



COMMENTS ABOUT ANYTHING

Life Support

TOMT2.0'S SHOP



Time After Life

Why have beards become so popular?



Italy Trips

My Playground

The Flight That Changed the World



TOM TRELOAR

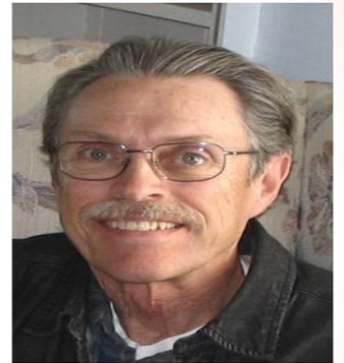
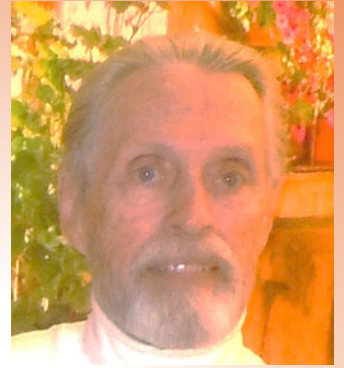
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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Life Support	3
TOMT2.0'S Shop	3
A Two Letter Word	4
Time After Life	4
How do You Plan Your Goals?	5
Why Have Beards Become So Popular?	5
Writing for Fun	6
My Playground	7
Italy Trips	8
Why Have Tattoo's Become Popular?	9
A Trip Down Memory Lane	11
Self-Publishing a Book	12
Fall is Here	13
My Heritage	14
Quiet Time	15
Science and Chemistry	16
Proud to be an American	17
The Wicked Whispers of Willow Creek	18
An Assignment for a Night	19
I Never Did This Before	21
Mountains for Me	22
AI Impacts on Writing	23
This is a No Brainer	24
The Flight That Changed the World	25



"The only way to do great work is to love what you do." - Steve Jobs



"You are never too old to set another goal or to dream a new dream." - C.S. Lewis



"Creativity is intelligence having fun." - Albert Einstein



Life Support August 9, 2024



Around a year and a half ago I experienced a near death event. I had a massive blood clot between my lungs, and I thought I took my last breath. I don't know where I went but wherever I was I experienced something I have never experienced before in my life and that was peace, total peace. I believe this was a preview of time after death. I cannot explain what it felt like but, I must say it was great. Since then, I have not felt that way since.

My experience can be read at [My Blood Clot](#).

Since that time, I have been on a blood thinner prescription. The medical team could never determine what caused my clot. I did not fit any item on their laundry list of reasons for my blood clot. Therefore, I was put on this medication and told to expect to take this pill every twelve hours. They told me to try to be consistent. If I start taking them at seven in the morning, then take one at seven in the evening. Getting in the habit of taking one when I get up and one when I go to bed is not consistent enough. Since it may vary by two to three hours. Also, they said if I forget one do not double up the dosage. This could cause internal bleeding. In other words, they gave me a good scare, be consistent or maybe pay the consequences.

Sure, I make sure that I take my keys, money, driver's license, and all the other necessities. However, the most important thing for me is to carry one day's dosage on me in case I am delayed somewhere. I think I can say, "I am on life support."

TOMT2.0'S SHOP August 10, 2024 from WordPress podcast site

Good evening! The voice you hear is TomT2.0. The voice you hear is me. Not some AI voice I picked up from the internet. Dominic, a relative of mine. I am related to him somehow but, that is another story for later. He suggested that I use my own voice because it will add a personality to the podcast. Therefore, here I am. Email me at, mail@tomt2.com and let me know what you think.

All of my employment history is working for someone else. In 1987 after thirty years of working for someone else, I was laid off and had to learn how to look for a job at 46 years old. These were difficult times. Recently divorced and had two teenage sons to provide for. I almost started a small business then. I incorporated and thought I would continue a service that my former employer provided. Unfortunately, or fortunately my previous employer turned down the proposition and went another route. If I opened the business, I could have lost everything because the industry changed dramatically and the need for what I was going into disappeared five years later.

For a period, we would go to flea markets and sell anything available, and I was a distributor for an importer for oriental made items, I guess you would call them impulse items. I thought of getting a location and opening up a gift shop. However, having two teenage sons the financing was just not there. After four tough years I finally found a full-time job and retired in 2006.

Now that I am over eighty, I do not have a vision of opening a shop. This is my playground; this is my fun. My email address is mail@tomt2.com. Let me know what you think.

A Two Letter Word August 14, 2024 from WordPress podcast site.



"Hello, this is TomT2.0, welcome to my podcast". This is where I ramble on about anything. You can listen or read, whatever your preference. The prompt is "What is a word you feel that too many people use?"

Uh", is the word I feel is used way too often. Many, many times people use the word uh, between thoughts or paragraphs. This tells me that your brain is thinking of a response and the word uh is filling the silence. As if silence is bad. It is not too bad in a face-to-face conversation, but a public speaker saying the word uh many times is irritating.

Another phrase used too many times is "you know". A comment is made, and the next phrase is "you know" How do they know that I know? I guess that is enough moaning and groaning for now.

If you want to receive notice when I post another blog, send me an email; at mail@tomt2.com or anything else you want to say to me. <https://tomt2.com/>

Time After Life August 14,2024

Ah, peace, that elusive butterfly in the human garden of emotions. What brings peace to one might be the very thing that stirs another's existential anxiety. Peace, it seems, is as personal as it is universal.

Many find peace within themselves. Peace is not just the absence of conflict; it's the presence of inner calm." Peace often comes from feeling connected, whether through family, friends, or a community. Others turn to the natural world that soothes the human spirit. A walk in the forest, the sound of waves. For some peace comes from aligning with a set of beliefs that promise a higher purpose or afterlife. One engaging in acts of kindness can bring peace for others. Engaging in or experiencing art can be deeply peaceful. Some find peace in understanding the world through technology or the vastness of knowledge available today. Others find peace in writing; the explosion of blogging proves that.

