

*I sat in my rocker and stared at the space, with visions of track plans in front of my face. I pondered and wondered, my brain burned it's best, but nary an answer to John Coy's test. Some talk of free-wheeling and forgetting the plan, at the end they're all happy and we give them a hand. I really do wonder, if I'll ever get there, without simply losing, any more of my hair. For now I'll continue with these knowledgeable threads, in hopes of defeating my perpetual dread. Merry Xmas 🎅*