

OrionWorks Sonova Quark

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Completed somewhere around March 21, 2020

The Siege of Self-Isolation, and Pesky Financial Worries

Siege: As we dutifully isolate ourselves from the physiological dangers of the nasty “C” virus, we also need to battle against the psychological afflictions of fear & depression. I’m just as vulnerable to contracting these afflictions as anyone else. Fortunately, we have new tools at our disposal. There is Facebook. There is Twitter, of which I’m personally NOT a fan of. There is Skype/Facetime, Zoom, and countless other on-line chat groups, like Ravelry (ravelry.com). Darlene has been an enthusiastic Ravelry member of for years. She receives considerable emotional and intellectual support from many friends across the planet. Last, but not least, don’t forget smart phones and even quaint land lines. (Thank god for Caller ID to weed out the incessant shills.)Being able to actively interact with familiar voices in real time, and maybe possibly attaching familiar faces to those voices, it will help us all stay sane and healthier.

Sell! Sell! Sell!: It is truly remarkable that in just one week of frantic stock market shenanigans, almost all of the financial gains that had been accumulated in three-plus years, complements of investors who believed that Trump deregulating regulations and looking the other way would be the perfect recipe for increasing the financial wealth of the nation... or perhaps I should say the lining a few glided pockets... All those gains, gone... Woosh! This is likely to be other bookend to Trump’s rein of self-congratulating buffoonery.

How odd that the concept of how much of a country’s accumulated wealth is more a carnival show

than an analysis of the actual metrics. Stock market value is based on what individual certificates are bought and sold for between two entities, be it humans or machines. In these modern days such transactions happen within milliseconds. The monetary value settled upon between seller and buyer instantly, magically represents the accumulated worth of *all the stock* actively in circulation for that company. We are talking about stock certificates languishing away within safety deposit boxes or a shoebox crammed in the far corner of a bedroom closet. Now, multiply that reality with all the companies on this planet that have issued stock now actively playing the carnival game of *what’s my worth...* Billions of little paper certificates. *In God We Trust ...*or another untapped natural resource of toilet paper just waiting to be mined.

Or



Don't worry. Rub my belly, please.

The Trouble with Dribbles: Some of my current efforts of returning to a life of normalcy after having my prostate removed last December focuses around the task of securing bladder control. I've made good progress. Unfortunately, I'm not sure whether I'll ever get back to what most normal bladders can retain. Google tells me this is somewhere in the neighborhood of 300-400 mL (milliliters). During the day, while vertical, walking and jostling about, or sitting in a chair, my bladder will start sounding a general alarm when it fills up to around 125 mL. At night, when horizontal, when relaxed there is less stress put on my holding tank. It is capable of retaining up to 275 mL before a general alarm sounds off. If I don't heed the warning the bladder retaliates with stinging pangs. If that warning isn't addressed, I then become vulnerable to dribbling in fits and starts. Of course, I wear a protective shield strategically placed in the underwear, complements of my friendly local drug store. All in all though, I haven't had any accidents to speak of. In fact I think I could probably get by with no shields. But I like the extra protection and psychological assurance I get by continuing to use them.



As my bladder continues healing I'm confident that there will come a day when there will be no dribble at all.

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TAGALONG

by
Darlene

These paper flowers came today. I don't think they were planned for the first day of spring, but after Steve brought in the box and we had thunder and lightening and a downpour, they brought us a welcome sweet bright spot.



An online friend from the knit and crochet group, Ravelry, surprised me with them. Sometimes a few paper flowers can make a big difference.

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