I can experience peace from the above items. However, about a year and a half ago, I had a near death experience. I was laying on the operating table and a medical assistant said, "Doctor his blood pressure is dropping fast." I was feeling very bad, and I thought I just took my last breath. I do not know where I went, but I felt a peace I have never felt in all my life. PEACE, TOTAL PEACE! I cannot explain it, but the feeling was great. I believe I had a preview of time after death. When I came back that feeling of PEACE, TOTAL PEACE! disappeared and I have not felt it since.

In conclusion, I believe that I will not experience that feeling until the time after life.



How do you plan your goals? August 15, 2024



Setting goals is a meaningful but achieving them can be challenging.

The way I plan for a goal all depends on what the goal is. I may lay awake at night planning and strategizing. I may develop a chart or a written plan. I may search for information on the project. It all depends on what the goal is.

Without a goal in mind, I cannot say how I would plan for the success of the goal.

Why have beards become so popular? August 19, 2024

Hello, this is TomT2.0. I have wondered why beards have become so popular. Therefore, I went to the local the AI for some comments. This is what AI came up with.

Ah, the great beard renaissance of the 21st century! Here's why humanity has decided to embrace the facial fur with such fervor:

Masculine Identity: In an era where traditional masculine norms have been under scrutiny, beards have become a symbol of masculinity. It's like men are saying, "I'm not just a guy; I'm a man with a beard that could house a small ecosystem."

Cultural Trends and Media Influence: Remember when every TV show had at least one character with a beard so majestic it could be seen from space? Shows like "Duck Dynasty" or the rugged looks of actors like Tom Hardy have set the trend. If TV says beards are cool, well, who are we to argue with the small screen?

Perceived Health and Dominance: There's a notion, backed by some studies, that beards make men look healthier, older, and more dominant. It's like nature's way of saying, "This guy might have survived a few more winters than you think."

The Hipster Effect: Beards became a staple in hipster culture, symbolizing a rejection of mainstream grooming standards. If you're going to be different, why not start with your face?

Historical Cycles: Beards go in and out of fashion like bell-bottom jeans. We've seen cycles where beards were all the rage, then vanished, only to return with a vengeance. It's almost as if facial hair has its own sense of fashion timing.

Social Media and Beard Envy: Platforms like Instagram have turned beard care into an art form. Men see these beards, think, "I could be that guy," and thus, the beard trend spreads like wildfire.

Backlash to Grooming Norms: There's a bit of rebellion in growing a beard. It's like saying, "I refuse to conform to the clean-shaven corporate look." It's facial hair as a statement of individuality.

Scientific Reasons: Some studies suggest beards might have evolved as a signal in mate selection, indicating good genetics or health. Plus, there's the theory that beards might have protected men's faces in fights, making them more appealing to potential mates.

Economic and Lifestyle Changes: After economic downturns, there's often a trend towards more rugged, 'survivor' looks. Beards fit into this narrative of resilience and toughness.

So, why are beards popular? It's a mix of fashion, rebellion, science, and a dash of wanting to look like you could survive a zombie apocalypse. But remember, while beards might be in vogue now, give it time, and we might all be back to smooth faces, wondering what the fuss was about. Human trends, much like beards, are cyclical and often, delightfully unpredictable.

In conclusion, my blogging offers audio or reading, your decision. Have a nice day. Contact me at mail@tomt2.com.



Writing for Fun August 21, 2024

I write for fun to express myself, share interests, and connect with like-minded individuals. Below are items I try to use in my blogging.

Choose a Lighthearted Topic: I Write about something I enjoy. It could be hobbies, travel experiences, or even anecdotes from my daily life. I do not do politics on this site. There is way too much hate and anger in politics for this site.

Use Visuals: I Include images, GIFs, or memes to add visual appeal. Visual content enhances the overall experience for the readers.

Engage with Your Audience: I Encourage comments, ask questions, and interact with the readers. I could do better in this area.

Experiment with Formats: Besides traditional blog posts, I try other formats like podcasts, videos or short stories. I attempt to keep things interesting.

Share Personal Stories: I share events from life, spiritual experiences, and medical history.

This is my playground, and I do not intend to make a dime. Now I am attaching an audio podcast to my posts. The podcast page has become my most popular page. Many visitors download ten-fifteen podcasts at a time. Most are short and I have started to use my own voice instead of some AI voice from the internet.

My next project is to start an email campaign of my posts. If interested, send me an email at mail@tomt2.com Thank you for stopping by and hope you come back again.



My Playground August 31, 2024



I am too old to drink. I can't play softball or shovel the snow. However, I can still type and that is what I do here. I have had a WordPress site since 2006 and lately I have been active. Totally I have posted over 240 posts and intend to post many more. I am over eighty and want to show that things can still be done in your senior years.

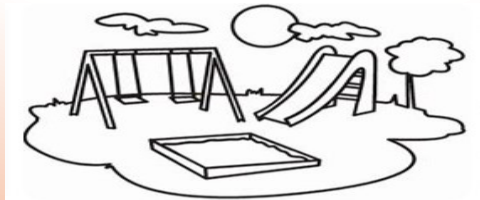
Here I try many new projects for me. I have a collection of books, magazines, podcasts and videos from my blogging adventure. As I become more comfortable with the platforms and software I attempt to try new things. This keeps my brain active and learning new things along the way. To me it is amazing what modern computing can do compared to when I started with a personal computer.

Back in 1994 I bought my first desktop computer from a co-worker that build computers as a sideline. I think I paid around \$700 dollars for it. Those were the days of Windows 3.1, floppy discs and memory of under a megabyte. You spent more time waiting for the computer to compute than for you to actual work. I remember, "the blue screen of death." This screen appearing meant you were in deep trouble. The internet was just an infant. The 32k modem and then the 64k modem. It is staggering how this tool has progressed in thirty years.

