

Good morning, Cub Reporter Al here. Today's report is more of a feature article than a news story. I haven't been out and about since the essential run on Saturday. I do have to go out today to pick up a prescription for Myra and some eye medicine for Miss Odette the Cat.

My good friend and fellow Western Stage* Alum, Lori Bartlett Koenig (who just took over the reins as Artistic Director at the DreamWrights Center for Community Arts in York, PA, belated congrats!), challenged me and the rest of America to write about what we are doing and how we are coping. I gave a general report on conditions here in lovely Los Osos and discovered during that process a number of "silver linings." I started with "Al, Myra and Odette the Cat in Los Osos are working on innovative solutions and finding silver linings," and ended with "Nobody is enjoying this, but we have tools, our imaginations and our desire to serve. Silver linings are there to be found."

As you could see if you watched my video, boy do I stink at videography, we had a little BBQ last night on our "steel beach" of a carport due to the rain. You'll notice in the pics that I BBQed two steaks. Actually it was one Baja Fillet cut in half. We only ate one of the pieces. The other will be recycled into Beef Stir Fry with rice later in the week. As Myra is so fond of saying "Prior Planning Prevents Piss Poor Performance."

While waiting for the coals to burn down I sipped a cocktail and watched the rain when I heard a tweet, a bird tweet, not a message from the White House. I looked across the street and there was a tiny bird, bigger than a hummingbird, smaller than a finch? (My classmate SMHS Alum Terry could ID the critter, he's photographed about every bird in nature). The beaked wonder was perched on a juniper limb enjoying the rain and singing his heart out advertising his availability to any and all available lady birds of a feather.

Taking the time to enjoy those minutes with the bird probably would not have happened if life were normal. I would have been in too big of a rush to do something important. In the greater scheme of things it might have been more of a tinfoil lining than silver, but I enjoyed it as a precious second in a lifetime of minutes I have missed in the rush to catch the so called important. -30-

** The Western Stage is a professionally supported community theatre residing as part of the performing arts program of Hartnell College in Salinas California. Myra and I served several years as staff members.*

Likes: 31

Loves: 15

Shares: 1

Comments:

Cub Reporter – “Hi Kendi. How are you doing with your mom in the nursing home?”

Sunshine Kendi – “Can’t see her. They restrict it. It’s been three weeks.”