

Piano



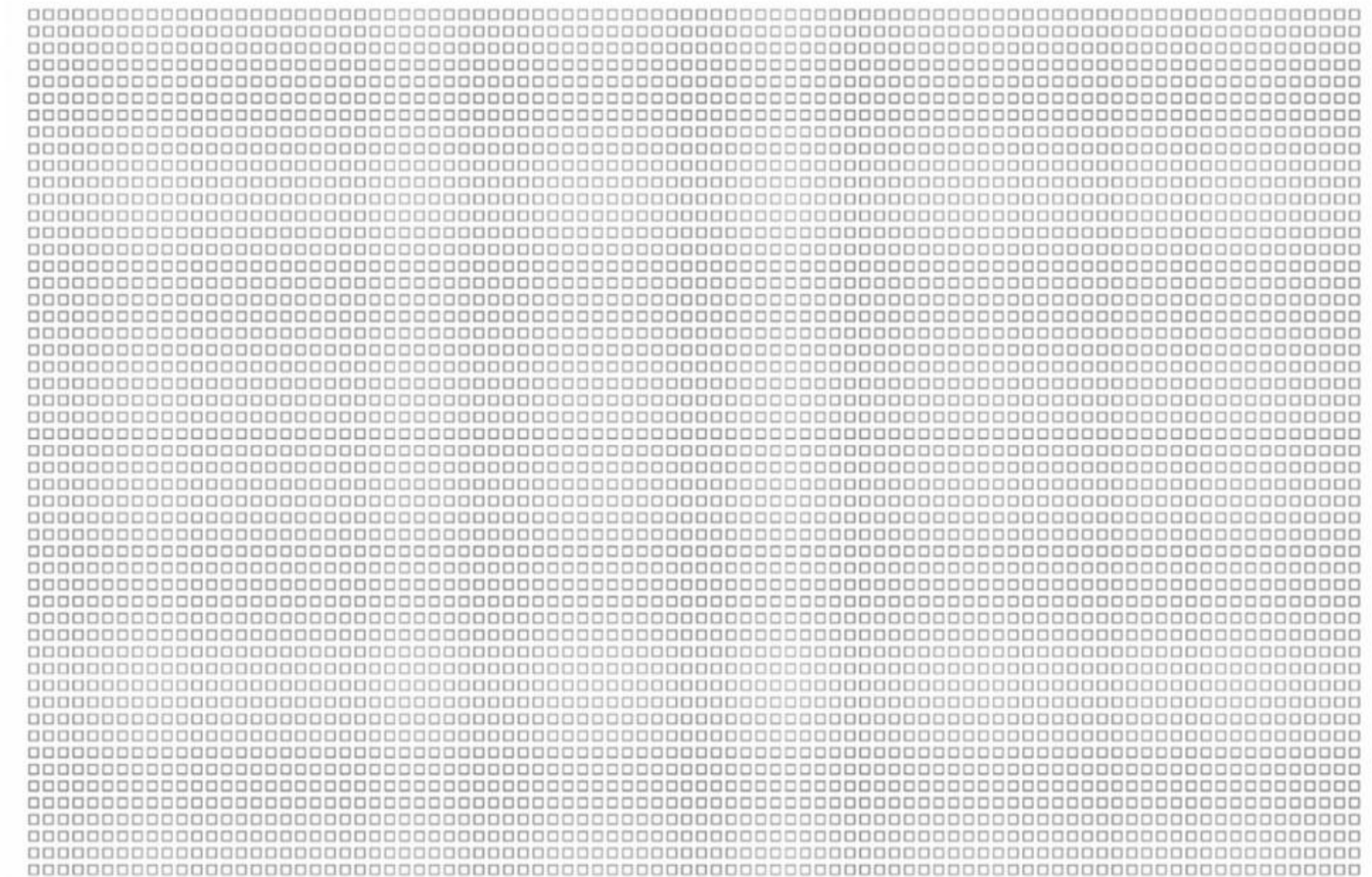
Some people might accuse me of spending money I don't have, but this piano was not one of those cases. I just walked into my apartment and there it was. I have no idea where it came from. That's my story, and I'm stickin' to it.

Life Calendar

I was struck by how “little” a year looked on my new 1-Year Daily Habit Tracker.

