

# OrionWorks Sonova Quark

Brought to you by Steven Vincent Johnson and Darlene P. Coltrain, mailing address: 6666 Odana Road, #213, Madison, WI 53719. Email Steve: orionworks@charter.net. Email Darlene: dpcoltrain@gmail.com Web: <http://OrionWorks.com>. All material is Copyrighted © by Steven Vincent Johnson and Darlene P. Coltrain unless otherwise specified. Quark is brought to you by *OrionWorks*. Internal layout is assembled in InDesign CS5. Printing done on a HP Color Laserjet Pro MFP M277dw. Most covers were created using CorelDraw graphics suite and printed on a Cannon PRO-100 Photo Inkjet printer.

This edition was created for *Turbo Charged Party Animal*, #404  
Completed somewhere around February 21, 2020

## The month of February

**Health Update:** A Prostate Cancer support group is held every third Wednesday of each month in Middleton. I believe it's a national organization originally started by the late Gilda Radner. Sadly, Gilda didn't survive her cancer prognosis, but her organization has. It's called *Guild's Club*. I finally managed to make it to my first meeting on February 19. It was attended by nine survivors. The ages of participants ranged from their mid fifties to approaching ninety.

At the beginning of the meeting we had a guest speaker, a graduate student in the health profession working on her masters degree. She wanted to offer up a mental exercise tool that might help us negotiate our way through the land mind of difficult feelings and emotions that often accompany the changed lives of cancer victims. It was basically an exercise to help us remember things that made us feel happy about living life. We could pick any personal memory of a situation that made us feel happy. I picked sharing an evening with Darlene as we prepared another Sunday dinner in preparation to watching the latest installment *60 minutes* dutifully prerecorded on our TIVO box. The happy memory included eating our dinner while frequently pausing TIVO so that we could discuss and occasionally debate the content.

At the conclusion of the exercise she handed out a questionnaire asking us to evaluate our experience and whether we thought it might have been helpful. The whole guided exercise struck me as a tad obvious. Of course I try to remember the good things in life. I try to repeat them, too, if possible. But when you get cancer, that tends to throw you into a lot of deep reevaluation. That's when things can get messy. Depending on how much "mess" one has to contend with, when shit happens that shit has the insidious capacity of drowning out the

happy things in life. Being forced to deal with chemotherapy, or radiation, or surgery. (Surgery, in my case.) the confrontation can easily rip away the thin veneer of an insurance policy that was supposed to have assured your continued immortality. Fantasy it may have been, it was an unspoken insurance policy we never had reason to read the fine print. I realize that what the exercise was trying to tell is that when "shit happens", try not to lose sight of the simple happy things in life, especially simple things that don't cost a lot of money. If you don't succeed, if you're still depressed, give yourself some slack and try again later. You're not on the clock. I'm glad I didn't have to voice my personal critique. This was my first time attending the group. I was more interested in just soaking in the atmosphere along with what the group had to offer.

After the grad student left with her questionnaires the group resumed the business of everyone sharing their personal stories. The moderator, I estimate, was probably the oldest person there. I think he was approaching his early 90s. He was a quiet, kind, and gentle soul. (It was encouraging to see a number of prostate cancer survivors who were decades older than me.) He wore a removable cast around his right ankle. He told us he had popped a tendon a couple of days earlier by simply stretching. With some justification he lamented as to why his ankle had not given him sufficient warning before stretching. I could sympathize. It's kind of how I felt about getting diagnosed with prostate cancer. Over the years I never received what I thought was sufficient warning that there might be something seriously wrong on with the organ. Peeing frequently during the day and night isn't in

itself a direct indication of cancer. It's more likely to be nothing more annoying than dealing with an enlarged prostate. You take Flonase for that.

At one point I recall the moderator telling us he had made peace with himself, and his Maker. He was ready to go any time. In the meantime he was going to enjoy what life he had left by sharing it with others. The good thing was the fact that he wasn't going to die from prostate cancer. There was a sense of acceptance and freedom I felt from his words. As for me, perhaps it was a matter of my age being only 67... perhaps it was a matter that I felt I still had unfinished business to attend to, I certainly have not yet made peace. As best as I can tell my Higher Self suggests I keep doing what it is that I'm doing, warts and all. And don't forget to occasionally stop and listen to what's happening around me and what's inside me. Don't forget to let go every now and then. Take a risk and surrender. (I think I need to practice surrendering a bit more.) Occasionally, another question pops up as well: What do I *want* to do with my life? ...or was that: ...with the rest of my life? I guess it will all eventually come out in the wash.

I'm glad I managed to make it to one of these group meetings. You can google "Gilda's Club" for more info on what the organization provides. There's a Wikipedia article as well.

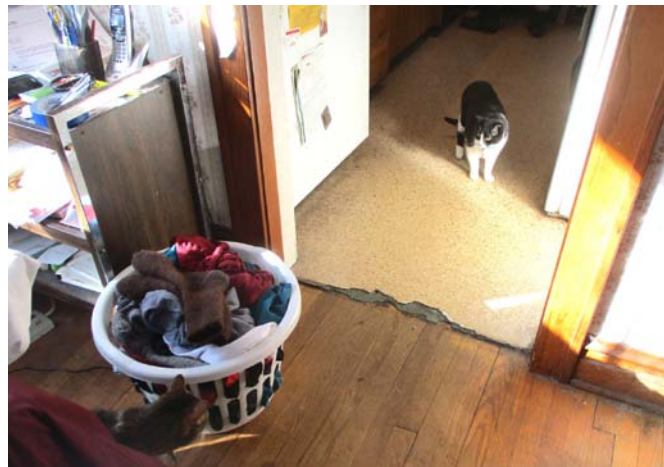
Or

**Today's Kosmic Conjecture:** There really is no distinction between living matter and energy, and non-living matter and energy making up the entire Universe. It's all the same. Life is constantly making personal choices. Photons pass through the double slit experiment in unpredictable ways which eventually build up a pattern. We conjure up fancy mathematical equations that help us codify probabilities and what our eyes and instruments dutifully observe. It helps us ignore a simple fact that it always has been and always will be the photon's choice as to which slit it chooses to pass through.

Or



Charm in the foreground secretly stalking Zoey



Zoey realizing Charm has targeted her as a drumstick



The chase is on! (Repeat as needed)