

# blog lassiter

...views, thoughts, opinions, and the like.

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## About “the blog”

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blog” is short for the phrase “web log”. (I don’t know why – I never said I had all the answers.)

So what exactly is a “blog”? It’s whatever you want it to be. In this case, it is a collection of thoughts, views, opinions, observations – some serious, some not.

Most “blogs” welcome comments from readers - this one does not. This is a deeply personal story - one that you are welcome to follow, but not join in. As it unfolds, I trust that you will understand why...

## About Me

You don’t understand, this wasn’t supposed to happen.

This is the year I’ve long dreaded, the year when I turned - and it kills me to say this - - the BIG Six-Oh. Sixty fucking years old.

How can this be? Grandfathers are sixty years old, not people like me. I was going to be young forever – all the kids I grew up with were. But now there is no denying the reality, the inevitable.

Does it bother me? What do you think? Sure it does. The list of things that I can no longer do grows every day. The accomplishments that will never be accomplished, the dreams that will not come true, weigh on me, torment me.

I am starting to run out of time, and it saddens me

Wasn’t it just yesterday that my entire life was in front of me? Surely it couldn’t have been more than a year or two ago. How did the time manage to pass so quickly? I know that I am not the first man to experience these feelings, but that doesn’t make it any easier.

It's not just the milestone, but the fact that I am far older than my years. That, of course, is my doing. I was never one to "take care" of myself, and when I was told that I had a life-threatening disease, I ignored the warnings.

I tell you this not so that you might feel sorry for me, but so that you might better understand the entries that will follow...

## About Her

It's as though it was yesterday – I looked up from the desk just in time to see her walking down the hall. Oh my God! I think the term is smitten.

I would spend the next three months trying to find any excuse to be around her – ever so cautiously flirting, so fearful of rejection that I never noticed that she always found the time to talk. Finally, one of her girlfriends could take it no more, and arranged our first date.

That was twenty years ago – through good times and bad, unbelievable highs, and equally unbelievable lows - she has been my love, my best friend, and my very reason for being.

There is no touch I desire, no council I value, no companionship I need more than this woman provides. Her beauty – inside and out – leave me awe struck. The only flaw she has ever exhibited is her poor taste in mates – but for that I am eternally grateful.

But the years have played a cruel joke on us. Where once I was the protector and provider, now she is – once I was the keystone in our relationship, but no more. Yet she does not complain, she does not let me know that our roles have reversed – she cares for me, and permits me to maintain whatever dignity remains.

She is by far the most decent human being I have ever known – she is my hero, my love, and my all. She is my "Muffin", my wife...

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29th of August, 2005

## ...again, from the top.

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 10:47 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

I have made several attempts at "blogging" over the past year – and abandoned each. What seemed like good ideas at the time, suddenly didn't seem worth the time and effort. Perhaps this "blog" will turn out as the others, but then, perhaps it won't. I know the kind of things I want to write about, but am hesitant to tell you at this point. Maybe I'm afraid that you won't come back, maybe I'm afraid that I will have things to say, but no one to

say them to. Of course the things I will be writing about are important – important to me. And with that. Let this “blog” begin...

## Don't blame me...

Posted by Lassiter in [Poker](#) at 11:36 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

It's all that degenerate **Mister Subliminal's** fault – he's the one who put the bug in my ear.

I met the low-life a couple years ago on a futures trading message board. I can't really say why we hit it off, but we did – sort of. Well then I find out that he's a poker player – yes, a gambler. Perish the thought! In all of my life, I have never associated with his kind, but...

Well any way, he seemed like a nice enough guy – you know, for a card player. So he starts this blog, and it's about his late night activities in shady casinos, and is full of links to a bunch of other poker blogs. Having nothing better to do, I started to read some of them, and asked a few questions.

Next thing I know I'm watching Texas Hold'em shows on the tube, and **Subliminal** has me reading poker books.

To make a long story short, now I'm plunging my brains out in on-line poker rooms, and enjoying it (Thank God my saintly mother did not live to see what has become of her son.) Am I making any money? What do you think? But I ain't losing all that much, and I just know that it won't be long until I'm raking in the chips, big time!

Ok, so I'm bullshitting you – myself as well – but what else do I have to do all day long? At least it keeps me off the porn sites, and a man who's arteries are in the shape that mine are in would do well to not be looking at the naked babes – you know what I mean?

## After the storm...

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 2:44 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

Have you ever had your life turned upside down? Me to – it happens, sometimes more than once. But what must it be like to have the entire world – at least the world as you know it – turned upside down? Well, obviously, that's what has happened to the people who live along the Gulf coast of this nation. Life will never be the same again.

One of the things that is so hard to understand is man's inhumanity to man at a time like this – the looting and exploitation that always follows a natural disaster are all but incomprehensible for those of us who look on from afar. I suppose it might be explained as basic survival – every man for himself. It doesn't make it acceptable, but somehow easier to understand.

Seeing the video tape, listening to the first hand accounts of the devastation is so hard to take, but there's yet another story that is disturbing – it's a sign of our times. A group of people - hopefully a small segment, but I'm no longer sure – lead by their champions, the right-wing talk radio gods, are paying lip service to the enormity of the tragedy, but bending over backwards in attempting to politicize it.

Is there nothing sacred anymore? Is there nothing that happens where one side cannot wait to demonize the other? My dismay with the ideologues grows by the day. In time, the storm damage will be repaired, but what of the divide that this nation suffers? When will we begin to address it?

31st of August, 2005

## Circle

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 3:41 pm | [Permanent Link](#)



I can't remember who did it, but there was a song a number of years ago that went: "My life is a circle, sunrise and sundown..." I did not realize at the time just how true it was.

I came into this world as we all do – relatively helpless and dependent. I am getting ready to leave it pretty much the same way – relatively helpless and dependent.

I am astonished at how quickly my physical state has declined, and find

myself wondering just how much longer I will be able to do even the most basic things.

Every day my universe grows smaller – I am less mobile, my vision continues to fail, and the worst part of it all is that I just accept it as normal. I have somehow all but forgotten what it's like to see clearly, or walk about at will. All of the activities and interests that were so much a part of my life only a few years ago are now just a distant memory..

When you are a child, one day is much like next, there is little realization of abstract concepts like the future. Apparently, as the days of your life dwindle down, one reverts to a childlike state once again – one day is indeed like the next, there is only now, there is no future.

The words of the song are undeniable...life is but a circle.

31st of August, 2005

## **...the boy still remembers.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 11:59 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

Let me tell you about the good ol' days- about the way things once were, but will never be again.

You see, this was once a very special time of the year. Summer was coming to a close, school was back in session (yuck), but it was worth it because the new model year cars were just about to debut.

I know it's hard to believe, but there was a time – a very special time – when cars actually changed in appearance from year to year. And there wasn't a kid worth a lick who couldn't call out the make, model, and year of any car from at least two blocks away.

Starting in mid August, car carriers would roll into town with the new vehicles tightly under wraps. Dealerships would paper over the display windows so the public could not see in from the street – the excitement would build and build. Then a few days before the official unveiling, a hole would be cut into the paper so that one could at long last get a peek at the shinny new cars inside on the showroom floor. ( OK, so it sounds silly, but I'm telling you it's true.)

My father was a Pontiac man – most people back then were brand loyal – and the Heinaman-Perry Pontiac dealership was no more than a mile from where we lived. It's important to understand that the entire time I was growing up, my dad

and I never once played catch, or went to a ballgame. We never had a long father and son talk, or even went to the park – with but one exception. The day, the very day that the hole was cut in that showroom paper, we walked down to gaze in at the bright new cars housed inside. Father and son, side by side, dreaming dreams

How is it possible that things that were once such a big deal, now seem so silly and trite?

22nd of September, 2005

## **...go away, kid.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 10:01 am | [Permanent Link](#)

***I've told this story before, but it plays such a significant part in my life, that it's worth repeating...***

Unlike many people, I can identify turning points in my life to the exact moment in time that they occurred. The first such “turning point” came on a chilly Spring morning in 1958 - the second Saturday in April, it was overcast, and windy, but it was a day that almost every boy in my hometown had been looking forward to for many months. It was Little League tryout day.

I was 12 years old that year, fat, and very unauthentic. But I loved baseball, and it was my last year of eligibility. I wanted nothing more than to be part of a team – to play baseball on a real field, with real uniforms, and real “fans” in the stands cheering us on. My hometown league was divided into two divisions – Majors and Minors. And on this particular morning the hopefuls were to be given a test, a simple test to let the “coaches” decide which division a boy would be assigned to play in. The test was nothing more than one of the men throwing a ball high into the air, and seeing how the would be player handled the simulated “pop-fly”. Each boy had two chances. Both times as the ball sailed high into the air, I lost sight of it in the overcast sky, and the ball dropped to the ground.

They assigned me to a Minor League team – Colls Camera, coached by Mr. Simpson. I was disappointed that I had not made the Majors, but not much. I was going to be part of the team, and that's all that really mattered.

Fat kids in Little League almost always end up being the catcher, and I was no exception. Every night, after supper, we had a practice session. I was in my glory – it was everything I had ever dreamed it would be. I had never participated in any organized sport before, and to be honest, my skill level left much to be desired.

At long last the season was to begin – there was one final practice, and on that night Mr. Simpson would hand out our uniforms and hats. The anticipation was more than a boy could handle, so I showed up even earlier than usual. At long last Mr. Simpson showed up, and we could see the big cardboard boxes in the back of his 1955 Ford station wagon – boxes holding the coveted uniforms and hats. The symbols that proved to all the world that a boy, this boy, belonged to the team.

But there was something else in Mr., Simpson's vehicle that night – it was a young boy, about twelve years old, a stranger none of us had ever seen before. Coach Simpson got out, but the stranger remained behind. It was then that he called me aside – no doubt for a special strategy meeting, right? Wrong. He told me that I just wasn't really good enough to play, and that he had found this other kid who was going to replace me. He also asked that I leave the practice field, so as not to be a distraction.

I did as he asked, got on my bike, and with the sounds of my former team mates laughing and gathering around Mr. Simpson to get their uniforms and hats, I began the trip back home. It was during the long lonely ride – the long lonely bitter ride home, filled with shame and despair that I vowed to never again be a "team player". Life had taught me a lesson, and the events that had transpired during the Spring of 1958 changed me forever. That was more than 48 years ago, but I can remember that night as though it just happened. The memories are no less bitter, no less painful...

22nd of September, 2005

## **...a dose of reality.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 10:38 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

Do you believe in miracles? Why? In all of recorded history, there has never – I said never – been a miracle. And I can prove it.

By definition, a miracle is something that cannot happen – and there ain't never been anything that can't happen, happen. I rest my case.

Perhaps there are those who might sight written records of miracles occurring in what is called the age of miracles. After all, it is written that He turned water into wine. Yeah, and the same book says that snakes talked.

Maybe you'd want to point out modern day cases of miraculous cures – usually cancerous tumors. I would point out that your body is full of cancer cells, and in layman's terms, when you get cancer it is because your immune system can no longer fight them off, and they group together forming a tumor. There is no reason why your immune system can't kick in again, and destroy the growth.

However, should the growth destroy, let's say, your right lung, you have a problem. You have a problem because the destroyed lung cannot regenerate it's self.

Tumors can disappear – lungs cannot regrow. There has never been a case of a miraculous terminal lung cancer victim recovering – never.

I lost part of my right foot a couple years ago. I can pray until the cows come home, and you can join me, but the foot will not be restored. Why, because God doesn't like me? No, it's because it can't happen.

Anyone who believes in miracles is, I'm sorry to say, a fool...

24th of September, 2005

## **...it is what it is.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 11:05 am | [Permanent Link](#)

The swifter among you have caught on to the fact that this “blog” does not permit reader comments – nor is there a contact page. Neither is an oversight.

It's not that I don't care about what you think – I do. It's not that your visits here are not important to me – they are. But this “blog” is not intended to spark debate, encourage discussion, or sell a point of view. It is what it is, and nothing more.

I am fascinated that the number of readers inches up almost daily, and I am equally fascinated by the fact that readers come from all over the country, with a handful from other countries – I don't know why, but I am. OK, I'm not being honest with you – it fascinates me because I can't figure out why you are reading it.

Most of the entries are deeply personal – many defy understanding. There is a purpose, but I'm not willing to share it at this point.

There are two people who read this “blog” who know how to contact me – both did this past week. One was touched by what he read, the other was disturbed. One could identify with something I wrote about, the other felt that the content was “gloomy”. One's reaction pleases me, the other's troubles me.

But such is the plight of the “blogger” – you just can't please everyone, sometimes not even yourself...



25th of September, 2005

## Sunday in Tampa

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 3:39 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

To blog, or not to blog? That is the question.

The world is full of strife, and despair. War rages, natural disaster wreak havoc, but it's Sunday in Tampa Bay, and my attention is focused on nothing other than a stupid football game.

Being an irrational human being, obsessed with my hatred of the local team, their defeat is all I care about for the moment. A better man would try to conceal this obvious character flaw by writing about weightier issues – but I am who I am, and there is no point in pretending otherwise.

Now if you will excuse me, the game is still in progress, and I want to get back to it...

**Curses, foiled again! The bastards are now 3 - 0 It's going to be a very long season...**

26th of September, 2005

## I blew it...

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 10:49 am | [Permanent Link](#)

Oh crap, this is just awful. Last night I'm going through the log, and someone from China was on there. Some guy(?) from China was reading this "blog".

I don't know how he found it, or what he expected to find – but here's some guy from another culture, clear on the other side of the world, and I'm bitching about some stupid football game, or whining about not having made a Little League team almost half a century ago. What must he have thought?

There is little or no mention of any world or national events to be found here. There is no discussion or debate, no philosophy or point of view – just a lot of stuff that must make absolutely no sense to him what-so-ever.

It's not that I don't care about what's going on. It's not that I don't spend a lot of time reading about, thinking about truly important things – I just don't feel like writing about them.

So here's this guy who's no doubt trying to learn about us, trying to get some sense of who lives on the other side of his world – and this is what he finds. There is no hint of who I really am, or what I've done or accomplished – just, well just this stuff. Surely he went away disappointed, never to return.

What I would give to be able to surf sites and blogs in his country – but I can't, since I am unable to read the language - it all looks like Chinese to me. (In case he comes back, that last remark is a joke.\_

Anyway, I feel as though I have failed, as though I let him down. He must think I am nothing but a shallow, self-centered American – not worth the time or effort to get to know. All the time, all the effort he spent in learning my language, and all he got for it was stumbling on some moron who's still pissed at not having made the team way back when...

27th of September, 2005

## **...for all the tea in China?**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 5:55 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

Well, I've apparently lost the guy from China. Screw him – I've got readers in both North AND South Dakota, that's almost as good.

I make no apology for my feelings towards the Bucs, and as for the Little League story – he just missed the point of it. Probably a language barrier thing.

I mean, I can get along just fine without people from China reading the "blog" – but it was kinda cool, if you know what I mean...

28th of September, 2005

## **A day in the life...**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 10:32 am | [Permanent Link](#)

I am a notorious recluse – in part because of my former celebrity, in part because of my nature, and now because I am no longer able to leave the house alone.

This morning saw yet another trip to a blood lab, as I now must have my red blood cell count continuously monitored. One of the byproducts of failing kidneys is anemia – a cruel malady that robs one of strength.

As my name was called, I stood and slowly walked the ten or fifteen feet to the door I was instructed to go through – but as I reached the entrance, my entire body weakened, the room darkened, and I became disoriented. Mary, who never takes her eyes off of me for even a moment, saw that I was in trouble, and rushed to my side. Others in the waiting room also reacted – one brought a chair, several just stood by trying to help.

Once seated, it only takes a short while to recover – but it is embarrassing, deeply humiliating. Damn-it, I am an adult male – I am supposed to be the protector, the one in control – not a pathetic old man.

Back home now, in the familiar confines of “my world, where everything is within reach, where everything is placed so that I can maneuver and more or less function on my own, my pride and dignity suffer yet another irreparable blow. I am safe now, out of view, but left to contemplate still one more episode in the long and seemingly never ending journey that robs me of my manhood – my independence.

It is only my body that is giving out – my mind, my awareness and consciousness still function Two days shy of the milestone I dread, I sit here wondering how someone so young can also be so old...

28th of September, 2005

## **...goodbye my youth!**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 10:49 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

Tomorrow (Friday) is my sixtieth birthday – a day I never thought I'd see. Not because I thought I'd die young, but because I just never thought I would get old.

Of course, by today's standards, it's not that ancient. The place is crawling with tons of people my age in mighty fine shape – a fact that pisses me off.

My mother died in the middle of her sixty first year. My father died two days shy of his sixty fourth birthday. It would appear that I do not come



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from the best gene pool. So how do I feel about that? What the hell do you think.

I've got a shot at out living my mother – it's not going to be easy to surpass my father. While I talk about it, I'm not all that troubled. Yes, I'm saddened that there are so many dreams that will not be fulfilled, and I'm annoyed that there are so many things that I will never know how they turned out. But as they say: Such is life.

All things considered, it's been a damned good ride – and who knows, there might still be a few surprises yet to come. I accomplished more than I ever thought I would. I have a woman I adore, and who loves me. I'm at peace with myself, and the world.

So for all the complaining, for all the moments of felling sorry for my self, I will celebrate the day. I will spend it with my best friend and love of my life. I will look back fondly on all the good times, and be grateful for them. Because of the fifty-nine that came before it, it will indeed be a happy birthday...

29th of September, 2005

## **...the torch has been passed.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 10:18 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

Well I'll be damned – I made it. The big SIX-OH is now behind me, and I can get on with the rest of my life. It'll be another forty years until the next killer b'day.

So I'm sixty now – you got a problem with that?

When I was a kid, there was this old man – Mister Fife – who was the terror of the neighborhood. Mister Fife must have been at least a hundred and fifty years old. He had this big garden that he tended daily – always in a straw hat, starched shirt and necktie. Woe to the kid who would hit a ball that would land in Mister Fife's garden. The old bastard spent his days just waiting for such an event. He would come flying out of the house, arms flailing, and yelling. It would be a race to the death between the old man and the kid trying to retrieve the errant orb – occasionally Fife would reach the ball first, and it was never to be seen again.

I've never feared anyone, as much as I feared Mister Fife. And though I lived but two houses away, I never once spoke a word to man. Over the years I may have lost nearly a dozen balls of various shapes and sizes to him – God only knows what became of them.

I've spent most of my life waiting for the day when I might take his place – the day I might become the neighborhood “Mister Fife”. Perhaps now it is my turn to strike terror into hearts of young boys. Every neighborhood should have a grumpy old man – ready, willing, and able to instill real fear into otherwise carefree children.

Getting old is a bitch, but there might be benefits, if only the local kids would see me as I once saw Mister Fife...

30th of September, 2005

## **the birthday boy.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 12:05 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

So how old am I?

Steam locomotives, segregated schools, circuses under a big tent, organ grinders, burlesque theaters, horse drawn milk wagons - all of these things existed on the day I was born, and I've seen all of them.

I grew up placing phone calls by telling the operator the number I wanted to reach. There were kids with polio, and an ominous looking orphanage in the next town. Every neighborhood had a soda fountain – Cokes cost a nickel, six-cents if you wanted a squirt of cherry syrup.. There were elevator operators, and Saturday Afternoon Matinees, almost always double features, complete with weekly adventure serials. – now all of these things are gone.

Most every man wore a felt hat, and “tipped” it when encountering a woman. Seats were instantly surrendered on busses and trains to anyone older, a man always gave allowed a woman to have his if no others were available.

Jet Airliners, television, computers, space travel, guided missiles, hydrogen bombs, cell phones, the internet, stereos, were all unknown – so was rock and roll. You couldn't have explained things like e-mail, text messaging or “blogs” if you tried.

No one had ever heard of McDonalds, Elvis Presley, John F. Kennedy, or Martin Luther King. The civil rights movement, the sexual revolution, and Watergate were words yet to be uttered on the day I was born. Harry Truman was president, Frank Sinatra was still a skinny kid, and the Second World War still raged..

That's how old I am...

17th of October, 2005

## **...the good life?**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 1:56 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

I mean, does it get any better than this?

I slept in till ten o'clock this morning – ate a leisurely breakfast, as I perused the net – played some poker for about an hour and a half. This afternoon I'll either try to read, or maybe take a nap. And tomorrow, it will be pretty much the same.

It would be a great way to live, if only there were other things I could do with myself.

Sometimes I get so bored I could scream...

17th of October, 2005

## **...and then I wrote...**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 11:03 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

My people skills, to say the least, leave much to be desired. All too often things that should have been said, somehow never were. Frankly, it's too late now in most cases – too difficult in the rest – but for what it's worth, here are the things I would say, if only I could. It's not important that names be attached – it's the thought that counts...

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I can only assume that you think I would disapprove of the way you live your life now. While I might not understand, I could not allow anything to get in the way of our friendship. If only I knew how to contact you...

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The hurt and the pain have long since diminished – I hold no grudge, and thought I had made that quite clear. All I want now is to know how the rest of your life turned out – why won't you tell me?

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I've never known anyone like you – so gifted, so insightful, yet such a waste. Much of what I became, I owe to you, but I could take what you became no more – you drove me to act in ways that I deeply regret. Damn, you...

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All I ever wanted to do was to please you – though I don't know why – you were the biggest asshole I ever encountered...

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I will always miss your smile – if only we had met at a different time – if only I had not driven you away with all the bullshit. I think of you often, and hope that all is well...

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I will never know why you chose me out of the crowd. You taught me so much, and so well. Your pettiness and vindictive nature haunt me to this day – but I still thank you for all that you did to help...

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You, “my friend”, are as phony as they come. I would never wish some of the things that have happened to you on any one – but can say without hesitation, I haven't lost any sleep over your personal tragedies – none at all...

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And one final note. While we were more “acquaintances” than “friends”, I owe you much. I will always admire your personal strength and convictions. So often the “bride's maid”, but never the “bride” – yet I never detected a moment's outward resentment. I have such respect for you, and am proud to have been there...

19th of October, 2005

**..oh no!**

Posted by Lassiter in [Poker](#) at 8:46 am | [Permanent Link](#)

Stupid is, as stupid dose – or something like that.

For whatever reason, I continue to have my ass handed to me at the poker table – the past week has been a nightmare. I mean it has me not only demoralized, but downright depressed.

So I have this “come to Jesus meeting” with myself, decide to really try harder, and stop screwing around. Sounds good so far, right? This afternoon I’m playing in a tournament, and doing pretty good, thank you. I’m being both cautious, yet aggressive in my play – and it’s working.

I’m drawing to an Ace high straight, and have these three morons in the hand with me all the way. Son of a bitch, I make my hand with one card still to come. The pot keeps growing, so I stick around, rather than collect my due.,when one of the idiots puts all of his chips in the middle of the table to bet against me. Sweet Jesus, it’s going to be my day – I double check to make sure I have the hand I think I have, and yes, yes I do! So I oblige the moron by going all in against the fool.

In my lust, I failed to note the outside possibility that he might, just might have an Ace high flush – he does, I go bust. Like I said, stupid is as stupid does.

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19th of October, 2005

## **...here we go again.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 9:41 am | [Permanent Link](#)

When I first moved to this God-forsaken place (Florida) about twenty-five years ago, the local TV stations all had a segment on the nightly news called “Hometown Weather”. The crew would go out of their way to point out snow and freezing temperatures up north – back home. Need I tell you, their was much snorting and giggling as winter descended on the rest of the nation.

But the truth of the matter is that you have to be out of your fucking mind to live here – or anywhere along the Gulf coast.

As I sit here this morning, “Wilma” is churning just a few hundred miles away with 175 mile per hour winds. Some time on Friday, we will have a better feel for where this storm will come ashore. With “luck”, it will hit well south of here – good for me, bad for the poor souls in it’s path. If the weather gods fail to turn the storm sharply to the east, we will have about 24 hours to “prepare”. The problem is that there is no way to prepare, to get out of the way – there’s no place to go – we’re just screwed.

Hurricanes bring out the worst in human beings – they are so devastating, that otherwise decent people pray that the storm will hit anywhere but here – and be that the case, you are glad – glad that some other poor bastard suffers the misery that is certain for anyone in it’s path.

Being a Floridian, I start my day by checking the hurricane tracking map – I will revisit the site at least three or four times today. If it looks promising, I will sigh with relief – if it appears ominous, I will be paralyzed with fear. Such is the life of an idiot who lives in this region.

There is no rational explanation for why a human being would subject himself to this – not once, but several times a year. All that one can say is – you gotta be fucking crazy to live here...

