

2008 Serendipity

On Facebook, one of those notoriously famous social networks, I found a photo of an old friend from CIS sprouting a graduation gown, glass of champagne in hand, wife pretty much beaming up at him. I ask a silly question as to the value of whatever degree he got in regard to getting free beers. Mind you, the guy has had a job for half a millennium and I was surprised that he had gone back to school, studied next to his 60-hour work week ... and had managed.

I flipped open my old photo album, located said person, can of beer in hand, sitting next to my drumset, smiling up at the camera.

A Canadian.

So, from Germany, I wrote him a mail, voicing my inhibitions in regard to doing exactly what he had just completed, an extra course, trying to get ahead, add another qualification to the many I have already collected, wondering if I could handle the workload.

What I got, instantaneously - from halfway across the globe - was a detailed outline of how he had managed the insane workload, what he had done and what had pushed him into going for broke.

Encouragement.

Help.

[snip]

Some time ago I ran into serious health problems. Because I have to admit to a certain degree of gregariousness, I alluded to the problems on my own website. Instantaneously (and I mean instantaneously), a good friend from way back, one I had heard from here and there these past 20 years, interrupted an important meeting in the US and contacted me - right there and then - giving me advice on how I could get a grip on matters. As it turns out (it's a small world) he had morphed into one of the experts in the field, buddy with researchers whose names I had unearthed online just a few minutes before he contacted me. As it turned out, G. had already talked to them before he had contacted me.

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