Microneedling Sessions-----								
W01	Jan	M	T	W	T	F	S	S
W02	Jan	M	T	W	T	F	S	S
W03	Jan	M	T	W	T	F	S	S
W04	Jan	M	T	W	T	F	S	S
W05	Feb	M	T	W	T	F	S	S
W06	Feb	M	T	W	T	F	S	S
W07	Feb	M	T	W	T	F	S	S
W08	Feb	M	T	W	T	F	S	S
W09	Mar	M	T	W	T	F	S	S
W10	Mar	M	T	W	T	F	S	S
W11	Mar	M	T	W	T	F	S	S
W12	Mar	M	T	W	T	F	S	S
W13	Mar	M	T	W	T	F	S	S
W14	Apr	M	T	W	T	F	S	S
W15	Apr	M	T	W	T	F	S	S
W16	Apr	M	T	W	T	F	S	S
W17	Apr	M	T	W	T	F	S	S
W18	May	M	T	W	T	F	S	S
W19	May	M	T	W	T	F	S	S
W20	May	M	T	W	T	F	S	S
W21	May	M	T	W	T	F	S	S
W22	Jun	M	T	W	T	F	S	S
W23	Jun	M	T	W	T	F	S	S
W24	Jun	M	T	W	T	F	S	S
W25	Jun	M	T	W	T	F	S	S
W26	Jun	M	T	W	T	F	S	S
W27	Jul	M	T	W	T	F	S	S
W28	Jul	M	T	W	T	F	S	S
W29	Jul	M	T	W	T	F	S	S
W30	Jul	M	T	W	T	F	S	S
W31	Aug	M	T	W	T	F	S	S
W32	Aug	M	T	W	T	F	S	S
W33	Aug	M	T	W	T	F	S	S
W34	Aug	M	T	W	T	F	S	S
W35	Sep	M	T	W	T	F	S	S
W36	Sep	M	T	W	T	F	S	S
W37	Sep	M	T	W	T	F	S	S
W38	Sep	M	T	W	T	F	S	S
W39	Sep	M	T	W	T	F	S	S
W40	Oct	M	T	W	T	F	S	S
W41	Oct	M	T	W	T	F	S	S
W42	Oct	M	T	W	T	F	S	S
W43	Oct	M	T	W	T	F	S	S
W44	Nov	M	T	W	T	F	S	S
W45	Nov	M	T	W	T	F	S	S
W46	Nov	M	T	W	T	F	S	S
W47	Nov	M	T	W	T	F	S	S
W48	Dec	M	T	W	T	F	S	S
W49	Dec	M	T	W	T	F	S	S
W50	Dec	M	T	W	T	F	S	S
W51	Dec	M	T	W	T	F	S	S
W52	Dec	M	T	W	T	F	S	S

It reminded me of Tim Urban's Life Calendar, which has one box for every week in a 90-year life.*



He uses it as a call-to-action for those who are procrastinating on long-term projects with no deadlines. Now, in my early 30s, the call-to-action seems tangible—like I ought to reach out, grab it, and knock myself on the head with it a few times. I suppose that life calendar will

remind some people of the idiom: time flies—or the old adage: life is short. But I think life is long if used wisely. It's the using of life wisely that seems to be short-lived. Also, does time really fly, or are we just traveling by boat? Get it? Planes travel faster than boats. I felt a need to explain that one.

Anyway, I recently reread a book titled, *How to Live on 24 Hours a Day*, and I recognized that I had completely misinterpreted the first few paragraphs about money and time. I originally thought that the author began his book by illustrating the characteristics of a man who squandered his time. Here's the part I misinterpreted:

"Yes, he's one of those men that don't know how to manage. Good situation. Regular income. Quite enough for luxuries as well as needs. Not really extravagant. And yet the fellow's always in difficulties. Somehow he gets nothing out of his money. Excellent flat—half empty! Always looks as if he'd had the brokers in. New suit—old hat! Magnificent necktie—baggy trousers! Asks you to dinner: cut glass—bad mutton, or Turkish coffee—cracked cup! He can't understand it. Explanation simply is that he fritters his income away. Wish I had the half of it! I'd show him—"

So we have most of us criticised, at one time or another, in our superior way. — The first two paragraphs of *How to Live on 24 Hours a Day*.

Obviously, the author, Arnold Bennett, was illustrating a man who squandered his money—not his time. That illustration was made so that Bennett could set up his premise, which I'll summarize as: people tend to account for their money, but they don't account for their time, and that's why they often fail to accomplish anything beyond their daily routine.

How many of us maintain a bookshelf of daily journal entries dating back to the age of 18—documenting the days of our lives? Not many I assume. But I'm sure most of us could tell a story about how much money we've earned each year for the past three or more years.