This is my playground! I spend many hours in my playground. If computers were not around, I would not have written any books. I just cannot visualize me sitting behind a manual typewriter and writing what I have written. I have a magazine section which is a collection of my blogging stories throughout the years. The buzzword these days is "podcast", everyone has a podcast. On my blogs I now include and audio file for the ones that prefer listening instead of reading. It has become one of my most popular features. Many times, visitors download ten or twenty podcasts at a time.

I have also dabbled in video. But this has is too time consuming for me and the files are usually large. I am allowed 13g of storage space on WordPress and since I am on a fixed income, it would be hard to justify paying for additional storage.

In conclusion, this is my playground, and I am enjoying writing and sharing my stories, tales, experiences with the visitors and subscribers who have found my small speck of cyberspace.



Italy Trips

September 3, 2024

It is ironic that my next project is crafting a book about our twenty-five trips and vacations taken in the last 35 plus years. I started a week or so ago and it is still in the rough draft area. Reviewing our 25 trips I say the Italy trips were the most enjoyable, the most memories, the farthest away from home, the most expensive and the most of everything. If I was younger, I would consider going back again.

The first trip was taken in 1998. It included the normal tourist attractions, Rome, Pompey, Venice, and many other sites were included. My mother in-law went with us. No, she did not stay in the same room with us. She stayed in a room with a friend that was also on the trip. Roseanne, my mother in-law was Italian and always wanted to visit Italy. Finally, at 79 her wish came true. The glow and happiness in her eyes were a memory you never forget.



The second trip occurred in 2007. The second trip not only included normal tourist sites but also was crafted by the tour guide around the attendants of the group. If you wanted to visit a family related town or city, he included that site in the package. It was fun to visit areas off the beaten path and enjoy how life is away from what they want you to see. Remo the tour guide was an immigrant from Italy and was able to offer this feature in his tours. He had no problem filling up his trips to Italy.

If you are interested in more information, I have included links to PDF files about the trips. Also, a link to the book I created.

<https://tomt2.com/wp-content/uploads/2024/09/italy-trip-1998.pdf>

<https://tomt2.com/wp-content/uploads/2024/09/italy-trip-2007.pdf>

<https://www.blurb.com/b/264136-sixteen-days-in-italy>



Why Have Tattoos' become popular?

September 5, 2024

why are tattoos so popular? I don't have a clue, but I am interested in learning more about the popularity of tattoos. Therefore, I asked my local AI the question and here is the answer. Tattoos have surged in popularity for a variety of reasons, blending cultural, psychological, and social factors:

1.Cultural Shift: Tattoos have transitioned from being associated with subcultures or countercultures to becoming mainstream. This shift has been influenced by celebrities, athletes, and public figures who openly display tattoos, thereby normalizing them.

- **Media Influence:** Television shows like "Miami Ink" and "Ink Master" have made tattooing a form of entertainment, showcasing the art and the artists, which demystifies the process and makes it more appealing.

2.Personal Expression: In an age where individuality is prized, tattoos offer a permanent way to express one's identity, beliefs, or experiences. They can be:

- **Memorials:** For loved ones, significant life events, or personal milestones.
- **Artistic Statements:** People view their bodies as canvases for art, often choosing designs that are deeply personal or aesthetically pleasing.

3.Social Media: The rise of social media platforms has turned tattoos into a form of digital content. People share their tattoo experiences, from the design process to the final reveal, creating a community around tattoo culture.

- **Tattoo Trends:** Social media also drives trends. When a unique tattoo style or theme goes viral, it can lead to a surge in similar tattoos.

4.Psychological Factors:

- **Empowerment:** Getting a tattoo can be empowering, giving individuals control over their body image in a society where body standards are often dictated by others.
- **Ritual and Transformation:** The process of getting a tattoo can be seen as a rite of passage or a transformation, marking new phases in life.

5.Technological Advancements: Modern tattooing techniques, equipment, and ink quality have improved, making tattoos safer, more detailed, and longer-lasting. This has encouraged more people to consider getting tattoos.

1.Economic Factors: The tattoo industry has grown, leading to more professional studios, better trained artists, and a wider variety of styles available. This professionalism has made tattoos more accessible and less intimidating for newcomers.

2.Cultural Exchange: Globalization has brought diverse tattoo traditions from various cultures into the mainstream, like Polynesian, Japanese, and tribal designs, broadening the appeal.

3.Rebellion and Conformity: While tattoos once signified rebellion, they now also represent a form of conformity to modern cultural norms where having a tattoo is often seen as cool or trendy.

4.Therapeutic Aspect: Some find the process of getting a tattoo therapeutic, similar to acupuncture, where the endorphin release can be pleasurable or even meditative. The combination of these factors has created a cultural environment where tattoos are not only accepted but celebrated as a form of personal and artistic expression. This widespread acceptance has made tattoos a popular choice across various demographics, transcending age, gender, and cultural boundaries.

Now I am educated on tattoos. **No, I do not have a single tattoo.**



[A Retired Leader](#) September 12,2024



For over twenty years of the 45 years of my working time I was a leader of a department. Now I am retired.

A Trip Down Memory Lane Sept 14, 2024

This morning Dee and I went down memory lane. The Denver & Intermountain Interurban Car No. 25 Association had an open house and had trips on a restored streetcar from back in the early nineteen hundreds. Since both of us remember riding the streetcars in our young years this brought back a lot of happy memories. Seeing the no spitting sign brought a good laugh and the advertising above the seats. It is just amazing how technology has progressed in the last hundred years. We remember the trolley cars going around the corner and the electric cable jumping the power line, and the operator had to get out and put it back in place so the trolley could continue. We remember party lines where you had to listen for your ring before you answered the phone. Was it one ring, two rings, three rings? No privacy there. You could pick up the line and listen to your other party's conversation.