20th of October, 2005

## **I’ve had it !**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 10:35 am | [Permanent Link](#)

Enough is enough – I want out of this God-forsaken hell hole. And just as soon as I can find a place that doesn't have hurricanes, blizzards, earthquakes, forest fires, tornadoes, hail storms, droughts, floods, heat waves or frigid temperatures – I'm outta here

20th of October, 2005

## **...another story.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 5:13 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

There are a lot of self-righteous, sanctimonious people in the world – people who can only see their side of an issue. Well, I have a story to tell you – one that goes back many years, but still has some relevance.

The year was 1957 – it was the Friday after Thanks Giving. I was 12 years old.

My mother was off work for the long holiday weekend. Shortly after breakfast, her best friend stopped by, as the two women were going to go Christmas shopping – or so I was told. Nothing seemed out of the ordinary – nothing seemed unusual.

I no longer remember exactly what I did that day, but at some point I made my annual trip to Boswell's Gift shop, located in downtown Collingswood, New Jersey – the town I grew up in. Every year, I would go to Boswell's to buy my mother a Christmas gift – it had become a tradition.

While looking over all of the merchandise on display, I spotted it -. an item that was all the rage – something I had seen advertised on television. The announcer had said that it would put a smile on the face of any woman who received one for the holidays. It was a Lady Schick Electric Razor. And there it was in all of its glory, on a shelf, just waiting to be selected. The body was made from a shiny black lacquer, with a floral insert, The shaving head was gleaming brass – it came packed in a powder blue box.

Surely, it was the perfect gift. I looked no further. Mrs. Boswell wrapped it for me, and off I went. Returning home, I hid the gift where I was certain it would remain undetected until Christmas Eve.

Whatever I did for the rest of the day escapes me – that is until about five o'clock. The afternoon had given way to early evening, but there was no sign of my mother and her friend. Five o'clock became six – I began to worry. Sometime after six-thirty, the front door opened – the two women had returned - but something was wrong. Maria, my mother's friend, was helping my mother,

who could barely walk. Maria said that she had become ill while shopping, and needed to go to bed at once.

We lived in a small two room apartment back then – a kitchen, and a living room that also doubled as a place to sleep. I was sent out of the room, as Maria helped my mother to undress, and opened the convertible couch that was her bed.

After a while, Maria came out to the kitchen and told me that my mother was very, very sick, and needed a lot of rest – with tears in her eyes, she told me that she had to go home, but that I should call if my mother got worse during the night – and off she went.

Alone now, I went in to the front room, to see if there was something, anything I could do to make things better. My mother laid there, pale, and softly crying – she began to talk, saying strange things, terrible things. Things like: “If something happens to me, I want you to go live with Aunt Kate” – her older sister. I can’t ever remember being so afraid. At one point, I asked if she was going to die. She said: “I don’t know.”

I sat there, holding her hand, not knowing what to do, feeling so helpless. And then it dawned on me – out in the kitchen was the gift that the man on the television had said would put a smile on any woman’s face – so I gave it to her, right then and there.

In the days that followed, my mother slowly regained her strength. I would have no Christmas gift to put under the tree that year, but she didn’t seem to mind.

For the longest time, that powder blue box containing the Lady Schick Electric Razor, sat out proudly displayed – though I never once saw her use it. I’m not sure when, but one day it disappeared. Frankly, I had long since forgotten it.

Twenty-six years later, my mother died. I had moved some thirteen hundred miles away by then, and rarely got back home to visit. Returning to clean out her small apartment was painful, of course. As I went about the task, I encountered probably every gift I had ever given her over the years – they were her treasures. To be honest, most meant nothing to me, so they were packed into boxes to be donated to a local charity. The last room to be cleaned out was the bathroom. And under the sink sat a box – stained, and discolored with age, but instantly recognizable – a powder blue box containing a pristine 1957 Lady Schick Electric Razor. Twenty-six years later, but she had kept it until the day she died.

It took a long time before I realized why my mother was so sick that night. As a twelve year old, I had no concept of things like abortion – or what a woman had to go through back then to get one.

My mother was thirty-five years old in 1957 – a single parent, earning just above the minimum wage, living in a two room apartment. The “father” was married, with a trophy wife, and four young children of his own – he was a pillar in the community, and his church. She was on her own in this one – she had no choice.

It is so easy to pass judgment on others – it is so easy to champion the unborn, while neglecting to consider all the facts, all the circumstances. It’s easy to be self-righteous, sanctimonious, and to ignore reality – especially in the name of some god or religious tenet.

I tell you this story because once again people who never found themselves in situations like the one above, are posturing to turn back the clock to 1957 – to a time when woman had to go to butchers to end an unwanted pregnancy. Overturning Roe vs. Wade will not put an end to abortion – you know it, and I know it. The story I just told you must never happen again – but it could – and if it does, it’s no one’s fault but yours, for looking the other way as the self-righteous turn back the clock...

22nd of October, 2005

### **...or else.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 5:30 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

Don’t you just think that it sucks that people are trashing my good, close, personal friend – [Mister Subliminal’s](#) – “blog” in an effort to get around this “blog’s” policy of not allowing “comments”? Well, I do.

There is a reason why I do not solicit or permit outside input here – I don’t want any. I state that and make it clear on the front page of this site.

Now would you please quit trashing other “blogs”? Thanx...

23rd of October, 2005

### **...later - maybe.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 12:43 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

Perhaps the time has come for a hiatus – to put the “blog” on the back burner. Why? Because I am annoyed – that’s why.

I am annoyed with the attempts to “contact” me by leaving posts on other blogs. I am annoyed with unsolicited e-mails attempting to engage me in some kind of dialogue. Granted, I may be too easily annoyed, but that’s just the way I am – I guess you could say it’s just part of my charm.

Most of the things I write about are deeply personal – they are my thoughts, reflections, and remembrances. I don’t mind sharing them, but have no interest in debating, defending, or even discussing them.



For most of my adult life I had to read inaccurate accounts of things going on in my life in newspaper articles, or listen to “critiques” on the airwaves. I had to endure perfect strangers telling me what they thought – usually in an insulting fashion. I had to put up with unwanted intrusions in to my private life far more often than you will ever know. It went with the job, but that part of my life is over – and so is your right to add your two-cents worth.

You may think that my attitude leaves something to be desired, but it is my attitude, and it ain’t about to change.

When I brought this “blog” back from its last hiatus, I deliberately blocked comments, and removed the contact links. I did so reluctantly. I enjoy getting feedback, and compliments – after all, I am only human. What I don’t enjoy are intrusions into areas that go beyond the bounds, or those who think that I am going to become a pen pal. So in order to keep from having to be rude by ignoring some people, or telling others to fuck off, I thought it would be best to just cut off all two-way communication.

Yes, I can spill my guts, and tell you things that few others would dare to divulge, but I am a man who guards his privacy fiercely. The two may seem incompatible – but again, it’s just part of my charm. So maybe it’s best that I just give this blog a rest for now. Of course I am flattered that you take the time to read it, but disappointed that some of you fail to understand what it’s all about...

28th of October, 2005

## **One down - one to go...**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 1:38 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

I must be a bad man, because I am giddy with delight over the indictment of the Scooter. Maybe now the bastards who have hijacked this country will be exposed for who and what they are..

The system works...

31st of October, 2005

## **just an observation.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 3:08 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

Well, these are indeed interesting times that we live in, aren't they? Apparently various segments of the government are at war with each other – if things that have come to light in the CIA leak investigation are to be believed. Once more we have an administration full of paranoids and power crazed bastards who rule by intimidation, fear, and a perpetual state of war. Religious lunatics grow more influential by the day, and are frightfully close to taking over the country. Corporate pigs in partnership with the neo-cons continue to squeeze the little guy in every way imaginable – and no one seems to want to fight back.

It makes one wonder how it will all come out. History teaches that at some point, someone will step forward to lead a movement in the other direction – that's the way it has always been. There is no reason to assume otherwise – things will turn around some day.

Of course, at this point there is no white knight on the horizon, there is no indication of any kind of movement to reverse the tide – while surely the pendulum will swing back in the other direction, it could be a long time coming.

I am now resigned to the fact that I will not live long enough to see how it all comes out – to see any kind of resolution. It's so unfair, because I really care, I really want to know. But it ain't gonna happen...I guess you could say it's just something I have to live with...

20th of November, 2005

## **Yeah, baby!**

Posted by Lassiter in [Poker](#) at 3:57 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

So like I got this book last Wednesday – no, I will not tell you the title – and it's changed my life. Well, my poker tournament life, that is.

I've played four it N Go multi tables, and finished in the money twice!

The book touts a relatively – key word. “relatively” – simple approach, that fucking works! I am giddy with excitement (OK, it doesn't take much to float my boat these days.)

I am in such a good mood today, I don't even care if the stupid Bucs win or lose today – but a loss would be nice...

21st of November, 2005

## **Now you see it, now you don't...**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 11:53 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

In her continuing effort to “get Bobby out of the house more often”, the Muffin is dragging my sorry ass out to din-din tomorrow night – this following an exciting trip to the eye doctor's in the morning.

It ain't much, but at least it's something – I guess.

I have a guy who they tell me is the finest eye specialist in the area – unfortunately, I found him about six months too late. There is absolutely nothing that can be done for my condition (retinopathy), but at least I always have a nice visit with the poor bastard, who seems to be more bummed out over my plight than I am.

The loss of my vision has been slowed to some degree – but day by day, week by week, slowly, ever so slowly, the area that I can still see through grows smaller and dimmer. They tell me that I probably have three to five years before it is completely gone.

Some times life is a real bitch, you know what I mean?

23rd of November, 2005



## Thanks...?

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 11:10 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

And so it is Thanks Giving day – but thanks to who, and for what?

Don't get me wrong, I will be at the table, with drumstick in hand, having a grand ol' time – but the reality is that the holiday is just an empty, meaningless expression. One where we mortals are expected to thank some deity, no matter what grief has been visited upon us, for not sending even more misery.

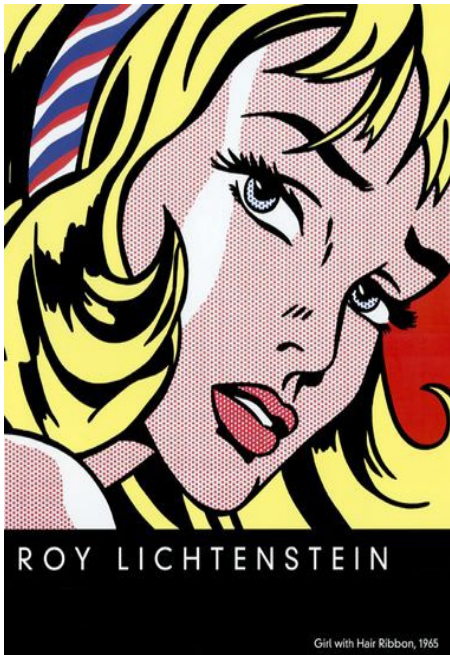
A relative handful among us, who stumbled upon good fortune, will rest assured that the Almighty singled them out for that promotion, or lottery win or whatever, above the countless millions who suffer this day. But few will have the balls to point out what I just pointed out.

Of course I wish you a happy Thanks Giving day, and hope that all is well with you and yours, but we both know that there is no need to actually give thanks to an entity that had nothing to do with your good or bad fortune this past year, don't we...

24th of November, 2005

## Blog this...

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 10:42 am | [Permanent Link](#)



I've mentioned before that my universe keeps getting smaller and smaller – that this computer is my window on the world. You may well think that this is an exaggeration, but unfortunately, it's not.

Human beings are remarkable in their ability to adjust to circumstances – to accept their surroundings as the “norm” – I, of course am no different – I now accept my “plight” as perfectly normal. I have all but forgotten what day to day life is for others.

Along the way, I've mentioned my new found interest in poker – I did mention that, didn't I? Anyway, along with it, I have started reading a lot of “poker blogs” – you can't believe how many there are! Well, all blogs – this one being the



exception – have one thing in common...links to other blogs. So occasionally – when having nothing better to do – I click on one, and discover a window on some other human being's view on the world.

They are, needless to say, perfect strangers, living here, there, and everywhere, from all walks of life, of every imaginable background and station. And for a moment or two, I am permitted an opportunity to live vicariously a slice of life through someone else's eyes. Often the things they write about are mundane, every day events – the kinds of things that “normal” people experience without ever really thinking about – but the kind of things that no longer are a part of my existence.

On the surface, the internet is such a vast and therefore impersonal thing – and yet it is not. The advent of the “blog” has opened a window here-to-fore unknown – a window on the lives of strangers who are so different, and at the same time so much alike.

I find myself devouring more and more of these on-line diaries – rooting for some writers, scoffing at others – sometimes feeling sorry for myself in that my life is so uneventful now, but hungering for more – for more information, more revelations, for more tales of adventure. Bonding with people I will never meet, who have no idea that I am lurking in the background, reading over their shoulders - wondering how the story of their lives will unfold...

26th of November, 2005

## **I’II NEVER tell...**

Posted by Lassiter in [Poker](#) at 11:08 am | [Permanent Link](#)

Be still. My heart.

My multi-table Sit N Go tournament life has turned around – thanks to that book that I refuse to identify (especially to you, **Subliminal!**)

Poker is a very complex game – one that takes considerable skill – so imagine my delight in destroying the games of players far better at the it than I am.

Tournament play is different from what are referred to as “cash” or “ring” games – yet most participants approach both much the same. Therein is the “secret” to my new-found success. The genius in the “system” is that the better the player, the grater the probability that he will fall victim to my play.

Does it get any better than this?

28th of November, 2005

## **I ain't your daddy...**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 12:21 am | [Permanent Link](#)

We talked about something this week that hasn't come up for over twenty years – children. We don't have any, and obviously, never will.

By the time we met, I had had a vasectomy a decade before. I still remember the conversation the night Mary told me that she wanted a child – my heart sunk, it was not part of my plan, but I wanted to be with her so much, that I was willing to try and reverse the procedure.

Somehow, the topic never came up again – that is until over the weekend. We both greeed that we had made the best decision – that having children would have changed our lives in ways that would not have worked. We have no regrets.

I don't know what it is that I do to woman, I've been married twice now. My first wife and I also choose to not reproduce – we were both in agreement. Yet when we went our separate ways, she couldn't get pregnant fast enough – and then she did it again!

I don't know what it is about me, but I seem to have the ability to make the female of the species forgo one of the strongest human urges. I guess I should be happy about that – and in fact, I am...

28th of November, 2005

## **...when the bright lights have faded to blue.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 5:08 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

Once upon a time, I was “somebody” – a man of power and influence. Not a lot, but more than most people will ever have.

And now? Now I have joined a unique club – those who once had their fifteen minutes of fame, but must now return to the real world. All things considered, I have made the adjustment with grace and dignity – more grace and dignity than I had when the spotlight was on.

Do I miss being “somebody”? No, I was never comfortable back then. I was never what people thought I was, or wanted me to be. It would have been nice to retain some of the trappings that went along with the job, but that isn't possible.

By trading in the perks, I was able to once again live my life pleasing only myself, and those closest to me.

But I would be dishonest if I failed to admit that there is something that I miss from the glory days. I miss making people laugh, or bringing them to tears – tugging at their emotions. That’s what I miss. For all the things people thought I was – both good and bad – I was never anything more than an entertainer, a performer.

But like so many who came before me, and all that will follow in my footsteps, time has passed, the audience has moved on. Both they, and I, are left with but memories – memories that grow dimmer with each passing day...

29th of November, 2005

## **...from the pasture.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 3:13 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

There are few good things to say about being put out to pasture – but occasionally something worthwhile comes of it.

It would seem that I have become a legend in my own time – well, kind of, sort of, at least in some circles.

I have an admission to make – I have an ego. So from time to time I “Google” myself – just to see what shows up. I did so yesterday, and found two new links. One was in a baseball blog devoted to the Saint Louis Cardinals, where the young man who writes it went way off topic to reminisce about growing up in central Illinois, and listening to me back in Chicago. The other entry was from a blog connected with a public broadcast FM station in the New York City area – complete with a couple of clips from old WFLA shows, and a “review” of sorts.

It’s always interesting, and in these cases, flattering to read about one’s self – to discover what the writers thought of your work, and to read their takes on who and what they think you are – to learn what effect you had on their lives.

It’s nice to be remembered – it’s nice to know that the magical mystery tour can still live on long after the fact. I am more than aware of how fortunate I was to be plucked from the masses, and permitted to have my moment in the sun, but to discover that I am still remembered is more than a comfort as I graze peacefully in the pasture...

30th of November, 2005

# Mind your own business...

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 3:01 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

There is something terribly, terribly wrong in this country. In a few short weeks, most of us will be celebrating Christmas. I love Christmas, and look forward to it every year – without fail. The day, the season brings memories of some of the best times of my life.

I love the sights, the sounds, the trappings, and the music. I love the spirit and the good cheer – no other holiday comes close. Each of us who celebrate the day, celebrates in our own way – while a universal holiday, it is also uniquely personal – and that's the way it should be.

Of course, in a pluralistic society, a diverse society, not everyone will be keeping Christmas – and there's nothing wrong with that. The origins of the holiday are religious in nature, but the reality is that it now represents a season of good cheer – a time for family and friends to gather together, to exchange gifts and good tidings. Even those of other faiths, or no faith at all, are caught up in the calibration.

For a brief time, we are truly united, as no other occasion can do. It's one of the reasons I so love the day.

But there are people in this world who, for political reasons, want to use the holiday to drive a wedge between us. These people, and the political agenda they pursue, need to create controversy where little or none exist. They are trying to convince their minions that the rest of us are trying to destroy the true meaning of the calibration – and to them, the true meaning is the birth of Christ.

They point to advertisements proclaiming “Happy Holidays” rather than “Merry Christmas” as an attempt to hijack the “true” meaning – or the prohibition of overtly religious displays on public property as being somehow anti-Christian, and therefore, anti-Christmas. In other words, unless you and I celebrate the day as they think it should be celebrated, we somehow are denying them the right to celebrate it.

It's one thing for these bastards to try and divide us on so called “moral” or “family values”. It's quite another when they try to fuck with my Christmas – you know what I mean?

Anyone who watches Fox News, or listens to right-wing talk radio – something you shouldn't be doing anyway – knows what I am talking about. These pricks are whipping their followers into a frenzy of hate and fear over yet another non-issue – demanding that the rest of us celebrate Christmas as they see fit. Like I said, there is something terribly, terribly wrong in this country. America is not a

Christian nation – it's my nation, and yours – it belongs to all of us, not just a band of paranoid hate and fear mongers...

30th of November, 2005

## So near, and yet...

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 5:46 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

The Muffin and I are as opposite as night and day. She is the sensible one, I am the free-spirit. Aside from liking the same kind of music, we share little in common. The exception being a dream we both had – to build a log home somewhere up in the mountains. We dreamed of the day when just the two of us would live out our lives surrounded by nature. A place where she could have a garden, and I could have a rocking chair out on the front porch.

It wasn't an outrageous dream – it wasn't one that could never come true.

But there were always things that got in the way. Things like careers and the financial obstacles of such a radical change in lifestyle – you know the kinds of things that always come between you and your dreams.

The one thing that we were sure of, was that the day would come when we could pull it off – the day would come when we could sell the house, pack up, and live happily ever after in our log home in the mountains.

Sometimes life can be so cruel. Sometimes you can be so close to having what you waited so long for – worked so hard for – but still cannot achieve.

The dream is within our reach now – but it's no longer practical or realistic. I can no longer live so far away from the army of doctors and countless medical facilities required to sustain me – to keep me alive. Remote country life and the needs of someone with advanced diabetes are not compatible.

On a side table, in our living room, sits a replica of a log cabin – we call it Mad Dog and Muffy's house. It is hopelessly out of place with the room's decor, but has none-the-less been there for years now – it was a reminder of the dream.. The cabin has small light inside of it – one of those Christmas tree bulbs – that burns night and day. The bulb lasts for about six months before it needs to be replaced – in all the time it has been there, we never fail to keep it shining. It is an unspoken symbol of our dream. To allow the cabin to go dark would somehow be an admission that the one thing we both want so much will never be.

The dream is no longer a topic of conversation in our house – it is much to painful now - but neither of us will allow that stupid light to burn out without being replaced at once. If you don't have a dream, you have nothing to live for...do you understand what I'm trying to say?

26th of December, 2005

## **...it has come to this.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 12:46 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

During the first season of "Saturday Night Live", there was a Muppets character called "The Great Fava". "The Great Fava" was supposed to be a god of sorts – a stone monolith with a set of eyes, a huge mouth. He didn't really do anything but pontificate. If the natives wanted words of wisdom, or a question answered, they had to throw a live chicken into his mouth.

I'm sorry to have to tell you that more and more I fell like Fava – I just sit here pontificating, with the Muffy tossing the offerings my way.

I guess it could be worse – but not much...

26th of December, 2005

## **What if...**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 6:04 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

What if – what if I turned on the "comments" feature? At least for awhile.

I do fell like a shit for not permitting any of you to respond – and there are any number of reasons for my decision – the main being so that neither of us annoys the other. There are things I don't want to talk about, questions I don't want to answer.

Of course you have no idea of the things I don't want to talk about, and I'll be damned if I'm going to spell them out. But what if we give it a try?

I think that I have the settings required turned on. ..

27th of December, 2005

## odds and ends.

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 3:32 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

So my good, close, personal friend – [Neil Rogers](#) – says that he’s been reading the “blog”, and it’s scared the hell out of him. He says that he’s going to mend his eating habits, as a result. Maybe, maybe not – it’s hard, even if you realize what can and will happen.

Trust me on this one – OK? I have a soft spot in my heart for good honky-tonk – I don’t know why, I just do. Well anyway, I have a new hot babe to turn you on to - [Gretchen Wilson](#). Laugh if you’d like, but I’m telling you it’s good stuff.

And speaking of good, close personal friends, [Mister Subliminal](#) – a well known low-life and moron – could not help but make fun of my disappointment in not getting a pony for Christmas. It seems that he is still smarting over the fact that I will not share my Sit N Go poker tournament strategy with him. (Read my lips, **Subliminal**: N-E-V-E-R)

So anyway, instead of the pony, I got a new toy for my computer – an external hard drive. It’s a long story, but about a month ago, Muffy’s hard disk died – and of course that was a disaster. So we each got an external drive capable of making multiple complete backups. Well I love new toys, and especially electronic ones. Well, it took maybe twenty minutes to set it up, and then it was over. I mean, if all goes well, I will never use it – ever! Fool that I am, I find myself secretly saying: Die fucker, crash so I can see how easy it will be to restore you – DIE! But it just keeps working – crap, nothing ever goes the way I want it to go...

28th of December, 2005

## Change is good...

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 1:04 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

There is no need to adjust your browser – things have changed around here. The more astute among you have no doubt realized that the “blog” has a new look.

Why? Well, there are two basic reasons. One would be that I really don’t have much else to occupy my time. Another is that there were problems with the old template – it would only display the last ten entries.

There are a few navigational differences between the old and the new, but I'm sure that you will be able to figure them out on your own.... 😊

28th of December, 2005

## **...what might have been.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 4:29 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

As 2005 began, it looked like we were finally going to put Florida in our rearview mirror. Neither of us like the place – never did – we were going to move back to Iowa – Mary's stomping grounds. Iowa, where she has a large extended family – where there's always a baby shower, or a wedding, or a family picnic to go to. Where there are a ton of cousins with pickup trucks, and tools – guys who think nothing of coming by to fix a fence, or help paint a room in return for a few beers. Iowa, where the "girls" still get together to bake cakes and pies, or work on quilts.

Maybe it doesn't sound like an exciting place to you – and I admit that it's foreign to me – but the longer Mary has been away from her family, the older we get, the more attractive it all sounds.

We even checked out some houses up there. Houses as nice as ours, at half the cost – places that actually come with some land around them.

But then the reality set in – it always does. Mary would not be able to get a comparable job – and what about health insurance? My medical bills are staggering as it is. And I would need to find a new eye specialist, and a vascular surgeon, and a cardiologist, and a urologist, and a kidney specialist, and a neurologist – just to name a few. And then there is the ice and snow issue – I can't walk on it – I've already fallen several times now, braking ribs and such.

So we didn't move. We ended up having a series of gut-wrenching conversations, where we had to concede the obvious – we have too much baggage – too many issues.

2006 is almost here, and it brings a whole new set of questions, unknowns, and issues – that's the kind of thing that happens when you stay too long at the fair...

