because we would get in trouble with the IRS.” Had she said that she could never have said such things because it would have been too divisive, I would have understood, but to cloak her timidity in financial terms, at the church where Elliot Richardson had grown up, the church where his brother was still a very active member, stunned me.

I had come to understand my role at the church as being one of the goads towards a more robust social justice program. Others there, for very good reasons, chose it because of its history, it was in fact the first Puritan church in the settlement of Boston, or the blue blood society to which it was home, or the excellent music program, but I saw it as an outpost for realizing practical urban social justice, without ideological dogma. The Associate Minister had not gotten the memo.

On the other hand, I discovered that Emmanuel Church was and had been for generations functioning as an urban outpost for social justice. It too had a long history of social register members, but, it also supported one of the forerunners of Alcoholics Anonymous, providing meeting space, and was, and is, and has in the decade or so of my participation, expanded its services to include Boston Warm, a daytime drop in center for homeless people. Had I even imagined such a thing at First and Second, I knew I would never have been able to accomplish it. I doubted I could have even convinced the church to host a non-smoking AA meeting. And when the church hired an organization to expel the homeless people camping on its portico, I failed in my campaign to provide an equal amount for homeless services.

But the full break came in the Fall. A series of meetings had been called, focus groups to determine the direction of social justice programming. The process seemed cumbersome to me, and of little use, but since I was personally asked by a member of the Standing Committee to attend one, I signed up. Two days before the meeting, the Senior Minister called me, and asked me not to attend. Something had come up, which he would discuss with me later, after the meeting. I was relieved, because I had not wanted to go to the meeting, but puzzled as to the nature of the problem.

In November he shared with me that a woman had considered something I had done to be inappropriate. I had no idea of what it might be, though several interactions came to mind. But none of them really made any sense to me. I was in the dark. I was puzzled. I asked a long standing and widely respected member of the church, an attorney, to sit in on a schedule meeting with the Senior Minister as a process consultant. He agreed to do this.

We met. Two letters had been written to the Senior Minister. One was from the wife of the Music Director, claimed I had touched her on the shoulder while on a field trip to the Zildjian cymbal factory in Norwood. That was true. I had done that, as the group of us were walking down the street, as the two of us were talking. Apparently she felt harrassed. But then, I had not seen her in the months since ... odd. But the second letter was even more odd.

The student intern at the church had lived in Rochester, NY, as I had, was a student at Harvard, as I had been, had interned in the social justice office of the UUA as I had, and seemed to be a step above many of the many students who served at the church. One

Sunday, the prayer she delivered scanned, she had written the prayer as I poem, and I had asked her if this was her intention. Yes, it was. I was impressed.

Anyway, there was a dance at the church. I like to dance, a lot, and I was having a good time. Tables had been set up in the sanctuary, and we were sitting at one of them when her supervisor from the UUA left for a few minutes. We sat there in silence, and then I asked her, "What is the nature of our relationship?" She was surprised by the question, so I leaned in a little closer, I thought maybe she had not heard my words, and described the commonalities we had, and asked her if I was a friend, a mentor, a parishioner, whatever, how did she view our relationship. She shrugged and said I suppose another member of the church, or words to that effect.

In her letter to the minister, she accurately described the conversation, but described it as sexual harassment. Harassment so severe that months later, she had convinced the senior minister to exclude me from the meeting. Sexual harassment so severe that if I were to attend church while she had some public role, I would be arrested for stalking. Both the Senior Minister and my advocate agreed that this would indeed happen.

The charge is the conviction, but what surprised me most was that a marvelous teaching opportunity was wasted. The complex dynamics of pastoral ministry often result in a parishioner falling in love with their minister, and it is the duty of the minister to unpack this delicate situation. Now, she was certainly an attractive young woman, but I had experienced not the faintest of visceral feelings towards her. It's like pornography; I know it when I feel it. Nor with the music director's wife. I cannot say that I even found her attractive.

Not that I have never been inappropriate. In fact, I have been, often, probably too often, but then, it's like pornography, sometimes I feel it.

I stopped having anything to do with First and Second Church. Well, not completely. When my brother died, I thought it appropriate that we have his Memorial Service there, which was well conducted by a different student intern. A marvelous teaching opportunity was not wasted there, since no one at the church knew Steve, and almost no one in Boston knew him. But that incident drove me from the church.

Within a few months after I had started attending Emmanuel, the rector resigned, not to another parish, but unspecified spiritual counseling, and the pulpit was then filled

with an interim minister. She did not inspire me, but then, who was I to complain. I was there for the music, to find out what moved me so deeply. The Christology and formalism was a drudge I was willing to experience in order that I might learn more about myself. She had been there a little over a year, when suddenly she was gone, replaced with a relatively recent graduate of Episcopal Divinity School, whose blended household she called “the henhouse.” All women, two adults, married, and three children.