Also, the rotary dial phone. One time a granddaughter wanted to make a call, and she was told to go use the kitchen phone. This was our last rotary dial phone. She said, "Grandma, I don't know how to use this phone." We got a good laugh out of that. It was a nice enjoyable excursion and the weather was perfect. Most of the riders were people of our age. Many enjoy going down memory lane. One thing they cannot take away from you is your memories and adventures happening in your life. On August 6th of this year, I posted Streetcars in Denver Here is the link for this blog <https://tomt2.com/2024/08/06/streetcars-in-denver/>



Self-Publishing a Book September 19,2024

Everyone has a book! Every public figure appears to have a book. Politicians, news commentators, TV stars and many other have a book for sale. They may be written by ghost writers, but they have a book.

For a long time, I had a dream of creating a book. However, I knew it would be virtually impossible to entice a major publisher to even consider a project from me. My ego is larger than my abilities and I shelved the dream of publishing a book.

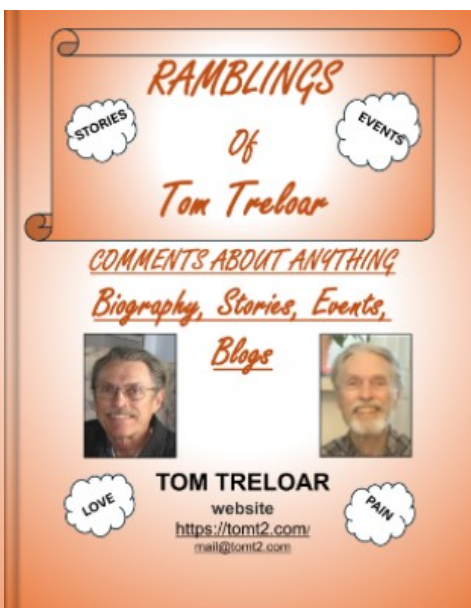
I cannot remember how I stumbled onto Blurb Books. I think it happened when I was blogging on YourHub.com. This was a web site for The Rocky Mountain News, a newspaper in the Denver metro area. I think a fellow blogger mentioned Blurb Books to me and I went to their website.



My wife and I took a trip to Italy, and I wanted to create a book about our adventure. In June of 2008 I created my first book on Blurb Books. Since then, I have published over twenty creations on Blurb Books. They have many tools you can use to create your own book.

I have used their publishing software in the past until I discovered that you can now use the PDF format and send the file to them, and they can create your book. I use Microsoft Power Point to create my book and save as a PDF file and it has worked out very well.

You can keep your books private or sell them in their bookstore. Or you can set them up to sell on Amazon or Ingram. You can set your profit margin. You must remember though that you are responsible for the grammar and spelling, the photo resolutions and everything else. Therefore, proof and then again. **They print what you approve!**



Here is my latest book

For the price around a Starbucks latte, you can download a PDF file of this 226-page book.

<https://www.blurb.com/bookstore>

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Fall is Here September 23,2024

This morning was the first time the furnace went on early in the morning. The low temperature was forty-four degrees. For the last four-five months we are accustomed to sleeping with only a light sheet over us and the ceiling fan on low. Last night, no ceiling fan and a light comforter. Looking across the street I can see that the neighbors leaves on their trees are starting to turn yellow. The bees were not out this morning. You could see that the flowers are making their last stand before the first freeze. Time to start harvesting the flower seeds for next spring planting.

I am not ready for cold weather. As I age the winters are becoming harder to endure. I like to be outside as long as I am not cold and uncomfortable. Since I have been prescribed blood thinners, I get cold very easy. I easily acquire cabin fever. The cold winters months are hard on me staying inside and hoping for an early spring. Thinking about the high cost of utility bills depresses me. The H O A provides snow removal, at least I don't have to do that unless the snow is under three inches. Driving on slippery streets is dangerous and stressful. Is it spring yet?

So, what can I do about it? Well, we could move to Phoenix like many of our neighbors. Thought about that, but family trumps that. All our family is less than fifty miles away from where we live now and that is the deciding factor of not moving. Therefore, what is left? The thing that I do best, moan and groan and complain about it to anyone that will listen. Oh, I will probably live through winter, and I will think. It really wasn't as bad as I thought it would be.

Have a nice day.



My Heritage

September 25, 2024

My mother's heritage is of German descent. My father's heritage is of English descent. If their families did not immigrate to America, I would not be here. My mother was born in Minnesota and her mother was from Bavaria Germany. My dad was born in Iowa and his roots trace back to England, Scotland areas. They met in Colorado, married and seven years later my time on earth began. This is an abbreviated version of my parents' story. My mother's mother immigrated to America sometime in 1890. All I have heard was that she was seven years old at that time and she came from the Bavaria Germany area. I never heard who she came with or how she ended up in Minnesota. During that time, I read somewhere that many children were sold to couples that were going to America those days so that child could have a better life than what was going in Germany at that time. I will never know the true facts on this history. My DNA tests show that 42% of my heritage is of German Descent.

My father's heritage is from England and the Scotland area. My dad had an uncle that traced their heritage to Cornwall England back to 1532. That area apparently had tin mines and as the need for tin diminished and many started to immigrate to greener pastures. Many moved to Australia and America. My dad's family migrated to America before the Civil War and sometime ended up in Iowa as farmers. My DNA shows that 49% of my heritage is of English descent.

The remaining 8% DNA shows Scandinavian, Norway, Sweden Area heritage or Viking history.

With that, I am most interested in my grandma's history. How did she get to America and who did she come with? What part of Bavaria did she come from? Also, where did the Viking heritage come from? Were my relatives' victims of the Vikings when they were attacking and pillaging England? I doubt I will ever know anything about this history.

