I'm going to say something that may surprise a few of you and those who are close to me thought they'd probably never hear: I am trying to quit smoking.

I won't go into how it came about but know this: my husband gave me the strength to say it was OK to quit. I don't know how to explain it but those of you who have quit or attempted to quit know what I mean. When I would tell people I didn't want to talk about quitting because it just made me want one, they would laugh. I was serious. I have smoked for longer than I have done just about anything except breath. Ironic, isn't it?

I have a friend who is 90-some days clean and chewing the gum like a mad man. Now he's addicted to "chewing the gum." I'm serious. I talked to him Friday and he was at the point where just when you think it will be OK and you can do it, it's like the first week all over again. His eyes had that gleam that told of a man on the edge. One false move and it was all over.

I had shared with him that I had an altercation with a shop vac this week and it was very satisfying. While I don't recommend kicking the crap out of a shop vac, I found a tremendous sense of calm after the fact. It set things right for a while. It took the edge off.

He suggested we both kick the crap out of the shop vac and use it to sweep up the freshly-smoked cigarette butts. Hmmm. Perhaps he and I shouldn't talk about this right now.

Today is what has me worried. I'm going to be by myself and unsupervised. Scary. I'm not sure I'm ready yet. The last 4 1/2 days have been spent in the company of others for the most part. Oh, yeah, and let's not forget the voices in my head. I have developed quite the inner dialogue this week. There have very few silent moments in there.

It seems to be working. However, it has only been a few days. Do I have to do this the rest of my life? Am I going to think about a cigarette every hour or two (Who am I kidding? Sometimes it's minutes.) every day of every week of every month … Aarrgghh! See. The voices aren't always nice. And to my co-workers amazement, they don't always stay in my head. I'm pretty sure I have been caught babbling a time or two.

So wish me luck, say a prayer, whatever seems appropriate. Do me one favor, though. Let's not talk about it. When you see me, give me the look and I'll give you the nod if all is still going well. Perhaps I'll give the thumbs up. I'm not sure. I've tried this before and it hasn't worked out so well. I don't have a "touchdown" move or whatever you would call it.

Just know this: the shop vac started it. I'm serious.