29th of December, 2005

## **...it's all for you.**



Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 12:00 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

It may not look like it, but this “new look” for this humble blog took an *entire* day to pull off. At the risk of boring you, I had to look at over 250 templates to find one that I could work with – than I had to rework some of the code to add some features I wanted (God, how I just love that – not) – and then the real fun – I upgraded the software from version 1.51 to 2.0. And of course all of this hard work was for your benefit!

Yes, your benefit – so you can look over my shoulder – reading about my basically uneventful life. And as bad as it is that you spend so much of your time perusing this stuff, the real tragedy is that I am the one actually writing it!

Ahh, the wonders of the internet, where I can sit here in my candle lit garret, pound out a post, publish it, and in a flash it’s sent all over the world – where many of you end up reading it at work instead of doing whatever it is that you are being paid to do.

And such is life in the Twenty-first Century....

29th of December, 2005

## **...from my window.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 1:32 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

There’s this batty old woman who lives across the street – her name is Ruth. For twelve years now, she has provided entertainment, as only a batty old woman can.

It makes no difference what the weather conditions really are, Ruth dresses according to the calendar. From the 1<sup>st</sup> of October, through the end of April, Ruth puts on the same tattered white woolen knit cap, and matching sweater-coat whenever she sets foot outside of her door – even to check the mailbox not two feet away.

Trash collection days are a real treat. Ruth hauls out an old galvanized can, sets it down, and proceeds to remove everything in it, and then neatly repacks it all. She has been doing this twice a week for the twelve years I’ve lived here.

I have no idea how old she is, but she looks, acts, and moves around exactly as she did the first time I laid eyes on her. She was old then, she’s old now. And that’s what pisses me off – I was young back then, now I envy the old girl for how well she still gets about. It really, really pisses me off....

It pisses me off enough to make me reach for another handful of cookies, as I sit here watching her from the window, in what has become my self-imposed prison...

30th of December, 2005

## **...to blog, or not to blog. That is the question.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 12:03 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

It appears that most of you are “civilians” in the “blogging world” – that is, you just read them, and don’t actually publish your own. And that’s OK. Well, actually it isn’t – I think everyone should have a blog, but I’m not here to twist your arm on that one.

I am here to do what I do most days – put up a post. And therein is the problem. It’s a problem I face every time I sit down at the keyboard – what to write about.

You see, there are so many things I want to say, but can’t/ I can’t because you might not understand, you might be offended, pissed off, confused, or angry. You might be turned off, hurt, bored, scared, or somehow fell out of the loop. There are things that would leave too many questions unanswered, or could tell you more than you want to hear.

So I end up writing about things that I think you can deal with, understand, identify with. I write about things that are on my mind, but find myself holding back. Not because I can’t say what I want to say, but because I don’t think you are ready to hear it.

30th of December, 2005

## **...a year to forget.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 11:11 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

I turned sixty this year – it wasn’t anything I wanted to do, it was beyond my control.

I find that I have to force myself to admit to it, to acknowledge it. Of course it really isn’t that old, but it sure sounds like it is.

Do you know how old my grandparents were when I first realized that I had grandparents? Forty-nine. Yes, forty-nine years old, and they were grandparents!

There is a saying that goes: Age is relative. Well, it sure as hell is, and I'm living proof of it. Old before my time, and still a kid at heart. Somehow it just ain't fair.

Yet it is fair – I knew it was coming, and did nothing to put it off. I did so because I was invincible, immune, immortal. In truth, I am none of these things – only a fool for not realizing it sooner.

I now accept what has happened, and hold no one to blame. But if only I could get over this hang-up with being sixty...it's not likely to happen any time soon – I'm still smarting over having turned forty...

31st of December, 2005

## New Year's Eve

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 1:18 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

In a few hours the new year will begin. Frankly, I ain't never been big on celebrating the occasion. I've never attended to a New Year's Eve parry, or gone out to a club – I'm usually in bed long before the stroke of midnight.

I do tend to look back on the year just ending – but my reflections tend to be more of a personal nature, rather than the events that changed the world. Maybe I should feel bad about that, but I don't. Perhaps you may think it selfish, but that's just the way I am.

It's not that I don't care about politics, or war, or tragedy and suffering – I do – but my hands are full trying to deal with my situation and circumstances, so my thoughts and concerns are much closer to home.

When I was younger, and more idealistic, I would have frowned on such an admission. I would have said that such an attitude is what's wrong with the world. And I would have been right – we should care more about others, we should be more involved – but youthful idealism can and usually does fade.

As we grow older, our interests and outlooks narrow – it becomes harder to have a broader view. Of course this reality is impossible to explain to those still filled with idealism – I'm no longer one of them.

Life has taught me that in terms of the big picture, one year is much like another – but my world changes profoundly, irrevocably from year to year. Therefore, should I pause to think back on the past twelve months, my thoughts will not stray beyond my own backyard...

26th of January, 2006

## **...the golden years?**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 10:44 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

Quality of life – it's a phrase often used, but what does it really mean? The answer is, it means different things to different people – quality of life is relative.

It is something best left to the poor bastard living it to judge.

Would it shock you to learn that I have spent a fair amount of time examining my own criteria for the quality of life? What surprises me, is that I keep lowering the bar – it now rests lower than I would have ever imagined...

27th of January, 2006

## **...only words.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 10:14 am | [Permanent Link](#)

I got troubles, you got troubles – we all got troubles, don't we...

So often life is mundane – nothing really good happens, nothing really bad. And then there are the peaks and valleys - the highs and the lows. We've all had them, because that's the way life is.

Yet there's something about it – life itself – that makes us get up every morning, and go through it all over again. Sometimes it's just curiosity, wanting to see what's coming next. Sometimes it's because you have no choice, because there are others who depend on you.

It is a rare life that is not punctuated with crisis – those dark periods when there seems to be no happy ending in sight. We've all known them, we've all known others who have gone through them.

I fell very inadequate today, because I have a friend in crisis. Earlier, I tried to find the words to comfort him, to reassure him that better days are ahead. But words are all that I have to offer – damn it...

28th of January, 2006

## **...my little girl.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 9:11 am | [Permanent Link](#)

She was all legs when she showed up on the front porch three years ago – so thin and scared. Since we didn't know her name, she became known as the little girl. Since then she has grown into a fine companion, a member of our family. A sweet and gentle friend, who spends most days napping on my desk or behind my chair on the floor..

In the evening, when Mary comes home, the little girl runs to greet my wife at the door, and spends much of the night at her side. But at ten o'clock – maybe a few minutes before, maybe a few minutes after – the little girl seeks me out. If I'm still downstairs, she will come into the room, and just sit at my feet looking up at me. If I'm upstairs, she jumps up on the credenza next to my desk, and again, just sits there looking at me. The routine is the same every night – she knows that I will soon be headed to bed. She patiently waits until I get up from my chair, and then the two of us walk down the hall together, climb into bed, and go to sleep for the night.

Pets can be an important part of a human being's life. Their devotion is often unexplainable. Take the little girl, as an example, how does she know what time it is? Why is it important to her that we go to bed together? Beats me, but I look forward to our nightly practice – our relationship puts a smile on my face.

To the casual observer, cats appear to be fiercely independent – but they are not. They are loving, loyal animals – though one must work at befriending them, it is well worth the effort.

If you have been following this “blog” you know that I have spent a lifetime abusing myself – taking years off of my life with reckless behavior. My bad habits have taken their toll, and now they are affecting my little girl. Living in this smoke filled house has caused her to develop chronic lung problems – resulting in a persistent cough.

She is such a good little creature – so small, so frail. Steroid shots relieve the gagging for a few months, but then the condition returns. Sometimes I feel like such a heartless bastard, because it's my habit, my addiction, my reckless behavior causing her discomfort – it's bad enough what I've done to myself, and now to her – I must have no sense of decency at all.....

28th of January, 2006

**...I do these things to myself.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 3:25 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

I've pointed out before that I live in a state of denial – but that doesn't begin to describe my sad state of affairs. Delusional might come closer.

Do you know what I just spent the last two hours doing? Go on, take a guess – you'll never come close.

I – a house bound, legally blind moron – have just spent the past two hours pricing and reading up on a digital camera, with all the bells and whistles – that's what I've just done. You see, I knew you'd never be able to guess.

Not ten feet from where I am right now, sits well over twenty thousand dollars worth of video cameras and related equipment – all with a coating of dust – that I've not been able to use for years now. I can't use it because I can't see well enough, and even if I could see, I can't move about freely.

But this morning I get to thinking about how neat it would be to start taking pictures again, and how much I enjoy doing that. And how much fun it would be to have some new toys, and how it would give me something to do while learning how to play with them. And...and...and, well you know...

There simply aren't words to express how sorry I fell for myself right now...

29th of January, 2006

## **...if I were king.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 11:27 am | [Permanent Link](#)

I never wanted to be old – it has nothing to do with aches and pains, wrinkles and crow's feet, I never wanted to think old. Old people always seemed to be unable to talk about anything but - if you'll pardon the expression – the “good old days”. When you're part of the here and now, why would you want to live in the past?

Well, I think I understand now – things didn't change very much back then. You were able to learn what you needed to know, and you were set, secure. But today, things move too fast, they're always changing. Just as soon as you think you've got something mastered, it's obsolete.

As an example – have you figured out Windows XP yet? Forget it, Vista is coming out in July. Only a handful of us have completely learned how to work a VCR, and they're not even making them anymore. There is no such thing as having the latest piece of software – no sooner do you upgrade, when there's a new upgrade. On and on it goes – I'm not telling you anything you don't know.

It doesn't have to be this way. Make me your leader, and you know the first thing I'd do – it would be the platform I'd run on – I would outlaw change. Nothing would change while I was in office. People would have a chance to catch up – to learn how to use their gizmos before new gizmos came out, they'd have a chance to learn how to do their jobs before the boss goes and installs new crap to mess with your head and make you feel like a moron..

It would be like the good old days the old folks are always talking about – a world where you'd be in control, a world where you wouldn't be afraid of being left behind in the dust.

Why must the rest of us be at the mercy of a handful of geeks hell bent on inventing new crap that the rest of us can't quite figure out how to use before they go inventing a whole bunch of newer crap?

I don't know about you, but I'm tired of the new *and improved* – can't we just have the *old and familiar* for a while?

30th of January, 2006

## **...something to look forward to.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 11:22 am | [Permanent Link](#)

I don't know, maybe things aren't all that bad around here.

I've got a friend who's sitting at home waiting for the phone to ring. Been there, done that one. People with jobs, or more accurately, people with the power to give someone else a job, seem to forget what it's like to sit there waiting, and waiting, and then waiting some more.

Another friend is pulling his hair out over what I guess you could call "office politics". Been there, done that one to. It's not a whole lot of fun when you have to dance at the end of some idiot's strings – especially when the someone is a certifiable moron. It's a cold cruel world, filled with incompetent fools who always seem to be the ones in charge.

Another guy I know was trying to live his dream, but it's turned in to more of a nightmare. I've been there as well. It's tough getting up every morning, when you're felling lower than low – felling lbad for even daring to dream – at the mercy of forces you can't control..

None of this stuff happens to me anymore – it's not that I'm above it, just beyond it. I guess it just goes to prove that if you live long enough, you just become irrelevant – not worth messing with...

31st of January, 2006

## ...I'm pissed.

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 9:23 am | [Permanent Link](#)

My life has been marked by any number of special, memorable occasions – I guess yours has as well. Take yesterday, it was one of those unforgettable times – I had to give a urine sample. Now you're probably saying: big deal, everyone has done that lots of times. Well maybe, but have you ever been asked to provide a half gallon?

No, I'm serious – a half gallon of piss. It took all day. Why a reasonable small cup's worth wouldn't do I still don't know. Oh, and then they wanted some blood to go along with it – at least they settled for a small vile of that.

You know, I've been around the block a few times, even went to the state fair, but I had never been asked to give a half gallon of urine before – that's the kind of thing a guy tends to remember. Hell, the expression on my face must have been priceless when they told me what I had to do.

I'm not clear on all the reasoning behind it, but later this week my kidney specialist will explain it all. Damn, my life just keeps getting more and more interesting...

31st of January, 2006

## ...it's your turn.

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 1:42 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

Felling frustrated because I don't allow comments?

Tell you what I'm going to do – as an **end of the month special**, I'll open up this entry for you to **comment** on anything you please.

Comments will be open and this post will remain on top **for two or three days**. I might even repeat the offer again next month – you just never know...

31st of January, 2006

## ...woulda, coulda, shoulda?



Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 11:23 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

My life – and I imagine that this applies to almost everyone – is filled with “what ifs”. What if I had done things differently. What if I hadn’t done what I did.

These are the kind of things a man with too much time on his hands thinks about. It is a foolish waste of time – what happened, happened – there is no turning back. But with so little else to occupy my time, my thoughts often turn to such folly.

Did you know that I had been offered the mid-day slot at WABC – the one that Rush Limbaugh ended up with? It’s true. What if I had been able to take that job? That’s an interesting “what if”, isn’t it. It’s just one of many – a lifetime of forks in the road – all of which, for better or worse, have lead me to where I am right now.

I would be lying were I to say that I would change nothing, but the truth is that the changes would only have come in relatively recent years – and all of those changes would involve taking better care of myself. Changes that might have allowed us to live the dreams we wanted to come true – things like that cabin in the mountains that will not come to be. Changes that might have given us more years together than we are likely to have. Changes that would have been doable, had I not thought that I was all but immortal, immune from the things that can go wrong as one grows older.

But as with all definitive moments, there is no undoing what has been done, there is no going back. I did the things I did because I am me – I could have done nothing else, I could have done it no other way. It may be hard to understand, but I am not unhappy with how my life turned out. There is not a day that goes by where I cannot find something to laugh about. There is not a day that goes by where I am not told that I am loved. They are the truly important things. The “what ifs” are just an interesting exercise...

20th of February, 2006

## **...the end is near.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 9:37 am | [Permanent Link](#)

Yesterday afternoon I entered the wonderful world of digital cable television – and got a glimpse in to how my fellow man lives.

Now don’t get me wrong, having a couple hundred channels to watch is kind of cool – and the “in demand” programming is better than sliced bread, but...

To entice us into spending even more of our limited resources, the cable company is providing us limited access to every premium service known to man. Apparently some of you are kind of into movies, so there are dozens of movie channels – and obviously some of you are into sports, so there are dozens of “games” to watch – at a price, of course.

So I’m sitting there, my jaw on the floor, my fingers bloodied from “flipping”, when it dawns on me – a significant number of you spend good money, and every waking hour watching bad movies and/or meaningless athletic competitions.

To each his own, I suppose – but after sampling the fare available now on the tube, I no longer feel as though I am the oddball. I swear to God it’s true – there is even one channel that shows the sunset at a local beach! Yes, the freekin’ sun setting!. If that ain’t proof positive of the end of civilization being at hand, I don’t know what is...

21st of February, 2006

## **...or else!**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 8:52 am | [Permanent Link](#)

Look, I’m going to say this once, and only once. You people never pay attention to what I say, and will no doubt ignore me yet again, but...

Your life is not worth living unless and until you get your hands on a DVR – a Digital Video Recorder. I am not going to waste the few precious days left to me in trying to explain the benefits of the DVR – I’m just telling you to get one, damn-it.

Now I can sit here going on and on about this, or I can go downstairs and play with my new toy – the toy wins, you lose. I’m outta here...

22nd of February, 2006

## **...it’s a big deal to me.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 10:59 am | [Permanent Link](#)

It’s the little things – it’s always the little things that get to you. Sometimes it’s the stuff that can drive you insane, sometimes it’s the stuff that can make your day.

The farther I get from the 19<sup>th</sup>, the less real it seems – the less it matters. But that damned new television now dominates my life. The reason is because of all the stuff I can see now – can see for the first time in years.

As an example, I can now see that that idiot Chris Mathews can't tie a decent knot to save his life! In other words, I can see details that had been lost on me – little stuff. Little stuff that shouldn't matter – little stuff that suddenly has reappeared.

I spent over ten hours in front of the screen yesterday – fascinated, unable to walk away because of all the things I can see again – details, color, texture.. It took my mind off of the big things that have dominated my life of late.

As I said – it's always the little stuff that gets to you...

22nd of February, 2006

## **...notes from the pasture.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 11:20 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

My first father-in-law was a civil engineer who worked for the state of New York's roads department. Over the course of his career he supervised the construction of hundreds of miles of highways. A man tends to think of himself in terms of what he does to earn a living – in terms of what he does to contribute to society, to the community.

When my father-in-law retired – when he was no longer a civil engineer, when he thought of himself as no longer having an identity – he would get in to his car and drive for hours on end over the roads he had built – proudly surveying the accomplishments of his life.

For most of us, our work is not as lasting – it disappears, and is no longer there to prove that once we did something to contribute, to prove that once we had an identity.

My contribution came in the spoken word, broadcast over the radio – it was gone just as soon as the words fell from my mouth – poof, gone forever – or so I thought.

I am now much as my father-in-law was back then – older, retired, and no longer who or what I once was. His work lived on, it was still there to be used by others – most of it remains to this day – unlike mine, or so I thought.

How can I find the words to express my pride and happiness in discovering that some of you captured my work on tape, kept it all these years, and now have made it available on several web sites for any and all who care to listen to it once again?

I am no longer the “Mad Dog”. I no longer am a brash young man full of piss and vinegar, speaking my mind on the radio. But thanks to some of you, I am able to survey my life’s work by listening to what once was, and still survives to be heard.

I always had a strained relationship with the audience, and still do. I am able to pour my heart out to strangers, but was never able to interact with them. I always held the people who listened to me at arm’s length. I remain the shy, reclusive anti-social being I have always been. Nothing has changed, nor is it about to. But I must tell you how much it means to me that so many of you visit this “blog” on a daily basis, and how much it means to me to have the record of my work preserved. Your kindness has allowed me to maintain what most in my position have lost – an identity – and for that, I thank you...

23rd of February, 2006

## **...tick tock, tick tock.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 11:16 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

And so, how has my life changed since getting the news that my kidneys are shutting down? Not at all, unless you count the ultra sensitivity to the slightest deviation in things like my appetite, strength level, or overall feeling of wellbeing.

Having been told what to look for, what to expect, I am now all but convinced that any change in my day to day condition is the beginning of the end – other than that, nothing is unusual.

I don’t really feel any different than I have for a long time – only now I am more concerned, because now I have been informed that the clock is ticking and that time is running out.

I am not afraid to die – but I do fear dying. I fear becoming less and less able to take care of my most basic needs. I have had a taste of being unable to care for myself, and the utter humiliation that brings. That’s what I fear.

So the slightest change now is noted, and is all but impossible to shrug off. In short, it is a hell of a way to live...

24th of February, 2006

**...grrrrrrrrrr.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 11:10 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

You know, it's not easy being me.

There's this one guy who's pissed off because I don't write about "the issues" – he even wanted me to draft arguments against the popular right-wing crap, and e-mail it to him so he could use the material in debates or whatever.

And there's this woman who is still holding out for me to "come back to the church" – she just knows that it's the best thing I could possibly do – ignoring everything I have ever said about my feelings toward religion..

And another guy is mad at me because he doesn't think I'm fighting to live hard enough – not doing everything possible to prolong the inevitable – ignoring the simple fact that it's my life, not his..

Three perfect strangers – and there are more – who know what's best for me, who know how I should live my life. Three perfect strangers who mean well, but who don't really give a damn about me – they want me to do what is important to them.

I don't really mean to single out these people, but sight them as an example of why I don't allow comments on individual blog entries – I don't need the aggravation. A couple of other jokers found some posts where I had forgotten to block reader comments, and took advantage of the situation to send me their "good tidings" even though I have made it clear that I don't want them.

A better man would overlook these well intentioned intrusions, but I ain't a "better man" – I am me – an easily annoyed old prick, who thinks that I am entitled to have things my way. Of course, I rarely ever get my wish, but that doesn't keep me from grumbling about it....

26th of February, 2006

**...oh well.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Poker](#) at 1:25 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

There ain't been much poker talk around here of late – and for good reason, I ain't been playing very much.

Poker is an incredible game, a real challenge, and when I first came upon it I jumped in with both feet. But there's a problem...

There are two ways to play – on-line, or in a live game, like at a casino or card room. The two are as different as night and day. One is little more than a video game, the other is a “social affair”. It is said that in poker, you don't play the cards, you play the people. On-line poker is a much faster game, where you do not have the time to think – you also cannot “read” your opponents – or interact with the other players.

In short – on-line play ain't a hell of a lot of fun. Even when you win, there isn't a lot of satisfaction, so I've more or less drifted away from it. I'd kill to be able to play in a honest to God real live game, but it ain't gonna happen – it's impossible for a whole lot of reasons. I still read the “blogs”, I still watch the televised games, I still think about the game, but like so many things, it's passed me by...

27th of February, 2006

## **...but not today**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 8:36 am | [Permanent Link](#)

The roar of the greasepaint, the smell of the crowd – it's what my life has been built on. The show must go on, the “blog” must go on – it's in my blood.

But I really don't feel much like writing today – my mood is not good, I have little I care to share. Sometimes the isolation and boredom overwhelm me – leaving me with a sense of melancholy and of course, self-pity. I've spoken of it before – and all too much.

It would probably be best if I just kept my thoughts to myself today...

27th of February, 2006

## **...your turn, again.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 11:08 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

My gosh, how time flies when you're having fun! Here it is the end of the month, and that means that the reader comments feature is open – so feel free to have your say...

There are no real guidelines – “comments” will remain open for two days – questions may or may not be answered (it kinda depends on a) if I know the answer or b) if I feel like answering) – so have at it...

Bob,

Thanks again for all your years behind the mike. My question is, will local talk ever be popular again. I am so sick of syndicated programming. I did get XM to have more talk choices. I am enjoying Ron and Fez again. In your almost 30 years, is this just a cycle or is it “the future”.

1. [Lassiter](#) Says:  
[The 1st of March, 2006 at 11:36 pm](#)

Eric, I'm afraid that the local talk show is on the way out. It is very expensive to operate, talent is hard to find, and harder to control. God forbid that one of your hosts becomes really successful – you then have a monster on your hands – if you piss him off and he walks, it can destroy your station – if you cave to his demands, you lose control of the rest of the staff. In short, local talk is a management nightmare.

On top of that, radio is no longer “broadcasting” – it has become “narrowcasting” – i.e. advertisers are willing to buy smaller but more targeted audiences – the boutique syndicated show is perfect for this. So I am sorry to say that the good old days are gone forever...

28th of February, 2006

## **...it's MY music, damn-it!**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 10:41 am | [Permanent Link](#)

I like to live in the past – it's comfortable. I like the sights and sounds of my youth – especially the sounds. I've mentioned before that from time to time the Muffin and I like to fire up the stereo with a ton of CD's from the good old days, tie one on, and reminisce. Over the years we have managed to put together an extensive collection of the music from the 60's and 70's.

Hearing a favorite song from that period never fails to put a smile on my face – unless it's part of some damned mutual fund commercial on the tube! How dare these bastards use the music of MY YOUTH to sell me a fucking RETIREMENT program – is there no decency in this world? Is nothing sacred?

If there really was a God, is there any doubt that he would strike the advertising executives responsible dead? I mean, a carefully placed lightning bolt here, and earthquake there, and it would put an end to this sacrilege – right? I'm telling you, if I was God, that's what I would do.

And the real bitch is that the young punks in the agencies doing this to my generation surely won't be repaid in kind – like who can begin to imagine today's music being used to peddle a “balanced fund” to tomorrow's old farts? It ain't gonna happen, damn-it.

Never in my wildest dreams did I imagine that my golden years would be ruined in this fashion...(sigh)

## **[blog lassiter](#)**

...views, thoughts, opinions, and the like.

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20th of March, 2006

### **I guess it's later.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 10:05 am | [Permanent Link](#)

Hello world – I'm still here...

I thought I had been on an emotional ups and downs before in my life – but that was a walk in the park compared to this. Overwhelming waves of worry and sadness come out of nowhere – only to be followed by emptiness. The cycle repeats – I try to regain some kind of control, at times I do, but then it starts all over again.

There is no rational explanation for any of this – I've not had any bad news, my overall condition has not changed. I'll be sitting here, and suddenly realize that tears are streaming down my cheeks – and I don't even know why.

I have never been so sad...so fucking sad

21st of March, 2006

### **.....still on track.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 6:01 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

We had been together less than a week – in fact, I had not even moved in yet – when I thought that I had an offer of a job in Detroit. I asked her to go with me –



without hesitation, she said yes. I told her that all I could offer was a rollercoaster ride – a life of ups and downs. As it turned out, I kept my word.

