

Welcome to "Rock'n Marbles"

brought to you by. . .



The Awesome Series

Part 1

Lost At "C"

Prelude to the Introduction of the introduction of what is going to be introduced.

Right! I never did understand any of that B.S. either.

But, now that you're here, let me tell you a little about what the hellen I'm going to attempt to do.

In a moment you will be reading a number of short bits of information that will culminate in me making some sort of point.

How you manage to see that point, and possibly make some sense out of what that point is, it will still be entirely up to you to decide in which direction the pointer will be facing.

At the moment I'm not certain just how many pages I will be writing as I am just a general sense of what I want to write about.

I've never been much for doing a lot of planning, but I do have an outline in my head. That line actually shows on my forehead above one eyebrow, but you have to look closely. Or, maybe it's just age lines.

So, if you see me on my podcast and I look like I'm winking at you, it's just that I am lining you up to make sure you are listening. I'm not sure how to line you up to see if you are reading this???

I'll think of something, meanwhile the "Trust Factor" is at work.

Getting Lost

Ever get lost? Some ("Old School") individuals will remember the geographic maps as their way of getting around. Some Welcome Centers will still give you a map if you ask for it.

The map does not talk to you. It does not call you an idiot for making a wrong turn, or insist that your destination is just over that cliff that is about 40 feet ahead of you. All the map shows you is a little yellow or red line how far you are from your destination, or that you are in another town that has an identical street name (the same street address does not exist).

I live in one of those towns.

The reason I bring this up is that I have wondered where many of my purchases have ended up. Just a guess, but I think that some places that send me mail or packages think that I don't know where I live.

Some purchases that I have made online have gone to a different address, in a different (but nearby) town. Even the address is different.

What happens is, since the advent of auto-correct, after I put in my address and click the "Next" button, it auto corrects my address to this other address. If I'm not paying attention, then I get to go visit someone in another town.

Of course in today's world, everyone (almost) is using their computers to find their way around. (By the way, I don't need a lecture, and cell phones ARE computers. Just ask one!)

Directions can be tricky. I recently was waiting for this tree guy to come and give me an estimate on cutting down a couple of trees. He was using his cell phone. He called me from the wrong house which was over 1/2 hour away. He now knows the guy who gets my mail. I asked him if he would mind picking up my mail for me.

When you move to a new town, or are visiting someplace new, you used to be able to find your way around by trial and error. Eventually, you would find where you were going, or give up and go home. Now, you still might ask someone at a gas station or restaurant for directions, but you still check with your cell phone to see if you are getting close to your destination.

I once started out in Illinois and ended up in Arizona. In my younger days I was called a "Lost Soul". Just reminded me of a bad joke.

Jesus: "Did they buy it? Peter: "Souled!"

My question... What was being sold? My rotten joke, I should know, but don't. Sorry. Hit up my email box and suggest what Peter was selling.

I also want to know how I ended up in Arizona?

Off At The Train Station

Getting lost is easy in other respects. "*Lost* in thought", *Lost* your place", "*Lost* my train of thought", It's a *lost* cause, "I might be *losing* it", and of course, *Losing my marbles*

...and right now I might be doing just that.

Back before the wheel was invented, I asked this girl out on a date. She told me to "Get Lost!" I have taken her advice ever since.

Now I'm really getting Off Track! And, my horse is now dead so I will move on and stop beating the Same Drum (the horse's name) - I've never had drum lessons.

What do all these "Losses" have in common? When you lose your way you have to find it again, right? That takes time - and effort. When you lose your train of thought what happens? You have to decide if you are actually derailed, or just running late. Somehow you have to get back on track, or wait for the next train. More time, more stress, more frustration.

No one likes to wait. Train, bus, cab, Uber driver, or that airport TSA guy telling you that you need to follow him so you can be frisked down.

You might be a terrorist after all. Hmmm, maybe you really are. If not, have you ever thought of becoming one? I hear there are some really good after-life deals.

Well, I won't keep you waiting (speaking of waiting).

When you lose "It", whatever "It" might be, you lose valuable time, and often self-confidence because you begin questioning yourself and your efficiency and effectiveness at what you are doing.

The more often you lose yourself someplace (unfocused) there is that very likely chance that you will notice your motivation beginning to also wander away somewhere. Now you have something else that you need to find.

That Sucks! And, I hate it when it happens.

Have I lost you yet?

If not, I must be doing something wrong. Let me try again.

Since definitions seem to come and go with the wind (just ask any government), Let me give you one.

Definition of "Government": That entity that kicks you in the groin and expects a thank you.

Def. #2: A government expects you to "Do the right thing", but also expects you to bend over when told to do so, so they can do the wrong things.

Def #3:

"Uncle Sam once was a martyr,
A "Straight Arrow", a guy you could trust.
It now seems that he has outgrown his britches.
His bayonet ready to thrust.

Have you ever been accused of losing "It", or felt like you were losing "It"?

A now "Distant" president of the U.S., Bill Clinton, was in a hearing (example, not political) that was part of an impeachment trial. As an answer to one of the questions posed to him, his reply was "It depends on the definition of what is, is". Good question! Bad answer.

