

10/31/06

**“More About Nothing”
by
Tom Holbrook**

Surprising how many of you out there knew nothing about the pesty Love Bugs, or as I like to call them, *Plectia nearctica Hardy*, their scientific name. I got quite a few comments via e-mail and face-to-face thanking me for answering their unasked questions. Several comments concerned my mentioning the Automatic Windshield Washers located at the Service Areas on the FL Turnpike. An update on that, Judy and I drove to Orlando over the weekend and I drove through both Service Areas we passed on the way... both had the Washer... on both entry sides. There are signs that will lead you to them... all you do is approach the overhanging pipe slowly, and when you get close enough a torrent of water will shower your car. After my windshield was clean I also drove through it far enough to allow the rear window of the car to be washed off as well.

Judy and I were happy to have good friends visit us a couple of weeks ago. Soo and Steve from South Charleston, WV stopped in on their way to Myrtle Beach, SC, (okay, so they have a little problem with direction,) and spent a great week with us. Steve and I hit the links 4 times and actually played semi-decent one of those times. One day we were joined by Bob, a friend of Steve's who retired from Union Carbide in WV to Oak Run, outside Ocala. He and his wife Jo spent the day and evening with us and we enjoyed our follow up visit to their home the next day. Good people and good times had by all. Steve and Soo left for Myrtle and our house is quiet once again. Truly love it when friends come to call. Hurry back you guys!

Got my notification that I will be a poll worker come Election Day, November 7th, so now I am an OFFICIAL Gatekeeper to Democracy. Judy hasn't gotten her call but it might come shortly. We think it's great to participate in that side of this special right we all have in America. My duty station will be at the Pimlico Precinct so, if that's your assigned precinct, bring your Photo ID and Signature Verification cards by and say howdy. Also, don't forget early voting is going on now through November 4th. Check the Daily Sun out to get all the locations available in your county of residence, please, please, please, take your voting responsibility seriously and tell your friends to do likewise.

I've shared some of my out of the main stream thoughts with you from time to time and, surprisingly, others say they think the same things at times. That in itself is scary... anyway, do you encounter the same problem as I when trying to plug in an extension cord... you know the ones with the one prong larger than the other? For some reason everytime I go to plug it in I choose the wrong hole and have to work hard just to turn the cord in the right direction... please tell me it's not just me? How about when you try to bend down and hit the receptacle holes with the plug, behind the desk or dresser... I can't even see the holes much less hit the correct one, especially with tri-focals?

Why can't someone invent a better receptacle? Well, they did... a Notre Dame student, Julia Burke, won an award for her design. It has an upward-angled faceplate that creates "a direct sightline from the human eye to the faceplate and minimizes the distance" one would have to bend over. Burke invented this for the elderly (that would be me) who have trouble bending over far enough to shove a 90-degree plug into the wall. Maybe it will make it to the marketplace... if so I'm going to buy me a few.

Allow me to close with a little waft of whimsy with you... in the still of the late evening one day last week I was doing my twice weekly duty of curbsiding my trash for next morning pickup and I paused to listen to the refreshing quiet of the night, gaze at the star filled sky and feel the balmy breeze brush my face. I looked up then down the street at the similar but not identical homes and their ever vigilant lamp posts standing guard along the pathway to my house. "This is my home," I thought... "and these are my neighbors... folks I didn't even know a little over a year ago but now such an integral part of mine and Judy's lives. Some of these newly found golf, bridge and dining out buddies are closer to me than some who were my neighbors for over 20 years prior to moving here." I'm not sure how long I stood in my driveway pondering these thoughts but it was a pleasant time for me... I guess you could call it one of those "Stop and smell the roses" times and let me tell you folks, my vase full sure smelled sweet. Before I went back inside, I looked to the sky once again, closed my eyes and thanked the Good Lord for His blessings and for bringing Judy and I out of a time of hopelessness, depression and pain, brought on by the loss of a loved one, into this new life of togetherness and joy. I slept very soundly that night... I hope you will tonight.

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