From the start, I was pleased. She interpreted the Biblical texts in a scholarly way, as had Birch Aymer at Parkway, and she was, by her example and her sermons, a social justice activist. After a year as temporary rector, she was installed as permanent rector, and, aside from inviting the homeless into the Parish Hall for Boston Warm, solved some of the severe financial problems which the church was experiencing. Her name is Pam Werntz, and I am very happy going to this remarkably un-stuffy Episcopal Church.

Inappropriate Sexual Harassment – Too often have I been charged with this, but, several years, I finally figured out what the problem was. Now, if I have been attracted to a woman, and have acted on that attraction, with word, and perhaps with deed, I can understand, but so often the accusations would come “out of the blue”, and I truly had no idea of what and when and how I had done something offensive.

Then, well before COVID, I went to a Touch and Play weekend in Boston. The purpose of the event was to explore our boundaries, explore our consents, regarding touching, sexuality, and playfulness. We learned how to say no, we learned how to say yes, we learned how to have difficult conversations, and we learned how to hug each other.

It was this last exercise in which I learned the truth of the matter. In our opening circle, Saturday morning, a woman had shared her dream, her nightmare, from the night before. She was being sexually molested by an older man. Sunday afternoon, the two of us were paired for practice hugs. She looked vaguely familiar; I probably had seen her at a dance.

We sat opposite each other. I approached her. She said stop. She said that I was the person in her dream. I said I was sorry, and I was surprised. We talked a little, and then she felt comfortable hugging me. We hugged.

I remember what had happened with a different woman, at a different dance related event. I had come close to her, and she asked me to keep my distance. She said it was not me, but she had been triggered by me. To her, I was an older man. I imagine she had been molested, and this is who I appeared to be. I kept my distance, and thanked her for her clarity.

Now, in this dance community to which I have become attached, I am now one of the two or three oldest people, out of hundreds. Most are in their twenties and thirties. It is very easy for them, especially women, and there are a lot of them, who have been molested by older men, to perceive me as a molester. The flip side of this, I have only recently figured out, is that some younger women, in their thirties and forties, see me as someone safe, not in play, and establish relationships with me.

Now, if you have read this far in my autobiography, you know that I have always been a simpleton. Oh, but if only I had the wisdom of age in my youth!!!

Regarding sexuality, it seems the right time to write about men and me. My puberty came late, as I turned sixteen, and, being small for my age, my relations with other boys often devolved into domination. I learned to be a pacifist. The larger boys would establish their dominance, I would be passive, play possum, and they would stop.

Anyway, the idea of men being sexually attracted to other men was beyond me. So, when I was waiting for the bus in front of the library in Rochester, after the High-Y meeting, and men asked if I wanted a ride, and then, if I wanted a blow job, I was not only surprised, but shocked, and there was not way I was going to allow another man to become intimate with me.

Fast forward about seven years, to my first trip on LSD. I had been warned by an older man, that I should avoid it. It was not for someone like me. In fact, in some ways he was right, but during the first trip, as I experienced an openness, not just perceptual, but also emotional, I realized that years earlier I had had a crush on my freshman college roommate, and on my Columbia math teacher.

“How odd?” I thought to myself. It had no sexual component, but there seemed almost a social demand at the time, especially among st us enlightened folk, to be bisexual. I tried, but something internal always blocked me. Perhaps it was my distrust of men,



perhaps it was because it was without love, perhaps it was because I was, in fact, straight.

And then finally, at a dance retreat a friend showed up, a man with whom I had danced, and I was smitten. We spend the long weekend together, had our meals together, danced together. I had a crush on him. There was no sexual component, at least for me, nor for him, quite happy to receive this love, and I was able to explore my love for this other man. I remember dancing with him and thinking that if I died at that moment, my life would be complete. He is now married, raising a small child, in a foreign land, but I thank him for his carrying me through such a profound experience.

So, sometimes I wish that I were bisexual, and sometimes think that if I were just a few years younger that might have been, but then, on the other hand, am glad that I was not bisexual in San Francisco in the late seventies, as AIDS was spreading undetected through that city's gay world. I dodged more than one bullet in my years there. And now, as I write this, in my late seventies, with the fires of sexuality damped, I look back and think of all that happened, and am glad.

These last twenty years, dance has become an important part of my life. Improvisational dance that is. As I mentioned, I re-entered this world after Betsy and I broke up, and then learned the basics of contact improvisation, and made many, long term friends. To the right is a picture from a movie one of those friends made, of me, and of a woman I had just met, and of the two of us, stills from the movie. It shows, to me at least, the internal process of authentic movement, contact improvisation, dance, in which I participate.



