



“Cass’s Corner”: A Clockwork (Change)...

I wake early, each morning, typically between 4:30 and 4:45 a.m.

My wife is a restaurant manager, see? She is up, readying herself for the day ahead, and I am there to help, in my own way.



The newspaper has generally been delivered by this time and I have fetched it from the mailbox on our front porch.

While she is in the shower, I am in the kitchen, preparing her morning Joe, (her Maxwell House coffee). I bring it to her, piping hot.

Once this is done, I grab my own coffee from the Keurig and bring the newspaper to the computer room. Here, I type any number of articles I feel will be of interest to potential readers and I share them, on Facebook (sometimes sharing them with interested parties, via Hotmail).

This continues, as I down a few coffees, each morning. My wife has left for work, by this point, and, a little bit before 8 in the morning, I get myself ready to go into work. Put my uniform on, grab the prescribed hat, sign, all that I need (including the newspaper, already pored over at home, in order to share, at HBIA Clubhouse).

I catch HSR bus at 8:12, Monday through Friday. The bus delivers me to Sts. Peter & Paul School, just east of Upper James Street, on Fennell Avenue. I perform my school crossing guard duties there, and, after leaving my corner and the school, at 9:10, I catch another bus.

It drives west on Fennell, winds through Mohawk College, then hits the road, again. Down the Mountain, turning near St. Joseph's Hospital, then again, left, onto John Street. Continuing onward as it does, I make sure to disembark the bus, at the Tim Horton's, near John and Jackson.

Here, I enter our coffee establishment and grab a coffee for myself, in my refillable mug, either a dark roast, or a half dark roast/half hot chocolate. If it is Thursday, I generally pick up a couple dozen doughnuts for group, and sometimes 40 or 50 Timbits. This, of course, is during the time of year when pears from our tree, in the backyard, are not in season, in which case I offer group members a healthier alternative.

Walking out of Timmies, I make my way a block north, to the bus stop, at John and Main, and catch the #1 bus that will deliver me farther east, on Main, to our clubhouse, at 822 Main Street East.

This is what I do. This is my schedule. After the meeting, I could continue, I will, typically catch another #1 bus and travel eastward, on it. If I see additional passengers waiting for the bus, at the Ottawa St. and Main stop, I'll get off the bus, there, and wait for the #41, up the Mountain. If there is nobody there, I'll stay on the bus and not get off until the bus arrives at Kenilworth and Main. There, I'll deboard and await that 41.

Again, 'this is what I do.' It is like clockwork. I am able to adhere to this schedule, daily, and it is wonderful that I am able to keep it as such.

It is important, to me, that I maintain a similar, if not identical, schedule, each day.

See, if my schedule 'tells me what I need to be doing,' I cannot stray from it. Everything in my schedule is important and I must be sure that each of my scheduled activities is performed.

Once I arrive home from my daily routine, at school, on my route, to Tim Horton's, the HBIA Clubhouse, my ride home, I typically have an hour or so, before I 'must put the dog on her leash' and walk my kilometer and a half or so route, to pick up the mail. Another prescribed duty, as it were.

Returning home after the mail call, I have a little bit of time, fifteen, twenty minutes, if I am lucky, during which I can finish up my typing for the day, prior to either boarding the afternoon HSR route, back to my crossing guard post at the school, or driving it, if my wife has returned home, from work.

It is a simple life, yes. It is a prescribed life, indeed.

I mean, I do other things, too. On occasion, my lovely wife and I will take a trip somewhere, anywhere from Goderich, on the shores of Lake Huron, or even to Havana or Varadero, in Cuba, or various ports in Dominican. There is fun to be had, of course. Sometimes, we will visit any of a number of various family members, in any of a number of states, in America.

Even then, however, everything is scheduled.

Life and duties can be overwhelming to one who has suffered a brain injury; I know that they can be, to me.

As long as I am able to maintain my schedule, however, everything is tickety-boo.

Like Clockwork . . .