I am proud that my families were able to live and suffer the adversities of immigrating to another country and start a new life that is the base of the life I have been very fortunate to live. This is the last frontier. If things go bad, there is not a wild frontier in the world. It will be up to the ones living here to fix the country.



Quiet Time

October 1, 2024

"Quiet time" generally refers to a period set aside for personal reflection, meditation, or reconciling. This can help in reducing stress, enhancing focus, and promoting mental clarity. Do you have a specific practice or routine for your quiet time? I do.

When I was working, I didn't take much time for "quiet time". My life was active with making money, raising 2 sons, marriage and many activities one has in this typical American life. Since I have been retired, I have the luxury of allocating time for some "quiet time". It is well worth it to take some time for yourself. Now I make it a point to spend some "quiet time" every day. It may be before I go to sleep or when I wake in the morning. Sometimes it is in the middle of the day.

Individuals might set personal quiet times for reading, practicing mindfulness, or any activity that requires peace and quiet for personal enjoyment or growth. The concept of quiet time emphasizes the benefits of silence or minimal noise, which can enhance well-being, productivity, and focus. It's a recognition of the value of tranquility in a typically noisy world.

One may ask, what do you think about in your "quiet time"? I let my mind answer the question. Whatever comes to mind is the subject for this moment of "quiet time". It may be thoughts about future events on this earth or time after the journey of life. I have many years to pick a subject. I enjoy reminiscing about past parts of my life. How could I have done better? Or what did I learn from that experience and what could I have done better with the situation? I have also had paranormal experiences in my life, and I think about them many times.

Many times, my "quiet time" is spent on my blogging and writing. What do I write about and how can I craft the project. This subject came from one of my "quiet time" periods. Some are good subjects and others bomb.

I reminisce about events in my life. In my over eighty years of experience, I have seen and enjoyed many people, places, and things. Twenty-six trips and vacations under my belt. Two marriages and military time with forty-five years of employment history gives me many subjects for my "quiet time".

I have had five paranormal experiences in my life. The experiences occupy many "quiet time" sessions. I was going to shortly cover them in this blog and discovered that these experiences would have made this post way too long and off topic. However, it did give me another prompt for another time.

I am over eighty and I know that my time on earth is near being over. "Quiet time" periods cover thinking about this fact. Yes, I am comfortable with this, and I do strongly believe that there is time after life on this earth. I remember the peace my grandmother had when she was on her deathbed and the peace, **total peace**. I experienced during my near-death event February 7, 2023.

"Quiet time" is my time. It helps my mental health and come to the purpose of time on this earth. Finally, I am glad I discovered "quiet time" maybe it will help you like it helped me.



Science and Chemistry November 7, 2024

Yes, I was a young Geek. I loved science math anything that involved how things worked. It all started when I started Junior high school (middle school these days). I was assigned to an accelerated class, and we were told that the testing showed that we were above average and would be receiving above normal assignments. There was a science class with a lab. The science teacher needed volunteers and my friend, and I volunteered. We stayed after school and helped in the lab cleaning up washing equipment and had access to all these neat looking items. I even had a chemistry lab at home. Not big but I could do chemistry experiments at home.

Everything was great. However, sometime in high school they gave proficiency tests to direct you to the correct career goals. My dream was engineering or science. I was devastated when the tests did not recommend either. I never recovered and my attitude changed dramatically. I just squeaked by and graduated high school. I then decided to find a job and not continue to college. Those tests changed my life and outlook on the future. On the bright side, as I look back on my life, I have experienced a good life and do not regret that my life ended up the way it did. Life has been good. I have more good memories than bad. I have a loving wife and a family that I love very much. My health throughout life has never been a life changing issue. Financial stability has allowed me to enjoy eighteen years of retirement. I can look in the mirror and not feel guilty about anything that I have done in my life.

Life has been good.





Proud to be an American November 11, 2024

I remember when I was going to elementary school and sometimes, I would arrive when the flag was being raised for the school day. We would stop and pay respect to the flag until it was raised. I was proud to be an American. You would stand in an assembly and say The Pledge of Allegiant. Again, I was proud to be an American. You learned in school the history of America, and this made you proud to be an American.

I was drafted into the army in 1964. In basic training I crawled through mud trying to keep that damn M-14 rifle clean so it would not jam. I could not take a leave for the Thanksgiving of 1964 because I was told it was critical that I go to Germany. Many nights I froze my butt standing guard on German soil protecting America from the Soviet threat. Vietnam deployment constantly hovered over my head when I was in the army. I would have gone to Vietnam if called. Why? I would have gone because I am proud to be an American.

Throughout my life there have been many events that made me proud that I am a member of this country. I will be proud to be buried in Fort Logan National Cemetery when that time comes.

I have noticed a few things that bother me. For example, I lived close to an elementary school where I can see the flagpole in the daytime. Many days the flag is not raised when school is in session. I guess putting out the flag in the morning is not a priority anymore. I recently attended a school function at my grandsons' school and the principal forgot about the color guard waiting in the hall to present the flag. Some teacher had to remind her about them. I guess that was not that important to her. It did not take me forty years to be proud of this country.

Illegal immigration is a serious problem. There are millions of people who want to come to America and live the American dream. To me that means that life must be pretty good here. Today is the day for everyone that put their life on the line protecting all that live in the country. If it wasn't for them this country and the freedoms, you take for granted would not exist.

Happy Veterans Day!

The Wicked Whispers of Willow Creek November 19, 2024

This was written by AI. Life is getting creepy.

In the heart of a dense, ancient forest, lay the quiet town of Willow Creek. By day, it was a picturesque place with cobblestone streets and charming cottages. But when the sun dipped below the horizon, the town's character changed.

Legend had it that the woods surrounding Willow Creek were home to the Wicked Whispers, eerie voices that echoed through the trees, leading lost souls deeper into the forest. Some said they were the spirits of those who had perished in the woods long ago, while others believed they were the enchantments of a powerful sorceress.

