



*Dan Schweitzer*

Imagination is like rich, moist soil. When the wind blows in some ideas, they take root, and sprout into major projects. Then, a tangle of tasks and to-do lists creep across the orderly garden of retirement.

Take, for example, my monthly Timberline Topper articles – once an orderly garden row of ... oh, let's say raspberries.

In blows the summer wind, with an idea for a picture DVD. (My favorite Midwest ski club is having a big 50th anniversary party.) That sprouted a host of projects:

- E-mail and phone old friends in search of slides and photos.
- Scan and organize several hundred images.
- Touch up the photos and add names.
- Clean up the music files that I once copied from old LPs.
- Reload and update old software tools (because I've recently changed computers).
- Re-educate myself on those old software tools.

Even the proverbial mustard seed grew only one tree.

The picture DVD idea was not the only stray seed to blow in this summer. I've been thinking that my real flower garden could use a Tyrolean gardener welded out of a quarter-barrel and bicycle odds and ends. My inability to find a stray quarter-barrel has, so far, saved me.

It seems these seeds are countless, and blow in from anywhere. Probably because, I'm told, I have a well-ventilated imagination (not an exact quote). The most common fluff ball of eager seeds is, of course, one's spouse. But, I'll have to admit that somewhere behind my blue eyes there are plenty of weird flowers. All tossing ideas into the void.

So, in short, my raspberry patch is overrun, and you aren't reading about square-dancing this month. At least not here.

Excuse me now. I have weeding to do.

Oh, and if you have an old quarter-barrel in your junk pile, could you bring it along when you come up to a Timberline Toppers' dance?