No one will ever write a book about it, no movie will ever be made documenting it, but with those words the two of us set off on a life together of unbelievable ups and downs. To the casual observer, it might appear that I was the star of this story, but the casual observer would be wrong. This is not the story of a man and his rise and fall, but rather a love story – a love story starring an extraordinary woman.

A selfless, generous, caring woman. A woman who was there in good times and bad, thick and thin, for better or worse – a woman who never failed to support me in anything I wanted to do – a woman who always stood with me.

And now, when the spotlight no longer shines, when the good times are nothing more than a distant memory, when I need her the most, she remains by my side. More beautiful than ever, her touch, her voice as pleasing as in the beginning, she proves beyond any doubt what real love is.

As with any story, there are many sides to this one, but it is foremost one of tenderness – a celebration of true love. A compilation of joy and sadness, it is life itself. It began in the heat of passion, as all love affairs do, it had its share of laughter and tears, progressed through numerous stages. Two people, as different as night and day, somehow coming together to form a lifelong bond.

Why did she chose me? Why did she bend to my will? How does she find the strength to carry on? These are questions I will never have answered – but I have her love – about that there is no question.

I am no longer the man I once was – the years have not been kind - yet she continues to lavish me with all of her attention. Her smile, her words, her kisses are all as sweet as they were when I first tasted them – maybe more so.

In moments of weakness, I have been known to curse fate, to feel sorry for myself and the condition I now endure, but I need only to see her face, to hear her gentle voice to be brought back to reality – the reality that I am loved and cared for – loved and cared for by this good woman – this good woman who jumped on the rollercoaster with me so long ago, and never once looked back – who never fails to bring joy to even the darkest day...

23rd of March, 2006

**...and so it goes**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 12:41 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

There is no good news to report.

I have developed open sores on my groin, expelling a foul discharge as my body apparently tries to rid itself of toxins. I simply do not know what to make of it.

Overall, my condition is poor. I am experiencing a loss of strength, and continue to be on an emotional downdraft. It would seem that the signs I've been told to expect are appearing - maybe this time in earnest.

24th of March, 2006

## **...I get by with a little help from my friends.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 12:46 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

Oxyconton is a remarkable drug. It provides pain relief for up to twelve hours at a time. I've had a prescription to use as needed for quite a while – perhaps one or two days a month. I've never abused it – that is until now.

In addition to alleviating pain, the synthetic morphine can also alter ones mental state by making you just not care about anything – it's not particularly enjoyable in the sense of a high, but is rather an emptiness. I've spent the last four days in a deliberate fog, brought on from taking pills that I did not need, in an amount sufficient to blot out reality.

The bottle is sitting within arms reach, but for what ever the reason, I've decided to return to the real world today. But the real world is not a good one. The symptoms of kidney failure can be subtle - easily mistaken. But things are happening that are becoming harder to deny.

More and more of the signs are beginning to appear. Some are obvious, some I've kept to myself as the worry in Mary's face grows by the day – as if somehow keeping her in the dark will prolong the inevitable.

25th of March, 2006

## **My world...**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 1:17 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

I find myself feeling increasingly isolated, as my thoughts and concerns turn inward. Convinced – right or wrong – that I am now measuring my life in terms of weeks, months at best, a sense of panic and paralysis is setting in. I feel compelled to tie up loose ends, and yet afraid that I will not be able to do so.

I now know that my final days will be spent as both an emotional and physical basket case – ever less able to be in control.

I am overwhelmed with issues – large and small, of consequence and no consequence – that I am powerless to deal with – I will leave behind matters that others will have to clean up, in part because I cannot, in part because I have lost interest.

Every day I am confronted with awkward and painful realities to deal with. Things that might seem foolish to fret over, but nag at me none-the-less – force to think thoughts I would be better off avoiding.

There are so many things that I still want to say, still want to pass along – emotions and feelings – things that can't be said too soon, things that can't wait too long. I agonize over the timing.

Such is the life of a man whose life is coming to an end – but I am not alone in this – I have a partner. I am filled with guilt over how all of this has affected her – fill led with worry over what will become of her – filled with sadness because I must leave.

These are the thoughts that fill my days, and rob me of any semblance of peace...

27th of March, 2006

## **...the boy within.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 12:03 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

I have always had many personas – I think most of us do. Outside of my wife, no one really knows who I am.

I've gone through life presenting different faces for different occasions. There are those who are convinced that I am a mean spirited bastard. Others think of me as a shallow simpleton. I guess it's just part of my charm – I am a complex individual. And the truth be known, I've not always liked who I can be.

But deep down inside, I am "Bobby" – just a kid at heart - a combination of playfulness and naughtiness – childlike, a dreamer. He is the person that I have allowed only a few to know, yet he is the one I like the best. I am happiest when the boy within takes over. Bobby's world is full of optimism and expectation – he relishes the simple things in life, lives for laughter and hugs.

No matter the grief the real world may bring, Bobby somehow emerges, always survives. No matter the sorrow, his eyes still have a twinkle. No matter the disappointment, he is full of hope.

Bobby is not without his faults. He spends too much time at play, and doesn't always do what he is told to do. At times he can forget his manners. Sometimes he forgets to hold his tongue. But he's a good kid at heart – he means well.

Bobby has been part of me for as long as I can remember – he has always been there when he was needed.. But I'm afraid that I might be losing him – he doesn't come around as much any more.. Already I miss hearing his laughter, miss hearing him beckon me to play.. More and more I am left with a sad old man as my only companion – a man I don't want to know...

28th of March, 2006

## ...today

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 12:55 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

I am without thoughts today. The emotional turbulence of recent days has subsided. I am utterly drained.

I have spoken before of how our roles have reversed – last night completed the task. It came during a conversation – a painful, sad exchange. When we were finished, it was her turn to hold me, her turn to tell me that everything would be all right.

Deep down inside, I know that it won't be just fine, but somehow I found reassurance in her words. As awful as this is, I am comforted by her strength.

This is not the way I wanted things to be – but it is the way it is...

29th of March, 2006

## Ups and Downs

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 1:20 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

Symptoms appear, and then go away. My mood swings uncontrollably. My outlook vacillates. Such are the days of my life.

This day finds me calm and at peace – rational and in control. But there are new concerns. I am worried about my overall emotional state – I had not expected to

fight for my sanity – to come so close to descending into the depths of depression, from which there might be no return.

Damn-it. Can't I have control over at least some of this?

I'm not afraid of dying – but it sure does bum me out. I wanted a good life with my Mary. I wanted to give her that cabin in the mountains. I wanted to sit out on the front porch. I wanted her to have her garden. None of that is going to happen. Don't I have a right to be a little pissed?

But today is a good one. Tomorrow? Who knows – Ups and downs, highs and lows – I'm just a bozo on this bus – I'm just along for the ride...

30th of March, 2006

## **I don't know this man.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 12:08 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

Do you want to know the hardest part about all of this? It has changed me – it has changed the way I live my life.

I have always been a dreamer. I've always had something to shoot for. There was always something to be had down the road. And now there isn't. One by one, I've given up on every dream I ever had.

My dreams were my reason for living.

Slowly, but surely, I find that I am losing interest in almost everything that once held my fascination. Instead of being curious about life, my time is now spent reflecting on the past, or in worry about a future that I will not be a part of.

Humor is becoming all but impossible to see around me, as I sink deeper into the depths of self-pity. Nothing matters to me aside from my own situation. My universe continues to grow smaller and smaller.

I suppose all of this is inevitable, and not at all unusual – but I still don't like it. I don't like the changes that it has brought about in me – but what can I do? My fate is no longer in my hands.

31st of March, 2006

**...who would have thought.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 3:26 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

Little by little, almost imperceptivity, life as I have known it slips away.

You may think it a small thing, nothing of real consequence, nothing to be that troubled by – but most every day now brings something new that I can no longer do.

Each morning Mary brings up a cup of coffee for me, since I only go downstairs in the evening. And when I do go down, I carry the empty cup with me – that is until last Tuesday. I now need both hands to steady myself – one clinging to the rail, one for support against the wall.

This is such an agonizingly slow process – so cruel – as I watch myself descend into helplessness – as I watch my body fail at most every task. In my wildest imagination, I could not have foreseen what has become of me...

22nd of April, 2006

## **...it happens to everyone.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 9:44 am | [Permanent Link](#)

You know what's wrong with writing a "blog"? The same thing that drove me crazy back in my radio days – it requires getting up every morning and caring about something.

To be sure, there is a lot to care about – the world is going to hell in a hand basket, the Chinese are taking over, there is an idiot in the White House, and tons of other things to fret about – but I don't care, I've got my own problems, and I don't care much about them right now. Do you know what I mean? Do you ever get that way?

I mean, let's get real here – all that big crap is more your problem than mine, and my issues don't really mean crap to you.

So today is just one of those days when nothing – I mean nothing – matters much to me. What the use? Big stuff, small stuff, it's all beyond my control. Don't get me wrong. It's not like I'm saying I'm 😞 "overwhelmed" by it all – I'm just indifferent. Maybe tomorrow will be different, but then, maybe not.

Everyone is entitled to a "day of indifference" from time to time, right? Well, today's mine...

23rd of April, 2006

## **...so fast.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 7:37 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

When I was a kid I would spend three or more hours a day riding my bike – God, how I enjoyed that. As a result, my legs became huge – and hard as a rock. They stayed that way well into my adult years, long after my bike riding days were over.

But today the mussel is gone. In it's place is soft flesh, devoid of tone, and increasingly unable to hold me upright. My legs now tremble under the weight, tire after only a few steps, strain to the point of complete exhaustion after only one flight of stairs.

It's just one of so many things that have gone wrong – just one more that I never thought I would have to live with.. How will I react on the morning I attempt to get out of bed, but can't? The day can't be that far off.

Wasn't it only yesterday when I moved about effortlessly, without a second thought? No, it wasn't really only yesterday – but it wasn't all that long ago – that's what is so hard about all of this – it came about with blinding speed...

24th of April, 2006

## **...it's true.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 11:33 am | [Permanent Link](#)

It was a fine Spring day back in 1989 – just seventeen years ago. I was sitting in a hotel room in Chicago waiting to hear how the job interview of a lifetime earlier in the day had gone. The phone rang, and I got the answer. The fat kid from Collingswood, New Jersey, the high school drop out, the life-long loser, got he gig – a one million dollar gig. Do you know what I did? A back flip. No, really, a fuckin' back flip – then I called the Muffin to tell her the news.

Seventeen years later, I have trouble tying my own shoes.

There ain't been many things of late to warrant spontaneous back flips – it's just as well, I don't think I could do one no matter what happened. To tell you the truth, that day back in Chicago was my first and only one – I'm lucky I didn't hurt myself.

There's no real reason for telling you this story – there's no point to be made. It's just that every now and then I get to thinking about things – usually things that will never happen again, things that still stand out in my memory. And this was one that popped up, for no particular reason, but what the hell...

24th of April, 2006

## **...you can't please 'em all.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 4:21 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

Euphoria comes, and euphoria goes – I'm referring to "The Bob Lassiter Fan Club".

It seems that some of the crowd thought it was a playground, some thought it was an extension of the old show, and some just got tired of waiting for me to die. Once more, I have disappointed the audience – on all counts.

If you ever get to be "famous", you will find that you spend a lot of time disappointing people – without even trying...

25th of April, 2006

## **...psssst.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 9:01 am | [Permanent Link](#)

This must be your lucky day ! Do you know why? I'm going to divulge my deepest, darkest secret – the one thing I've never told anyone else.

Picture some old fart, I mean really, really old and decrepit – what's he leaning on? Right, a walker. All old people use walkers – they can't stand up without one.

Well, I have one – I've had it for almost two years now. They sent me home from the hospital with it when I fell and broke four ribs. There is nothing I have ever owned that I hate more – I mean I despise the contraption. I avoid using it at all costs – only when it's absolutely necessary will I go anywhere near it.

Now you must understand that walking is extremely difficult for me – I move like a...well, like an old man. But I fly using the damned walker – I mean I walk like I did before all this crap happened to me – it's amazing. But I don't want anyone to see me using it – only the Muffy knows that I have one.



And so now you know. Me, the mighty Mad Dog, the Magnificent Lassiter – in a walker.. It kills me, it just kills me. It's just another in a growing list of things that I never thought would happen to me.

But it's OK – don't worry. This is all just a bad dream...I know, I just know that it will be over soon...

26th of April, 2006

## **...it's always something.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 11:01 am | [Permanent Link](#)

You're probably wondering if I've heard back from the new kidney store – well, the answer is no, not a word. But that's OK, I've got other fish to fry while I'm waiting. Within the last two weeks a growth has shown up on my neck – it's about the size of a small grape today, and still growing. It just goes to prove that if it's not something, then it's something else.

But not to worry, I need this to get my mind off the other stuff that's wrong with me.

Hardly a day goes by without some new concern – it keeps things exciting around here. I'm at the point where I'd just as soon say screw it, but the Muffin insists on trying to patch me up – though I don't know why.

This latest what ever it is will no doubt lead to a new doctor, who will probably want to cut it out, sending it off for tests, and then who knows what after that.

Yep, if it's not something, then it's something else...if I didn't know better, I'd think that this was a story with no ending...

27th of April, 2006

## **...here I go again.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 1:56 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

It's happening again- I don't want it to, but a new wave of depression is setting in.

I'm not going to get better, I'm not going to recover – I understand that – but sometimes I allow myself to think that at least I can somehow keep from getting worse, from continuing to decline. But then reality slaps me in the face, as I sink even lower.

I am all but useless around here, unable to pull my weight in any meaningful way – but I try to do small things, something, anything to help. Like maybe unloading the dishwasher – it's not much, but it's a help. Only now even that is too much, even that leaves me exhausted. Walking the perhaps thirty feet from the bedroom to my office leaves my legs trembling, ready to collapse.

What am I to do when I can no longer walk, no longer do something as simple as get myself to the bathroom? That day is coming, and it won't be long. These are the thoughts that I live with – all day, every day - can you understand why it might be depressing?

28th of April, 2006

## **...so what's it look like to you, Doc?**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 12:08 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

So tomorrow I get a “medical opinion” as what this thing growing on my neck might be – I can hardly wait.

Being the card carrying pessimist that I am, I can't help but feel that a grape sized growth that has just cropped up out of nowhere is bad news. I could be wrong, but I'll bet I'm not.

In any event, I will surely be sent to a new specialist, who will no doubt want to do something that I'd probably just as soon avoid. This, of course, will give me and the Muffy something new to fret over and worry about – just what we need.

But such is life – if it's not something, it's something else. At least it has all but made me forget that it has been two weeks since I sent in the application to the new kidney store without any word in return. When you've got so much going wrong, it's hard to keep track – it keeps one from getting too bummed out over any one particular problem. I guess that's a good thing, though I'm not really sure why – unless you just want to say that God works in mysterious ways...

29th of April, 2006

## **...nothing!**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 10:21 am | [Permanent Link](#)

It's not that there aren't any girls reading this “blog”, but for the most part my readers are of the boy persuasion – and this is definitely a boy thing.

While I admit that this may be hard for some of you to understand, boys like pimples. You see, if one times it just right, waits for just the optimum time, give the sucker just the right squeeze, you get a beautiful explosion of gook and gunk flying across the room – it's a joyous sight – if you're a boy.

So about three weeks ago I saw what I thought was the beginning of a whooper of a pimple. My heart was filled with joy. ( Look, I ain't got much to make me happy these days, so cut me some slack. ) So I waited for a day or two, and gave it a good squeeze. Nothing – maybe a drop of blood, but none of the good stuff, if you know what I mean.

I figured it needed a little more time – no problem, I've got plenty of it on my hands. But the more I tried to pop that baby, the less came out. It just kept getting bigger. Finally, I began to worry, and made an appoint to have it looked at.

So yesterday I'm shaving, and clipped the sucker – it start to bleed, and bleed some more. For more than twelve hours – it's like a pig in a slaughter house – and soon this thing that had been the size of a juicy grape, is down to a small pea.

So I go to see the doctor this morning – he reads the “blog”, so he knew I was coming – convinced that I'd be in surgery before noon, and he looks at it and says: “It's probably nothing serious.”

Probably nothing serious! I've trashed a shirt, a pillow case, and lost at least twelve quarts of blood, and he sends me home empty handed – oh, he did put a band-aid on it, but that's it. I go in convinced that I've got one foot in the grave, and I come out with a band-aid. I never even got the pleasure of popping the damned thing – no gook, no gunk, no nothing, if you don't count the blood.

Between you and me, I feel cheated – crestfallen, actually...( sigh )

30th of April, 2006

## **...can it get any worse?**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 9:58 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

I would not have believed it, but I now find that just because I use a walker, am missing part of a foot, have a uni-brow, hair coming out of my ears, and something icky growing on my neck, it's really hard to pick up chicks – especially the better looking younger ones. .

Of course that's also a problem in that I don't see so good, and have been hitting on some real dog-faced babes – but with equally poor results, I'm sorry to report.

And so I must add yet another thing to the long list that I never thought would happen to me – man, I'm telling you, life is just one big disappointment after another...

Comments are closed.

26th of May, 2006

## **...I'm pissed off.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 9:43 am | [Permanent Link](#)

This might be one of those posts that tell you more than you want to know – if so, don't say I didn't warn you, OK?

The way that you know for sure that your kidneys are failing is simple – you stop urinating. So instead of passing the impurity laden fluid, your body retains it. It doesn't hurt – there is no sensation of having to “go”.

Last week I noticed a dramatic decrease in flow. Each successive day, there was less. By Monday, nothing came out, unless I forced it. Wednesday night, at bed time, nothing, no matter how hard I tried. Thursday morning, perhaps less than a quarter cup, and only with considerable effort. Virtually nothing for the remainder of the day.

So this morning (Friday) I get up, and pass maybe close to three quarters of a cup – but only with some effort. An hour later, a little bit more.

It's enough to drive you crazy – and I think at times that it has. You go for days with it looking worse and worse – you know what that means. Then things improve – not a lot, but they improve. You vacillate between hopelessness to a glimmer of hope – back and forth, up and down – it's enough to drive you crazy...

26th of May, 2006

## **...this and that.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 9:27 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

This afternoon we went for the orientation down at the new kidney store. Aside from time not being in my favor, it doesn't appear to be very hopeful – there are several medical considerations that will be a problem. However, I will pursue it as long as I can, or until I get a definitive rejection.

For what it's worth, I had an almost normal session standing at the porcelain bowl tonight. I don't know what to make of it, but...

In another matter... One of the things that has made our marriage work for nineteen plus years – aside from the fact that we kinda like each other – is that we can and do talk to one another – we communicate well and often. But there is something going on in this house that is hard to talk about, and we have managed to discuss no more than needed to be said throughout this ordeal.

I suppose it's only natural – if you don't say it, it somehow means it ain't happening – I'm sure you've been there. But things aren't looking too good right now, and we've had to go further than either of us cared to go in discussing the situation.

As I've said before, this isn't only about me, Mary is just as involved – my decisions have a profound effect on her life as well.

We had that talk this afternoon that two people who love each other never wanted to have – painful, but at the same time loving. I choose to keep the details of our conversation private – as I'm sure you can understand – except to say that I am more in love with that woman tonight than ever – and I feel more loved than I knew possible.

The saga continues

27th of May, 2006

## **Saturday morning.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 9:08 am | [Permanent Link](#)

So here it is, the morning after the day before at the new kidney store. If only I had the skills to convey what I saw – and what I saw was the most depressing gathering of stupid people ever gathered around a table in all of recorded history.. Words like dense, numskull, and moron come to mind. I sat there thinking that I had met them all before – that they were all callers from back in the PLP days.

Well, at least the Muff and I had a good laugh when we got home – and that's a good thing, as it turns out that a kidney transplant is MUCH more complicated than either of us realized. I do not think that it is going to happen, even if time was not in play here.

I have done a reasonably good job of keeping my expectations under control, so I am not particularly devastated. I will continue on to the next step, if I am able, but doubt that it will go beyond that.

The rest of the day was a mixture of laughter and tears as we talked about our situation – our options, and the time we have left together.

How is it that I found someone who so understands me, supports me? Who gives so freely of herself. Who asks so little in return. I cannot imagine a better friend, a better person to go through this disaster with. Surely she deserves better than I have given her. It is futile to ask how or why I have been blessed to have her at my side – I just accept my good fortune, and rest easier because of her...

28th of May, 2006

## **...what can I say?**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 6:35 am | [Permanent Link](#)

I am reminded of the story about the boy who cried Wolf – perhaps you will see some similarities as well.

For the second time in three months, all of the signs I was told would foretell the complete and irrevocable shutdown of my kidney function appeared. For the second time in three months the horrid combination of fear, guilt, and worry overwhelmed me. For the second time in three months all the men in the village and the farmers out in the fields, dropped what they were doing to run to the boy's...oopps, wrong story.

For the second time in three months, I did the best I could to prepare myself to die – all of the mental adjustments, even final words and goodbyes. And then, for the second time in three months, the dreaded symptoms, the ever so final signs have reversed. As of Friday night, my urinary function has improved – now back to probably seventy or eighty percent of what I consider normal.

How can I begin to explain the emotions involved? How can I begin to explain the damage done to one's psyche? I simply am not equipped for this – no one could be. For now it appears that I have been granted a reprieve – a little more time with my Mary. But at some point – maybe as soon as tomorrow, maybe still months away – the symptoms will return – and so will all of the awful thoughts and feelings – there is no escape.

Of course I am pleased to see the improvement – but how many times must I stare death in the face before this ordeal comes to an end?

29th of May, 2006

## **...I just don't know how to deal with this.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 8:37 am | [Permanent Link](#)

I can only assume that you have come here, with baited breath, for the latest update on my urinary function. Well, be advised that I could hardly walk away from the bathroom without having to return for another session yesterday.

Am I telling you more than you want to know again?

You might think that this is a good thing, and it is – kind of. But the truth of the matter is that it's unsettling. You see, it's not like it means that I'm getting better – nothing has really changed – only prolonged. It just means that I am going to have to go through this fire drill again – and that does anything but please me.

It's all rather depressing, isn't it? A damned if you do, dammed if you don't situation. There just ain't no happy ending to be found here. Just between you and me, I'm growing weary, very, very weary...

29th of May, 2006

## **I couldn't say it, if it wasn't true.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 9:06 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

There is an old Hollywood movie – whose title escapes me – where a once glamorous film star – once so attractive and desirable – sits alone in her mansion watching her old movies. Day after day the fading glamour queen relives yesteryear. It is a tragic scene – sad and painful to witness.

Today, I realized that a once famous radio star – so confident and secure in his prime – sits alone in his house listening to old air checks. Day after day he – this once cocky and commanding personality relives yesteryear. It is a tragic scene – sad and painful to witness...and unfortunately, true...

30th of May, 2006

## **Piss poor...**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 9:19 am | [Permanent Link](#)

I suppose that there is the possibility that some of you may think that I have become obsessed with...how should I put this...well, let's say my tinkling - you

know, how much, how often, that kind of thing. And if that's how you feel, there is good reason – I am. I am doomed to spending the rest of my life paying close attention to something the rest of you never think about.

What's more, I am now paranoid – no matter how much comes out, no matter the force it comes out with – it will never again be enough. Just try to imagine going through life NEVER, EVVER being satisfied with your performance at the porcelain bowel – never, ever.

That is my fate. And even though I am trying to put an amusing spin on the situation, it ain't funny to me. And just in case you care, I think that there may be a problem again. I can't tell for sure, but...

It's a hell of a way to live, ain't it? But that's what I've been reduced to – a paranoid, overly obsessed old man – living in fear of a common, every day bodily function, or the lack there of...

30th of May, 2006

## **5:40 Tuesday**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 4:23 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

Damn-it. Damn-it, damn-it...

It's happening again.

I see the kidney specialist. in the morning....

I'm crushed.

31st of May, 2006

## **I had questions, he had answers**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 1:09 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

And so, it has been an interesting morning, in what has become a long series of interesting mornings and afternoons and evenings.

Where shall I begin? In the finest tradition of modern medicine, the doctor has ordered more tests! There is an outside chance that an enlarged prostate is causing my immediate problem.



But more importantly, I have answers to questions that have been trebling me – the farther along one gets in this process, the more questions arise. I now feel that I have the information needed to make any number of decisions.

Of course no one that I encounter agrees with my thinking or the direction I am leaning. It's hard to explain to people that I am tired of living this way. It's equally hard convincing people that I do not take well to those who don't listen to what I am saying – or people who do not respect my decisions, but keep trying to push something on me that I do not want. But they mean well.