Among the townsfolk was young Elara, an adventurous girl with a curious mind. She had grown up hearing tales of the Wicked Whispers but had never experienced them herself. One moonlit night, driven by her insatiable curiosity, Elara decided to venture into the forest, determined to uncover the truth.

As she walked deeper into the woods, the familiar sounds of the town faded away, replaced by an unsettling silence. Then, she heard it—a soft, melodious whisper that seemed to call her name. "Elara... Elara..." The voice was both enchanting and chilling. Elara followed the whisper, her heart pounding with a mix of fear and excitement. The path grew narrower, and the trees seemed to close in around her. The whisper grew louder, more insistent. "Elara... come closer..."

She stumbled upon a clearing bathed in the pale light of the full moon. At its center stood an ancient, gnarled tree, its twisted branches reaching out like the arms of a ghost. The whispers now came from all directions, encircling her. With a deep breath, Elara stepped forward and placed her hand on the tree's trunk. Instantly, the whispers ceased, and a figure materialized before her—a woman with eyes like sapphires and hair as dark as the night.

"I am Seraphina, the guardian of these woods," the figure spoke, her voice as enchanting as the whispers. "The Wicked Whispers are a test, a trial for those who seek the truth."

Elara listened in awe as Seraphina revealed the forest's secrets, its history, and the magic that flowed through its roots. She learned that the whispers were not malevolent but a challenge to those brave enough to seek their source.

With newfound understanding, Elara returned to Willow Creek, her heart filled with the wisdom of the forest. She shared her story with the townsfolk, who listened with rapt attention. From that day forward, the Wicked Whispers were no longer feared but respected, a reminder of the mysteries that lay just beyond the edge of town.

And so, the legend of the Wicked Whispers of Willow Creek lived on, a tale of courage, curiosity, and the magic that lies hidden in the heart of the woods.



An Assignment for a Night November 30, 2024



Here I am hovering over my assignment for the night of October 31, 2024. My assignment was to make sure Tom makes it through the night. Sometimes I wonder, how are these assignments passed out? What spirit is assigned to who and why? Or is it just a random drawing? This is something that will never be revealed to the spirit army.

From my orders I see that Tom is a male over eighty years old. He was in his mother's womb when Japan bombed Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941. Tom is living a typical American life. He was never famous or well known. Just one of the millions who try to do best with what they must encounter in their life. Tom was drafted into the army in 1964. He was very fortunate he did not have to experience the pain of war. He was assigned to Germany and the other seven he was drafted with went to Viet Nam. Tom always wonders why that happened and thought about that throughout his life. Why was he so fortunate? Tom did have some difficult times in his life though. Tom had to experience the hurt and pain of a divorce. Over five years of unemployment was hard and very stressful. However, all in all, he has been very blessed during his eighty years on this earth.

As I started my assignment, I noticed that Tom fell asleep very fast. No tossing and turning for Tom. Lights out, nighty night. His nights are full of dreams. He almost started dreaming immediately. Being a spirit I have the benefit of hearing and seeing subconscious and conscious activity. Can't hide anything from me.

His first dream was about Sandra. She was his first female attraction. They went through school together, from kindergarten through high school. Because of religious conflicts Tom started pulling away and after high school they went their separate ways and lost all contact. Fifty years later Tom had a dream. Sandra came to her and said. "Tom we were meant for each other. Our lives would have been totally different than what is has been". This woke Tom up with a start and finally after a week Tom decided to research the internet looking for some information.

He had to go to high school alumni newsletters to acquire her married name and doing the search he discovered that Sandra died three days before he experienced the eye-opening dream. WOW! This convinced Tom that spirits and living do have on occasions contact between them. Since that experience Tom is convinced, there is time after life on earth.

Now the time is around one o'clock in the morning. That eighty-year-old bladder says it is time for attention.

After a couple of minutes of attending to bodily functions Tom returns to bed and immediately falls back to sleep. The next dream is about Viet Nam. Wait a minute, Tom was never in Viet Nam! This dream was through the eyes of a sergeant, and they were in a firefight with the Viet Cong. A troop crawls over to him and says, "Sarge, we can't return fire because the Viet Cong is using civilians as shields, what should we do?" "They are slowly killing or wounding us." After some tortious thoughts the Sargeant commands shoot them and kill those bastards hiding behind the human shields. Was this Tom or do we live parallel lives and that was a parallel life speaking and somehow the signals were sent to the wrong parallel life. The dream was through the eyes. I never saw what face I had. Mine or someone else's? The name Sarge was used, not Tom. One will never know who it was.

Three o'clock in the morning and the bladder is demanding some attention. Tom does what is demanded by his bladder but this time he does not go back to sleep. Coming back to bed he begins to toss and turn. He finally starts thinking about his latest project of creating video podcasts. Just before bed Tom was working on combining sound with photos or clipart and didn't figure it out before bedtime so now some time had to be spent thinking about this obstacle. Tomorrow he will see if his options work out.

Finally, he falls back to sleep and dreams about his near-death experience in February 2023. Tom experienced something unusual during that time. In his own thoughts he thought he took his last breath and went somewhere. He likes to say that he was in the waiting room waiting to go to time after death or return to life on earth. During that time, he experienced something out of this world. That was **peace, total peace**. A feeling he has never felt in his life before and has not felt since. Then the surgeons removed the blood clot and Tom returned to life on earth. Tom had a large blood clot between the lungs and the survival rate was 3 to 5%. Tom was one of the survivors. This dream was an attempt to experience that great feeling he had. Sorry, it did not work.

