

# Monday meander

The longer I wait to start writing again, the harder it becomes to put words on a page, so I am screwing my courage to the sticking place and writing despite the months of silence here.

We'll be moving again hopefully sometime this fall. Our current apartment, while a nice place to be, is too far away from the university for convenience. We also have upstairs neighbors who sometimes wake Katja up at weird hours. Since she's very good at waking me up, I'm always exhausted after a bad night, too. I'd like to be able to expect to sleep all night. I think I'd like apartment living more if we could soundproof the shared walls somehow. I like the utility effectiveness that can come with carefully designed apartments, but the shared walls are hard for me because their noise encroaches on our lives.

I have a pendulum on my desk that draws patterns in sand. I got it because work was kind enough to get me a standing desk, but the only place I can put it is in the corner right up against the light, which is motion controlled. One of my monitors now blocks the sensor, which means every 15 minutes or so the light turns off. This is not exactly conducive to a consistent workflow. I got the pendulum to offset this issue and it works very well unless I forget to tap it periodically, in which case I'm reminded when the light goes out. My coworkers are rather amused by this, I think.

We are having another feast later this month. This time I'll try to remember to post the menu and pictures. We're also planning to start our Sunday waffle tradition again once we've moved. I liked being able to just have any of our friends show up and eat on Sundays, and I really enjoy making waffles. We'll do it around lunchtime so I have time to do my long run and have a little time to recover. I'd prefer to avoid

inflicting my sweat-soaked self on anyone else right after a run.

Speaking of running, I have now completed three half marathons. I'm happy with that. They weren't fast, especially not the third one, but I got through them and it was fine. The third one was the best in terms of experience. My first half marathon was a struggle; I started too fast, went at someone else's pace for a while, and felt like I was struggling throughout, but I'd paid to go through a program (Nicole's No BS Run Club <https://www.lifelessbullshit.com/no-bs-run-club/>) and I was damn well going to finish it. That was followed by hip surgery, which was far from fun. I scheduled my second half marathon a year and a half after surgery and I finished it because I needed to prove to myself that I could, that I wasn't broken. The third one, run after tearing my calf muscle and a month of jury duty, really should have been miserable. I was out of shape and my calves cramped up badly starting around mile 8, but the course was gorgeous (Huntington Beach on the bike trail!), the volunteers were very nice, and they wrote messages on the path to keep us going. One of the last ones was "My mascara runs faster than you!" which made me laugh. The earlier ones were supportive and also funny, but that one stuck in my head. I'm signed up for a few more over the next several months, mostly local but one a little out of the way. I have discovered that I really like the smaller races more than the big ones. I'm training for a repeat of the one I did in February, since I'd like to do better on the hills ("California flat" apparently means that it is never actually completely flat), but the others are mostly smaller local races.

Running is becoming a habit. It isn't completely there, especially on nights when I don't get enough sleep, but it's almost automatic now to wake up, get into my running gear, warm up, and go. It definitely cuts into my sleep, but if I wait until evening the likelihood that I'll actually run is

pretty low. I'll run tonight, since I missed this morning's run due to multiple sleep interruptions last night, but this one is only half an hour so I should be able to talk myself into it.

I can't quite believe it's June. For the first time in years, for me, winter has not included any snow. The months are smearing together a little bit. I'm happy to be here, but I don't think I've quite adjusted to the lack of seasons. The year round produce is amazing, though!

Life in general is going pretty well. We've had some hiccups, of course, but we're trundling along fairly happily. I'm enjoying being in the pool more, both on my own and with Katja. I am going to have to teach her how to put sunscreen on my back, though, apparently, since I'm a little bit lobstered at the moment. Work is going well. I'm starting to make friends, though that is, of course a slow process, since despite being technically right on the line between introvert and extravert, I'm still somewhat shy.

I'm learning a lot right now, which partially explains the silence. I'm learning to be a better parent, learning to be Katja's advocate, and working on some internal personal challenges as well. I'm also playing more in the kitchen, experimenting rather than following a recipe, and I'm gaining quite a lot of confidence there. I feel like there's a lot going on but none of it is really fascinating to anyone else, which is fine. I just find it difficult to write when I don't feel like there's much to write about that isn't just rambling. I suppose I've gotten rather good at rambling over the years, though, so I should go with my strengths.