The bottom line is that if it is not an enlarged postdate, I am looking at as little as two weeks to perhaps two or three months – it is impossible to narrow it down any further just yet. For the moment at least, I am calm and accepting of the news. There are possible complications, but in all likelihood, I will quietly go to sleep, with little or no discomfort. I may not even be aware of what's happening. They call it the “gentle death”. Perfect for a coward like me.

This instant finds me detached and unemotional – resigned to and accepting of the inevitable. I have the love of and full support of my Mary.

All of this may be incomprehensible to you – but all of my life I have done things differently – I have done things my way – and this will be no different. It would be foolish to rule out a last minute change of heart – anything is possible – but for the time being, I am at ease – I can ask for no more...

31st of May, 2006

## **....a thought for the day.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 10:09 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

There is such a big difference between two weeks and three months – to be honest, I prefer two weeks – there is that much less time to think. Thinking has always been my downfall.

So here's the deal – kind of indelicate, but – so long as I keep pissing, I stay alive. Plain and simple, remarkably to the point. So far today, my output has been up and down.

Do you suppose that when they were putting the internet together, anyone foresaw the day when some old fart would be giving urinary reports on it? Neither do I – but look, it is what it is. And as bad as it is that I am the one posting the reports, you, my friend, are coming here to read them....

21st of June, 2006

## **...my way.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 3:46 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

Of course there will be no funeral service – no viewing, no memorial. I never attended any while I was alive, I require none on my behalf when I'm gone.

My wish is that I be cremated as soon as possible – and then there are the ashes. Perhaps a handful out in our backyard, where once I enjoyed the birds and squirrels. A handful at the far northern end of Fort Desoto would be nice. I'd like another handful at that radio station that stands at the end of a dirt road, in the middle of a swamp.

I would rest easy with my ashes spread in the above locations, but if possible, I would like a handful placed most anywhere in Knight's Park in Collingswood, New Jersey. Maybe a handful in Chicago, and another anywhere along the Blue Ridge Parkway.

That should pretty much cover it – what ever remains can just be tossed to the wind.

I wish to leave this world much as I came in – with minimal fanfare. If I left a mark, than it should be self-evident – without the need to point it out after I am gone....

22nd of June, 2006

## **Sometimes there's nothing to say.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 2:28 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

I've been neglecting you of late – I didn't mean to, it just turned out that way.

Sometimes I don't know what and / or how much I should be sharing – or worse yet, sometimes I just don't have anything to say.

Sometimes I feel too fragile to talk – pouring out my heart would be too emotionally draining. Sometimes the things going on are just too personal to write about. And sometimes I lose focus – it's all so overwhelming.

Any or all of the above could be used to explain my entries or lack there of. The Muffin and I continue to talk about the situation, but I'm sure that you can

understand why I would keep these conversations quiet. And then there is the question of how many times do I just sit here and complain about how I feel?

So it boils down to this – I just don't know what to say. I'm not really depressed, but I am kinda down. I'm basically OK – just not very chatty. Maybe tomorrow, maybe the day after that – maybe I'll feel more like talking then – I'm sorry...

## **on my mind.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 10:33 am | [Permanent Link](#)

We continue to talk – talking about things two people so close should have to talk about. Sometimes saying things that trigger a torrent of tears. Sometimes triggering a gale of laughter.

We are trying to live our lives as normally as possible – and for the most part we have succeeded. But one element has disappeared – talk of the future. It never comes up any more – there is only here and now.

Once the future was a big part of our lives. We would spend countless hours dreaming dreams of a day yet to come. We had hopes and plans. But they are all gone now – we have no future – we both know it, so it's no longer mentioned.

I feel so guilty for what I have done to her – I apologize time and time again – she always forgives me. Then she holds me tight, and somehow all is right again.

The night before last, I said the most absurd thing – I told her that I just know that somehow I'm going to miss her. The only thing that truly bothers me in all of this is that I am about to leave – that I will never again be with my Mary – it's more than I can bear...

25th of June, 2006

## **...I'm still here.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 11:16 am | [Permanent Link](#)

How is it possible that I grow weaker by the day, and still manage somehow to function? It would seem impossible to noticeably lose so much strength, and still be on my feet – but it's true.

Surely I cannot continue this way much longer.

I've not felt all that bad for two weeks now, but the weakness is alarming – it is so important that I at least be able to take care of my most basic needs by myself – my concern is a major issue.

I am also sleeping more and more – sometimes over fourteen hours a day. Even while awake, I feel as though I could easily go back to bed.

Slowly, but surely, life is draining from my pathetic body. One wonders how it can take so long. One wonders at just how much life there is to drain away. Dying is harder than one would think.

I am so tired, so weary, so ready for this to be over...

26th of June, 2006

## **...telling it like it is.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 12:31 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

I am very tired, totally lacking interest in anything, and without any focus – I have nothing I want to say

It's not much of a blog entry, but would you understand if I said that I don't care?

27th of June, 2006

## **Why am I the only one who understands?**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 11:47 am | [Permanent Link](#)

I can't begin to tell you how it annoys me that life goes on at a time like this – at a time where I find myself sitting at home slowly dying. Is there really anything more important than my demise?

Apparently there is. Apparently the rest of the world is content to pretend that my passing is just another one biting the dust. Of course, from my point of view, there is nothing more important. The day will come when you understand.

It really doesn't matter how many loved ones you have around, this dying thing is a lonely time. Little by little, nothing else matters – nothing but you and yourself. – all the while, for the most part, the world pays scant if any notice.

Don't they understand that it's just not going to be the same when I'm gone? I mean, with only a few exceptions, I seem to be the only one who realizes just how important I am, just how important my life is...

28th of June, 2006

## **...if only I could.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 7:13 am | [Permanent Link](#)

Throughout this ordeal, my mind has been replaying times and events from the past – I have been able to revisit people and places long since forgotten, but that come to life once more in my mind's eye.

I suppose that it's not unusual, but there is something about it that I would not have expected – without fail, these memories predate the period in my life you might think was the important one. The memories are of my childhood, my teens, even my twenties. My memories are not of the places I eventually traveled to, but of the place I grew up in – not the people I would meet, but of the people I grew up with.

My accomplishments play little if any part in these replays – it's the otherwise insignificant happenings that keep popping up. I never realized how important those people, those places were to me. Somehow I feel as though I should have gone back while I still could – it was all such an important part of who and what I am.

Instead, I find myself in a strange and distant town, where I know no one, where no one knows me – at least not the real me. What I would give to go home, to be with my people, to be surrounded by familiar places.

But I stayed too long at the fair, I missed my chance. I am doomed to end my life in a strange town, where in some respects I am far better known, but in reality, I am a stranger...

29th of June, 2006

## **...once upon a time.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 11:02 am | [Permanent Link](#)

Once this was our dream house – it was everything we wanted it to be, we were going to live here happily ever after. I can still see the two of us, checkered tablecloth spread in front of the fireplace, eating our first meal in our very own house, the night we closed – closed on the house we called Mad Dog and Muffy's house.

Now the yard needs work, the carpet needs cleaning, it's all a little shabby. The events of recent years and the ever increasing burden on Mary, have conspired to take the bloom off the rose. At some point in the not too distant future, some other couple will call this house their home. No one will remember that it once was ours.

And if everything goes as I wish, in a room about thirty feet away – our room, in our bed – my life will come to an end. Not exactly the stuff of dreams, huh? Neither of us imagined how it would turn out that first night so long ago. It probably isn't fair, it's probably very selfish, but it's my wish – it's important to me.

It's all kind of spooky, isn't it? I mean, this kind of talk. It sure is – especially when it's your sorry ass that's being talked about. But these are the kind of things most of us will have to deal with – someday – the day your house no longer holds any dreams...

30th of June, 2006

## **...try to imagine.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 10:50 am | [Permanent Link](#)

My days are so long, so predictable, so filled with mind numbing boredom.

Back on the fourteenth of February, I was told that my kidneys were on the verge of shutting down – a virtual death sentence. I was also told what to look for as a sign that the shutdown was complete. Since then, the undeniable signs have appeared not once, but twice. Not once, but twice, I had to prepare myself to die – expecting perhaps two more weeks of life.

Try to imagine the emotional toll that can take. Try to imagine the psychological price. Now try to imagine sitting here waiting for the third set of signs to materialize. Not knowing if it will be tomorrow, next week, or maybe even a few months from now. If you can imagine these things, then you can begin to understand what I am going through.

It's almost as though some invisible force is toying with me – punishing me for some past indiscretion. It's almost as though I am a pawn in some cruel game.

My interest in life has vanished – I do little more than sit here waiting – waiting for it all to end. I am a prisoner in my own house, in my own mind. I am not happy about any of this – but I am powerless to intervene – I no longer have the will to fight...

30th of June, 2006

## **Your turn...**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 3:23 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

Why not?

The comment feature has been turned on, and will remain open for a day or two.

21st of July, 2006

## **...so alone.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 10:31 am | [Permanent Link](#)

I am an only child. Well actually, I am a classic, textbook only child. I am perfectly content to be by myself – often in silence. I require very little if any “outside stimulation”, because I provide my own – I learned how to at any early age, because I had no other choice.

As an example, I am bored with most fiction – books or movies – because my imagination is better than most others. It was developed out of necessity – from years of playing by myself as a child – an only child, who grew up in a neighborhood with no other boys my age, and then spent years of living in a town where many of the kids in my class at school were not allowed to play with me, the child of a broken home.

My mother was my best friend for the first part of my life, and she was replaced with a succession of other female “best friends” for the rest of it. I can count on one hand the number of close male friends I’ve had in a sixty year span. I rarely had more than two close relationships at any time – and often, only one. All of this may seem unusual to you, but it is perfectly normal to me.

I frequently talk about how this thing that I am going through is “lonely” – and indeed it is, but not because I sit here alone. But rather because all of the people who have gone through this before me, all of the people who could tell me what to expect, are all gone – they’re all dead. So from my point of view, it’s me and me alone.

I guess to some degree I’m kind of pissed that I have to do this by myself – but so what else is new, it’s really no different than when I was a kid...

22nd of July, 2006

## **70, and counting...**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 11:00 am | [Permanent Link](#)

I noticed this morning that according to the countdown colander in the right-hand column that I have a birthday coming up – number 61 in 70 days from now. Who knows, I just might make it.

A number of years ago, I spent my father-in-law's 88<sup>th</sup> birth day with him and the rest of the family. We were on a riverboat cruising on the Mississippi, and I asked Harvey how the world had changed during his lifetime. He was a salt of the earth kind of guy, spending his entire life as a farmer – a good, decent man, but not overly eloquent. Harvey spoke mainly of the inventions and advancements in science that had changed the world. He grew up in a horse and buggy environment, but lived to see men walking on the moon.

My life has also seen many advances, but none as dramatic as Harvey witnessed. And yet in some ways it has changed even more radically.

Did you know that I was thrown out of the Boy Scouts? It's true. I can still remember getting ready to turn twelve – the age when a kid was first eligible – and going down to Lit Brothers Department Store to get my uniform, pocket knife, and the Official Boy Scouts Handbook – they were to be my birthday gifts that year.

The Troop was sponsored by my church – Saint John's Catholic Church – and met in the grammar school annex. Mister Johnson was the Troop Master – he was Buddy Johnson's father – Buddy was one of the boys in my class at school.

Buddy was one of the few kids that I hung out with, but there was a problem. We had to be cool about our friendship, since he was forbidden to play with me.

Well to make a long story short, the first meeting of the new school year was at hand, and I out on my uniform and walked the five blocks from my house to Saint John's to register and attend the gathering. I don't mind telling you that it was a big deal. I was the youngest kid in my class, so most of the other boys were already official Boy Scouts – but there were a few of us there to sign up for the first time that night, and Mister Johnson set about registering us – well, most of us. When he got to me, he did a double take, and asked me to step out into the hallway. Once safely away from the other boys, he told me that it was inappropriate to have the son of a divorced woman in the troop, and told me to go home.

Can you imagine that happening today? But things like that happened all the time back then – there was a steep price to pay for what the community considered to be inappropriate behavior – like getting a divorce, and the price filtered down to the kids of the broken marriage.



There were something like 53 kids in my class, over 500 in the school, and I was the only one from a “broken home”. It’s the God’s honest truth – just 50 years ago.

Mister Johnson’s word was law, there was no appealing it, no one thought it unreasonable. I never wore the uniform again, I never officially became a Boy Scout. There was another troop in town, but it was sponsored by a protestant church. My church considered them to be Godless pagans back then – setting foot into one of there buildings would have resulted in instant excommunication, and therefore rotting in hell for eternity. Or at least that’s what I had been taught.

It sure was a different world back then – a different world indeed...

23rd of July, 2006

## **...oh ye of little faith.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 1:13 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

So like one of my dear and valued readers – Decker – was questioning in his blog if I “still had it”. Fortunately, a recent post where I ripped some poor schmoe a new one satisfied him that indeed The Mad Dog could still dish it out.

But that got me to thinking – why wouldn’t I, why shouldn’t I “still have it”. I mean, my kidneys are failing, not my brain. It’s my body that’s giving out – the head works just fine, thank you. I still have a sense of humor, a sense of irony, and I still find joy in making the unsuspecting regret messin’ with me. None of that has changed.

You see, the only real problem here is that I know, I am aware of what’s happening to me, because – if you’ll pardon the expression – I still have it.

This blog has a purpose – it was never intended to showcase my “skills” as some of you may recall them, but that doesn’t mean that I couldn’t still pull it off – that is if I could still see, still move about. That’s the other problem – I am more or less confined to where I am sitting right now.

I’ll know when the time has come to pack it in – my pride would never permit me to do anything else...

24th of July, 2006

## **...do pass Go, do not collect \$200.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 7:58 am | [Permanent Link](#)

I don't come from the best of gene pools – my mother died at 61 ½ years of age, my father died one day shy of his 64<sup>th</sup> birthday. I have only a piss poor chance of outliving my mom, it would be a frickin' miracle should I outlive my dad.

Even with most of my relatives dropping like flies at relatively young ages, I never gave much thought to my own mortality – well, not until recently. I haven't been to a funeral in over forty years, I never visit grave yards. I'm just not into the culture of death – when you're gone, you're gone, period, end of story.

About the only concession I make, is that each year – on April 19<sup>th</sup>, her birthday – I say a few words to my mother. Things like: Hi Liz, well I was thinking about you, and just wanted you to know. It's not like I think she's up in heaven or something – I don't – but I still manage to say something, even though I can't explain why.

Being the self-centered asshole that I am, the only thoughts I've had of my own passing concern how those I'm leaving behind will deal with my death. I have no thoughts or concerns of an "afterlife – should there be one, it will come as a major surprise – like a real major surprise.

Look, I fucked up a lot in my life, but I never once did anyone wrong – at least not deliberately, not knowingly. Of the things I did that were less than good, I am truly sorry, truly contrite. That's the best I can do. If there is a God, he gave me a mind, an intellect that made it impossible for me to accept what religion taught me about Him – so it ain't my fault if I missed the message.

My views on religion have much to do with my views on death – neither scare me. I look at death, my own in particular, as a sad thing – nothing more. I am very sad that I won't be around long enough to fulfill all of my hopes and dreams, very sad that I won't be around for my Mary.

Make no mistake about it, I sincerely wish that there was going to be a wonderful afterlife – a place where I would get the rest of my foot back, where I could see clearly again, a peaceful, wonderful place – but I just don't buy it. And by the same token, I don't believe that there is an awful place where I will be tormented forever more because I wasn't able to accept the premise of an afterlife.

A few months ago I saw Tammy Faye Bakker on Larry King's show – the poor bimbo was dying of lung cancer. She sat there laughing and crying – scared shitless of dying, and trying to pretend that she was happy about going "home" to see Jesus. I find it hard to believe that there is a God who would allow one of his children to suffer in that way – to be so upset as to actually lose her mind.

Pretty much the same thing happened to my mother. She was, I'm sorry to tell you, a genuine fuck-up. But she wasn't a bad woman – and yet she was so afraid that she had displeased God that she spent the last few weeks of her life unable to get any rest – every time she closed her eyes, she saw “the demons” coming to get her – it was a tragic way to spend her final days – her “sins” were relatively few, and hurt no one but herself, I can't believe that “the demons” existed except in her own mind, the result of absurd teachings from her upbringing in the church.

There is much to be said for being a heathen – you get to sleep in on Sunday, and it makes dying a hell of a lot easier...

25th of July, 2006

## **...mirror, mirror on the wall.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 6:57 am | [Permanent Link](#)

You know, maybe there's something to be said for having poor vision – I can't see my face in a mirror very well – it's just kind of a blur, unless I put my nose right up against the glass – something I rarely do.

Yesterday I foolishly did just that. It's so disheartening to see how age can twist and distort features once so familiar – turning it into a likeness all but unrecognizable.

Most people aren't jolted by the outward signs of age, since they gradually become accustomed to the changes slowly over the passing of time. Not so for this poor boy. Months can go by without actually seeing my face – I've learned to do things like shaving and brushing my hair by feel and touch.

Every now and then curiosity gets the best of me, and so I lean right in, put my nose against the mirror, and see an image that can all but take my breath away. It's never what I expect, never what I remember – I keep finding a man, an old man, I don't know.

For all my ills, as poor as my health has become, I don't “feel” old – but when forced to look at my face, I can no longer deny the truth – and the truth is that I am old beyond my years in every measure. Just between you and me, it breaks my heart...

26th of July, 2006

## **...one man's dream.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 8:36 am | [Permanent Link](#)

I think everyone has memories of some seemingly unimportant moment from the past – something that just stuck with you, even though at the time it meant little or nothing.

My poor mind is cluttered with a ton of them, but there is one that stands out. It goes back – I'm sorry to tell you – more than fifty years. It started in our living room, as we were all gathered in front of that magical picture box that brought images from far off places. Me, my mom and dad, were watching Jackie Gleason doing his weekly show from an exotic place – a place where the living was easy, a place where it was said that winter winds and snow never came – a place called Miami.

My father was barely thirty years old, but I remember him vowing that when the time came, he would retire and move to Florida. It was a promise I heard him make more than once as the years went by. The poor bastard never made it – he died one day shy of turning sixty-four, not far from where he was born and lived his entire life.

It stuck with me because I never really thought about officially retiring – it was never part of my dreams. At least not the way my father and his generation looked at it.

My father would be green with envy if he could see where his son lives – in sun drenched Florida, more or less “retired”, with a few bucks in the bank, even a pension from the union. Aside from the health issues, I am living his dream – not exactly mine, but his to be sure.

I would prefer to be working and living somewhere else – like up north, the place he wanted to get away from.

It's funny how things turn out – one man dreamed from an early age of retiring and moving to Florida. The other never really gave any thought to it, but ended up living his father's dream by accident. But the two men have one thing in common – neither man's life turned out as they wanted, or at least as they thought it would...

27th of July, 2006

## **...one step at a time.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 7:58 am | [Permanent Link](#)

I can't think of anything good to say about this getting old crap –it is just one indignity after another as your body gives out, just stops working.

I could go on and on, listing all of the things that bother me – things that no longer permit me to live what I would consider a normal life – but I won't. Instead let me zero in on just one thing – maybe the thing that troubles me the most.

Old people all have one thing in common – the way they walk. Small, unsteady steps, that become almost a shuffle. As the years go by, the stride shortens, the feet barely clear the floor. You can spot an old fart a mile away – by the way they walk.

Watching me walk is almost like watching a toddler – tiny unsteady steps, unable to travel in a straight line, seeming to be on the verge of toppling at any moment, feet never clearing the floor. It's a pathetic sight, No matter how hard I try, I cannot walk normally – unless I'm using that God Damned walker. Put that fucking walker in my hands, and I fly down the hall like a young stud.

You probably think I'm making this up, but I'm not – it's true, it's as true as true can be, and it pisses me off big time. I've seen old farts using walkers, and they all still walk like old people. But for what ever the reason – probably God getting even with me – I fly when using that contraption. At least most of the time – there are days when I need it just to be able to stand – but there are other times when it gives me back my youth – well, kinda.

I use it most of the time now – in the house, that is. To date, I've only gone out once with it, and of course I was mortified. But I was so weak that day, there was no other choice. – anyway, that's another story.

Fool that I am, I'd rater do the old folks shuffle rather than be seen using a walker. As for that spiffy new wheelchair – my fat ass has yet to darken it's seat. God, how I hate what has happened to me...

28th of July, 2006

## **...the good times.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 8:14 am | [Permanent Link](#)

Along with the “old folks shuffle”, I am also afflicted with a worsening case of “things were better when I was young”.

Of course, they really were better – no matter how you want to measure it. The more youthful people reading this fine blog no doubt disagree – thinking that either I am sadly mistaken or certifiably delusional – I assure you I am neither.

Yes, there were riots, violent protests, and cities aflame when I was a young man, but that showed that people were aware of events and situations, and were only taking an active role in deterring a favorable outcome. God, how I miss those days...

Sweet young things went about without bras – you could get a healthy amount of decent smoking dope for five dollars – you could listen to an FM radio station for days on end, and never hear the same song twice. Go on, tell me that they weren't the good old days.

Yes, it's true that we had a lying, worthless piece of crap President then as well – but we hounded the bastard from office – come to think of it, we did that a couple of times. Things sure were different back then (...sigh)

On a personal note, I still had all of my toes, all of my innards worked the way they were supposed to work, and I didn't have a bunch of hair growing from my ears. – as you can clearly see, everything was better back then.

I had the distinct pleasure of witnessing, being part of the only worthwhile period in all of recorded history – my youth - and anyone who disagrees is obviously a foolish infantile person – a misguided youth, ignorant of the facts – and the facts show that while I may now be a sad, miserable old man, at least...at least...oh screw it – I guess you just had to be there to understand...

28th of July, 2006

## ...a rare chance.

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 1:55 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

You know, every now and then I just run out of things to say...so maybe it's time to turn it over to you – just for a little while...

### 89 Responses to "...a rare chance."

1. *joe joe* Says:  
[The 28th of July, 2006 at 2:06 pm](#)

Hi Bob.

2. *Frank Rich* Says:  
[The 28th of July, 2006 at 2:17 pm](#)

Bob,

You are going to hate this, but so what.

It has been so long since the fun days of WSUN. I've never enjoyed talk radio

more. You were the best, I loved the way you chewed up the uninformed and sometimes downright stupid callers.

I drive a medical transport van in Venice as I have for 12 years. I take people to dialysis treatment every day. These people trade 3 days a week 3-4 hours a day on the dialysis machine for a life filled with fun, travel, humor and the best part, love. They are happy to live a normal life despite the fact that it takes 9-12 hours a WEEK to “take their medicine” instead of a few minutes.

Years ago I was the same as you. I would have been angry at the bad hand I was dealt. But after getting to know these people with kidney failure I realize that that are having a ball. If they want to visit the grandkids in Michigan, arrangements are made for treatment up there and off they go.

Renal failure is not the end, if a small lifestyle change is made. You are too good a man to let slip away due to your stubbornness.

So Bob, cut the crap and get out there and live.

3. *Gilmoure* Says:  
[The 28th of July, 2006 at 2:25 pm](#)

Heh. My parents moved from rural farm life to suburban Florida after college and grew up in Clearwater. Last year I managed to finally move away from tract houses and neighborhood associations out to the country and a few scrabby acres, in New Mexico. Never been happier. Of course, my cousin who grew up out here is just as joyful to be living in a suburb of little lawns and strip malls. Go figuah!

Hang tough man!

4. *Paul* Says:  
[The 28th of July, 2006 at 2:33 pm](#)

Bob,

Far be it for me to tell you what to do (but I will anyways) - You need to get published. You have a talent that needs to live on beyond the sound bytes on the internet.

I'd be glad to give you some ideas. Feel free to email me.

5. *barbara* Says:  
[The 28th of July, 2006 at 2:52 pm](#)

Not much to say this time around. I have been listening to the air checks and realized how much I missed the good old days of radio. Less politics and more

fun.  
Barbara

6. *Horse with no name* Says:  
[The 28th of July, 2006 at 5:20 pm](#)

Thank you Robert.

I would like to use this time to bitch about the fact that all the Tampa Bay Krispy Creme stores have closed. I am NOT happy.

Thank you for your time.

7. *Horse with no name* Says:  
[The 28th of July, 2006 at 5:28 pm](#)

OK, one more thing. I had, at one time, the proud honor of shutting you up cold one night. It was open phones, and you were slamming all comers one by one in that special way you do....steaming down the tracks, one caller summarily dismissed after another.... you were on a roll.

Then I called, and asked you "Do you have any career plans, or is this it"? and you stopped cold.