Bladder calls again and then back to dreams. This was a Halloween dream since it was Halloween yesterday. It was a scary dream. Tom and his wife were in an old-fashioned streetcar, and someone came on and did something bad. The men on the streetcar started fighting with him and savaged him, tearing him up and mutilating him. He ended up with this gelatin-like substance you see in jars of pickled pigs' feet. This nightmare was so bad it woke him up with a start. At that time, it was 7:30 in the morning and time to take his blood thinner medication and start another day.

In summary, this was an interesting assignment. It was more interesting than I anticipated. Tom has led an interesting and full life. Tom is over eighty and knows that he is near time after life. It may be ten days from now or ten years. He has loss his fear of death from experiences in his life especially his near-death event. Now I must go to my next day assignment. Spirits do not sleep. We do not need sleep.



I Never Did This Before December 5, 2024

My wife had a Christmas luncheon with the neighborhood ladies' group. Which meant I had to find something to eat or go to a restaurant and eat by myself. I go up to the local family-owned restaurant and before I pull into a spot another car has pulled into another spot before me. This gentleman goes in a few moments before me.

We are waiting to be seated and there is about twelve of the tables and booths already taken with customers. As we are waiting, he asks me "have I ever eaten here before?" I reply "yes I have, and it is clean, and the food is ok. As we were waiting, I don't know what came over me, but I asked him, "do you want to eat together?" There was a pause, and he said, "sure why not". I have never done this before! What was I thinking?

When we went to the booth, He introduced himself and his name is Chuck. I replied with my name and shook hands before we sat down across from each other. Is this going to be an awkward situation or a time to remember? Chuck was a man maybe late forties, early fifties with a greying beard and his clothes were neat and clean. No, that is not a photo of chuck. That is a photo I just pirated from the internet that looks close to what Chuck looked like.

I said to Chuck, "I live near here do you live around here?" Chuck said, "no I live in Boston, and I am here on a business trip to see a client." I replied, what kind of business do you have? Chuck replied, I am a web site designer and one of my customers needed some personal attention. Like a dummy I asked, is your client somewhere near?" Chuck replied, "sorry, that is privileged information, and my client wants to remain unknown." I immediately thought, is this going to be an awkward uncomfortable lunch?

Chuck then asked me, "are you still working?" I responded and said, "thanks for the compliment. I have been retired for over twenty years and haven't worked a day for a salary since I retired. He said, "well you sure do not look your age. I said, "since 2006 every day is Saturday and do not have any serious commitments or deadlines to meet." I do spend a lot of time blogging and writing down memories of my time and adventures I have experienced.

Somewhere in the conversation we shared our family situations. Chuck has lived in Boston all his life. He has two children, a boy and a girl. The boy is two years older than the girl and the boy graduated from college a year ago and the girl is a senior in college. I shared that I have two sons and they are near fifty and both live in the Denver metro area with their family and I also have four stepchildren from a second marriage, two boys and two girls. This conversation is becoming more relaxed all the time.

We then discovered that both of us were Army veterans. I was in the army in 1964 to 1966. I was stationed to Nuremburg Germany and fortunately missed Viet Nam. Chuck was in the army 2001 to 2005. When you find out that a veteran is talking to a veteran there is this wall that automatically disappears. I don't know what there about military service is, but this bond develops that cannot be explained. I also find out Chuck was in Iraq the same time as my youngest son in 2003. They were also in the Third Armored Calvary Regiment but different squadrons. Sometimes it is a small world.



Just a stock photo

Here is another example of a small world. My wife and I were in Rome visiting the coliseum and these men are around dressed in Roman soldier attire. My wife needs a picture and during the process the soldier asks where are we from. We tell him Denver Metro area. He responds by saying, "I know Denver area. In the off season I live in Greeley Colorado. We are 5000 miles away from Denver and meet someone who lives in Greeley which is about 40 miles northeast of Denver. Yes, sometimes it is a small world.

The conversation is going very well and both of us appear to be enjoying that we sat together instead of eating alone. We talked about many different subjects, cars, weather, Boston history for just a few. An hour passed very quickly and Chuck said he should go back to his client. I asked when he is going back to Boston and he said later this evening. This was a very enjoyable meeting and we left without even sharing our last names or any contact information. I have never been very well in extending a friendship and I guess Chuck isn't either. This meeting enforces my feeling that millions of people are basically good on this earth and are just attempting to do their best with what they have to face. This became a time to be remembered. Will I ever do this again? Only time will tell.

Mountains for Me November 22,2024

Born and raised in the Denver metro area. I have many good memories of viewing the mountains covered with a fresh layer of snow and the sun setting over the mountains. Many trips taken to the mountains for trout fishing and camping expeditions. The smell of the evergreen trees and the campfire while sitting around telling exciting events in your life. Listening to the sounds of the forest and seeing the many different types of animals merrily living their lives. Yes, I love the mountains and the memories they have given me.

I have been on the beach of the east and west coasts. Been to the beaches of The Great Lakes and beaches in Italy. Yes, they are beautiful and enjoyable. However, the many memories are not there. Therefore, my life and memories go hand in hand with the mountains.

Oh, I do not know how to swim.





AI impacts on writing December 15,2024

AI is here and a hot topic. There have been positive comments and negative comments about the impact AI will have on many fields. Since I spend a lot of time on writing I thought I would ask AI and see what the response would be.

I went to Grok which is X's AI platform (formerly twitter). This is the response I received from Grok.

The impact of AI on writers is multifaceted, presenting both opportunities and challenges that are reshaping the landscape of writing professions:

Opportunities for Writers: Increased Productivity: AI tools can serve as assistants in the writing process, generating ideas, outlines, or even draft content. They can help overcome writer's block by providing prompts or alternative phrasings, allowing writers to focus on higher-level creative tasks. For instance, tools like Grammarly or platforms using AI for brainstorming can expedite the writing process by suggesting improvements and ideas.

