

Let's get it write this year

Phyllis Humby - January 2021

Happier New Year Everybody!! Or, if you prefer, I'll greet you with the more traditional 'Happy New Year'. Although it might not officially begin until sometime in September. I'm talking about the 'Happy' part of it. I have to believe that our world will settle into a more acceptable lifestyle when we've been vaccinated. Frankly, that food allergy caution is throwing a bit of a curve for me...sorry, I digress as always. We've entered a brand new year. Yaaay, a big shout out for 2021! This is so exciting!

Even though I'm pumped for the New Year, not everything about 2020 was bad. Some of us have had great things happen in the past year. New grandbabies to squeeze and spoil (I'm jealous), new puppies and kitties to train and cuddle (sadly, not me), two new books published (just saying), plus a whole lot of newly learned experiences that just wouldn't have happened if not for the forced slowdown of our lives caused by you-know-what.

And we still have those amazing skills going into the New Year, people. For instance, I can play Sudoku! Sure, I'm still on the easy level, but I'm fast! Hubby has perfected his cake baking and carpentry skills. Maybe his secret cake ingredient is sawdust. Oh, I wish that thought hadn't crossed my mind.

And there's more good news. A friend dropped off an Amish Friendship Bread starter. And thank you for that. Sorry, but the truth is, without seeing people to share it with, I was panicking a bit as it grew and grew until I discovered I could freeze the little offspring starters. So, yes, there's that, too. I've learned so much. Now, when I start seeing all my friends again, they'll each receive their very own cinnamon sugar loaf starter. The gift that keeps giving!

The bright light in all of this is that the restrictions have forced us to approach life differently, and in some ways we're richer for that experience. Think hard, my friends, and I'm sure you'll agree that our priorities have shifted, and mostly for the better.

Seriously, if not for 2020 restrictions, life would have just blindly rolled along without any change at all, and I would have had the inevitable wonderful commemoration of my December birthday. Scrumptious Italian dinner, fun friends, lively entertainment... Same old. Same old. Well, that couldn't happen. That's okay, I said – though secretly I mourned.

Then, it hit me; who needs a party when you can take a solitary stroll on the beach? I know, right? I didn't even need my mask, though I would have been warmer wearing one. It was such a delight to hear the waves break and watch the pigeons peck in the sand. Hubby insists they were likely sea gulls. Well, sea gulls ...pigeons....whatever. There were a lot of them. And they couldn't have cared less that I was... What the heck am I doing? Okay, so I'm making light of a bad situation when you know that I'm as frustrated as you. And we all realize that as wonderful as a walk on the beach is, it can't replace being with the people we love. Even the people we borderline like. We need to socialize. Simple as that. But we have to stay healthy and keep others healthy. That's where it gets difficult.

And even more discouraging, is knowing that we've finally left the old year behind and welcomed in 2021, thinking that somehow the curse of 2020 would disappear, but our lives are still suspended. Still. But I don't think screaming, "I'm mad as hell and can't take it anymore" will change that.

The doom and gloom can't last forever. There's always September.

Nuff said.

