

I Talk To The Trees

Sometimes, I feel a bit like Rodney Dangerfield... I get no respect. After I shopped for, prepared and cooked a scrumptious dinner – (Indian Curry with Chicken and Peas – here's the [recipe](#)), we sat around the dinner table to enjoy good food and pleasant conversation.

We talked about our day which, for all of us, seemed to be very busy. My wife had a full day planned and didn't get to any of it as chore after chore prevented her from carrying out her schedule.

I brought my laptop home to catch up on some video editing in between handling some finances and repairing a curtain rod that needed fixing. I worked all day long.

I then turned to my 90 year old mother-in-law who had thus far been silent and said, "What about you Laura? What do you have to complain about?"

"I don't complain," she replied, "Nobody listens to me anyway."

I jokingly broke into song. #I talk to the trees but they don't listen to me. I talk to the stars but they never hear me. The breeze hasn't time...# I stopped as I saw both my wife and mother-in-law staring at me with confused expressions.

"What?" I said, "That's from Paint Your Wagon. It's a famous song. Clint Eastwood sang it in the movie."

Without missing a beat, my mother-in-law turned to my wife and deadpanned, "I hope he sang it better than that."

No respect.

Michael Ondrasik and Home Video Studio of Mount Dora specialize in the preservation of family memories through the digitalization of films, videotapes, audio recordings, photos, negatives and slides. For more information, call 352-735-8550 or visit our [website](#).