

A Long Overdue Update to my Friends

Happy Autumn Equinox! I'm just emerging from a bunch of other projects to buff up ye olde website. First just a brief note to alert readers that I'm back on track. News from family is both happy and sad, including: the off-planet transfer of beloved brother-in-law Jeff some months ago, as well as a dear nearby cousin-in-law, with other elderly beloveds in assisted living. No one is getting any younger, including yours truly who is looking at his 85th birthday in a month. I am, however, the lucky recipient of my Spanish mountaineering goatherd ancestors' DNA, which keeps me firing on all cylinders. And of course my adorable partner Judith who keeps me from wandering too far afield.

Current projects include a memoir titled "My Life – The First Fifty Years" that includes correspondence from hand-wringing parents and foster-parents as I swerve off the rails in my late teens to crash land semi-destitute only to discover love and camaraderie in hippiedom. From the latter emerged a fat book titled "Home Free Home" that tells the history of our two open-door communes that caused much commotion among those who thought they knew what was in the best interests of our generation.

More about this later.

Also awoke early this morning thinking that I really have to archive all my music in some manner that allows easy access, both the early electronic avant garde and the communal songs and chants that followed. I may've to reach out to friends to get all these ducks lined up.

In the meantime, browse through what's here!

And an Irish toast:

May neighbors respect you, Trouble neglect you, The angels protect you, And heaven accept you.

May you have the hindsight to know where you've been, The foresight to know where you are going, And the insight to know when you have gone too far.

May the saddest day of your future be no worse than the happiest day of your past.

May those that love us, love us. And those that don't love us, May God turn their hearts. And if He doesn't turn their hearts, May He turn their ankles, So we'll know them by their limping.

No, forget that last line and substitute:

"We're All Doing The Best That We Can."

I painted it the back bumper of my 1950 blue Chevy Carryall in 1966, and I still think it's true.