After about 6 seconds and a long exhale of a cigarette, you, you busted out a laugh that could be heard in Atlanta, and you proceeded to say "OK caller..... "you got me... I have no response".

It was a watershed moment for me....and no big deal for you....but I never forgot it. I actually got the best of Lasiter...if for only a few seconds.....

God speed pal.

8. *Scott* Says:  
[The 28th of July, 2006 at 5:29 pm](#)

It's gotta really suck riding the roller coaster, Bob. First, you prep yourself for what appears to be the inevitable, then the damn thing stalls. Then it starts up again, then craps out again. I cannot imagine what psychological juggling like this can do to your head. I'm only 43 (sounds young to some, seems ancient to others) and in pretty good health. Funny...part of me feels like I'm still hip, young and invincible....yet folks in their teens and twentys see me as a grey-beard (that is, when they even bother to notice that I'm even there, period). So what does it all mean, anyway? I remember hearing David Fowler repeating that phrase over and over again. I guess what I'm getting from you is that facing mortality is a first-class bitch. Until I'm there, I can only speculate. Sorry that there's a ton of people out there with a fascination with the morbid and the like (as evidenced by the drop



in the “hits” on your blog when you seem to be doing better). That’s pretty fucked-up, you know? When I first wrote a message on the blog (when you opened it up for a short time again), I noted that I was greedy and hoped that the doctors made a mistake etc and that you’d get better. Those guys aren’t perfect, although they’d beg to differ, I’m sure. However, after reading your most recent entries, I’m no longer greedy. Loosing sight, balance and dignity cannot be good....so enjoy what you have now with Ms. Mary and know that we’ll keep checking on how you’re getting along. That’s about it. By the way, you’re still the best, like it or not.

9. [Michael J. West](#) Says:  
[The 28th of July, 2006 at 5:36 pm](#)

We love you Bob. Some of us always read your blog, regardless of your state of mind, because you continue even now to have us hanging on every word. And I’m rooting for another birthday, another Christmas, and another weddiny anniversary for ya. What else is there to say?

10. [Mitch](#) Says:  
[The 28th of July, 2006 at 5:47 pm](#)

Hello Bob,

Well you didn’t say, “no questions”, so what the heck.  
Many times you have mentioned “the book(s)”. (The ratings or shares a radio show has.)  
Just how do they arrive at that number?  
What method do they use to figure out who listens to what and when?

I listened to you on WSUN and WFLA after that.  
Best radio I’ve ever heard.  
Frog.

11. [Rick](#) Says:  
[The 28th of July, 2006 at 5:53 pm](#)

I did listen to the radio thing, when in Florida on vacation I heard a “chatting with bob” segment that i thought was a riot and kept listening thereafter and here in the northeast I could actually get WLS during your shift in the late afternoon during the winter when sunset pattern change was at 4:15 or so, and then when broadcast.com came along, i would listen to you at work when i could, it was fun and all that and a relief from the right-wing gasbags. But it was radio and radio exists for a moment, so that’s not really what I think about when I read this blog. Radio was what you did, not what you are. this blog is more of what you are.

I appreciate you writing it, sharing emotions, feelings, fears, regrets, memories and love that all of us will experience some day unless we get hit by a meteor or

the Commander in Stupidity taunts some third world country to lob a few nukes our way.. Sure, it's your take on dying and none of us completely share your world view, but so what. It's a glimpse into the part of life which is an inevitable as it is feared, and it's done in a way that lets us in since the style is intensely personal.

So the point of this rambling is to say that as a compilation, with some editing or transitions from someone who knows you best (certainly not some internet clown), it might make a good book, not because it's by B. Lassiter, famous radio guy, but because it's by a guy named Bob who wrote very personally and very intimately about something that everyone of us will face, so it gives us a new perspective on people we love who are dying, or have a new perspective on how we interact with people today, knowing how it's a process that is at once agonizingly slow, yet much too fast, much too soon and much too sad. The blog itself is an important work, it shouldn't be like radio and just float into the ether, remembered only with a few scraps that were saved along the way.

Plus, if it did well, there might be a little legacy for Mrs. L, and with no heavy lifting.

12. *Jean LeComte* Says:

[The 28th of July, 2006 at 6:01 pm](#)

We are all rooting for you to keep on keeping on, for sure. A few blogs ago you were talking about yur childhood growing up in a "divorced" home and feeling unwanted by society. It brought back memories of my own as my parents were also divorced and the feelings of ostracism were always there and to make matters worse my Mom had a boyfriend (whom she much later married) - but I still remember the pain of kids asking me "where is yur Father?" Boy, did I tell lies - he was a sailor - he was a collector of jewelry from foreign countries - he was a FBI man - and on and on. I don't think I was kidding anyone. Strange, the things we remember. Love you, Jean

13. *Pete Hernandez* Says:

[The 28th of July, 2006 at 6:08 pm](#)

Hey bob i can see you jumping with joy with the help of that pewter walker. Bobby everything should be alright now that the Bucs are back for yet another memorial season, have faith my friend your cure is near life is great peace in the Middle East .Frog

14. *Pyramid Blaster* Says:

[The 28th of July, 2006 at 6:36 pm](#)

Not much to say this time around, Bobby...I've said my peace, and I'm not one to preach...But I will let you know that I made a visit to my doctor for the first time in a long time today--and I've set up a full physical. No, you weren't the

penultimate cause—but I will give you credit for helping me along. There—it's out there, and I can't take it back—and you can't give it back. So, just sit back and savor it...

Still visiting as often as I can! Sorry I don't live in an exotic locale (unless you consider Tampa 'exotic', in which case you ARE seriously affected), nor am I a 19-something college cutie...But hey, it is what it is...

Peace/Frog;

PyramidBlaster

15. *tom G* Says:  
[The 28th of July, 2006 at 6:39 pm](#)

Bob,

I was ready to turn this off several weeks ago...things were not going to well for you then. I listened to your last FLA show and decided to say my goodbye the next time you opened the comments. Well when that happened I was on a two day dive off south Florida. Lucky for me...I would have missed the entrys of July 13 & 14 ...the Good Book being the best.

I would like to know more about your office ....your museum as i Think you called it. My Dad has one ...lots of memories, artifacts and neat stuff. Everytime I am in that room, there is always something new...although its been there forever. I have my own musum, and I hope when someone looks at it and see's all my stuff, they will see a little piece of me.

Any way, BE GOOD my friend....and I know your not gonna like this But please think about Frank R's entry...OK I AM DONE....be good.

16. *Ann D.* Says:  
[The 28th of July, 2006 at 6:47 pm](#)

Dear Bob,

Glad you keep on sharing. It is good for you and we still care about what you have to say, Sad you never learned to enjoy your gift. Being a self center person limits ones ability to be here now. If I don't heed what you are saying about changing behavior I will be in your boat in a few years, maybe sooner. Hope you learn to forgive yourself for not being better then you think you should have been.

Peace Bob,

Miss the pretzels and water-ice. You can get pretty good steak sandwiches down here now.

Quick story: When I first came to Florida(1972) I ordered a steak sandwich and

when the order was brought to me there was a sirlon steak on a piece of white bread. The times they have a changed. LOL

17. *Greg Says:*

[The 28th of July, 2006 at 6:52 pm](#)

Bob,

just got in from Chicago.....those poor bastards at WLS never have had a good host since you. It is amazing that Johnson the journalist is still on as well as the softball Don wade and Roma....your the best Bob...go phillies!!!!

18. *Steve Says:*

[The 28th of July, 2006 at 7:17 pm](#)

It sounds like your hearing is still good. I am getting older myself and I notice how little time we have on this planet. When I was waiting on sixteen to roll around so I could finally drive, it seemed to take forever. When I could hardly wait to get out of school to get on with my life, it seemed so far in the future. Then the twenties and thirties flew by, preoccupied with trying to “make” it. When the forties and fifties rolled around, I realized how elusive a lifetime could be.

It is funny how expansive my mind is yet how finite I am. Can it be my lifetime is it? Why have I evolved to know how brief a glimpse of life I have? If life is the reason for existing, then why does it end in death? Why does nature go to all the trouble of becoming aware of itself when the goal is oblivion? Why Bob?

19. *Sebastian Says:*

[The 28th of July, 2006 at 7:40 pm](#)

Hello Bob,

I just wanted to let you know this blog has influenced at least one person in a positive way. I'm 37 and I can count on one hand the number of times I have seen a doctor in my adult life, that is until this year. Thanks to you and my new wife, I decided to start looking after myself, or at least find out where I stood healthwise. I smoke, drink and do not exercise much, yet I eat a fairly healthy diet and am not overweight. I established a relationship with a doctor this past January and have been diagnosed with high blood pressure, (which is probably genetic), and urged to give up my bad habits. Other than that I am in fairly good shape, for now... I still have that youthful, “I am invincible”, attitude. I wanted you to know though, that if for any reason I am given a warning that my habits are leading towards complications in my health I will heed them with the utmost sincerity. You have explained in detail the consequences of not doing so, and for that, and for your show I thank you.

Sincerely,  
Sebastian

20. *Mark* Says:

[The 28th of July, 2006 at 8:07 pm](#)

Hey Lassiter,  
just hey.  
good to just be able to say Hi

I totally agree with Paul above, but maybe just being selfish again. Oh well  
Peace man  
Mark

21. *Gary* Says:

[The 28th of July, 2006 at 8:14 pm](#)

Bob,  
Guilty as charged. I tried to look up that chicks Myspace site, and I beg that you  
don't turn me in. I'm just pissed that I couldn't find the damn site.

That was great, by the way. I am so happy when you come around with the humor  
through all this pain. Say your prayers, and eat your tastycakes. Later, Gary

22. *Jon* Says:

[The 28th of July, 2006 at 8:19 pm](#)

Hey dude... glad you're still around. I really wish you would weigh in on this  
Israel/Lebanon thing.

Just kidding!

Stay good...

23. *Johnie JO* Says:

[The 28th of July, 2006 at 8:22 pm](#)

I Bob.

I love to clean my ears with the cap of Bic pens.

24. *Jeanne Nagler* Says:

[The 28th of July, 2006 at 8:33 pm](#)

Hi Bob,  
I am from the Chicago area and always listened to your shows.  
One of the best programs that still comes to my mind is when you were talking

about the Lawn Heads in the suburbs. I never laughed so hard. I wished I would have copied it. You have such a beautiful voice. I love you, Jeanne

25. *Michael Says:*

[The 28th of July, 2006 at 9:05 pm](#)

Alright Bob,

I hate to put you on the spot especially since you are on your end times but I just figured, What the F \_\_\_\_\_. I have been a very loyal listener since you came to WPLP. I bought the damm dog food you advertised and if I were a smoker (thank God (oops) I'm not), I would have gone to the guy that helped you quit for a while. I even tried to go to some restaurant you were once doing a spot for but they closed before I could go.

Oh yes, I even had my windshield replaced by the guy you said would give me a box of steaks. He did, they sucked but still Mr. Lassiter, I was loyal.

So, for all of this 20 plus years of being a good fan I have never asked you for a thing. Ok so I did once beg you to play the Gil Whitton song after I gave you excellent gardening advice on your show. (You did and it was GREAT)... and ok you once gave me a big box of your old software (wreaked of cigarette smoke but was great to play with.)

But still, I have always been (like gazillions of others) your loyal listener, and now that you are "on you way out" (nasty sounding, is it not?) I feel compelled to ask you to finally after all these years to answer one question that seems to be one of the best kept secrets since we all found out wrestling was fake.

Now Bob, I am a reasonably sharp guy. I even know people in the business. Why, I once sat next to Gordon Solie at a Burger King. Every one I have ever asked has denied any knowledge of the truth about my question.

So, Mr. Mad Dog. P L E A S E... before you check out, I as you almost most loyal listener implore you to finally after all these years to come clean.

And PLEASE do not give us the bullshit that you have no idea, because Bob, we all know you do.

Mr. Lassiter....Who in the hell was (is) Rocky?

Oh, PS I also think Frank Rich may be on to something.

26. *Steve B Says:*

[The 28th of July, 2006 at 9:10 pm](#)

I don't want to waste the opportunity to post. But I've already said everything there is I could say. How about a stupid question?

You mentioned that you are near blind. How the heck do you surf the web or type?

27. *Steve B* Says:

[The 28th of July, 2006 at 9:16 pm](#)

And...

I don't agree with Frank or Michael. I appreciate their perspective, but hell, you have repeatedly implied if Kidney failure doesn't get you kindly something else will get you on the back side. That makes sense to me. I'd love to know you'll be around for a long while, but I get your take too.

28. *Michael* Says:

[The 28th of July, 2006 at 9:33 pm](#)

Oh, a pissing match. Steve, I love it.

How about this? I am 55 years old. There is a lot of stuff I could once do that I can't now. It pisses me off big time. But I still have quality of life, I still can contribute, I still have people who love me and depend on me. Yes, I am getting older. I have outlived my father by years. Things will continue to get harder for me, but should I throw in the towel because things are hard.

Might I suggest an old Dalton Trumbo book called *Jonnie Got His Gun*. Here was a poor bastard who got blown up in a fox hole, lost his arms, legs, eyes mouth and ears. He was for all practical purposes DEAD.

I invite you to read his thoughts about living. Yes it's a fiction, but read it anyway.

We are never too old to learn a new (or old) perspective.

29. *Jason* Says:

[The 28th of July, 2006 at 9:55 pm](#)

use the FUCKING WHEELCHAIR already, Bob! Seriously. It's worth it. Love ya.

30. *Nick M* Says:

[The 28th of July, 2006 at 10:10 pm](#)

Bob,

I am a loyal daily reader of your blog. Listened to your show when I lived in

Tampa from 99-02. Thanks for sharing your thoughts and the like.  
I find your views and comments very interesting and in fact very reflective of my own life.

Right now I'm sitting here as I do on most evenings...

28 years old...married with 3 young kids...a decent office job in Corporate America....not much of a life otherwise....balding...6' tall and 375 pounds.

I often wonder if I will soon be experiencing the same sort of problems and ailments that you are now dealing with? From my readings on your blog, I can see what it has done to you mentally, physically and what it has done to the loved ones in your life. It's not a pretty sight by any means.

Here is the really sad part. And boy do I mean sad...or maybe selfish is more like it...actually maybe stupid, weak, unconceivable are more accurate.

I know if I don't start taking care of myself and drop this extra weight, I won't be around for much longer. I love my Wife and kids dearly. I know what I need to do to get "better". Tried it many times. Been on every diet and program you can think of. You name it, I've tried it. Every time I fail. Every time I don't follow through for more than a few weeks or months at best.

Yet even after reading your daily comments and learning what you are going through...even currently having high blood pressure and high cholesterol, even after seeing the smile on my kids faces every day when I get home from work,... It's still not enough.

I still can't find it in me to change.

Don't get me wrong. I know what I need to do. I just never do it!!

I never find the willpower inside me to change. I otherwise feel strong, secure and confident in all I do....kind of reminds me of you.

WHY, WHY WHY ?? Goddamn it WHY don't I change? I ask myself this every day, especially while reading your blog. Am I too so self centered that I feel invincible? Do I really hate myself that much?

Why don't I care what will happen? Why can't I seem to make myself understand? Do I not care about my family and friends?

I don't know!! I don't fucking get it man.

What was the reason(s) that you never changed when you were younger Bob? Did you know what you needed to do, but never did it?

I sit here many night and can picture myself 5 years from now regretting that I haven't taken action when I had the opportunity...kind of like you.

I can see myself remembering your blog and seeing the pain and hurt that you experienced.

A normal person would think this is plain ludicrous.



But I just see it as my every day struggle. My life. My addiction. My drug of choice.....My own Prison.

The old saying is true after all:  
You don't have to be in Jail to be doing Time.

GOD help me.

31. *Jennifer* Says:

[The 28th of July, 2006 at 10:15 pm](#)

Bob,

I thank you always for sharing your feelings and thoughts with us. Always an honor to "hear" your words. I hear your wonderful voice say them as I read them. From one only child to another, there is so much that rings true for me in your writing. If you only knew.

It is exceptionally hot here in NYC and it will get hotter in the next few days. The blackouts are ridiculous and in so many areas the hydrants are flowing. I was thinking of you on my way home and I decided I was going to go to the store and get some ice cream, provided there was any left! I LOVE ice cream. It was my ancestors family business, It would be dishonorable if I didn't. I remembered you saying one time about ice cream. How it was for everyone. If a family didn't have a lot of money, they could still get a kid an ice cream. The great equalizer. It was the simplest thing someone can do that gives a whole lot of pleasure. Running and screaming and tripping over yourself after the Mister Softee truck with its maniacal song. Sitting on stoops. It still happens around here.

You are good and safe with Mary and all of us who love you. From my heart I thank you.

Jennifer from Tampa, now back in NY

32. *Steve* Says:

[The 28th of July, 2006 at 10:26 pm](#)

free box of steaks... i love meat. i thought they gave away a box of snakes. Damn. lol

33. *Carl* Says:

[The 28th of July, 2006 at 10:49 pm](#)

Well yesterday driving from Ft. Myers north to Tampa in the typical afternoon thunderstorm- wasn't it great! and bumper to bumper interstate traffic of I 75 - Hey I thought the roads were only suppose to be crowded in the winter- I was wanting to listen to something entertaining or provocative and I was jonesing for

“Chase on a car phone” but Nooooo.

Radio now is dead in Florida... It is the sadest thing except of course your situation Go south and it's spanish jiberish around here it's Hammity, Limbra, Romanof, big piles of Dog ..., Where is Don & Roma??? Just for giggles I turn the AM radio on weekend to listen to the ranting of Lionel train, Mark Bero the communist hero, Danny “Baby” Ruth the face only a mother could love just to hear some one bitch and do they bitch... Unfortunatly they have no point or premise or understand how to make folks think a liitle bit like- here comes the suck up- You could do..

As I approached the the sky way bridge from the south I slide in your Christmas story CD...

The view from that bridge is magnificent.. the sound of your voice is better.

Hang in there Bobby

I try to listen to you weekly & read you daily....

34. [Jack Smith](#) Says:

[The 28th of July, 2006 at 10:55 pm](#)

Good to see you in better spirits of late. I suppose it had something (maybe everything?) to do with your visit from a friend recently.

Just remember Bob, it is far better to be pissed off than pissed on.

35. [Maggie](#) Says:

[The 28th of July, 2006 at 11:31 pm](#)

Can't figure out why those lemon ice shaving machines made way better squeezable lemon ice than the soft ices they make today (taste ok but NEVER AS GOOD as as lemon ice in the tri-states; mine was in Trenton NJ. Ate it right out of the small pleated paper cups. without a spoon because you just started by slurping some juice then began the wonderful sweezing part as the ice pushed up from pressure and the licking cooled those hot summer days. All these 66 years and it's still a favorite thought remembering real Italian ice. Some of those ice shavers- NOT THE CRUSHERS they have today, the old method was actually a shaving machine.... lasted until 1970 and here and there a little stand sold them. Usually it was such a tiny store with a window attached to a house in an urban street.

If I could get my hands on oe of those lemon ices (exactly as they were made back when), I would give it to you. I'm almost sure you remember having them yourself back then since you did live in NJ. Hope so.

Many years ago I stood in the bathroom doing stuff to my hair and turning this way and that - girl stuff. People often told me I was cute. But this day I put my face really close up to the mirror - LIKE RIGHT UP THERE to examine my features and make a few expressions to see what I thought. Well, at a young life age and getting really really close up to that mirror, I scared myself - a lot. I hated

the look in my eyes (usually pretty ones) and even I looked kind of evil. I don't get very very very close up to the mirror since. Now my face is sagging and my eyes turn down instead of up and my cheeks are on up-side-down from lack of exercise and age but if I fix up some and stand AWAY from that mirror it suits me fine.

And don't bother getting the magnifying mirror either, that is REALLY SCARY.

Can you imagine Charles Bronson putting his face right up to a mirror. Love him in movies - a he-man type but I bet he doesn't study his face that way. Let Muff take a snap shot of you and put it up on your computer screen. And for heaven's sake: smile!

Still here

Love, Maggie

If anyone reading this might not have tried the "close up" in the mirror, try it - we all look like we come from the darkside or something.

36. *vince bono* Says:

[The 28th of July, 2006 at 11:37 pm](#)

hello my friend, if you noticed a lack of reader from mid-america and an addition here in the corner, then that could be me. I needed changes mostly for health reasons, (severe allergies) etc. unique to run into an old friend on the streets TOTALLY by mistake today from back in st.pete, small world. not sure where is the best place for me yet , but I'm tired of the daily headaches and fatigue. how are the cats (kids) now ours are fine, tell us.

I LOVE RADIO! tv is nothing. talk to you soon, my friend. vince and company.

37. *Scottie* Says:

[The 29th of July, 2006 at 1:13 am](#)

I am one of those who read you until it gets too hard to handle and the emotions (read:tears) get the best of me. I go away for a few days but my wife reads on and will tell me..." You gotta read Lassiter today, "he said..."". And then I return to read what "my old radio friend" has to share with us. You sure make it hard on us too, but certainly not as much as on Mary and yourself.

If you can continue your blog, then I'll continue to read it. We'll just trust that there is another month that goes by that we can have the chance to have Open Comments again.

Scottie

38. *Donna Raitanen* Says:

[The 29th of July, 2006 at 3:29 am](#)

Bob, I really love knowing you are still here in this world with me. Rich, might have a point. I can understand so much how you feel. but, remember some people spend their whole life in a wheel chair, they have always had to rely on others. You can just pack up and go.....to Paris perhaps.....To Rome.....  
Certainly, you will have to plan more but you can. please, don't let pride keep you from enjoying what you can.....with your wife.

I check on you everyday, even when you are well. On the days you are up I am so happy to hear the vibrance of the Lassiter I spent so much time with in St. Pete. Call me totally self.....I want to read your word.

Donna in Finland

39. *Bud Zipperer* Says:

[The 29th of July, 2006 at 5:07 am](#)

I certainly hope that your Muffin has received a warm hug and the big, fat, sloppy kiss that she deserves for getting you on the prostate medication.

Not that I'm Mother Theresa, quite the opposite. I'm just another selfish rat bastard "listener" who remembers when he COULD listen to you on whichever station you were on at the time. And since you have been on the meds, you've displayed a bit of the Mad Dog in your postings.

Loved the story you told about your father in law counting the calls you took at 39 cents each.

later.

40. *Charles Leet* Says:

[The 29th of July, 2006 at 5:37 am](#)

I have listened to your old shows on WFMU.ORG's archives. You are truly a very talented radio entity .. your words are very powerful .... even when you cut down on many of the morons who exist in this world.

Your Christmas shows touched my heart ... and I am a cold bastard.

I could learn so much from you ... but I am sure I am going to make the same mistakes in my life.

41. *Larry Vashon* Says:

[The 29th of July, 2006 at 6:36 am](#)

I am around death and dying all of the time. At the very least you have the ability to describe very vividly and catalog everything and close the books as you go. Many tormented patients do not. They die alone. You have many friends.

Write a damned book!

42. *Mojo Beauxdein* Says:  
[The 29th of July, 2006 at 6:40 am](#)

Good Morning Mad~

Sharon already forwarded my thoughts, so I'll not repeat . . .that was for you, not other readers.

Dittos on 'Johnny Got His Gun'. A great read, very difficult for some. May bring tears. Dalton Trumbo was blacklisted during the McCarthy thingie. I gave away my only copy, now search the thrift stores periodically.

Your recent blogs have been encouraging . . . not in what you say specifically, but the attitude and I am strengthened. I read the newspaper and see the world we live in on its last leg spiraling towards destruction or divine intervention. Usually the news is samo samo, different names, different places. I fold the paper, put it down, close my eyes, consider my own mortality and then ask the question that has plagued scientists and theologians for such a long time: Why can I not get a positive hit when I search for Lauren Levy's site?

Mojo

43. *Patrick* Says:  
[The 29th of July, 2006 at 6:45 am](#)

This is like the print version of your radio show where you talk about this-and-that and finally allow us to comment.

And that's the way it should be ~o;o~

Some of your comments lately have been (especially) inspired and I feel fortunate to read them.

44. *Harris* Says:  
[The 29th of July, 2006 at 7:01 am](#)

Tastycakes, cheesesteaks, the fornortner, invented characters like Jason, Rocky, Mr. Airstream (ok who invented Gary McHenry?)

I have one of the Christmas shows on my ipod, and enjoyed it last X-mas while on a long overseas flight. I'll never forget the story about your Mom and that electric shaver gift.

