

Curveballs

February 13, 2012

This is Jill Duffy, with Community Comment

Recent curveballs have gotten me thinking about life and it's unpredictability's. Now, we all know our daily lives have a rhythm of their own. Whether at home, school, work, or pursuit of the day, many of us experience tremendous amount of certainty.

Sometimes we receive a gentle nudge from life, and we think to ourselves 'all things considered, I have a pretty good life'. That said, it's been one of those weeks.

First was my husbands' birthday – he knew -we'd go to dinner, receive a gift or two, card and flowers. Fairly predictable and very low key. What he didn't know was that my boy and I had arranged to have his daughters come up from the Bay area. It was a rousing success, he had no clue, and neither my boy, his girls nor myself inadvertently gave anything away in the week's prior. We walked to the table where his girls sat beaming and my husband was absolutely and completely floored. Not a man prone to repeating himself – ever – he could only repeat for the next couple of days that this was his best birthday ever.

In part this birthday surprise had special significance because just a few days earlier, my husbands' sister had passed away – and when this airs I will be in Michigan attending her funeral.

Two mornings later I was awoken from a dream in which I heard gunfire – I laid still to listen, but didn't hear anything more, so I assumed it was just a vivid dream. After a fitful rest I got up, and saw Sheriff's cars clustered in the driveway across the street. 2 men had broken into the neighbor's house, shots were exchanged and the men disappeared. Our small neighborhood now has a quiet feel of discomfort and unease as the neighbors each think – “it could have just as easily been us...”

And Monday afternoon, the north coast was reminded that we really do live in Earthquake country.

Then I, and many others, learned of the passing of Marvin Barlow – a local rancher and friend. My boy, like so many others, was taken under Beeb's wing where he learned about ranching, livestock, equipment and fence repair, making salami and sausages and hangin' out to shoot the bull. Beeb's presence will be greatly missed by his family and friends.

Then late last week my Mom called to tell me she'd taken a little fall while working at the Eureka Senior Center. One of those simple little accidents that we all dread. She is temporarily laid up with a cracked knee – and the silver lining is that my sister from the Bay Area is able to spend time with Mom while I am out of town.

Oh, there were great things too this past week – visiting with old friends from out of state, and attending the Operating Engineers wonderful crab feed dinner.

AND THEIR FALLOUTS

But these little curveballs[^] serve to remind me to be glad of life because it gives us the chance to love, work, play and to look up at the stars.

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