In my seventies, my knees got progressively worse, until, finally, I had bilateral knee replacement surgery. This did not go entirely as planned, more on that below, but it, and all around aging have made my dancing more tentative, but, on the other hand, my longevity in the community means that I can still dance with many people. As the lock down from COVID ended, the first thing I did was go to an open contact improvisation jam. No, I did not catch COVID.

My knees – and that is not all. I counted up about eight major surgeries in the last ten years. It is as if the warrantee on my body has run out, and now I spend a lot of time in the shop, getting parts repaired and replaced.

Of all of them, my knees were the worst. After the original operation, spending a week in the hospital, two weeks in the Spaulding Rehabilitation Hospital in Charlestown, I was sent home. A visiting PT arrived to show me the appropriate exercises. The second week she came, and was surprised that I had been doing the exercises on my own. Apparently most people don't. My opinion was that those people would never walk again.

But an infection bloomed in my left leg. Back into the hospital for another replacement, and back into the Rehab, but the infection bloomed again. Back into the hospital, where they inserted a plastic block to make up for the removed artificial knee, and put me on an antibiotic PIC line, straight from my right arm into my heart, to flush the infection out. Six weeks later, two weeks in the wonderful Charlestown facility, and four weeks in the less wonderful North End facility, I came home. A week later, I received my third left knee replacement, learned to walk again, and came home.

At first I was using a walker, but then I graduated to crutches, and within a couple of months, I was using only a cane. Lots and lots of physical therapy, but something was still not quite right, every so often the left leg buckles at the knee, so I still use a cane. After I was up and about, several people told me, and I confirmed this with my physician, is that I dodged a bullet. Most people never walk again, and live the rest of their short lives in a bed. But I can still dance, once things get warmed up, though I get more quickly tired. And I still ride my bike to the gym, and exercise. They say I am doing well, for someone my age ... Modern medicine and self care have kept me going beyond my normal age. I am really enjoying life; everyday is a gift.

How do I celebrate my gift? A lot of travel. First of all, Mexico. We were in the habit of taking the kids to someplace warm during February school vacation. It started with a Cape Cod motel with a swimming pool, but then graduated to the Florida Keys, and then a week in New Orleans, then my brother invited the four of us to visit him in Sicily, which we did. He was the trustee of the inheritance from my father, protected from an avaricious ex-spouse, to be used for educational purposes, and we both agreed that visiting Sicily, and Naples, and Rome, would certainly be educational. My Facebook

page cover picture is of Jacob and Rachael, sitting in the Pantheon in Rome, looking up at the oculus. It was my first trip to Europe.

The next Spring, he invited us to his time share, just north of Tulum, Mexico, again, for educational purposes. I discovered Mexico. We went on a day long tour to Chichen Itza, I heartily recommend it, and went to Xel-Ha, I heartily recommend it, and enjoyed a four star, all inclusive resort.

The next year, we returned, to a different, two star resort, explored, and by then discovered Akumal, with its wonderful lagoon. Almost every year, except the year I had my surgery, we have returned. At first it was for just one week each winter, but then I realized that I was in my seventies, and should take more time, read up on Mayan culture, and explore the Yucatan peninsula. We had met a couple of women, U-Haul trailer is what one said to us, who were staying in a hostel, and I realized this would be a way to make it affordable for me. One year, I got so deep into the Yucatan that no one spoke English, and have since learned some rudimentary Spanish, which I brush up on each year.

It was the best snorkeling I had ever seen, but, even after the few years we were going down, I noticed that the reefs we could get to were dying. We, and people like us, were the problem. So I decided to get my PADI SCUBA certificate. Some people I met at the hostel in Tulum recommended a hostel in Isla Mujeres, much closer to the Cancun airport, so I went there to check it out, and the next year, in 2015, got my certificate. Thank you my instructor Isaac. He stuck with me through the very strenuous qualification exercises, encourage me to get it done, which I did.



Divers in Isla Mujeres recommended Cozumel, for good reasons, and a hostel there, Beds Friends, for even better reasons, and I have been able to go there every year and dive down to the spectacular reefs off the coast of Cozumel. Beds Friends is now closed and I am

more comfortable with my own COVID free bedroom and bathroom so, in exchange for fewer days, I spend time in better quarters, as befits my age, I suppose. Above is a picture of my favorite dive master, Chiaki. The reef is a living and breathing organism, like the music at Emmanuel, like the way we dance, like the music I play on the banjo when I am in tune with myself.

My banjo: When I was living in New York, in the sixties, some friends moved into an apartment that had been suddenly vacated, in which the previous tenants left a lot of stuff, including an antique banjo. Nancy does not remember this, but they gave me the banjo, on condition that I learn how to play it. So I got Pete Seeger's book, How to Play the Five String Banjo, and struggled, for a couple of years, until a friend, a member of the Mime Troupe, asked me what I was doing. "Frailing, I think," was my reply, and he, Randy, said, "No, it is like this." Bang – I learned how to frail.

