

Magen, here is a note regarding how I craft my schedules. I think of every element as a guess and a speculation and guidance to help me decide how, when the scheduled future becomes my present, to set my focus. My schedules trigger anticipation and help me achieve liking myself engaging life as I choose to do. While I do not see my schedules primarily as facilitating responsibility, organization, optimization, or achievement of a prioritized hierarchy of goals, they have those collateral benefits. My schedules have lots of blanks for unanticipated opportunities. When I look at entries in hindsight, I often realize I did something other than my scheduled act.

I start with stuff that is easy to overlook such as multi-year, annual, quarterly, monthly, weekly, seasonal, lifetime events/activities that may either require something from me or will offer me an opportunity to be included. Just having this schedule is great. Adding speculations in the form of comments such as how much an annual insurance payment last was or how much the tuition will be for a semester in college are extras to save time later and to gather required resources. Mostly such details come to me when I think about possible futures such as reviewing last year's major expenditures.

My moment-to-moment routine and my day-to-day routine is also highly contingent. I have an array of possibilities and I don't know what will work for me until I arrive at the now. Long ago, I left playing with toy soldiers placed as they should be to achieve victory. My sister played with her toys such as her doll house, arranging all its furniture as it should be to create her fantasy home. I learned life is a black box of mysteries and I am good with that. A Ground Hog Day loop playing endlessly in my head presenting my future is not my objective.

I don't see a pandemic as a failure of what should be or what could have been. It is not an event like my fantasies of toy soldier battle. It is what is, and I have chosen to accept it is a black box mystery of life that pandemics exist. Hell, maybe mom and dad virus were so good they were rewarded with a very powerful offspring to kill those human critters that almost killed the parents. Personally, I doubt this is the case, but I don't know for certain. And I will tolerate that view from my fellow life travelers even if it becomes a prevailing opinion. Unlikely popularity or prevalence of such a view would change my view but I will work with context of popularity and prevalence as my reality.

I realize cats clean themselves. Only recently did I learn that cleaning process is how furry animals ingest vitamin D. What do I do with my new knowledge? I look at a cat basking in front of a window with sun shining on her fur and think, all is as it should be even though I know I could be completely wrong and at some level I often think with some ignorance. But in that moment, I choose to accept life as I believe it is.

So short-term schedule wise, I try to get enough sleep, eat well enough, move enough, converse enough, read enough, laugh enough, be with myself enough, listen enough, be emotional enough, and be loving toward all god's creatures at their core level.

While some people think they were involved in being here, I believe I didn't ask to be born and I don't believe anyone did. Everyone is on the way to the cemetery or its equivalent and they want to tell me the best route. I don't take offense at that. Nor do I put any credence in the possibility they know what they are talking about. And I am certain I will get there one way or the other.

So, the only speculations that I put on the "for a specific day entry" relate to being somewhere or meeting someone. I don't write down how to start my day or how to finish it or when to put things into

and when to expel things from my GI tract. I just do stuff that seems to fit the moment. I periodically take my vitals, extended version, and make revisions based on real data I capture in the context of my expectations.

All this works for me.