

PANDEMIC

2020

PANDEMIC 2020

Hello friend,

These are indeed extraordinary times.

They are sometimes disorienting and always disquieting. But they have accentuated our capacity for empathy and the value of human contact. Even the smallest of gestures — holding the door open for a stranger, leaving lemons on a doorstep, or waving as cars pass by — are imbued with our desire to say, “I see you, and we are in this *together*.”

The ultimate trajectory of this novel coronavirus is unknown. But we do know that there is no “wrong way” to feel at this time. So be kind to yourself and to those around you, and accept and savor the kindness of others.

I hope that this humble project will serve not only as an acknowledgement of our frailty but also as an expression of our shared humanity.

If you’ve contributed to this booklet, thank you so very much.

Mia

Spring/Summer 2020



Douglas

May 15, 2020

Dearest Cov,

How are you? From looking at the news recently, you seem to be doing rather well. You are a celebrity now. Everyone is talking about you! Now that you are a rising star, I see you changed your name to "Pandemic"; quite catchy.

I haven't heard from you in quite some time. How long has it been? 122 years? How time flies. I heard rumors that you were coming around last December. I guess we just missed each other. I didn't realize you wanted to stay in the area for so long ... I would have prepared better.

I see you have taken advantage of the many amenities here in California. Restaurants, bars, schools, and office buildings have closed in your honor. Many are wondering how long your stay will be.

I, myself, try to see the positive in having you visit our humble state. The air is cleaner, people are kinder, and scientists and health care workers are now considered American heroes and treasured assets. Quite an accomplishment. Bravo!

I regret that I didn't take your family members (H1N1, Swine Flu) seriously when they appeared for a visit a few years back. I thought they were a novelty for other countries to deal with. My smug attitude and flippant behavior has changed, and now I am willing to listen to you and your symptomatic demands with a clearer understanding and a level head.

In spite of your nonchalant and reckless visit, I do hope you come to realize that sometimes, a guest may overstay their welcome. I would hope that you understand my point of view and come to an agreement. Your stay has caused fear, death, anguish, and instability in our economic infrastructure. I do hope you understand my position.

With that, I'll end this letter like this:

PLEASE LEAVE!

Yours (Not Yet) Respectfully, **MELANIE**



May 2020

Before and after. Life seems to be that. Before and after. Before going to school and after. Before getting married and after. Before having children and after. Before retiring and after. And now the new one – before the coronavirus and after.

Because this virus is here to stay, at least in the short term – and life has changed in all sorts of ways.

Of course there's the big one. We are now in Day 65 of self-isolation. My husband is 70+ with a heart condition, and we're not going anywhere exciting for the foreseeable future. I never thought that I'd miss shopping. But I do. Kindly neighbours are doing it for us, but it's not quite the same. Trips up to the post office to buy stamps are off the agenda for a while. Looking out of the window, seeing what a lovely day it is (hottest day of the year so far here in south-east England) and a great day for a stroll among some of the lovely places in this part of the world. But no. We're lucky, we have a garden. But it's not the same.

We're missing events. Mother's Day back in March, Easter, our grandson's 2nd birthday and in August we will miss our son's wedding. His fiancée's parents live in Finland and can't come, the venue where the reception was to be held will most likely be shut. His best man has had the virus and was in an induced coma for three weeks, and will need to go carefully. Social distancing will be the norm. So they will marry with family and friends watching on Zoom. The plan, arranged with the minister at the church, is that another family service will be held next year. But it won't be the same. Although it might be worse to be at a wedding but not kiss and hug the bride and groom. I can't say it won't hurt to witness their wedding on a little screen instead of being there. It will hurt, a lot.

I learnt new skills. Nine weeks ago I had no idea what Zoom was. Now I have virtual meetings with my amateur dramatic group, including rehearsals (although our October performance is now likely to be in February!). My 87-year-old aunt and I chat regularly on Facebook, and I've chatted with my sister in Canada and my niece in Malaysia. I've done all those things that I've meaning to do for years. I'm working on a cross stitch sampler. I've watched a huge range of BBC programmes available. And I can make a face mask.

When I look back on this madness, what will I remember? The daily Downing Street briefing with its death toll due to the virus for the previous 24 hours. Captain Tom, or should I say SIR Thomas Moore, the 100 year-old, raising over £32,000,000 for the NHS. The weekly clap for carers. The kindness of many. The selfishness of the few. ~Margaret

"Some days there won't be a song in your heart, sing anyway."

