

Cross-eyed

Written by

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The past two days and today have proven to be three of the most exhausting days so far and I am ready for bed by 9:00 PM. The problem is if I give in to that calling, I am wide awake by 5:00 AM and set to go on my walk while it is still dark. In the past, I have been walking with my friends, Angie and Sue, but they don't start out until 6:30 AM. If Rick is awake when I get up, he'll go with me but on the days that he is still sleeping; my trek becomes a solo one.

I have a Pedometer that has a built in FM radio so I'll plug in my ear phones and happily walk to the sound of some lively tunes. I am always surprised at the number of folks I come across also enjoying an early morning jaunt. Usually it is still quite dark but it doesn't take long for the sky to take on shades of dawn. Some mornings the rapidly changing colours that I am treated to make me regret not taking my camera along. Today when I returned to the Moho, I grabbed my camera to take a few early morning pictures though I missed the pink sky seen much earlier.

Tomorrow is Thanksgiving here so there has been a steady influx of campers at Catalina Spa and the atmosphere is abuzz with family members joining folks who are already here. The office is closed tomorrow and there are festivities planned which supersede any computer classes, so technically I have an extra day off this week which I so badly need. It is at times like this when I really appreciate my life.