

The Bandera PROPHEET

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The View From Dry Creek Hill

By Charles Prokop
Special to the Prophet

I've learned something about myself over the past few weeks. It doesn't matter if I have extra time at home to catch up on those little tasks—I still won't get them done. The fault truly may not be in the stars, but in myself.

So what if I don't waste hours driving around or playing golf? Those hours are still full of other things, but at the end of the day I look back and have no idea what those other things were. I know I filled the bird feeders, fed the cats, and did the million little things we all do every day. But that's the point. I did those little things even when I was busy.

I could always waste time in the afternoon watching sports, usually golf, and do a crossword puzzle while I watched TV out of one eye. If I remembered some little job I needed to do I would tell myself I needed to wait to see if Tiger Woods made his putt or if someone I'd never heard of in some tournament in Mozambique got out of the bunker. Then I'd happily forget what I needed to do. Now the TV is off and there's no golf on. I still sit down and do a crossword puzzle. Then a cat sits on my lap and when I think of a job I need to do I can't bring myself to disturb the cat. If a cat hasn't found me I tell myself I need to finish some part of the puzzle before I get up. If all else fails I don't want to disturb the wren eating bugs on the deck rail. And the stuff doesn't get done. I read blog posts about how this is a great time to write that book, repaint the living room, organize your files, or learn to play the glockenspiel. I'm as likely to start a kazoo band as organize my

files. I somehow expect all those bloggers aren't really doing those wonderful things.

They're writing about what they should be doing instead of doing it. Just like me.