- Emory Austin

Paranoia. Hypochondria... and dreams.

I'm watching too much TV. Anytime something inside of me feels different I think coronavirus. Although I've got the gloves and masks in tow, still so afraid of what's lurking out there.

I don't mean to embrace paranoia, nor hypochondria, but anyway there it is, I've been touched.

Naps have become an easy way to escape the science fiction that has overtaken the outside world. I like it when I dream. My dreams are in color, and sometimes I dream within my dreams.

Dreams are my connection to a rich inner life, a sacred space full of imagination, emotion and intuition.

When I awaken I feel wiser, more insightful, more calm. I'm ready to reconnect and better cope with a society in stasis. Then again, with or without lock down I remind myself that I'm living in a country that's been in stasis long before Covid-19. Yes, I may be on lock down, but there's a smile under this mask.

Frances Salomé

what

will

be



Sabine



Janet, fluorite raw, after cutting and polishing with hand tools at home

"THINGS TAKE THE TIME THEY TAKE.
DON'T WORRY." - MARY OLIVER

Small Kindnesses

I've been thinking about the way, when you walk down a crowded aisle, people pull in their legs to let you by. Or how strangers still say "bless you" when someone sneezes, a leftover from the Bubonic plague. "Don't die," we are saying. And sometimes, when you spill lemons from your grocery bag, someone else will help you pick them up. Mostly, we don't want to harm each other. We want to be handed our cup of coffee hot, and to say thank you to the person handing it. To smile at them and for them to smile back. For the waitress to call us honey when she sets down the bowl of clam chowder, and for the driver in the red pick-up truck to let us pass. We have so little of each other, now. So far from tribe and fire. Only these brief moments of exchange. What if they are the true dwelling of the holy, these fleeting temples we make together when we say, "Here, have my seat," "Go ahead—you first," "I like your hat."

Danusha Laméris



Mother's Day art activities for distance online learning. These online classes are getting me up in the morning and giving me purpose! I hope that I'm a blessing to both the students and their teachers during this time of pandemic. ~Robin



MAKE SOME ART!

Simple book forms, such as TAG BOOKS are fun and easy for all ages. Pick a theme such as: a weeks' worth of headlines, the tools and inventions you are most grateful for, or descriptions of all the places you have ever lived. Use cut up cardboard from cereal and pasta boxes for the tags. Punch a hole in each tag. Decorate one side of the tag with cut up greeting/notecards, torn tissue/wrapping paper bits, separated printed napkins. Whatever bits of paper you have will make great collages.

Create the text side in your own handwriting (which is always the most personal) or cut words/letters from magazines. Use a book ring through the hole and hang scraps of different ribbons, yarns, bits of jewelry and beads.

~Lynn

ADVICE

Staying at home has made me feel a bit limited. I day dream of traveling freely but the same walls keep reminding me that it's not time for that yet. So I've found that a pair of headphones and great music can help me **transcend time and space**. I can put on one of my favorite songs from my childhood, teenage years, or even a current favorite and get swept away. I can also put on beach, forest, or rain sounds to calm the senses.

So many have asked what you can do, so here is something: **reach out** to your animal rescue and ask what they need, donate to your local food bank, your local homeless shelter, do something for your neighbor, help someone who needs help, make amends. Do anything to help improve the lives of all living creatures.

Don't forget, **your breath is your friend**. Take some deep ones. Breathe in with gratitude for what touches you and what sustains your spirit. Just one minute like this can be a respite and a peacemaker.

Keep sane - Purchase a mushroom kit. Our family did and it was fantastic. Each day seems to be moving so slowly and that is not a feeling that our society is familiar with. Progress is measured second by second and it can be hard to observe while at home. When we received our mushroom kit, we had no idea how captivated we would be by this incredible thing that is not quite plant or animal – it is a mystery of it's own and we were captivated. Within a day it showed signs of growth and continued to not disappoint. We would check in many times throughout the day and be pleased with the constant measurable change. It was beautiful! And it didn't stop there: we got to eat the gift that it grew. We were invested and truly honored the entire process.



Erin

Discover new paths by walking a different route
through your neighborhood each day



In Germany we have fortunately been allowed since the beginning of this pandemic to spend time outside our homes, provided the necessary distance would be kept, of course. So my love of walking around in nature and enjoying outdoor swimming (the best way to regulate even intense emotions, I think!), hasn't been affected by the pandemic. I'm deeply grateful for that. I even discovered some new hike paths and my new favorite leads through a beautiful forest and along two seas: the Schierensee and the Westensee. It's only 10 miles southwest of Kiel in Northern Germany where I live. This is a beautiful bathing spot I discovered last Saturday when I went swimming in the Westensee. ~Sarah H.