You are truly a talented individual and regardless how you look at it, how you got “it”, learned “it” honed & polished “it” & or otherwise figured it out you really do possess a..... “Gift”

Thanks for sharing what’s in your head, then and now.

Frog,

Harris

45. *Jeanne* Says:

[The 29th of July, 2006 at 7:37 am](#)

Well just like last month I have nothing planned to say. I will update you on our mourning and new cat. Boo is adapting but it is taking longer than I thought for this cat to know this to be home. My mothers friend has been gone almost 2 months. I know she misses him terribly we all do. We are moving on but reminence of that day he died will be with me always. I try to think of Christmas he always came for Christmas and my mom’s birthday but for some reason the most recent memory wants to elbow in my head. It is not fair. But with you my memory is of the day we met you behind the mic. Jeffy in the booth. It still ranks pretty high with me.

Be Good.

46. *George McCarty* Says:

[The 29th of July, 2006 at 7:45 am](#)

Everyday reader, once a month (when you let us) poster. A few years ago I broke my back in a fall and had to use a walker and a wheelchair to get around. Even though I knew it would be temporary, I hated it, but it did let me do some of things that a person feel normal. Give it a shot Bob, look at this way....if you see someone looking at you in a way that makes you uncomfortable, you can run him/her over and blame poor eyesight and lack of proficiency in wheelchairs. What are they going to do, beat up an old man in a wheelchair? Be good Bob, later, Frog.

p.s. it will also give you a whole new realm of bitches because of lack of handicap facilities, opened my eyes to they’re plight.

47. *Michele* Says:

[The 29th of July, 2006 at 7:49 am](#)

OMG...all the things I want to say to you!!!! Mr. Blobby...where do I start? You took me from my late 20’s through to my early 30s. Now I’m 44 years old. I discovered your blog when I felt all nostalgic one night about three weeks ago and read anything I could find on my old hosts I used to enjoy so much when I lived down there. At about 3am, bleary eyed, blobby-eyed, I found you again! And then

I found your blog. Yours is the first one I ever read. You inspired me to try my hand at blogging. I read it religiously (and yes I DO have a life, but come on, how long does it take to read a couple of paragraphs, PLEASE!) There's so much more but I've bored you enough. GAWD, I'm glad I got my comment submitted in time! LUV YOU MR. BLOBBY! Listening to old air checks, I still laugh and cry and rant! Just like MY "good ole days!"

48. [Ronnie](#) Says:  
[The 29th of July, 2006 at 8:37 am](#)

frog.

49. [B.S.](#) Says:  
[The 29th of July, 2006 at 9:25 am](#)

Bob-

I am a former listener & caller of yours from the WLS days in Chicago. While I am now 28, I was much younger then & frequently referred to by you as a snot nosed kid (or sub-human pig). In any event, I do remember fondly the days of listening to you & I'm sure my parents were glad to see me in on Saturday night calling your show rather than out causing trouble(though I would find plenty of it in later years!!) I am keeping up w/ you now online & wish you peace & good times despite the current struggles you face.

Blake

50. [Lassiter](#) Says:  
[The 29th of July, 2006 at 9:46 am](#)

It pains me to have to address this – especially for the umpteenth time – unlike some other people I can think of, I NEVER knowingly put on a call from someone I knew. Rocky, as well as the probably two dozen other “classic callers” were unknown to me. That very fact is what made the calls worthwhile. I simply had the good fortune to have had creative listeners, who developed good characters, and were cool enough to not abuse the situation. – and I was smart enough to recognize how much they added.

51. [Mike Thinks](#) Says:  
[The 29th of July, 2006 at 10:02 am](#)

Bob,

Here it is, a chance to impart my opinion and feelings to you. So just let me say thank you. The world is a better place with you in it, and you provided me with countless hours of true entertainment. Its funny how one person youve never met, and only talked to a few times can stick with you so long. A few month ago my daughter used her allowance to buy a kazoo, as soon as I saw it, did I think of my

first kazoo....did I think of how much fun she was going to have, no, I thought of you.

I still remember when you decided people werent ending their calls properly, and you couldnt tell they were done, how you chose "frog" I dont know, but its classic. Besides all of the normal 'classic' Lassiter moments, the one I found most entertaining was a night when you asked people to call in and make comments you could put on the audio cart (or whatever you call the machine for sound effects). Dozzens of people called in, and with very few exceptions, they had all the energy, tone and inflection of your average cinder block. They would call and say something, monatone and flat as flat gets, youd ask them to punch it up, put some feeling in it, and they would repeate it, exatly the same monotone way.....just a little louder. Contrasting your talent against them was perhaps unfair, but it was endlessly entertaining.

Im feeling older now too, as I sit and remember the good old days. When I changed jobs I had to tape your show and listed to it the next day, I did this for a long time, and somewhere in my closet, there are a few tapes of Mad Dog.....

Keep the blog going, as I read it each day, I hear your voice in my head, and I like that.

—Mike in Tampa

52. *Karen Marino* Says:

[The 29th of July, 2006 at 10:25 am](#)

Dearest Bob,  
I look forward to HEARING your beautiful voice every day, when I read your blog.

Love, Karen

53. *tom g* Says:

[The 29th of July, 2006 at 12:18 pm](#)

before I forget...My Ex wife thought I was nuts when I ended up with 5 birdfeeders in our yard...Those damn grackles..But the saflower actually worked.

Now I have more f\*\*\*ing squirrels than I know what to do with.

Hey, watching those birds was alot of fun. Now if I could just figure out those dam Tree Rats.

54. *Ernie Agnew* Says:

[The 29th of July, 2006 at 2:57 pm](#)



I've got to place an endorsement of Frank Rich's comment. There is nothing unproven about Dialysis. Now if you were declining to be treated with acupuncture or by a Chiropractor, or by a trip to a Mexican clinic, I would say you have been researching on a Quackwatch site and your resistance was logical and justified. I can't endorse your defeatist stance so will not belabor the point. I don't know why I never miss your blog, but it becomes increasingly harder to remain empathetic. Yet I do, and will continue to log on. It is not an indication of desperation to use any means to improve your plight and would be more of a service to those who care for and about you.

55. *Rick Yonke* Says:

[The 29th of July, 2006 at 4:14 pm](#)

What ever happened to Tim Coles? (trying to get your attention).

No matter how many callers blared their venom at you, they were always outnumbered.

I have may hours of cassette tape from your show. David Fowler was God. Tim Coles and Dave Scott were amusing. John Eastman, the 'Crazy Man' etc, helped me pass the time while I painted billboards 50 feet in the air for 8 hours a day.

Neil and You were the only ones that counted.

If hell were a place where the devil shoved a snake up your butt every day, you'd get used to it.

Dialisys(sp?) couldn't be as bad. Do it, fuck-face.

Miss you,

Rick

56. *Michael* Says:

[The 29th of July, 2006 at 4:45 pm](#)

Ok Bob,

Rocky will for ever be your DEEP THROAT.

Your still the BEST freaking talk show entertainer in the world.

Oh and Rick? Tim Coles is sleeping with the fishes.

57. *Big Fan* Says:

[The 29th of July, 2006 at 5:48 pm](#)

Rick Yonke, you say you have hours of Bob's show on cassette tape. Please, man, go to [boblassiterairchecks.com](http://boblassiterairchecks.com) and submit some (hopefully all) of them.

Even Bob saying nothing (listening to his chair creak, exhaling, or lighting a cigarette) is worthy of digitizing for the masses.

I know I am a Bob freak.  
But who cares?

58. *Dean Says:*  
[The 29th of July, 2006 at 6:41 pm](#)

OK So We Suck ; )

Bob,

I am among the guilty who drop by the blog a bit less when you are in good shape. To tell you the truth I am happy when I am not frantically check to make sure you alive and posting. I am happy for you and happy for me. It means I think you are in good enough shape I can give you some space, and I can let a few posts pile up.

(BTW the post "I can pee" posts where hilarious stuff. You still got it.)

I know there are probably some pretty morbid folks out there, but it's not everyone man. A good day for you is a good day for most of your readers. We selfishly know there be more posts. Don't think you are not loved. As much as a guy most of us have never met, and only experienced as a disembodied voice on the radio and now blog, you are one loved Mad Dog.

Why do you think so many of these people want to tell you what to do with you health issues. So to wrap this little note up, we selfishly want you around, and we suck cause when we think you will be around we give less attention. But we love ya. Ironic, but true.

59. *Randy McCandless Says:*  
[The 29th of July, 2006 at 6:54 pm](#)

Mr. L, Glad your feeling better. The secret to a long life? The meatloaf you would never again eat. Strange the things that stick in your head for years.

60. *Lauren Levy Says:*  
[The 29th of July, 2006 at 7:12 pm](#)

Hi Bob,

It's me, Lauren...Lauren Levy. The REAL Lauren Levy. Not that scheming little name stealing impersonator from Simi Valley. (LOL)

As a matter of fact, I've never even been to California...never had a good enough reason to go there. Also, given the times we live in, I'm really glad my seventeenth birthday was back in 1972.

I know you're disappointed Bob, and I truly regret disappointing you. I AM blonde like Simi Valley Chick though, if that helps at all.

I do want to thank you for (sorta) featuring me in your blog for a couple of days though. It's as close to being a celebrity as I'll ever be...or care to be. But WOW! Bob Lassiter, The Mad Dog mentioned MY NAME on his blog...at least TWICE! It was an honor, sir.

Anyway, not for nothin', but about 3 years ago I broke my right heel & ankle and badly sprained my left foot and ankle. Don't ask me how. I'm just really uncoordinated. In fact I'm so uncoordinated that I couldn't properly manage the crutches they gave me. In order to really get anywhere at first, I HAD to use a wheelchair. I didn't think anything about it. It was a necessity.

I also live in a two story house...with one bathroom...upstairs. I know you get the idea, probably better than most. It was easier later when I graduated UP to a walker. AND you sound like you are WAY better with the walker than I was.

My point? I never thought about being ashamed of appearing in public with either the chair or the walker...even when we traveled to Spain that Fall. (We'd been planning that trip for almost a year and I refused to cancel it.) I still couldn't walk very far even with my walker, so I toured the Prado Museum, and other places, in a wheel chair. I found other people to be respectful and helpful on both sides of the Atlantic. We even joked about it. It's really not so bad, Bob. People will just assume you've broken or sprained something. And beyond that is none of their business anyway, right?

Go for it Mad Dog! Or not. Either way, you're still The Magnificent Lassiter to me.

Love,  
The Original Lauren Levy

61. *Marcia* Says:  
[The 29th of July, 2006 at 8:03 pm](#)

OK, you're a cat lover (me too), so in case you haven't seen these yet ... I think you'll like them:

1) Cat Antics

[http://www.vidilife.com/index.cfm?  
f=media.play&vchrMediaProgramIDCryp=247385CF-630D-4897-9B05-E](http://www.vidilife.com/index.cfm?f=media.play&vchrMediaProgramIDCryp=247385CF-630D-4897-9B05-E)

2) My all-time favorite - Pinky the Cat

<http://homepage.mac.com/whysheep/iMovieTheater6.html>

XXOO-Marcia

62. *James P* Says:  
[The 29th of July, 2006 at 8:48 pm](#)

Magnificent One,

Thanks for all the years of entertainment and insight over the airways. My world got noticeably smaller with the absence of your resonent voice.

With Respect,  
James P

P.S.- I can't think of any radio personality on the air today who I am able to respect at all.

63. *Paul S* Says:  
[The 29th of July, 2006 at 8:56 pm](#)

Much love to you, Bob. - I really was caught quite offguard when I stumbled across this site a few weeks ago. I am very sorry for what you are having to deal with, and you deserve much better.

I met you once, and kidded with you "why did you hang up on me back in '95, Bob?", and we laughed.

I remember the AWESOME radio of the mighty LASSITER ripping a rampage and conducting the greatest monologue's ever.

I also remember the nice moment of meeting someone special that I truly respect and admire, and having that person be warm and sincere.

Yes, that was you Bob, and I was just a nobody. But, I promise not to tell anyone. (smiling)

Please take care, and as you often used to say.....BE GOOD.

Paul S.  
Largo FL

64. *Robert Stagemyer* Says:  
[The 29th of July, 2006 at 9:01 pm](#)

Hi Bob, Please allow me to respond to Nick M's plea for help....Thanx  
For Nick M

Forget the word CHANGE. You have already proven that trying to change your habits and your behavior doesn't work....You must lose your personal history, excuses, habits and self-pity by becoming a NEW person. A person deserving the results you seek. This action doesn't take planning or even a lot of thought. Just

the amount of time to believe it is so. The most difficult part of this will be the fact that family, friends and acquaintances will continue to re-act to the person they knew as you. You will have an easier time confiding your plan with your family and those that have your best interest at heart. Let others deal with it as best they can. Whether you choose a new name, job or location or not the new you will not have to change anything because it is all new. Your diet and life-style are now yours. The old you may try at to sabotage your efforts but the new you will ultimately be the only you. You asked How? Now you know HOW.....a friend

65. *Mitch* Says:

[The 29th of July, 2006 at 11:00 pm](#)

Hello again Bob,

I forgot to mention that I did call once. Back in 1994. You were on WSUN then. I wish I could say it was a more entertaining call than it was, but it wasn't. You were talking about the WLS days and couldn't remember the name of the Field Museum of Natural History. So, being the former Chicagoan living in Sarasota, I gave a call to tell you the name.

I am now living back in the Chicago area. One of my employees was listening to the sports talk radio station here a few weeks back and they were doing an interview with Scott Brantley. He was the former Buccaneer that was on the sports show that replaced your time slot on WSUN. I tried to call in and say, "Um yeah I have a question for Scott Brantley, why isn't Lassiter on?" But alas I couldn't get through. Would've been a good call though.

A few nights ago CNN's Lou Dobbs Tonight had LIONEL on. So, I'm watching him chime in on the middle east thing and all I can think about is the "Lionel vs. Jacob" aircheck. Hard to take the guy seriously after that.

And just so you know Bob, I have a few Christmas shows on CD. My wife is from Philadelphia and I plan on putting one or two in her Christmas stocking this year. She really digs Christmas and it should be a real treat for her.

Thanks,  
Mitch

P.S. While Rocky and Lionel were outstanding callers, my favorite was Fudd.

66. *Mike Pence* Says:

[The 29th of July, 2006 at 11:08 pm](#)

Hey Bob,

I used to call as often as I could as “Mike in Sarasota.” I wrote this long heartfelt thank you to you some weeks back, only to have it bounced back from the Yahoo list.

Anyway, the gist was that you were a huge help to me as I was leaving the Jehovah’s Witnesses and political conservatism behind. In my case, that was what growing up meant at the tender age of 30 in the late 90’s.

So, I just wanted to say thank you from the bottom of my bleeding liberal heart.

Email me if you actually want the long, drawn out version.

Kindest regards,  
Mike Pence

67. *Steve Says:*

[The 29th of July, 2006 at 11:10 pm](#)

ludd from lutz. it was lionel

68. *Cedric Says:*

[The 29th of July, 2006 at 11:40 pm](#)

Yesterday I was sitting here at my computer desk and my mother walked in the room, she asked, “who is that man on the computer”. I said, “That’s the magnificent one”... she asked again, “who would that be?”. This time I replied, “You mean, you do not know of the Mad Dog?”. I know she used to listen to 970, but I guess she was more of a Larsen fan or something. As for my pop’s, I burned him a couple CD’s of your old shows. He seemed to appreciate you more than the last time he heard you. You see, back in the early 90’s a promo tape came in the mail from WSUN. It had a recording on it that is now referred to as “The ‘P’ Word”. I remember when we got it, my dad informed me... “that Lassiter guy is a real asshole”... or something to that effect.

The point I’m getting at is, times are changing. Everyone needs a good dose of the Mad Dog. “Big Fan” just made a comment that, to me, is very profound. He said, “Even Bob saying nothing (listening to his chair creak, exhaling, or lighting a cigarette) is worthy of digitizing for the masses.” I love it, this is so true. You see, there is something happening here. We are on the brink of a Lassiterian revolution. There are still NEW Mad Dog fans everyday, can you fuckin’ believe it? It would seem you are more popular now, than you were on December 1st 1999. I sure as hell hope you are.

I’m sure popularity, or being admired doesn’t ease your mind any these days... but look at this aircheck site. I would like to know how many hits that site is getting. I bet it would shock us all. People can’t get enough, it doesn’t matter that the material is dated. It’s still tasty... and it’s a whole lot better than turning on

the radio and getting attacked by MJ Kelli, followed by a repeat of the most disgusting person in America... and yes folks I'm talking about Sean Hannity.

I ran this post past my girlfriend before clicking the 'Submit' button. She thought it was fine, but hinted that I might be sucking up just a little bit. I assure you, and her, I am most certainly not sucking up. I admire very few people, so even if I am sucking up... let it slide.

Take it easy

Cedric

69. [Brian](#) Says:  
[The 30th of July, 2006 at 12:33 am](#)

I can't add much original verbiage. But I discovered your wonderful radio work three or four years ago via WFMU's The Professor, and I read your weblog regularly now. And unlike others (reportedly) I don't stop reading when the news is good — in fact, I read Blog Lassiter rain or shine, but enjoy it most when you are feeling relatively spry. I do not expect you to turn back the clock and become the avenging Mad Dog again (though that would be a welcome fantasy, as your gifts would be welcome). I read your weblog for what it is, and am grateful for every post.

I am sorry for where your health is at. And for what it's worth, I feel oddly happy when you report minor improvements in your condition and events like outings, etc... You remind me of the essential fleeting nature of my own health, and I do appreciate my own privileges such as mobility and sight more as a result of your weblog. I do not take my own health for granted, and have helped me to understand how precious and fleeting that good feeling and relative youth are to any human being...

The recent WFMU Aircheck shows (which were amazing) once again affirmed your might as a radio presence. Nothing can take that away, and though I do not begrudge your resentment at people who refuse to see anything but that powerful presence I hope you understand the enduring strength of your work. How many radio DJ's get retrospectives done on the coolest freeform radio station on the planet? That's the equivalent of getting republished by the most prestigious presses. I never heard you live, except your recent call to [Neil Rogers](#), but I know and admire you nonetheless, and try to learn from and carry on a small part of what you communicated in my own pathetic way.

I expect nothing more from you than what you want or are able to give. But strangely enough, I am moved more by this weblog than your radio work. (Not that it matters.)

I wish you strength, autonomy, vision, comfort, and peace. And anything else that might make you happy. Hope you found another loco-weed connection, I loved reading how a little happy smoke made you feel a few posts back.

I'll try to "be good."

70. *chris* Says:

[The 30th of July, 2006 at 3:12 am](#)

hey bob,

i was just wondering if you've looked into other medical practices besides the western system. listening to one of your shows right now that was played on WFMU the past friday. you have a wonderful blog, it has helped me to comprehend that i should not waste time since we all have so little. thank you for everything.

71. *stephen kane* Says:

[The 30th of July, 2006 at 6:57 am](#)

. . . ok, mr. lassiter, since you are doing this "tom sawyer" kind of preview of "showing up for your own funeral" to hear what people think of you, . . i want to tell you that i am very sentimental, . . i loved the episode about your halloween costume, . . tony the tiger??, . . chunky kid like you?? must have been funny and wonderful, . . and hey, . . the kazoo??!, . . "oh how we danced on the night!! . . . ", and the movie "wedding crashers"?, . i think you were doing that in the seventies?? right? . . . and i hate to bring up this sort of unfortunate memory, . . but, please tell me if this is true, . . you blew lunch 3 consecutive weekend nights in a row at a chinese restaurant in the village, . . . on this poor guy's carpet, . . is that true??, . . i don't think so, . . i think you said this because there wasn't any news that day, . . . very warm regards, . . stephen

72. *Ken* Says:

[The 30th of July, 2006 at 7:00 am](#)

You are correct as usual. Things really WERE better in past years rather than now. Coke in glass bottles rather than cans is but one example. There is a restaurant not far from me that actually gets bottles from Mexico (yeah, they still get the real thing down there!). It did not do my blood sugar any good, but I had to have one. The taste brought back so many memories.

It's the little things that count as you know. So, make one of them count for you today.

Farewell, Mr. Quaduffski.



73. *Bill Says:*

[The 30th of July, 2006 at 7:05 am](#)

Mr. Lassiter~

Re: "Fool that I am, I'd rather do the old folks shuffle rather than be seen using a walker. As for that spiffy new wheelchair – my fat ass has yet to darken it's seat."

If and when you decide to strap on the chair and possibly venture outside, you'll find it opening new vistas as far as your observation of people; more food for thought and for pen.

I've had a close friend many years who is a quadriplegic, and association with him has been a blessing and an education on life and human nature. I've seen the thin line between when a person needs assistance or when a person needs to struggle for the moment and maintain their dignity and self-reliance. I've learned the etiquette of crouching next to a person in a chair and talking eye-to-eye, rather than standing above them. And I've learned that a surprising number of people won't even look a chaired person in the eye, they'll glance away if caught looking, as if they'll catch something (visual aids?) People will talk to the attending person as if the one in the chair isn't there, or that he/she cannot speak for himself/herself. They're on wheels for crying out loud, not deaf/mutes. We humans can be so rude; we really can, without even trying, sometimes without even realizing it.

Have you given consideration an Amigo or a similar electric cart? You may have to fight with your insurance company to get one, but then you've never been one to shy away from a fight.

I wish you well Mr. Football, and if perchance I should encounter you and Mary on one of your outings I'll not invade your space, but you'll surely catch a nod, a smile, and a thumbs-up to let you know we're here for you.

Take care M'fren,  
Bill

74. *Doug Says:*

[The 30th of July, 2006 at 8:06 am](#)

Back in nineties I lived in Madeira Beach. ("where people have more tatoos than teeth" is what Mark Larson used to say.) I was on my way to a job interview in Countryside. I tuned in to 970 just as you started a story about a man named David Fowler. I listened in the car even after I had gotten to the job interview. It was a very interesting story, but my time was up and I had to get out of my car and go inside. I never heard the ending. It has bothered me to this day. (10 years later) What happened to David Fowler?

75. [David Isidora](#) Says:  
[The 30th of July, 2006 at 8:54 am](#)

Bob, I feel very sad about the things you write about yourself. I would give you a kidney if I have a good one for you, and even an eye if that would help you see better. I only need one.

David Isidora

76. [Paul Flagg](#) Says:  
[The 30th of July, 2006 at 10:11 am](#)

Life happens, whatever we choose we live with. Sometimes life just sucks, but it's whatever we made of it. Sometimes life is more than we ever thought possible. I like most people read on a daily basis, but I am too lazy to learn from others mistakes... I try sometimes, especially if it cost me money, I'll learn about my purchase before I blow my hard earned dough, but when it comes to dusting off the treadmill, or watching House, or Law & Order, I make the informed decision, a bag of popcorn and a few hours vegetating is allot more enjoyable than walking or running to nowhere. What exactly will make me get my ass up, I don't know. I hate dieting, although I do it quite well, I've lost over fifty pounds twice. I just don't know. I don't want to get diabetes, I do want to grow old, I guess I am like allot of people, just not motivated. I'm supposed to start my diet tomorrow, maybe I will... 3 Mondays in a row I've told myself I'll start. Maybe it's time... I'll let you know later.. I like reading your blog, daily, not just when you're feeling down, I want to say thank you for everything, the laughs and the tears, and you are a good friend.

Paul

77. [Darryl](#) Says:  
[The 30th of July, 2006 at 4:06 pm](#)

Hi again Bob.

Everyone tells the truth, of which I'm sure you're aware, talk radio blows. Nothing, absolutely nothing is worth listening to. It appears an era has passed us by and we didn't appreciate it until it was gone.

I heard you first in '89. . . .unbelievable voice, unbelievable messages and profound thoughts which made so much sense. You put into words what we felt but didn't have the brass to verbalize alone.

As a 61 yr. old, inspiring talk radio is in my past. I come to this blog every day, two and three times just to read, trying to recapture some of those magical moments. I hope this blog goes on for a long, long time.

I am in awe by the amount of talent you really do posses. I wanted you to know that you were one of a kind in the radio business. I'm glad you chose to be a

broadcaster of the highest caliber. You were and still are number 1. There is no number 2 or 3 or. . . . .

Thanks for sharing your amazing personality with me.

Darryl

78. *Michael* Says:

[The 30th of July, 2006 at 4:58 pm](#)

Bob, I have asked this before and you have said no way. But who knows, maybe you have had a chance to think about it.

How about an audio blog?

A ten minute monolog from the MADDOG ever so once in a while would be awesome.

