

Look a Little Closer



Let's be honest, my goal here is to get comfortable in this format so that I can tell a story somebody might find slightly interesting. No pretext or aggrandizement intended. I am here on this earth. My life has turned out to be a lot different than I intended. I grew up with dreams filling my head, and parents who seemed determined to dash them at every corner. The experience left me feeling like a junkyard filled with frustration, debris, and no real idea how to move forward.

The funny thing is, a lot of who I am is the direct result of life as they showed it to me. It's not exactly the life they wanted for me, but it is the life they accidentally taught me how to make

the most of. Don't tell them that please. They'd die of horror filled shock. According to them, I was supposed to be a Lutheran School Teacher. Nearly every Summer of my youth was spent roaming around a small Lutheran Teachers college. there were times I felt more at home there than in the house we were living.

For them meeting people was some sort of duty. In my life growing up, I really don't recall them having any friends. They had acquaintances, people they worked with, those sorts of things... But honest to god friends, I don't recall anyone. In fact anyone who did reach out the hand of friendship, was treated politely, but always held at arms length. Me I was the Kid who at three years old was climbing out my bedroom window, to go down the block and have breakfast with my friends, Interestingly, the youngest person in my friends house was a teenage girl, but I enjoyed their company none the less, and they seemed to get a hoot out of me.

By my sixth Birthday I had lived in Upstate New York, Burbank California, St Louis Missouri, and Lincoln Nebraska. By the time I flew the coop and opened my wings... you could add St Paul Minnesota to the list.

My first real attempt at going on my own involved a multi-day bus trip across the western United States just after Christmas. To me this was fine, I grew up watching the world pass by a car window, this felt about the same. Just give me some Simon and Garfunkel, Homeward Bound or America and I would be right at home.

That Journey ended and the adventure began in a damp street corner in North Hollywood California, half a block down from the old town square park. I was greeted by a welcoming family driving a primer grey 1962 Chevy Impala. Ok, ok... I know this is sounding like a 1960's fan fest... problem is it was the mid 1980's... oh my...