

I think it's time I caught you guys up on what's going on in my life. I've been afraid to say too much out loud because I didn't want to jinx anything.

While you are reading this, Cameron is snuggled in his bed in Toledo in his own apartment. He was released from the halfway house on Oct. 13.

He thought he was going to get out on Oct. 18 — and then Oct. 14 — and finally, he was surprised on Oct. 13. He signed his papers, said see-ya and ran out the door. That must have felt good.

My husband, mother, sister-in-law and I made a mad dash north on Oct. 10 with all his stuff. We were all quite surprised with our first glimpse of his apartment. It's an efficiency but the floors are all hardwood and he has lots of windows. It's really quite nice for his first abode in Toledo. He likes his neighbors and it's a short, half-block walk to work. Actually, he can step out his and he's practically there.

The library is two blocks away and there are coffee shops and art galleries within walking distance as well.

He really didn't have a lot of stuff due to his hasty departure from his old apartment in Lima. Actually, he is about all that departed nearly six years ago. I made an appearance there to retrieve my father's service memorabilia Cameron had taken with him; that's about all. To be quite honest, I was a little upset with him at the time and wasn't feeling very generous. That's putting it a little mildly.

It was also not the best neighborhood. I took a couple friends with me and we went in, grabbed what we could carry and left. I didn't and still haven't apologized. I really don't feel the need. That was a bad time for all of us. It's done, over with and put behind us.

Cameron has been working full time at Manhattan's, a restaurant featuring New York cuisine. He's also trying to find a part-time job. He watches PBS, a habit he picked up while in prison. It's good he likes it; he can't afford cable right now. He also reads, journals and is getting back into painting and other art mediums.

On that note, let me share that a friend purchased one of the paintings he did in art class in high school the other night. He was over the moon. It was quite a boost. He hadn't really been interested in his art for quite a while. I think it will be a healthy outlet for him.

He also got a visit from our friends from up north. Jill and Steve buzzed down last Saturday and dropped off a chair, an area rug and some knick-knacks to make his little house a home. He's settling in.

You can imagine how much this all eases my mind. I'm sure there will be times I get frustrated or concerned. He is, after all, my child. I have a feeling I still do that to my mother now and then.

We'll end this on a funny little story about her. Cameron shared this with me on Tuesday after I arrived back home from taking her to the airport. Apparently, my mother must resemble someone you should be concerned about on an airplane. She was fitted with a brace for her "good" knee about a month ago. She forgot to mention it before she went through the metal detectors and of course, it set them off.

She was quickly whisked to a private room and two female TSA agents respectfully asked her to take her pants off. I can't believe I even put all that together in a sentence concerning my sweet, kind, thoughtful, 76-year-old mother. Are you kidding me?

She has quite another view of the shenanigans. She flies a bit more than I do and my sister flies weekly. We all want them to be safe and for security to be vigilant about who flies with them and everyone else. I know. It's still hard to grasp.

My mother will be quick to tell you the agents were nothing but kind, respectful and very protective of her modesty.

They're lucky. I'd hate to have to go find them. You don't mess with the Mamacita!

Anyway, Cameron and I got a good chuckle out of having a suspected terrorist in the family and

All's well that ends well

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mom was quite unruffled about the whole thing.

All's well that ends well. Yeah, it is.