Enhancement of Creativity: AI can be used to explore new narrative styles or to simulate different perspectives, potentially leading to more innovative storytelling. Some writers find AI helpful in generating initial drafts that they can then refine, thus blending human creativity with computational power to create unique works. Educational and Analytical Support: AI can analyze vast amounts of text data to identify trends, patterns, or even market preferences, which can inform writers' strategies for both content creation and marketing.

Challenges for Writers: Job Security and Market Saturation: There's a concern among writers that AI might produce enough content to saturate the market or replace human writers in certain areas like technical writing or content for SEO. This could potentially devalue human-authored work or lead to job displacement, especially in fields where speed and volume are prioritized over creativity and nuance. Authenticity and Originality: AI-generated content might challenge the authenticity of human creative expression. Critics argue that AI lacks the emotional depth and personal experience that human writers bring to their work, potentially leading to a homogenization of content. This raises ethical questions about authorship and the originality of AI-assisted or AI-generated works. Ethical and Legal Concerns: The use of AI in writing also brings up issues concerning copyright, as AI is trained on existing texts. This has sparked debates on intellectual property rights and the potential for AI to reproduce or closely mimic copyrighted material without permission. Human Touch and Emotional Connection: AI, while capable of producing coherent text, struggles to replicate the human touch - the emotional, cultural, and experiential nuances that resonate with readers. This limitation is seen as both a challenge and an opportunity for human writers to distinguish their work.

Adaptation and Integration: Collaboration Over Replacement: Many in the writing community advocate for viewing AI as a tool that complements rather than competes with human writers. The focus is shifting towards how writers can leverage AI to enhance their work while maintaining the unique human elements that AI cannot replicate. **New Roles and Skills:** As AI integrates further into writing, new roles might emerge, like AI content editors or specialists in AI-human collaboration. Writers might need to learn how to interact with AI, understand its capabilities, and use it to augment their creative processes. The overall impact suggests a future where AI doesn't outright replace writers but changes the nature of writing jobs. Writers who can adapt by using AI to enhance their work, remain vigilant about maintaining their unique voice, and navigate the ethical landscape will likely thrive in this evolving environment.

Like it or not, AI is here, and one should accept the fact and adjust to living with AI and use it to your advantage instead of fighting the future.

This took less than 30 seconds to come up with this response. I know one thing for sure AI is faster than me.

💡 Daily writing prompt

Who are your current most favorite people?

This is a No Brainer November 24,2024



My favorites are my loving wife, my two sons and my four stepchildren.

I HAVE BEEN SO BLESSED!



The Flight That Changed the World

December 17, 2024

On a chilly morning of December 17, 1903, the dunes of Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, became the stage for one of the most transformative moments in human history. Above the sandy terrain, where winds howled with both challenge and promise, two brothers from Dayton, Ohio, named Orville and Wilbur Wright, were about to etch their names into the annals of time.

Orville and Wilbur had spent years, driven by an insatiable curiosity about flight, tinkering in their bicycle shop. They studied birds, read everything they could on aerodynamics, and even built their own wind tunnel to test wing designs. Their passion was not just for flying but for solving the puzzle of controlled flight, which had eluded humanity since Daedalus and Icarus.

The day was carefully chosen; they needed a steady breeze to lift their contraption, which they affectionately called the "Flyer." The weather on this particular day was both cooperative and challenging, with winds gusting to 27 mph. The brothers, along with a small group of witnesses including their father, Bishop Wright, and a couple of local men, gathered at the chosen spot.

The Flyer was a delicate balance of wood, wire, and fabric, with a wingspan of 40 feet. It was equipped with a 12-horsepower engine and two propellers, all designed by the Wrights themselves. The machine looked more like a giant, ungainly kite than the sleek airplanes of the future, but it embodied the culmination of their dreams and calculations. Wilbur had won the coin toss that morning, giving him the honor of the first attempt. However, a small mishap with the launch rail meant Orville would take the first flight. With hearts pounding against their chests, they moved the Flyer back into position. Orville lay prone on the lower wing, his hands gripping the controls.

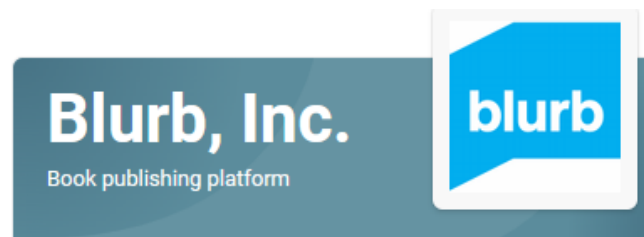
At exactly 10:35 AM, with a shout from John T. Daniels, one of the witnesses who was also manning the camera, Orville released the wire that held the Flyer to the ground. The engine roared to life, and the propellers began to spin, pulling the machine forward. For a moment, it seemed as though it might merely drag along the sand, but then, almost magically, the Flyer lifted.

The flight was brief, lasting only 12 seconds, covering 120 feet. But those scant moments were enough to change the course of history. Orville landed, and the Flyer, though intact, bore the scars of its brief maiden voyage. The brothers were overjoyed; they knew exactly what they had achieved.

Wilbur took the next flight, going further than Orville, and by the fourth and final flight of the day, he managed to keep the Flyer aloft for 59 seconds, traveling 852 feet. Each flight was a testament to their dedication and ingenuity.

That day, the world didn't fully grasp the significance of what had happened on that nondescript beach. Newspapers gave sparse coverage, and many dismissed the event as a mere novelty. However, Orville and Wilbur knew they had done something monumental. They had conquered the sky, not with magic but with science, perseverance, and an unwavering belief in human potential.

Years later, as airplanes became a common sight in the skies, people would look back on that December day with awe. The Wright brothers' first flight at Kitty Hawk wasn't just about defying gravity; it was about defying limitations, about the human spirit's capability to soar beyond what was once thought possible. Their flight on December 17, 1903, was the first step into a new era of exploration, where the sky was no longer the limit²⁵



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