

Getting Ready To Go Home

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With just about 270 days left to go, (but who's counting?) Barring (no pun intended) any unforeseen issues, I'll be "Home" in that many days. Trouble is, "Home" is more of a concept than an actual place any longer.

While it's true that where I was born or where I grew up should be Home/downhome/back at the ranch/among kinfolk, that place holds no power over me any longer. All that I grew up with is gone - plowed down by progress; the people I knew are ~~gone~~^{moved away} or not worth looking up; and what's left is nowhere I should be around. So what's an unredeemable, evil, horrible, societal failure from some east pit of hell, skullduggerous felon to do? Good question! Simple answer: Move on.

The good-old U.S. of A. is a great big ole place to move about in. I think I should broaden my horizons and find a new place to land while life's shitstorms manifest and go by.

'Qui TRANSMITT SUSTINET' is the motto of the state of Connecticut. And it really fits: 'He who is transplanted sustains'. So I threw a line out and snagged harbor at a place called Milford. In all reality, I will never say exactly how I found it, but I did; and it reminds me of where I grew up. A REAL community with friendly people and civic pride. History is well preserved and the weather is fantastic! 4 REAL seasons! Take that California! Ha!

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To boot, I am a California native - I can't even conceive of the number of sunsets I've watched on the Pacific; How many nights I watched the fog roll in through the Golden Gate; How often I saw the golden rays of the end of a day drift down, making long shadows stretch longer at Monterey, Morro Beach, Santa Cruz, Eureka, San Onofre and countless others. And GOD BLESS BAKER BEACH, RWB, RED ROCK and BLACK'S BEACH!!

But it's time to go. I want to watch the sun RISE over an ocean. I want to see the process in reverse, with darkness turning light, long shadows drawn out by golden rays, growing shorter as a new day dawns. So it would make sense to set up camp where I know I can be in easy travel distance of the New England coastline, the beltway, the south and all stops in between

So to the 3 people who asked, after reading my decision in a letter I sent, THAT'S A damn good reason in my humble opinion. If you're too afraid to broaden your horizons I'm sorry for you... Me? I'm gone/broke camp/shuffled off stage left/moved on. TTFN, SAYONARA, adios, Au Revoir and all that crap. See you in Milford

So many clowns, so few snipers!

Adly