

Tripping and falling down memory lane

I've been in kind of a writing slump lately, and by lately I mean for about three years. So, I decided to look back at some old columns for inspiration.

For you, this weekly drivell is just a temporary distraction, maybe a procrastination tool, or a reminder that your life isn't so bad after all. For me, it's part diary and part therapy.

Surely, after 32 years of doing this, some things have changed. I should be older and wiser now.

Well, I'm happy to report that I'm halfway there. I am older.

A lot of early columns dealt with home improvement failures and near-death experiences. But I'm being redundant. Now, over 30 years

later, my DIY skills have not improved, but I am more likely to hire someone else to do those jobs. Maybe I am wiser.

Looking over those early tales brought back a lot of memories, like, "Oh, yeah, so that's how I got this scar."

My kids were always good column sources with the funny things they would say and do. They're all grown up now with kids of their own — hopefully experiencing a little karma for the shenanigans they used to pull.

When I was a kid, I never did any of those typical hijinks. All of my hijinks were atypical. I was inventive and creative. I found new ways to confound my parents.

Oh, those were the days. I



Ramblin' Man

By David Porter

used to love playing hide-and-seek because I was really good at it. Nobody could ever find me. I could hide for days at a time. I only recently learned that the reason I was so good at it was because nobody was actually looking for me.

When I decided to run away from home, the family helped me pack. When I expressed doubts about it, they were like,

"No, you got this. You can do it." Gosh, they were supportive.

I swelled with pride as I dragged my suitcase down the alley. My family believes in me!

As I stepped away, I heard my brother ask my mom: "Can we hurry up and move before he comes back?" I did come back, and they hadn't moved. My brother still pouts about that to this day.

I shared a bedroom with three brothers. When my sisters eventually moved out, they voted to let me move into the girls' room by myself. They were pretty insistent about it. Gosh, they were good to me.

So, I got the girls' room, but I wasn't allowed to change the girly wallpaper. It was a small price to pay for my freedom and independence.

I could hear my brothers through the wall, laughing and having a good time, playing games, listening to music, carrying on. Gosh, it was nice not to have to take part in any of that.

This trip down memory lane brings a tear to my eye. Happy tears. Happy tears.

Happy tears. If you say it three times, it makes it true.

Ah, I'm just kidding around here. While the stories are mostly true, I'm just trying to make them funny. I have to be careful, though. One of my brothers thinks it's a cry for help or something.

No, it's not a cry for help. You've helped enough.

© Copyright 2026 by David Porter who can be reached at presseditor1@gmail.com. That's the same brother who wanted to carry my suitcase down the alley for me, but my mom said if I wanted to run away, I had to carry my own bag. She was helpful like that.



The price of gasoline has come down a bit. After rising to \$4.99 a gallon, the leader price was below \$4.50 a gallon at one gas station I saw on June 2. It still has a long way to go to get down to where it was before the Admin abruptly began waging an undeclared war on Iran. During the second week of February this year, I paid \$2.82 a gallon. Alas,

agreement on the short term memorandum of understanding that could formally end Operation Epic Fury and reopen the Strait of Hormuz keeps receding into the future.

In other Administration news: On Wednesday, Secretary of State Marco Rubio put on a performance worthy of the Monty Python's Flying Circus "Dead Par-

rot" sketch. He was told he would be shown a video of a December 2025 Cabinet meeting in which he would see the President sleeping. The video did in fact show the President slumped over, eyes closed, while Rubio was talking. He was then asked whether he had been at more than one meeting in which the president had fallen asleep. Rubio said he had NEVER seen the president fall asleep.

OK, so maybe on such occasions the president has always been asleep already when Rubio entered the room, so he could truthfully say he didn't see the president falling asleep.

Whereupon he was

shown a video of another Cabinet meeting, just last month, in which Rubio was talking while the president, seated right next to him, was sitting back in his chair with his eyes closed. It was pointed out that "You are literally talking about issues of war and peace, and Donald Trump is sleeping right next to you," to which Rubio replied, "No he's not." Sorry, but I believe my eyes.

On Sunday May 31, I was walking along the highway out to the gas station at the edge of town to check the price (it was \$4.79). On the way I picked up some litter and put it in a plastic grocery bag. As I got to the gas station, two little girls riding

their bicycles on the sidewalk stopped at the curb cut. I moved off the sidewalk so they could get by. But no, they weren't trying to get by. They said, "We just wanted to thank you for picking up the trash. It makes Sidney look better." I could scarcely speak. I took a bow. I cannot imagine litterbugs feeling as richly rewarded for their misdeeds as I did at that moment for undoing their work. I therefore recommend keeping a plastic grocery bag or two handy, and picking up litter while walking around town. There are litter baskets in the business district, in public parks, and at the gas station.

Sometimes, litterbugs

outdo themselves. Overnight into Monday June 1, someone driving on the highway threw a glass bottle with a sugary liquid onto the sidewalk on the highway bridge just East of David Street. Some of the bottle went into the creek. The rest of the bottle lay shattered on the sidewalk. Way to go.

A plastic grocery bag was enough to get rid of the larger pieces of glass, but a number of small pieces of glass in a pool of sugary glop remained on the sidewalk, a hazard to our four-footed friends. But it did not remain long. It is gone.

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Philo Library weekly news

You don't want to miss these activities, please sign up at the Library (217)-684-2896

June 10 at 1:30 p.m. Habitats and Hideouts, Champaign Co. Forest Preserve at Philo Library

June 16 at 1:00 p.m. Rock Painting

Now until August 1: Sign up for Reading Program and earn gift cards

Community Cookbook – recipe collection, pick up the form and give us your best recipes

Let's start off with a new book. "The Rainy Day Bookshop" by RaeAnne Thayne is on the shelf waiting to be checked out.

Our Read with the Dogs was a great success. Trish and Kellie from PawPrint Ministries brought their dogs Bear and Poppie to Philo Library on Tuesday, June 2. We had lots of willing read-



ers taking turns reading first to one dog then switching to the other one. And the dogs were so happy to have the attention both from the readers and the kids who were waiting their turn and petting the

dogs until it was their time to read.

"Micro Marvels" from the Forest Preserve was held the day after Read with the Dogs. It was a great presentation and the group made Butterfly

Feeders to finish off the event. Don't miss June 10, Habitats & Hideouts at 1:30 p.m.

The BYOB Bookclub met on Tuesday, June 2. Again, it was well attended and everyone came away with a list of books they want to peruse when they get a chance. This is not an exclusive club - everyone is welcome, if you couldn't make the first two meetings, the next one will be Tuesday, July 7th at 6 p.m. in Philo Library.

Whew! This month is filled with things to do. All kids are invited to participate in the Reading Challenges. It's simple, all the kids have to do is Read and collect prizes.

I've written far more than I should. Next week I'll tell you more about the Community Cookbook we are sponsoring and how you can contribute a favorite or family recipe. Thanks for Reading!



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