

DAD'S BOW

My Dad was an avid archer most of his adult life. He made many beautiful bows out of osage orange & yew. Some he steamed to make recurves & even laminated a few. My favorites were the osage bows made carefully following the grain. Shortly before he died he told me secretly that he'd seen his bow's shadow & it was the real bow. You might say he was hallucinating. I prefer to believe he had a glimpse of the other side.

BEST INTERESTS

A registered Democrat I see myself crossing over in certain races to protect my second amendment rights. When I tell my son I'm just doing what other voters do — voting to support my individual interests, he says shouldn't we vote for the best interests of everyone?

LESSON IN AESTHETICS

Recently dreamed someone rearranged the parts of two constructions I had hanging in a museum show. A guy named Witt did it to me for real about 20 years ago when he lit a firecracker that I embedded in pink cardboard frame of one of my constructions. Blew a corner off the piece. Upset gallery director

but hell, it wasn't worth much & you can say I was asking for it.

BUCKING THE ODDS

Steve is one tough bird. Doctors have been cutting away on him for years. He lost so much muscle from his right shoulder & neck he had to become left handed. Today he came to Cordova range bandaged around head & neck but he was smiling & bought me a Pepsi. He shoots a pistol better one handed than I do with two. Scoring tens is his medicine. Next week or the week after a surgeon is going to clean up & patch his nose.

WALKING MANTRA

Walking laps at Highland's track I repeat a mantra silently to myself. I use it as conditioning & to break up monotony. It goes: I'm healthy, loving, talented & smart. If I'm feeling a lack of energy I change smart to strong. Occasionally I'll substitute wise for smart but soon give it up. Too presumptuous.