

# GLITCH

Have you ever thought that things you are dealing with are being directed by someone or something to cause you lots of problems and no end of frustration?

I'm sure many of you have experienced periods of frustration just as I have. In many occurrences I can't seem to do anything right and often try to satisfy this feeling of ineptitude by blaming my lack of skill at whatever task I'm having unsatisfactory results with.

Let me tell you of some instances over the holiday season that fit in with the whole feeling of ineptitude and you can make up your own minds as to where the blame may lie.

I'm sure I've mentioned before that our two granddaughters with father Allan and mother Melanie have been coming to our house for Christmas since they were born except for the last couple of years. They were anxious to come this year and we were more than happy to restore normalcy of the six of us enjoying Christmas together.

Our Granddaughters are 14 and 12 years old and engaged in the full range of technology that exists. They have I-Pods and other stuff that I have no idea about and have no intention of finding out at this stage of my life.

We were having slight problems with our computer and Valerie's lap top so we had the local expert in to set up a wireless rover something that automatically makes back ups of whatever we are doing in the computer and the other changes and repairs to ensure that everything was working for the girls. On Christmas Eve afternoon the 4 Jackson's arrived with Leila their 80 pound golden retriever who is very friendly but walks around in a cloud of shedding hair. After getting everyone settled in the girls were keen to get themselves hooked up to our wireless stuff and we, somewhat smugly, showed them the equipment and left them to their own devices.

In about one minute they appeared saying "Grandma, what's the password to use the wireless." We both stared blankly at them but son said "There has to be a password?" I retreated into a cloud of "I don't understand this stuff" but Valerie said "OK. I'll call the expert" which she did. Fortunately since he is local he was available and told her that he had given her the password and she had written it down. A slight grimace and a somewhat apologetic tone, taking the blame for forgetting, resulted in the hookups being completed and each Granddaughter using their computers and ours for the rest of the visit.

Before the family arrived Valerie and I had been doing considerable cooking and our gas stove had began to act a bit strangely. After several days the timer in our stove threw a little fit. It would show the time and the minutes passing but had stopped beeping when the time had expired. I should point out that the gas stove is operated from controls pads which are computerized. We thought nothing about this except curiosity. After four glorious Christmas Days the family packed up and left for home. Valerie and I were pleased what a great time we had all had including seeing dear friends, attending the Christmas Eve church service and eating marvelous meals and treats that we really hope that these Christmases will continue for a lot more years.

Fortunately, the repair man was booked for the Monday after Christmas and he arrived and got the burners working after several hours. He had the parts needed but he couldn't fix the timer. Valerie, of course, had the manual but we couldn't find anything about the timer

(Continued on page 11)