79. *Mark* Says:

[The 30th of July, 2006 at 5:16 pm](#)

just checkin in man, just checkin in.  
Damn sure miss you, damn shame.

You're the only one ever there was.

peace,  
Mark

80. *Heath* Says:

[The 30th of July, 2006 at 6:10 pm](#)

Thanks for sharing with us, Bob. If the time ever comes when we can help you somehow, please don't allow anything to cause you to hesitate to ask here or email. Be well.

81. *David* Says:

[The 30th of July, 2006 at 7:34 pm](#)

Bob, I agree with you about the "good old days." Times have changed a lot, and we, as a society, have dumbed down significantly. Anyone that doesn't think so, just listen to talk radio today. Ironically, it is for that very same reason we need people like you today, who could articulate rational thought without having to be politically correct. [Neil Rogers](#) in the early days also was as good as it gets. Sadly, today we find it ok to be in some kind of intellectual limbo. Just look around.

Miss you bud. Just don't give up.

82. [George](#) Says:  
[The 30th of July, 2006 at 7:38 pm](#)

It was a cartwheel, not a back flip.

83. [bill](#) Says:  
[The 30th of July, 2006 at 8:22 pm](#)

bob,

wish you the best. i read your blog every day although my days in tampa are over. like i said in a previous post, i wish you peace. you gave so much and really affected more people than you realized.

84. [John Michaelson](#) Says:  
[The 30th of July, 2006 at 8:36 pm](#)

Just wanted to let you know that you have inspired me to go back into radio and within a week of my search for a job, I found the most awesome radio job of my career. I left Tampa Bay for the last time (despite being my original hometown) and brought along alot of memories of Tampa Bay radio from Don Capone to Mason Dixon to Bob Lassiter. Thank you Bob for many years of great memories and entertainment. I think of you often when I tend to get political. I'm with you all the way and will be reading regularly.

85. [Gary](#) Says:  
[The 31st of July, 2006 at 6:40 am](#)

Good Morning Bob,

Just checkin in as usual. I don't think I'm one of the people who reads your blog any more or less, based on your condition. I actually like when your posts are stories about your life experiences. Thought you might want to know that.

I guess alot of folks like to hear bad things, cause after all, that is what is fed to us all the time on the news. Yeah, thats it. Anyway, have the best damn day you can with your wife, friends, and us.

Regards, Gary

86. [david\\_uk](#) Says:  
[The 31st of July, 2006 at 6:56 am](#)

Hi there Big Cheese,

Reading all these posts, from your many listeners, makes me realise how much I have lost out, never having heard you on the radio... BUT anyway let me tell you

how very much I have enjoyed your many great, and fantastically amusing posts you wrote in your trading-phase, under the pen of 'The Big Cheese'.

You gave a great many people a lot of fun and for that I thank you.

I used to end my posts to you, by calling myself your 'number one fan', but clearly there are many others who perhaps are more qualified than I am with that title.

Thanks Bob and all the best,

david\_uk

87. *Jesse* Says:

[The 31st of July, 2006 at 7:10 am](#)

Hola Bob. I think this twice I have posted here before. I read thru your entire blog comments whenever you leave them open for us readers. No one can know what you feel. You feel what you feel, it is what it is. At times I have felt for you and others in similar situations—it's all in the attitude. You can choose to go happy, or you can choose to go bitter. I think of what an earlier reader had posted about people who are born blind, physically handicapped, are stuck to a wheelchair for life, etc., but thankfully, you were not. Perhaps some of their positive outlooks could be used for inspiration. Each passing day you have is another day with your beloved Mary. I hope you find the peace and happiness you deserve considering your circumstances. Peace Mr. Lassiter...go happy:)

88. *bex* Says:

[The 31st of July, 2006 at 7:44 am](#)

When I sit outside and watch the birds in the feeders and the butterflies in the garden, I think of you. I hope that your good days outnumber the bad days until the final day.

Bex

89. *Mark* Says:

[The 31st of July, 2006 at 7:51 am](#)

ok, sorry for this, hope it doesn't offend to ask.....

I really wish we could email a link or blurb to you once in a while. I don't mean you'd reply to email or anything like that. OK, I can think of a thousand reasons for you not to give out your email addy, but how about a 2nd one or something that we can just email too. of course listed creatively as a pic, not spelled out for spam gathering. I don't know if passing stuff along on here is ok, so edit this if you want or delete. I'd like to pass along a link (I wont really make link) to what I

think is being called a web comic. [Smithmag.us/shootingwar](http://Smithmag.us/shootingwar) I'd just like to share it, I think the guy got a book deal now so it may be about done on the web. It is about an anti-corporate blogger, that gets his 15mins fame, gets swooped up by the networks, then is pushed out to cover our ongoing fiasco in Iraq, year 2011. really fascinating stuff, well imho.

Anyway, on the email thing. Just thought it would be nice if I (we) could shoot an email to ya once in a while with info you might find interesting, like the above link, or NOT. Obviously, you could ignore, all or most of it, and not reply to anything.

Thanks for sharing everything,  
Mark

END

31st of July, 2006

## **...a word to the wise?**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 8:31 am | [Permanent Link](#)

Did you ever notice how no matter the other guy's troubles, you always seem to be able to come up with some kind of a solution – and it's almost always a simple solution. And did you ever notice how the other guy always seems to know how you should live your life – how you should solve your problems.

Are you starting to get my drift?

No matter how well you think you know someone, you really don't – and solutions that seem so obvious, so simple to you, may not be at all feasible – for a lot of reasons.

Are you catching on yet?

Are you familiar with the saying that goes: "A man's got to do what he's got to do"? I'll bet you live your life by those words, right? And I'll bet you are guilty of trying to deny others the right to do the same if what they want to do doesn't fit in with what you want them to do – am I right?

Well, don't feel bad – such things are almost always done with the best of intentions. But that still doesn't excuse thinking that you know what's best for the

other guy. Nor does it excuse intruding into areas where your opinion has not been solicited. It puts your “friend” in an awkward position.

Unless you are hopelessly dense, you must know where I’m going with this.

My decision is a very difficult one – it was not made without a lot of thought – it takes many factors into consideration. Please do not insult me by offering simple solutions to a complex problem – please do not intrude into areas where your advice has not been sought – I would never do that to you.

I know that you mean well, and I am not angry. But...

Need I say more?

19th of August, 2006

### **...piss poor.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 12:51 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

It’s not that there aren’t all kinds of important things going on in the world – it’s not that I am unaware of them. In my own way, I still care – I’m still interested. But there are overriding issues things that take precedence now. Things that you may find mundane, but that are now of the utmost importance to me.

If things were different, if I didn’t have my own issues, my thoughts would be focused on the greater questions of the day – instead, I pay more attention to how much and how often I urinate – it’s the only thing that really matters to me – wars, elections, and even terrorist threats are secondary. My life is centered around how well I piss, period.

This simple bodily function rules my very being – it dictates how long and how well I will live. Nothing else matters.

My “output” today gives me concern – I guess you could call it “piss poor”. It’s happened before – it always scares me, it has me scared now. I know that at some point it will be “for real” – I just don’t know when, which time will be the one that I don’t recover from.

And so this day finds me concerned, a bit down, and more than a bit scared. It’s becoming a familiar ritual – but one that does not get easier...

21st of August, 2006

### **...drip by drip.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 6:57 am | [Permanent Link](#)

Short of measuring exactly how much goes in, against exactly how much comes out, the best one can do is to “eyeball” how much one actually tinkles.

As bad as the subject matter may be, I hasten to point out that most old people are obsessed with a different bodily function – so trust me, the topic of conversation around here could be worse.

Any way, being a human being, I admit that my inexact, unscientific way of determining my urinary outflow is flawed at best, and may well be the sum of what I want it to be – in other words, may be a self-fulfilling prophesy, having little or nothing to do with reality.

Having said that, I am convinced that recent totals of what’s coming out, do not add up to what’s going in – if I’m right, that’s bad news. Therefore, we’ll be doing another complete set of tests on September 5<sup>th</sup>.. Until then, I continue to be very concerned, and overcome with all the other emotional baggage that you’d expect...

22nd of August, 2006

## **...gush, gush.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 9:42 am | [Permanent Link](#)

You people have got to learn how to relax – take a lesson from me, and don’t jump to conclusions – you’ll live a lot longer.

As I predicted, my plumbing started to work again – it always does – so there was no need for you people to panic. I mean, you guys are always overreacting. You’ve got to learn to cool it – stop expecting the worse – smile, be happy.

Now do you feel foolish for all the doom and gloom talk? Well, you should. Let this be a lesson – no matter how bad things look, they always get better – always...

23rd of August, 2006

## **...seven weeks and one day.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 7:56 am | [Permanent Link](#)

I’ve always thought of myself as a recluse – and rightfully so. But I think that perhaps I’ve moved on, moved beyond being a common recluse to being a certified hermit.



Today marks the fiftieth day – yes, fifty, five zero – since I last set foot outside. I’ve not gone out to the front porch, I’ve not set foot into the backyard, or even the garage – not once in the past fifty days. That’s a remarkable thing, don’t you think?

And what’s more, I have no plans to rectify the situation – it’s possible that I may never leave the house again. And that doesn’t trouble me in the least. I mean, what’s the use? It’s all a blur, it’s all fuzzy, I can’t really see anything. Yes, it’s sad, kind of pathetic, but it’s true.

Fifty down, and who knows how many more to go – a genuine twenty-first century hermit – that’s what I’ve become...

24th of August, 2006

## ...A free box of WHAT?!?

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 8:30 am | [Permanent Link](#)

I spend very little time thinking about the glory days – I’ve got much too much crap to occupy my mind. And to be honest, I don’t listen to the radio very often – the exception being *Imus in The Morning*.

I mention that because I enjoy the show, but I also enjoy one of the elements of it – the traffic reports. For something like 20 years, a certain auto glass company has been involved in a saturation ad campaign – buying almost every station’s drive time traffic reports. Frankly, it’s a rather unremarkable product, from an unremarkable firm – Lloyd’s Auto Glass.

Good old Lloyd has what I’m certain he thinks is the secret to his success – a “free box of steaks” with every new windshield. Now only the lamest among us might think that we are talking about choice quality meat here – and no one calls Lloyd to get his windshield replaced based on the offer of free meat. It’s his constant mention of his firm that brings in the business.

I mention this because I am sure that I personally did more to help Lloyd’s business than any of his lame ads did, when I repeatedly said that Lloyd was giving away a free box of snakes. The truth is that it was a fucking funny bit – but humorless Lloyd disagreed, and he pulled the ads during my show – the asshole.

So here it is like fifteen tears later, and I know deep down in my heart that anyone who was around back when I tormented poor Lloyd, still hears “a free box of snakes” every time the commercial runs – and it puts a sinister smile on my face....

25th of August, 2006

## ...a vicious circle.

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 1:25 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

So here's the situation – when I notice that I ain't puttin' out what I'm takin' in, I'm supposed to severely cut back on my intake of liquids.

There's a very good reason for this – the fluid's got to go some place, so it roams around inside of your body, and has a nasty habit of collecting in your lungs when you lay down. This is kind of a drag, since it takes up the room otherwise used for breathing – and that just ain't no fun, no fun at all.

Well, I ain't crazy, and I'm certain that I've not been doing all I should in the wee-wee department – I'm certain of it. So after a couple days of this, it's only prudent to cut way back on fluid intake – and that means that there ain't all that much that's gonna come out.

Do you see what the problem is?

This is the kind of crap that I deal with every day now – it's enough to drive you nuts, to wreck havoc with your emotions, to turn you into a basket case. And that's exactly what it has done to me. That's why nothing else going on around me matters – it's why I am no longer the man I once was...

26th of August, 2006

## Party, party...

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 9:51 am | [Permanent Link](#)

So I got this e-mail last night – an invitation to what amounts to an impromptu reunion of area radio people. It's to take place in twig weeks, at a local watering hole.

With few exceptions, I've not seen any of the old crowd for over a half dozen years – longer in some cases. As we all know, I ain't the most sociable kind of guy, but just once more, just for a few hours, it might be fun.

Of course there are the pride and ego issues – I'm not the Magnificent Lassiter any more – I don't like to be seen in this condition. The affair is to take place not far from where I live, but would take a serious toll in getting there.

So what do I do? I want to go, I think – I don't want to be seen in this condition. It's possible that it could lift my spirits – it's possible it could do the opposite. In my situation, two weeks from now is an eternity – I don't know how I will be feeling – physically, emotionally.

In any event, it gives me something to look forward to, something to dread, something to fret over...it's almost like having a life again...

28th of August, 2006

## **One year, and counting...**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 11:40 am | [Permanent Link](#)

And so, this silly “blog” has reached it’s first anniversary – a year of ups and downs unlike any other I have ever known. The temptation to review the events of the past twelve months is strong – but I won’t, it serves no purpose. Nor is there much value in attempting to forecast what the future will bring.

Eliminating the above robs me of the traditional celebration of the occasion – but something tells me that it is best to skip the usual festivities, since the anniversary is really only of importance to me, the author of this drivel.

So what do I do? What should I write today? I am left with few, if any good choices – with but one possible exception – a cheap stunt to be sure, but what the hell, it’s my blog, and I can do anything I want with it. So rather than trouble myself, I’ll trouble you. I’ll turn on the “comments” feature, and see what happens...

## **99 Responses to “One year, and counting...”**

30th of August, 2006

## **...moving on.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 12:37 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

The ol’ kidneys ain’t working as good as they should. How do I know? Well, there are a number of ways...

I can actually taste the toxins – a foul taste in my mouth that nothing can wash away. And then there is the nausea – it has returned with a vengeance. My appetite has become erratic – at times I cannot eat more than a bite or two of solid food. And the shaking – not all the time, but often enough.

None of this is imagined – it’s as real as real can get – just as the clearly diminished urine output is no longer a figment of my imagination.

I spent an hour talking to the hospice nurse yesterday about all of this, and as bad as it is, as unpleasant as it is to live with, it is still far from what I should expect towards the end. I am still told that I am unlikely to know when my time has run out – that if I do not slowly lapse into a coma, I will become “confused”, unaware of what is happening. In other words, the toxins will eventually effect my brain. There is no indication that things have progressed that far – for now, I just feel like crap.

It’s not the first time I have felt this way, and all that I can do for the time being is to wait and see what comes next...

31st of August, 2006

## **...what a way to go.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 12:18 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

I don’t want to dwell on it – and I won’t – but I’m not feeling good. It’s no surprise, it’s not unexpected, it comes after almost three months of doing better than expected.

But because of the return of what can only be called warning signs, we talked last night about things that we have been avoiding – mostly practical issues that two people should not have to discuss. Issues that two people never wanted to talk about.

Maybe the hardest part about all of this is knowing that it’s coming – not knowing exactly when, not knowing for sure just how it will happen, and having to plan ahead for it none the less.

And so much of last night was spent talking about details and other items that must be covered – horrible topics that bring on tears and sadness. It’s so unfair – our time together is limited, - these are not the things we should have to be spending that time on...

1st of September, 2006

## **...this boy.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 1:49 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

Maybe all is not lost. Maybe there is still hope for me – for as old and decrepit as I’ve become, somewhere deep within the boy lives.

I know that because Labor Day brings on melancholy – as well it should. The so called holiday means that school reopen in two days – at least in my neck of the woods. And no self-respecting boy can find any good in such news.

It's true that a lot of time has passed since last I had to answer a school bell, yet I continue to find the end of the summer vacation nothing to celebrate. I hated school and all that it stood for – discipline, restriction of freedom, stupid rules, and forced learning.

School is a horrid place for a non-conformist. Hard as I try, I am unable to recall so much as one happy memory that took place in a classroom – not one. Instead my head is full of recollections of pop quizzes, report cards that brought on a sense of dread, and countless hours of boredom.

Labor Day signaled a return to a time and place I grew to hate – so to this day, I dislike the first Monday in September – and I always will, so long as the boy within still lives. In solidarity with every red-blooded kid, the day will always crush my spirit – my free spirit, that lives in carefree warm summer days, pick-up ball games, playing catch, and so many more worthwhile pursuits – pursuits that are put aside at this time of year – pursuits that this boy holds so near and dear even still.....

5th of September, 2006

## **...so, what's new?**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 9:55 am | [Permanent Link](#)

So what should I write about today? Should I dig deep to find some touchy-feely subject to make you feel warm and fuzzy? Or should I tell you the truth – and the truth is that I am not doing well.

I've lost my appetite; I live night and day with a foul taste in my mouth. I shiver constantly, unable to stay warm. My stomach is upset, I tire even more easily than before. What vision remains, seems to be failing. At times I literally crave sleep. And need I tell you that all of this leaves me just a little bit down.

No one wants to hear these things – they are depressing, and beyond anyone's ability to change. And yet this is the world I live in – I am not strong enough, physically or emotionally, to overcome it – my life is dominated by my failing health.

I wish it were not so, I wish it would all come to a merciful end...

8th of September, 2006

## **...same old same old.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 11:27 am | [Permanent Link](#)

I've been a bad boy – I've been neglecting you. Little has changed, I continue to feel poorly, though my most recent blood work shows only minor slippage.

Aside from detailing my complaints yet again, or throwing a pity party one more time, I have nothing to offer.

9th of September, 2006

## **...it's just not right.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 8:52 am | [Permanent Link](#)

Life is a bitch, and then it rains.

The “bad news” is that my labs indicate levels of toxins to explain how and why I feel so sick. The “really bad news” is that I am not sick enough for it to kill me – they now tell me that this could last for months.

11th of September, 2006

## **...now I know.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 11:28 am | [Permanent Link](#)

This isn't the way I wanted to go – so sick at times I can think of nothing but my own misery. I wanted to go with dignity and poise.

I do not regret my decision, nor am I about to change it, but I had no idea of how hard it would be. How easily tears would come, how quickly self-pity could overtake me.

I wanted to be stronger, but as I slowly became everything I always detested about the old and infirm, my will has evaporated – as has my interest in life.

Even this “blog” has become an effort that more and more seems not worth the trouble – once it was therapeutic – there were things I wanted to say, thoughts and feelings I wanted to pass on – I now seem to have run out of worthwhile ideas. I now am consumed with my day to day ups and downs, and little else.

This morning I answered a question that has been on my mind for the past year – how this “blog” will end. This morning I put the final touches on what will be the last entry. It is but one mouse click away from being posted. I can't say for sure when that will be - but there isn't much that is certain anymore.

Such are the days of my life...

13th of September, 2006

## What's next?

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 9:18 am | [Permanent Link](#)

Most people believe that there is a better place awaiting us after we leave this world. I'm not sure why they believe this, but they do – even to the point of describing what to expect in what they call “Paradise”.

I remember what the nuns told me about Heaven, so very long ago. They said that, among other things, families would be reunited forever more – and that worries me, big time. You see, my mother hates my father, he hates her, and I have no desire to see my old man, period. And then there are my grandparents – we're talking a lot of dislike here/ And then there is the problem of my father's second wife and their two children. Where do they stand in this mess? How will my dad divide his time between the two “families”?

This is a potential disaster, and since I ain't doing too good, I could be dealing with all of this almost any day now. Frankly, I'm worried. I mean, I'm sure that the nuns wouldn't have made up any of this – I'm sure it's true.

With any luck, I'll be sent to the Lake of Fire, and avoid all the disharmony up there in Paradise...

14th of September, 2006

## ...an old friend.

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 9:34 am | [Permanent Link](#)

I don't do things like most people do – I march to my own drummer. As an example, I've been married twice, and had the same “Best Man” both times. OK, so maybe it was kind of tacky, but I don't have a lot of friends.

I've known this man for over thirty years – we worked together way back when – when we were both just crazy kids playing radio in Utica, New York. Other than finding ourselves at the same place, at the same time, we were as different as night and day. Rodney came from a proper old Philadelphia family – I was the fat kid from Collingswood, New Jersey. He graduated from an Ivy League university – I was a high school drop-out.

But for what ever reason, we hit it off and stayed in touch long after we each went our separate ways. We each had our ups and downs, good times and bad – their were career highs and lows, divorces and all the other things that life can throw at you.

As happens all too often, calls and visits became few as the years passed, and eventually we lost touch all together – something I always regretted. But I've reached a point in my life where time is running out, and contact with the past is the most important thing to me now. So a few days ago I spent several hours trying to find my old friend. I finally came upon an e-mail address that just might belong to him – I crossed my fingers, and sent a short message.

Hot damned! I got an almost instant reply, and it was indeed my long lost buddy. We spent a half hour on the phone filling in the gaps, and picking up from where we left off so long ago. As you might expect, there were many surprising bits of information to exchange – some good, some not so good – we still have little in common, other than the truly important things – an unexplainable affection for each other.

I know that none of this means anything to you, but it has put a smile on this tired old face – a smile that was sorely needed...

18th of September, 2006

## **...it floats my boat.**

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 7:14 am | [Permanent Link](#)

I spent my 27<sup>th</sup> birthday in a Times Square motel room, with not one, but two 17 year old girls – that was interesting. I bought myself a new Jeep for my 30<sup>th</sup> birthday, and hit the sand dunes on the Outer Banks – just between you and I, it was more fun than frolicking with the 17 year olds. My friends threw a “Roast” for my 31<sup>st</sup>. The point being that birthdays were once memorable affairs.

Recently, the passing of the years have been low-key – the celebrations quiet and uneventful. But not so this birthday – this year will see a return of the expensive gift – a never to be forgotten event. Later this very day, my 61<sup>st</sup> birthday gift will be installed – my very own, personal chairlift!

If all goes as planned, I have climbed the steps for the last time. So like maybe that doesn't seem like such a big deal to you – but that's because you are not old and decrepit, like I am. This is just about the best gift this boy could have wished for.

Of course it means that I have thrown in the towel, that I am admitting that there is no turning back – and I could really get depressed about it – but anything that will keep me from dragging my poor old body up those stairs is welcomed...

19th of September, 2006



## ...keep me in your heart for a while.

Posted by Lassiter in [Uncategorized](#) at 2:39 pm | [Permanent Link](#)

*All my life's a circle, sunrise and sundown  
The moon rolls through the night-time till the daybreak comes around  
All my life's a circle I can't tell you why  
Seasons spinning round again, the years keep rolling by*

*Seems like I've been here before, and I well remember when  
I've got a funny feeling that we'll all be together again  
No straight lines make up my life, all my roads are bends  
There's no clear-cut beginning and so far no dead ends*

*I've found you a thousand times, I know you've done the same  
Then we lose each other, it's like a children's game  
If I find you here again the thought comes through my mind  
Life is like a circle, let's go round one more time*

- *Harry Chapin*

I've always loved that song – I loved it because it “spoke to me” – it's the way my life had unfolded – and it sure seemed to be a good way to look at it all.

But as poor ol' Harry Chapin found, and as I now am discovering, the words of the song do not always ring true – there is a clear-cut beginning, and there is an undeniable end.

Before I posted the first installment of this blog, I gave considerable thought to how it might end. Of course that was foolish, because there were too many unanswered questions that would come to dictate the how and why.

Today – a year later – there are far fewer unanswered questions, but I must deal with the difficult issue of timing. If I wait too long, I will be unable to bring this endeavor to the conclusion I envisioned.

Admittedly, I have changed my mind several times as to the style and content of the final entry – ranging from the lengthy, self-serving to the short and sweet – maybe it would be best to find the middle ground..

All things must eventually come to an end – and so it is with this blog. All things have a season – and so it is with this blog. There is nothing left to say - I have reached a point where I think it best to make the remainder of this journey in private.

Goodbyes are always painful – and so it is with this – but at some point one must simply turn and go – with all of my heart and soul, I wish it were not so, I wish that there was some way around it, but there isn't...

If I may, I'd like to leave you with the words to another song that means a lot to me - it's by Warren Zevon...

*Shadows are falling and I'm running out of breath  
Keep me in your heart for awhile*

*If I leave you it doesn't mean I love you any less  
Keep me in your heart for awhile*

*When you get up in the morning and you see that crazy sun  
Keep me in your heart for awhile*

*There's a train leaving nightly called when all is said and done  
Keep me in your heart for awhile*

*Sometimes when you're doing simple things around the house  
Maybe you'll think of me and smile*

*You know I'm tied to you like the buttons on your blouse  
Keep me in your heart for awhile...*

...what more can I say.

" On Wednesday, October 11 he became too weak to get out of bed and remained in a sleep-like condition until he was gone at 9:15 am on Friday, October 13. He was not in pain . . . his life just stopped. His long struggle is finally at an end . . . much quicker than he or I anticipated.

...My thanks to those of you who have followed and shared his struggle over the past months, lending support and encouragement.

Mary