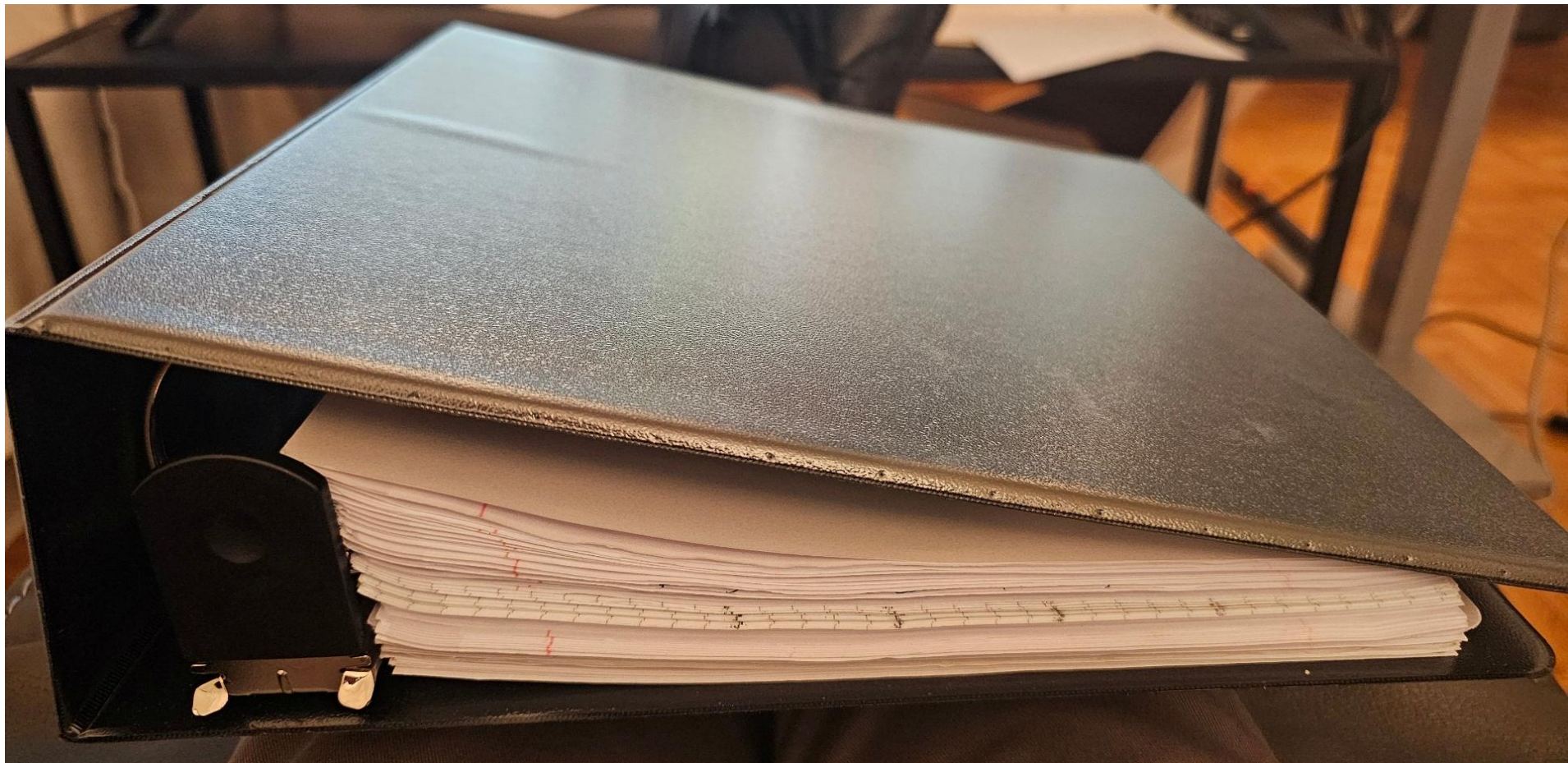
Now I see why people say: time is money. It's not because time can literally be translated into dollars—eight dollars an hour for the cashier and eight hundred for the Wall Street lawyer. Time is money because it should be accounted for as if it were money.

Had I accounted for my time over the past three years, I think my reports would show that I didn't spend much time working on projects outside of my daily routine. Perhaps that lack of documentation is the evidence for the gap between my expectations and current reality.

