

# Digester

December 2025

In May I had the opportunity to dog sit Checkers – my friend Janette’s Blue Heeler. We’d go down to the cemetery for our walks, (I liked that better than frisbee throwing in the backyard). As Checkers peed on Aunt Nora or chased squirrels I’d look at the tombstones. Where a married couple shared one stone, I began to notice it was always “wife of”. The somewhat more liberated “husband of” never seemed to make it to the stone carver’s instructions. Sometimes there was no husband but a couple of children still made the cut.

I have my favourites – up on a shady knoll is a statue of a fair maiden forever at the side of someone named “Eckert.”

Come along now Checkers – time for your treat!

## I need More Bread, Man!

I'm afraid your humble correspondent has succumbed to the Sour-Dough Lifestyle.

Instructions like "knead by slapping on counter" & "dragging the boule" is just how it is.

I find myself on a sunny weekday morning following the sunbeams around my house with a bowl of levain trying to make it bubble.

"Overnight" isn't a description of a party that got out of hand -- it's just another step in a 3 page recipe.

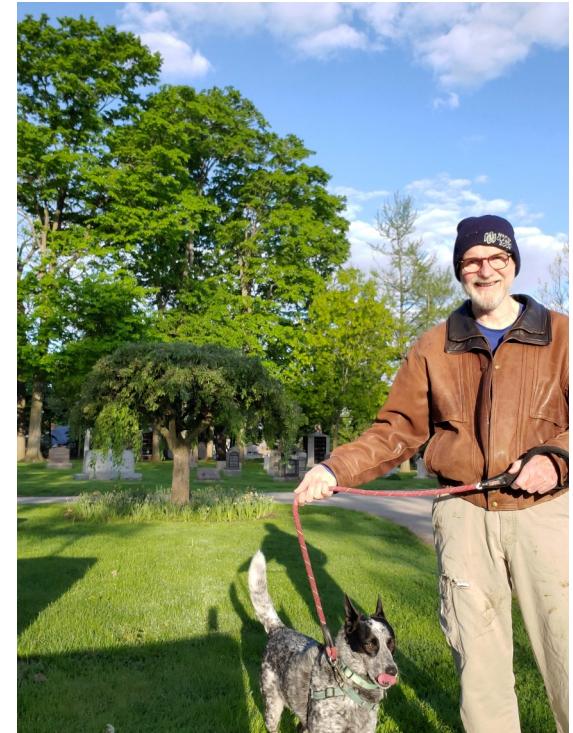
And woe betide the baker that wastes any of the starter -- you might as well say you bought a leaf blower at Costco.

Social occasions discussing tepid water temperatures are cut short because you have to "feed the starter" at home.

Suddenly those \$10 loaves at Whole Foods seem reasonably priced.

How long does this last?

Who will I will my starter to?



May 26... with the sun at our backs we chased squirrels, you and I.

Yes – it really was that cold in May in 2025

## I try to avoid bragging in my newsletters

Not under any kind of moral compulsion but...

Oh who am I kidding?

First off, I travelled to England to meet my half sister, Penny.

Then I flew to Uzbekistan.

Then I got a personal essay published in the Globe & Mail newspaper, (yes – they still make those things).

Ok – enough.

To balance things out I also took a Tesla Cyber Truck on a joy ride and went to a pot luck without bringing anything --- Oh I'm bad!



Entrance to the Men's room at the Market in Downtown Cardiff, Wales.

## The Year that was...

- built 2 chair dollies
- gave a doll calendar to someone who likes that kind of thing
- broke a rocking chair
- helped the board chair at church bake 9 pies

Cardiff Wales welcomes me.

## Haiku 4 U

Potluck on Sunday  
Didn't get to grocery store  
Just Go! Swallow guilt.

# Journal Entry December 15, 2025

I just finished a whirlwind weekend – a dinner party, two Christmas get-togethers, a trip to Toronto, two hot topic breakfast conversations, one knitting tutorial over coffee, four loads of laundry, rousing in a strange place – I could go on. Sexy, eh? Wrong adjective?

I think “sexy” means excitement, mystery and sweat Check, check & check. It’s not all non-stop non-stopiness around Arlington Blvd. I still knit, (this time it’s Emotional Support Chickens). I like craft projects that take less than a week. But I find I just can’t leave it at that – I have to go one step further and sew a nose ring on a chicken or order \$50 suede soles from Greece to attach to a pair of knitted slippers. It’s what gets my sorry-retired-ass out of bed before noon.

Talking of little extras – people have been asking me what made my BIG trip to England, Uzbekistan and the U.A.E. so special. What stood out. How about drinking Fresh Milk Tea with a native Abu Dhabi on a humid October morning or climbing into a BYD Uber with four of my new friends to zoom across Tashkent? It’s not that towering madrasas bore me but travelling heightens my senses to make the ordinary extraordinary!



Hangin with the 'sis in Windsor



Three of those Towering Madrasas in Samarkand, Uzbekistan

Penny greeted me with sweetness, kindness and a determination to show me her lovely garden and drive me to Windsor for lunch. Whizzing around the traffic circles, she gave me the rundown of her life and how the joys, the hardships and the capacity to meet them just keep coming. I regaled her with my I.T. career anecdotes and tried to assure her Dad’s side of the family weren’t all a bunch of Vikings on the loose, (shhh).



Taking a 4x4 “dune bashing” in the Empty Quarter south of Abu Dhabi



My Globe & Mail article is linked to here  
[https://digesternews.ca/20250811\\_Globe.jpg](https://digesternews.ca/20250811_Globe.jpg)



Tupra kalla fortress at sunset between Nukus and Khiva

The slide show from my trip can be had here:  
[https://digesternews.ca/photo.php?folder\\_arg=22&thumbnail\\_arg=1](https://digesternews.ca/photo.php?folder_arg=22&thumbnail_arg=1)