

April 4, 2020

Yesterday the weather was wonderful, and the evening was equally pleasant, but it was a bittersweet 24 hours because while the weather was wonderful not much else was with those damn numbers and graphs and charts, they only go up never down.

I sat outside on my balcony and thought of what a warm early April Friday evening was like before the numbers and could see all kinds of enthusiasm for yard work and for garden work.

Raking dead leaves and grass and turning over the soil always brings what I think are pleasant scents of earthiness and gives birth to dreams of tomatoes and basil and flowers, lots of flowers, the spring bulbs but petunias and marigolds and coleus and sunflowers and impatiens and geraniums, lots of geraniums.

Fanatical grass cutters would have tuned their engines and sharpened their blades all set and ready to cut those lawns the right way and get out their blowers, some men love their blowers, I think it gives them a sense of real order in a normally disordered universe when they can blow every last blade of grass off those driveways and sidewalks, this year I'll bet there are a lot of blowers out and about.

I hope all of that happens this year, I really do.

But last evening as I sat outside, I could not help but think of the kids, especially, the high school seniors.

A day like yesterday and a night like last night would have been intoxicating to them, probably in more ways than one, the date and the weather moved them closer to the edge of their next great adventure, prom and graduation, not knowing that it moved them

closer to the loss of their childhood and not realizing as of yet the full import of that loss.

The promises of the future, the delights and ecstasies of being unbounded, the taste of freedom that all seniors in high school anticipate has been taken from them before they could learn for themselves that the anticipation of adulthood is, often, better than the reality.

Pray for them, their losses are not the same others are finding in this time of sickness and death, but they are important and significant in their own right.