Similarly, hearing a reference to "It" makes no sense. Do you actually know what "It" is? And so, "*It* never ends", "Keep *it* simple", "When will *it* stop?"

Even more annoying, who are "They"? This pops up in political circles a lot. "They said", "They did this", "They did that", and so forth. It also comes up a lot at my house. Whenever I ask my "Boss" who "They" are that she's talking about, I end up sleeping in my car.

I personally think that "They", this obvious imaginary entity, doesn't know its Hee-Haw from a leaky diaper.

Have I lost you yet? I hope not, I don't want to be a loser. If so, "They" say, "It" will get better. So I'm not worried.

What is your "It"?

Something doesn't go just right. . . "It" never fails.

Brilliant idea. . . That's "It!"

Can't figure "It" out? . . . "It's" impossible.

I'm so over writing about this made up word "It", That's it, I'm DONE. I've had "It"!

"It's" over. Got "It"? I don't get "It". "It" doesn't matter anyway.

Okay, I guess I'll just get on with "It".

Words, language, and usage, I'm guessing that most languages have their interesting aspects of use, and misuse, and confusion.

The English language (in this case) can be as vague, or as explicit as you wish it to be.

Not to be confused with some irrational, impromptu English lesson, let me connect a few dots in the interest of creating a more "Awesome" you.

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Well, those dots did not quite get connected, but then I often get told that most of my dots don't often seem to be connected.

Someone from another planet might not understand my "Left-Sided" joke about myself, but I would bet you that every reader of that sentence knows exactly what I was talking about - I hope you aren't the exception.

NOW for that irrational, impromptu English lesson. Never mind.

Growing up all my classmates and friends thought I was nuts as they never could understand my "Sideways" way of thinking.
Now you know. I am nuts! I thought so. Good! I like it this way.

To the point - and your Awesomeness

You, me, and every person living or deceased, does, or has, talked to themselves on a daily basis.

When you talk to yourself, either in thought, or verbalize even to yourself (making everyone wonder who you're talking to), what you think, say, feel, or even throw at the walls, these actions will affect your brain and your emotions.

The basic "Rule Of Thumb" is similar to the computer programming acronym "GIGO", or "Garbage In, Garbage Out"

True Story (one I've likely experienced, and maybe you)

At this writing it is mid-June, hot, and the spiders are in full swing. I just never quite realized just how industrious these little guys are.

I drove a car down my driveway to a repair shop. Short distance, walked back. 5 minute walk back. When I began walking back up my drive, I kept walking into spider webs.

Now, I might have thought that the car would have taken care of any spider webs that were created, and which spanned the distance of the width of the drive. The car probably did, but those little guys are workaholics, and these spiders had already started building back their webs.

Now, it's not such a big deal walking into a web, but one (or more) spiders got down my shirt and I ended up with 4 bites, all swelled up into the size of . . . Well, you get the picture.



Of course that same night, while I was attempting to get my 4-1/2 hours of sleep (yeah, really), this cute little flying wasp decides to wake me up and start flying around the room. For some reason this little wasp thought it would pay me a visit, right down my shirt. I guess I forgot my night-time deodorant, because it evidently did not like how I smelled, and jabbed me - "GOD THAT HURT!"

How many spider webs to you run into daily?

Have you ever gotten bogged down in the little things that were not important to you at the time, but due to time limitations, or whatever, you did not deal with them. Hence, they did not go away and began biting you in the Hee-Haw? (see page #10).

The little "Glitches" of everyday life often can drive us nuts, especially when it seems they are coming at us "Machine Gun Style".

As often happens, you failed to observe the tiny little creature with all those little legs hiding among the super-thin, almost transparent threads of life's intricate web.

Some spiders take longer to bite than others, but sooner or later they manage to get around to finding just the right place to insert their little fangs. Let the swelling begin.

The point is that you cannot always avoid those webs of insanity that those pesky "Life Spiders" weave around you.

Dealing with the swelling and learning how to avoid future episodes of discomfort is what humans do - every day.

How much have you learned?

How good have you gotten at dodging "Life's" spiders?

You see and meet people each day that appear to have that "Charmed" life, and don't appear to have Mount Vesuvius size welts all over their bodies like I did. Are you jealous? I am!

Some people are better than others at avoiding those insects that cause discomfort to their lives. Of course there is usually a reason why some people stay out of trouble better than others.

Possibly better planning, being more efficient, seeking expert advice,

Kind of like people:

Like spiders, people vary in how long and where they bite, but sooner or later those fangs are going to come out, and you won't be able to sit on your ass for a month.



HA! I'm finally getting you off my back!

Okay, Now that you have been exposed to "Part 1", I hope you don't catch anything terrible other than maybe a glimpse of what Rocky Marbles might be about, and what "Part 2" might offer up, but don't count on it being the same stuff. It's usually better.

See you somewhere in "Part 2"

CHEERS!

Don't forget to check out more insanity on my podcast.

Start with episode #1 where you'll quickly learn that I don't have a clue how to do a podcast.

Rocky Marbles signing off - for now.