

My thoughts this morning could be described as a potpourri. From one thing to another, my mind is diverted from spending too much time contemplating what I am doing at the time—spring cleaning. I am home alone with even the dogs and cats outside, I have no radio playing, we have no television, and I don't really like cleaning house. So, I have to depend on what entertainment or contemplation that my own mind provides.

So far today, I have jumped from one thing to another, all the better to keep me from thinking about cleaning the closet, washing the floor, or dusting.

The #MeToo movement crossed my mind. I fully understand that not all "touching," even when uninvited, is sexual or fraught with negative connotations. Some people are more "touchy-feely" than others, and some cultures much more so than ours. But, what hasn't been addressed, to my knowledge, is the fact that some of us—probably men as well as women—just don't like our "personal space" invaded by anyone but our nearest and dearest. I have never understood why so many hugs seem to be necessary in our society. What ever happened to handshakes? Or even just a friendly word? I notice people who see each other frequently greeting with hugs and kisses. That's okay if that is what they like. But, for me, and for others I know, this is way too much. My personal space is much too extensive for that.

Then, I thought about titles. I had an encounter recently that brought this to mind. A young man had recently acquired a prestigious title after finishing his education. I spoke to him by name, and he later made it clear that there was a title before his name. I said that it was not meant in any way to diminish his accomplishments, but that we just don't use titles. If anyone has a title, then everyone should have one. I remember a story—and, probably, it is just a tale, not an actual happening—that supposedly took place in a title-conscious country several years ago. A man noticed that a fellow passenger on a train dropped his billfold on the floor, but did not realize it. The first man wanted to tell him, but he didn't know what the other person's title was, so he said nothing, not wanting to offend him, and the gentleman departed without his belongings. I think we should carry on the old Quaker tradition of using "Friend" as a title for everyone.

The Mueller report came to mind again. We should all ask our Congressional representatives if they have read it. I would be willing to bet that very few of them have. If they had read Volume II, the part that deals primarily with the question of obstruction of justice, there might, or at least, should, be more than the lone Michigan Republican in that political party who favors impeachment.

And, as far as reading goes, why don't people do more of that? I wonder if the answer is partly in the ubiquitous "devices" that occupy both minds and hands. I also wonder how much work time, at employers' expense, is spent by workers checking their social media accounts. It would be pretty hard to hide a good book from the boss, but the quick fingers on the smart phone are a little more difficult to detect.

It is probably a good thing I don't have a boss. She or he might wonder if my mind is on my job right now. But, the interesting part of spring cleaning—

going through the book shelves and taking time to look through an old familiar volume from time to time—is finished. Now, I am left with those tasks I don't enjoy, and my real boss—me—tells me to just get them done.