

CLEANING CHRONICLES

Winter 2005

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The Newsletter

I've had many requests for another newsletter, but, until now, I've been too busy. While there may have been at least one year in the last ten years when I wrote four—one per season (the original plan), last year I wrote only one.

You may ask, what does a lot of what I write about have to do with the services I offer, and my answer would have to be—next to nothing. But I'm not going to let that stop me.

Thanks for your business in the past year. I hope you had a great holiday, and I wish for you a fulfilling New Year.

Angels

According to some, each of us has several angels that are dedicated to our welfare, exclusively. These angels are said to guide us, help us, and protect us. They want us to be happy and fulfill our promise here, much as we want our children to do the same.

To verify their existence, perhaps I should ask them to take a day off so I could see the difference, however, I don't dare.

Sweat Lodges

The sweat lodge has been used by native cultures for purification for thousands of years. A shelter was made in the shape of a turtle with willow branches and blankets. Into a hole, dug in its dark center, were placed hot glowing rocks over which water was poured. The participants, sitting within, shed their excesses onto the ground. They rendered unto Caesar the things that were Caesar's and to God

My Services

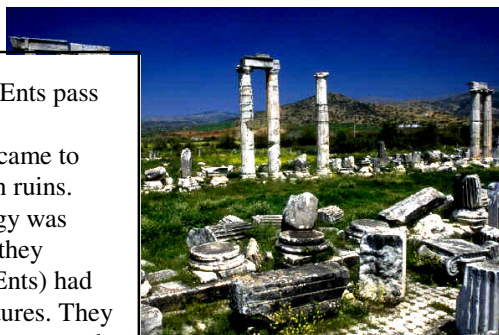
People ask me what I do to make a living in the winter. My answer is almost the same as it is during the rest of the year. I clean and tint glass, tutor and teach. However, I add that in the Winter I also do odd jobs, minor repairs and painting, and I am available for any writing, editing, or desktop publishing projects that could come my way.

So, come my way—call me, any time; I'm here.

The Ents and Impermanence

"Even the works of the Ents pass away."

When the Anglo-Saxons came to Britain they found Roman ruins. Since their own technology was primitive in comparison, they assumed that giants (the Ents) had built these amazing structures. They cited these ruins as a prime example of impermanence, for if even the "entengeweorc" passed away, what of their own feeble undertakings?



Our Works

How long will what we accomplish, last? What will beings who come to this planet years after we are gone, make of the crumbling interstates, tall buildings, and polluted and strip mined landscapes.

Perhaps they will think that these edifices were temples connected by great highways, that we spent our time in pilgrimage to them to worship our gods, and that to these gods we sacrificed everything we had including the earth and sky, and then we perished.

Christmas in Michigan

I had the good fortune to be reunited with my family over the holidays. My siblings, their spouses, and kids drove and flew-in from all over the US. I have five brothers and five sisters; all but two came.

I had felt that there was a great distance between us, and I had little desire to bridge it.

I came to realize, however, that the distance existed mainly in me. Everyone was so glad to see me, and, oddly enough, I was glad to see them too, even my parents. While at weeks end I was ready to return home to my normal life, I did so with greater joy than before.

I hope that you found the same with your family.

No Argument

I did not get into a single argument, during the holidays over our current political situation, despite the fact that I have a nephew who was wounded and barely escaped death in Iraq. While he will get a well-deserved Purple Heart, I should be awarded the Silent Tongue for keeping my peace under fire.

My Writing

I write stories sometimes. Now that you are a part of my readership, perhaps you would be interested in reading a couple of them. I must warn you though, they are a tad left leaning, however, if you are still game, send an email to Larryr@optonline.net.