

STEPPING OFF THE EDGE

travels of a reluctant retiree

OCTOBER 12, 2020 BY MIKE T

Serenity, Shawshanking, and the Joys of Coming Home...

Well, let's start with where we have landed in Connecticut. This "cabin" on middle Bolton Lake is as nice as any home I have ever lived in, albeit like living with your grandmother; all the books, albums, toys for the grandkids, knick knacks, and mementos of 75 years of life. The host lives next door in a much larger place. They moved here from Cape Cod and after living in the home we occupy, they decided to buy the place next door as well. Obviously the home on the Cape fetched a tidy sum!



the view from our back “yard”

We seem to have hit this place at the perfect time to see the leaves change or, if you prefer, the mass death of millions of leaves... sounds sinister, I like that.





















As you can see many of these shots were taken during one of our kayak trips on the lake. I get all Lewis and Clarky on these outings. flowing behind my personal Sacagawea AKA

Mrs. T.

This place is almost too serene. Compared to our spot in Maine next to the interstate this place is dead quiet. I cannot imagine a better place to land.



has there ever been a better shot of this lake? Thank you Mrs. T

Alas, we leave here in two days on our way back to California. Hard to believe we left ten month ago and so much has happened. Despite having to stop short of our 18 month travel plans, it will be good to get back to familiar surroundings, as strange as they might be during this insanity. Speaking of insanity, we are driving back and staying in hotels along the way... not quite comforting. We have elevated our usual Shawshanking, you remember, the term for packing up and moving each month. This time, no perishables and getting prepared to quarantine on the road. Our preparations? Well, we have a breakfast suitcase, yes that's right, a breakfast suitcase. It is complete with granola, fruit, almond milk, bowls, spoons, a folding chef's knife, bottled water, sanitary wipes, and ready for this? Mrs. T's beloved espresso machine. Just about everything short of hazmat suits, although that was a topic of conversation.



A couple of knives acquired on line while here. Caused me some stress waiting for the unknown supplier to ship them and finally arrived on the country road where we are living. The folding chef's knife was on the survival list for the trip back but the boning knife was just for love. Please excuse the big toe in the picture...

We continue to exercise every day and I am always delighted with the clever names Mrs. T comes up with for various forms of punishment; mountain climbers, stepping plank, kick back and my favorite, dog peeing, which is just a side leg lift but I like the dog thing. I will also be fine to get back, since getting around to brushing teeth in the “morning” sometimes comes at 3PM.

Plenty of wild life at the lake. Our favorite, besides the wild bunnies, are the chipmunks who seem always to be in a hurry. They dash about the place, always keeping close to the sides of the house like escaping convicts. I suppose they are a tasty treat to not a few predators.

We took a little outing, and they have only come three times while here. It seems we are quite content to stay on the grounds for a week at a time. One day to Mark Twain’s home in Hartford. Much more interesting than I might of imagined.











Chance bonus of wandering around Hartford, this amazing little cafe with a remarkable menu

A quick trip into Massachusetts to lunch with our niece Dana. Another great spot, a hofbrau with amazing schnitzel of many many varieties.



yes, I had the veal... forgive me...

I leave you with the Mrs. T word of the day...

Mrs. T; hey I can see it's raining

me: where do you see that?

Mrs. T: right there in the ceiling window

Me:?... ahhh the skylight, say goodnight Gracie...

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