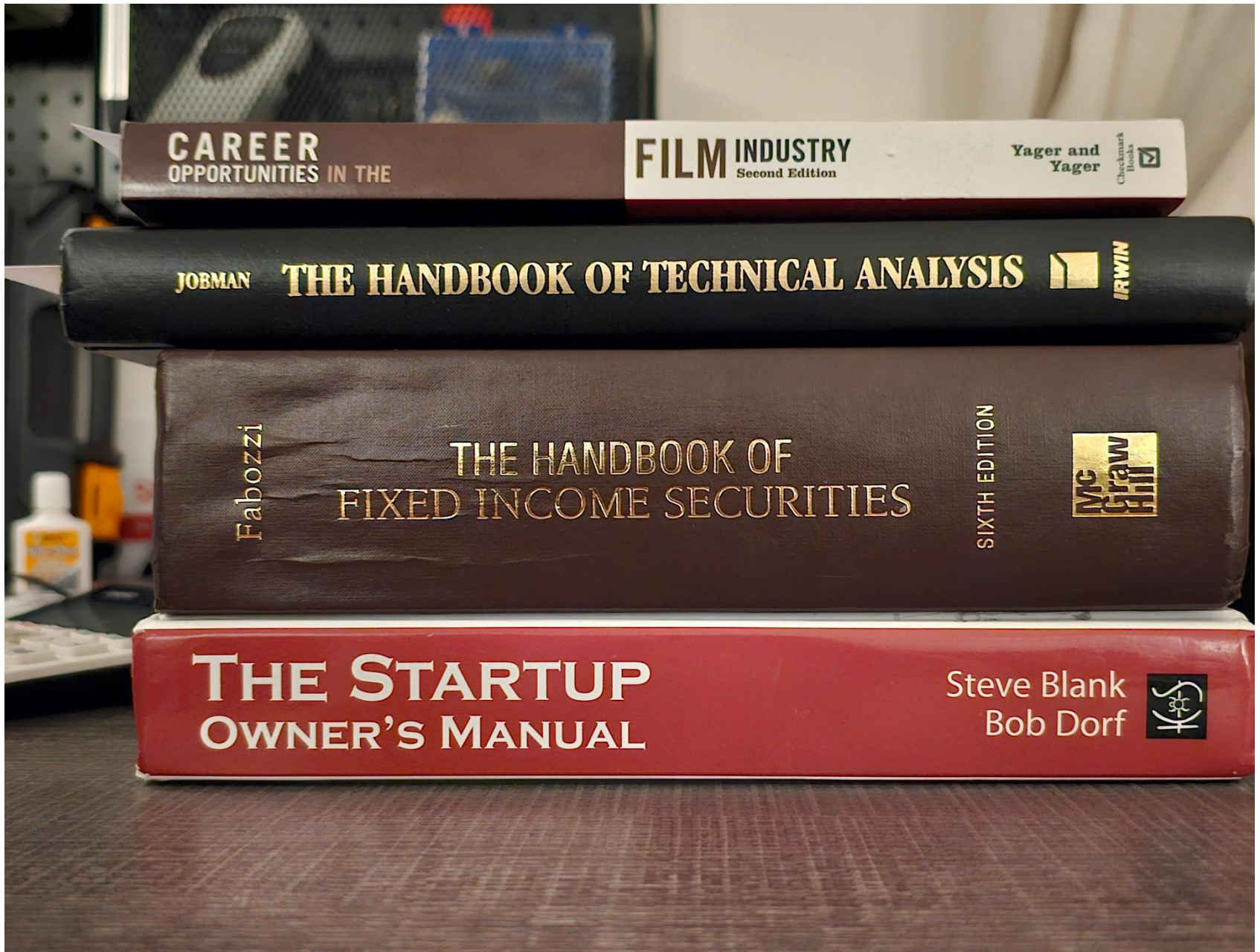
Now, I'm committed to daily journaling, habit tracking, project logs, and the like.

I've just filled a new 3-inch life binder—and I might need a bigger one soon. Did you know they sell 6-inch binders?

*It's actually one box for every week in an 85-year life, according to ChatGPT—close enough.



