

The Danville News  
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"Bocce Philosophy"  
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Once again we are playing bocce. We also like croquet. Bocce, however, is more free-reeling, skylarking, unless you're playing croquet with flamingoes for mallets and hedge-hogs for croquet balls, which reminds me how I wish folks would stop suggesting how going down a rabbit hole is something disagreeable. When Alice followed White Rabbit, it led her to experience Wonderland.

Back to Bocce. There are those who research their goals. Then there are those who throw out the pallino (or jack) and figure out how to score. It's a 'why not?' philosophy. It's all an adventure. Or as I've often quoted one daughter, you never land till you jump. Every 36 years and you need an adventure. We are jumping.

When your other daughter says that she's going to need a grandma nearby, that's a splendid reason to jump. Of course, her husband didn't say he needed his father-in-law to move near them. It's family. It's what you do. Destination? Colorado. We weren't in the position to move near our elder daughter when she had her two babes, but Gran did fly to Oakland and spend weeks being domestic. Her last time was when our daughter and husband discovered that the first two weeks of kindergarten would be only half day. Help! Gran to the rescue.

Throw the pallino ahead. Play the game. Make it happen. Roll your bocce balls as close as possible to the pallino. 1 point for each ball closer than the opponents.

Of course, for something new to happen, it means giving up something old.

Last month a buddy helped me pack up his pick-up truck. We weighed the truck on the scale, dumped our trash, weighed the truck again. You pay by weight. Us? A half ton of 47 years of files and books. And that was the first trip. The second trip came close to another half-ton. Fortunately, Beaver library accepted a donation of six boxes of books. They weren't mine. They were my wife's book club selections. They're readable. Mine aren't particularly popular.

47 years of a career. Well, 47 years on paper. Let it go, let it go.

We will miss Danville dearly, but when daughter says she'll need a grandma, babies come first. Plus our son, who also lives there, looks forward to us watching Doctor Who while stewing pots of Jambalaya. We did decide we must lease a three bedroom apartment lest Elaine and I either divorce in our 51st year of marriage or murder each other. We look forward to spending our anniversary with what's important: our kids. Can't be late for this very important date. Let me check my pocket watch. Whew. 50? Thank you, Elaine, for your patience, forbearance, adorableness. Thank you Robert Browning: *"Grow old along with me, the best is yet to be. The last of life, for which the first was made: Our times are in His hand Who saith 'A whole I planned, Youth shows but half; trust God: see all, nor be afraid!'"*

Three bedrooms. I selfishly want a library in which I can continue my work. Maybe write a sequel to my latest popular novella, A Susquehanna Tale. Oakland daughter called it a love letter to this region. I thank the Degenstein Library in Sunbury for hosting my book signing on Saturday, April 12 at 1 PM.

There are fables to write. We also prefer a first floor apartment, given decrepit knees and a Corgi who needs to be walked at 6 AM.

Do you find a house into which you fit or do you fit the home for you?

The auction house will clear out and sell off at least ¾ of our stuff, from wheelbarrow to hutch to dining room table to two secretaries to couch and recliner chairs to roll top desk to our sleigh bed. I've already driven out with the china, crystal, and best artwork. We aren't transporting much to Fort Collins. Our newst wonderland. Although we do have some special family memorabilia, like the Samurai officer swords Dad brought back from World War II, we'll preserve as part of our kids' inheritance. Who will get Grandma Margaret's classic buggy whip?

I wrap up my pulpit supply work at the end of this month. Well, I didn't retire to be entertained. I want to be useful. Perhaps I can assist our teacher daughter with her Middle school students. I suppose I could try to learn to ski, but I'm already heading downhill. Fast.

When you can, jump.