The next step was learning how to play by ear. Almost all traditional folk music for the banjo follows some kind of a three, or two, or one chord progression. Technically, as I have learned, tonic, dominant, and sub-dominant, or, as more commonly described, 1, 5, and 4, or, to put it baldly, in the key of G, it would be G, C, and D, I think. Music theory is not my strong point.

While I was at UMass, I bumped into a couple of guys who played fiddle and guitar next to the pond every Wednesday. I joined in, and learned to hear the chord changes. For the next twenty years, I would play it, off and on, sometimes on the streets of San Francisco, on the Venice Boardwalk when I lived in Santa Monica, but for some reason, not to much when I got to Cambridge. The banjo itself, my first banjo, was stolen in Washington, DC, someone gave me the banjo he had picked up intending to learn it, but never doing that, and then, in San Francisco, Nathan, in a drunken rage, smashed that banjo on a post in the warehouse, but the next day told me to go to the home of a Coast Guard official in the East Bay, to pick up the money for a replacement. I was being shown another link in their business.

I used the \$200 to buy a Japanese kit, put it together, and it is the banjo I play today. I have gotten a lot better over the years. Technically, there are many banjo players far superior to me, and, because I learned it wrong, my hand is not placed to do something called drop thumbing, but I have achieved a kind of musicianship with which I am pleased. Sometimes I play it just to find out how I am feeling.

As the local Farmer's Market was getting organized here in Milton, I volunteered to join the founding committee. Turned out it was the "Ladies Society" of Milton, but they welcomed me, and suggested I bring music. So I brought my banjo, occasionally, thinking that its sound was perfect for a farmer's market under the trees of Wharf Park. Fast forward 20 years, and the new market manager asked me if I would be willing to get together a small band, to play, and get paid for it. "Sure," I said, and, by chance, that week bumped into a stellar fiddle player, who lived in Milton. He was up for it, brought a friend who played Irish pipes, I invited my "highly competent amateur" friend Mike in who played guitar, and mandolin, and banjo, and writes songs, and ... And we gather each Thursday afternoon, sitting in the shade, swapping songs, talking with each other, talking with our neighbors who show up at the market, having a good time, AND WE GET PAID FOR IT!!! Not a lot, but still, we get paid to play, just to hang out. Not only that, a woman who does watercolors, and sells them at the market invited us to play at her church in West Roxbury for their Fall opening coffee hour, and we had a great time, and, once again, we got paid to have fun. Amazing!

I suppose I model this experience on my experiences with Cajun music. About ten years ago, I heard of the Boston Zydeco dances, and started going, had a great time, got to know some people, and heard some really fun music. I learned that the place to hear the music was Lafayette, Louisiana, found a cheap air ticket to New Orleans, spent a few days working on rehap projects from Katrina's devastation, got to Lafayette for the Festival Acadian, staying in a hostel, the Blue Moon, and had a great time. I tried to return every October.

I also learned that all the music festivals need volunteers to help operate them. In exchange for several hours work everyday, we would get to attend, and we would get fed, and we would be able to camp. The first one I started going to was Rhythm and Roots, in Rhode Island, Labor Day Weekend, but then I got to Pete Seeger's Clearwater Festival, in Croton, New York, and the Vermont Blue Grass Festival, and then the Old Tone Festival, in Hillsdale New York. It was at Old Tone that I heard Joel Savoy tell us that if we wondered if we were doing the dance correctly, check to make sure there was a smile on our face. My kind of musician!

So, a typical summer for me would start in May, with a long weekend in New York City, for a festival, then mid-June, for Clearwater, then visit New Bedford in early July, a day trip, for it's two day festival, then the Lowell Folk Festival, in late July, then in August a week on the Cape with Judy, then Dance Camp for a week, then the Vermont Festival,



then Rhythm and Roots, then Old Tone, with a stop in the Catskills, then the HONK Festival in Somerville, then a week or two in Lafayette for the Blackpot Camp and Festival, then a weekend in Montreal for a contact improvisation festival. That is, before COVID. Almost all of this has been canceled for the past two years, but I hope it comes back next year. Next year I hope to add a festival near Ithaca, NY.

So, with two or three weeks in Mexico each Winter, life seems very good indeed. One more thing. We have lived in this house now for over 20 years. I had never lived so long in one place in my life. Not even close. It feels good. It feels like I have roots. And the house is on the end of a dead end street, with the woods overlooking the Neponset River on one side and the back of our house, deer, turkey, coyote, and a trolley that



connects with the Red Line and gets me into Boston, Cambridge and Somerville. Above is a picture of the backyard. Oh, I should mention, I drive for Lyft and Uber on a very part time basis, meet some very interesting people, make a little money, and get out of the house.

I am sure there are many other things I might write about, but this is all, for now.