

There are a lot of people out there that don't appreciate the value in plans changing. Maybe it's been a matter of necessity, but I've actually learned that plans sometimes fall apart for a reason. I definitely hadn't planned to leave the family farm – not after all I did to try to hold it together, but one thing turned into another, and I found myself out in the middle of the country trying to learn a new way of life.

I'm not going to try to make it out like leaving every single thing I had ever known behind was some noble gesture.

*It was scary as hell.*

Everything from finding my way around to learning the cultural nuances of a different community - yes... Small towns have a culture all their own, and they're all a little different. It was new – all new.

Not one little experience, but all of them.

*Every single one.*

Even at that, I made new friends. I learned new things – everything from how to run a high-clearance sprayer to how to talk to a woman. \*Grin\* Yes, there were women. Not that I slept with any, but I saw plenty, talked to a few, and even fell in love with one.

*Even if she did break my heart in the end.*

Put short, because I moved away from home, I learned how to live a real life; not the anti-social existence I was heading for if I had stayed back home on the farm.

Most importantly, it set me down a path to meet the love of my life. That's right – because my plans changed, I ended up married to a beautiful, sensitive, caring woman. It wasn't because I had to – it was because that I'd learned that I was both capable of love, and worthy of receiving it from someone else.

*Not necessarily lessons I had learned while I was still on the farm.*

So...

Changing plans?

\*Grin\*

Don't throw me in that briar patch.