



Squaw Butte Back Country Horsemen

PRESIDENT'S CORNER MAY 2015

MY BRAIN DON'T WORK

As I sit pondering, just this side of sleep, I wonder and worry of my declining youth and the memory loss thereof. As I grow more "mature" that this memory, or lack of, seems to decline in stride.

I use to think that each new grey hair was a sign of maturity. Now I believe it's just another brain cell that's bit the dust.

I believe age has a direct tie to memory loss and the lack of grey matter....Makes one wonder.

However, as a child I do recall my mother writing my name on my underwear. I do not believe that anyone was going to steal my underwear, but perhaps she did this so I could remember who I was. Could it possibly be, even as a child, my memory was fading....Makes one wonder?

Memory is a fuzzy thing, I can't tell you how many tools and coffee cups I've had to replace over the years. Seems like every time I put one down and turn around it walks away. Need to get some hobbles for these things. Just yesterday, spraying my field, I wore goggles to protect my bionic eyes. After lunch, however, these too walked away not to be found anywhere.

Good thing I have extras, but first to adjust my ball cap, just a little tight. Hey look, here's my goggles. Funny how that happens....Makes one wonder.

Not only does the loss of my memory bother me, but I have come upon another deep concern. I think my brain is full.

Spanish is a language I would really like to learn so I signed up for a class to expand my knowledge. No matter how much Spanish was shoved in there, it just leaked out the other side. Nothing seemed to stick.

However some people, including my wife, have said you remember everything and stored in the vastness of the mind that it's just a matter of getting it back out. I believe that on me that door is shut and I have lost the key....Makes one wonder.

Now, sitting here, looking down upon this notebook, and the blank pages within, I stare deep in thought, just this side of sleep, wondering. Why did I grab this? Could it be some deep mystery, or perhaps a reaction to some underlying urge to relay some mind boggling wisdom....Makes one wonder?

Now I remember, now I recall. Its president's corner time. So much out there, but what to share. Then out of the abyss called the human psyche it comes. Out of the darkness, seeking the light it emerges.

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**BE safe and have fun
Bill Holt-President-SBBCH**