New Books from the Thrift Store

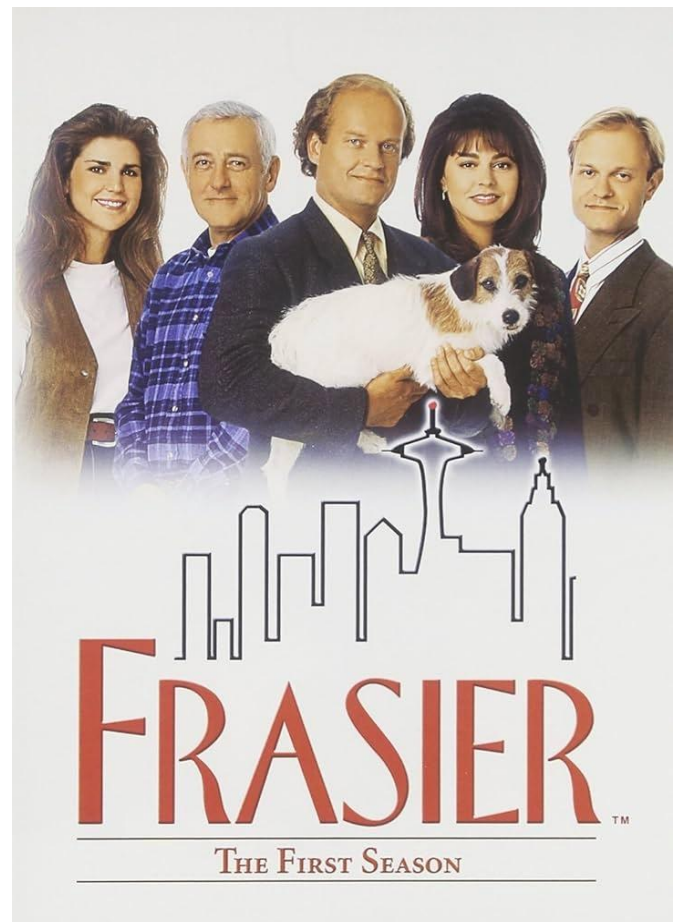
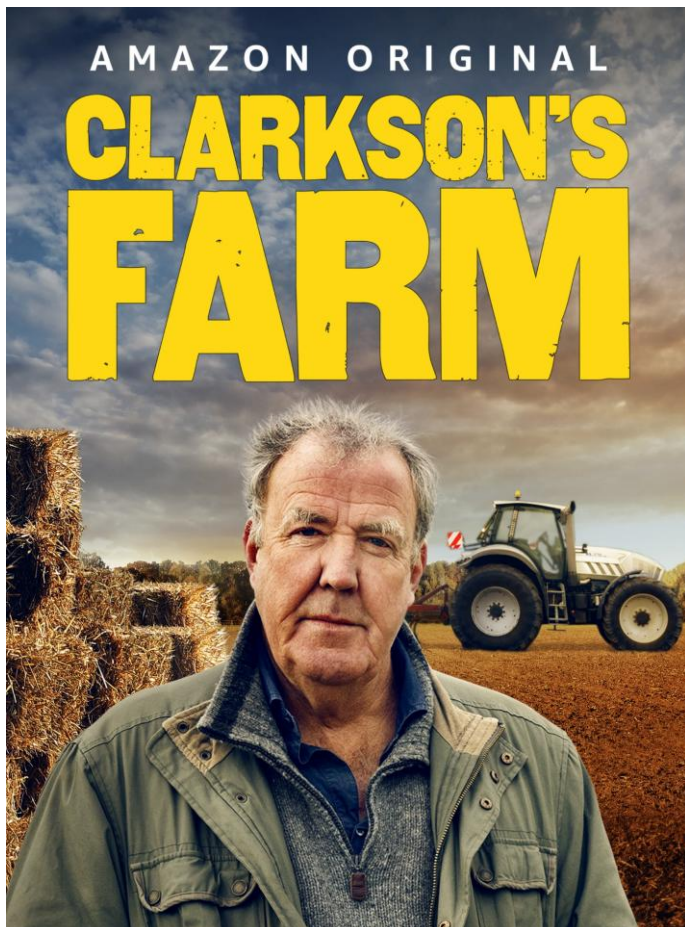


Television

I haven't sat down to watch a movie or a show from start to finish in over five years. But I play a lot of movies and shows in the background while working.

Recently, I found a show called Clarkson's Farm. I love it. I could binge-watch it. Farming is so fascinating. I find myself fantasizing about farming in Oxfordshire, UK.

I also watched the first few episodes of Frasier while cooking. I thought it was the best comedic writing I had heard in a long time. It's no wonder it ran longer than the famous *Friends* sitcom.



With Love,

Vincent A. V-S

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