

One of those days

Let's be clear: I'm not superstitious. I don't throw salt over my shoulder, worry about ladders or mirrors, and I've owned black cats (who were all delightful). But yesterday, Friday the 13th, was one of those days. I noticed that my blog software is labelling this post no. 2, so I've been here before, apparently.

It started with trying to get the "check engine" light off in my car - I tried adding oil, hoping that was the issue. Nope. And I haven't done any work (other than in SoCal last year) other than get an oil change) in so long that I don't have a regular mechanic. Yeah, being a Toyota owner (of one of the older ones) is not a bad thing, 'til yesterday.

Then I visited my Mom, who is struggling with pain and side-effects of pain medication - that wasn't fun for her or me.

I got home late, only to find one of my kitties, the lovely Brandy - nowhere to be seen. I keep the door to the 2nd floor balcony open so they can enjoy the fresh air - I'm guessing she had an unintentional fly down. I looked and looked (it was a pretty cool evening), called and called, even brought down some kitty food to attract her. Nothing.

This morning: still no kitty. The posters are up in the neighborhood, I've emailed the local Humane Society, and will take a trip up as soon as they open. Unfortunately, there is a large hill behind my apartment, slightly woodsy, so she could have gone up there and gotten lost. Sigh.

In the midst of all that is awful in the world, these are smaller issues, but I would totally appreciate any prayers you can send my way!