Glimpses of Brillion

By CAPT R. Claude “Frenchy” Corbeille, USN (Ret)
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The season finally caught up with the calendar and we are experiencing typical October weather - crisp mornings with a touch of frost followed by pleasantly cool days. If one’s happiness depends on rainfall, there is some disappointment, but with nothing growing in the garden, and dry conditions keeping the lawn from growing, I am not one of the depressed. I have even concluded that our lawn will need only one more mowing before winter sets in, and that does not sadden me.

There are lots of leaves on the lawn and that would have constituted a problem a while back, but I have a benevolent neighbor who acquired a leaf gathering device that he tows behind his lawn tractor, and it collects all of the fallen leaves. He advised me that he will remove the leaves from our lawn when he does his, so that is one task that I have no concerns over. He has already gathered up some of them, but our maple tree is still fully clothed and will cover both our lawns with a new blanket when it divests itself of leaves.

On Tuesday, 21 October, I underwent a test in an effort to identify the cause of the severe pain in my right thigh that keeps me from long walks. The test disclosed that there is strong likelihood of a partially blocked artery and the next phase is to identify the location of the blockage. That requires another test which, as I write, has not yet been scheduled. And of course, once the problem area is identified, the next step will be to determine how to fix it. If I were of a pessimistic nature or had a proclivity for depression, I might not be very happy, but I remain the eternal optimist, confident that God did not bring me this far just so He could abandon me. I have no way of knowing where in my schedule of events this repair will take place, but one day it will, and I will be walking the byways once more. In the meantime, I walk thirty minutes each day, circumnavigating our house. It is neither exhilarating nor interesting, but it is what I have to do, according to the nurse in charge of the cardiac rehab facility, and since she knows more about these things than I do, I will continue to follow her directions. When I learn more, I will share the news.

Our annual “Walk Through Brillion” provided a lot of merriment for a lot of folks. As is my usual contribution, I worked at the registration desk, which afforded the opportunity to see all of the participants, and to enjoy the creativity in costumes. The common denominator was smiles. Of all of the scores of folks who came through, there was not one who appeared anything less than happy. Folks were bent on having a good time, and that is what they did. I would be hard pressed to select any one person as having the best costume; there were just too many that might be identified as the best. It was a joyful experience just seeing friends and marveling over the wide range of ideas in creating something different.

A great nephew, with double meaning on the word “great,” visited yesterday and brought along a “take and bake” pizza which the three of us enjoyed for our noon meal. I had crafted a cherry pie in anticipation of the occasion, so we had that for dessert. Our nephew had expressed a desire to expend some sighting rounds in the rifle that he intends for deer hunting, and I wanted to confirm the accuracy of the rifle that will accompany me to Saskatchewan, so we left Barbara alone for an hour while we visited the rifle range. I need the young legs to haul the target downrange to the 100 yard frame, and our nephew is eager to help. I fired once, saw no need to expend any more cartridges, since the bullet went exactly where it was supposed to go, and I put my rifle away. Our nephew had to fire several rounds to get his scope dialed in, but we left the range in good spirits. Our route to and from took us through a neighboring hamlet and there was an early celebration of Halloween ongoing, with youngsters, guided by adults, roaming through town on a “Trick or Treat” quest. I idly wondered why, with Halloween still five days away, they were going about the celebration this early.

It was late afternoon, maybe even early evening, when I responded to a knock on our door and was greeted by this pretty blond lady. I mentioned previously that I am a pushover for pretty blonds, I even married one, so I was quite pleased to be visited by this young lady on a quiet Sunday. Small matter that she is only three years old; she is still pretty, and she presented Barbara and me with a Halloween treat, followed by a warm hug. What a great way to cap off what had already been quite a great day. Oh yes, she brought her mother along. Both are always welcome.

Freedom Is Not Free
Frenchy Sends with Warm Regards