

St. Some *shit* Times

STILL COVID SEPTEMBER 2021

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This month...

...has been a steaming pile of manure. Completely. Yes, I am cranky like everyone else. Maybe life on this island is finally getting to me. Maybe it's just how work is going. Maybe I'm just a complainer. But, I know for a fact, I'm not the only one that has been feeling this way at work. Teachers are melting down. Life isn't so grand right now.

inside this issue



Absolutely
NO Dancing

Setting Pause on Dance Classes



After months of practice, I thought it would be good to have a break. But no...

October is nye. That's a fancy way of saying September is over as I write this to record the monthly happenings and adventures. Hah! As if anything actually happened in September.

I cannot wait until dance class starts again. I already started swimming in the mornings. I've started out stretches on my own. As the new month rolls around, I am slowly amping up my health food kick. Vitamins have become a mainstay every morning while getting ready for work. My fitbit is synced once again. The unhealthy break is at an end. Bring on dance class.

According to "the dragon" my dance partner has decided not to continue. It seems to happen a lot in this kind of dancing. The commitment is intense. The good news is, the Jolly Green Giant is going to join up. I'm going to be paired up with a six foot seven, 320lb mass of a man! Let the excitement begin!

However, the bottom line is this. Training isn't dependent on anyone but me. I have committed to meet up with my trainer at least once a year for life, as he did with his trainer. I own my own training whether he is there to guide me or not. I only have until July 2022 to learn as much as I can. From then on, it's my own training with what I have learned. What can I retain? What can I walk away with in this short time? It's up to me. Rain or shine. Dance class or no dance class.

*He will always know. He can always tell. But it doesn't matter. **I know** if I'm training or not.*



When I Look Back, I'll always remember.

What happens at dance class stays at dance class. That's rule number one. It's no one else's business. I'm writing this more as a memory tool than a story for SST. Why not, there isn't much else to talk about. And this stuff will be golden in years to come. So there's the tennis balls. There is a brick. There is never enough muscle relaxant or

vitamin packets. Water? Never enough to drink. The name of the game is train your body starting with the basic dance moves. The basics are the hardest to learn, because they are not intuitive. The moves just make sense. And every move along the journey flows along the basics.

It may take the rest of my life before I can meet my goals. The journey is mind, soul, body, and spirit. What can I say? This is one hell of a dance class.



Life in Future Lab is Still Exciting

Robotics, Legos, KIBOS, RocBlocs, Spheros, and more. We have a lot of cool stuff. We have a lot of students.

This year, I am on a team of three Future Lab teachers. Robinsky and Jeep are my peeps. Jeep won't be with us very long. His family is already in the USA for good. Until he does leave, we rock as a team. We complain as a team. We do everything as a team. Each of us teaches about 300 students each week in grades kinder through fourth. 12 robots may seem like a lot, but they don't go a long way with nine hundred students. We have to be very creative with our

scheduling and sharing. I'm not complaining. We have a lot of different tools to share.

My favorite is still the lego robotics. We are VERY lucky to have 60 lego WeDo kits. That's 20 for each class. Almost a class set. When we ordered, we had never dreamed the student cap would ever go over 20. And yet it has. Did I mention we have up to 23 kids in a single class these days?

Did I mention we had an all school ONLINE day? I'm a techie. I should have been helping parents, students, and teachers get through the tech. Instead I taught ALL DAY. But, one KG student raised his hand during online class..."bathroom?"

Have I ever told you "I hate Printers!"?

I have dreams about printer errors, paper jams, and faulty fusers

Life as a techie in a school can be cause for deep psychotic episodes. Either that or elicit addictions. Good thing I don't have either. I have dance class. But yeah, the printer right outside of my door is constantly breaking down. We have about 14 printers and copiers just in our school. There isn't enough time in a day to keep them going. There isn't even enough time in the day to email the company printer support guys.



They *should* just come by once a day and check in on us. That still wouldn't be enough. Have you ever seen a printer used by a teaching staff? I can only imagine a KINKO's copier sees more action. No wonder why our printers die so often! Damn, I'm in a poor mood.

All this bitching makes me think...

Why shouldn't I just be grateful for what I have and what I am NOT experiencing? I have a great job. This is simply the first time I haven't loved my school in the past six years, maybe I'm just weak. I am quite healthy. I have a handful of real close friends both near and far. They are also healthy, except a precious few. My nuclear family is amazing. We aren't all healthy, but mom and Erin are mostly mending. I am making good money and I have no debt. I'm not alcoholic. Hell, I'm not even drinking. I'm not on drugs. I don't have a psychotic girlfriend. I still hold out hope for meeting that special woman. I'm not homeless but I don't have a home. This is sort of home, I'm talking about owning a home. I never have. The closest I've come to owning a home is now - I own a front glass door that Mike donated to me when he moved to Qatar. Family, friends, money, job, health, bed, great vacations ahead...I have everything.

I woke up. I have clothes to wear. I have running water. I have food to eat. Life is good. I am thankful.



Maldives with Jeff

I cannot believe it. Jeff is going to meet me in Dubai or Qatar and go on the Carpe for Xmas and New Years. I'll pause my New Years resolution of 2002 if I can dive with Jeff on the Carpe this Holiday season. Fingers crossed. Please don't let this jinx the trip of a lifetime for Jeff.



Indonesia Diving?

There are still several tasks I have left over from last year's trip debacles caused by Covid 19. One of them is the trip to Indonesia for Diving. It's still on the books. I'm looking at a summer trip. We'll see. It's a tossup between seeing family again, checking in on Mom and Erin,



Buffett in Paris?

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Wake up. Go to work. Stay at work. Go Home. Read or Netflix. Go to sleep. Repeat.

The biggest problem right now, with so many restrictions still in place...downward spiral of routines. I've been caught up. I need to change. Hopefully, dance

class will be my silver bullet. I just need to break my routine. That's not easy, since I've been doing this since I returned to work in August.

Work is demanding. I go home and want to do nothing besides sleep. How unhealthy! But, I'm in that rut. There is definitely a link between my moods and lack of *joie de vivre*. That scares me. But

since I'm aware of it, I can change it.

This place, this country, has simply burdened me with actually having to look "inward" to improve myself in different ways. There is less to do here than there was in Kuwait! Or is it just me that is unwilling to reach out here? Ughh. Crapola on a huge scale. Time to leave.

What Fresh New Hell is This?

Can they add any more crap onto the pile? Sure they can, and will.

I'm just mentally gearing up for more changes. Who knows what will happen next. Something will happen. Someone will do something. School or life, I'm expecting more crap before I get to the Maldives.

Remember my experience last year as I tried to depart? This year, I am quadruple checking my visa, flights, connections, duties, costs, credit cards, dates, ...everything. But something will still go wrong. Mark my words. But I'll do everything in my power to avoid crashing. It will work out in the end. I will make it onto the flight and onboard. I have to. It's the only light ahead.



Jeff, the
Maldives are
calling us.
Soon but not
soon enough.
God grant me
the energy to
last 'til the
Maldives
2021.