Dont Tread on Me: with World on Pause, Salamanders Own the Road

Out they come on warm, wet spring nights, from beneath leaves and under logs and inside burrows where they have hibernated since fall: a veritable army of amphibians embarking on one of nature's great migrations albeit largely hidden from human sight and all too often ending underneath automobile tires

It is an ignominious fate for creatures with life histories that read like fairy tales. And although nobody knows exactly how many frogs and salamanders are killed while crossing roads, scientists say that even moderate traffic at the wrong time can wipe out entire populations in a few years.

This year, however, amphibian migrations in the northeastern United States coincide with the Covid-19 pandemic. Social distancing and shelter-in-place orders have caused vehicular traffic to decline, turning this spring into an unintended large-scale experiment.

"It is really exciting to see what might come of this year," said Greg LeClair, a graduate herpetology student at the University of Maine. He founded Big Night Maine, a statewide network of citizen scientists who help amphibians cross roads and count them in the process. "It's not too often that we get this opportunity to explore the true impacts that human activity can have on road-crossing amphibians," Mr LeClair said

Brandom Keim, *The New York Times*, May 19, 2020



History repeats itself... ~Linda

When

And when this ends we will emerge, shyly
and then all at once, dazed, longhaired as we embrace
loved ones the shadow spared, and weep for those
it gathered in its shroud. A kind of rapture, this longed-for
laying on of hands, high cries as we nuzzle, leaning in
to kiss, and whisper that now things will be different,
although a time will come when we'll forget
the curve's approaching wave, the hiss and sigh
of ventilators, the crowded, makeshift morgues;
a time when we may even miss the old-world
arm's-length courtesy, small kindnesses left on doorsteps,
the drifting, idle days, and nights when we flung open
all the windows to arias in the darkness, our voices
reaching out, holding each other till this passes.

John O'Donnell

‘What would Oprah do?’

That is the question that I asked myself when the pandemic started and we began our home isolation. My answer to Oprah’s question was to start four meditation circles on Zoom. A couple of the circles had already been established but I felt called to start two others. I wanted to create a space where people could gather to call in healing energy during this crisis.

Once my friends are logged on (thank goodness for Zoom), I open the meditation circle by first playing my singing bowl. Next, I say the following:

“Thank you to the Universe and Spirit for bringing us together to meditate in this healing circle. I would like to call in our Ancestors, Angels, Archangels, Ascended Masters, Fairies, Spirit Guides and Teachers, and Spirit Animals to guide us and send us healing energy. In this circle, we ask for healing energy and protection for all of the front line workers, all of the healthcare workers, all of the workers at the grocery stores, delivery and postal workers, workers at the meat processing plants, farm laborers who are picking the produce. It is with much gratitude that we have for all of these people and for the unsung heroes behind the scenes who enable us to stay at home safely.”

Participants are free to add family members, friends, our planet Earth, and all its beings to receive healing during the meditation.

After the meditation, I close the circle by acknowledging the Universe for sending us healing light that we could then in turn allow that light to radiate out from each of us, sending healing to the world.

Thank you, Oprah.

~Lauri



Sandy, Seashells in Baba's House



Sarah H.

MY SISTER IS NOT A STATISTIC

Tomorrow, when the latest Deathometer of Covid is announced in
sonorous tones

Whilst all the bodies still mount and curl towards the middle of the curve
Heaped one atop and alongside the other
My sister will be among those numbers, among the throwaway lines
Among the platitudes and lowered eyes
an older person with underlying health conditions
A pitiful way to lay rest the bare bones of a life.

MY SISTER IS NOT A STATISTIC

Her underlying conditions were
Love
Kindness
Belief in the essential goodness of mankind
Uproarious laughter
Forgiveness
Compassion
A storyteller
A survivor
A comforter
A force of nature
And so much more

MY SISTER IS NOT A STATISTIC

She died without the soft touch of a loved one's hand
Without the feathered kiss upon her forehead
Without the muted murmur of familiar family voices
gathered around her bed
Without the gentle roar of laughter that comes with memories recalled
Evoked from a time that already seems distant, when we were
connected by the simplicity of touch, of voice of presence.

*Excepted from a poem, MY SISTER IS NOT A STATISTIC,
by Dorothy Duffy, April 2020*



Looking at the positive, we have been forced to slow down and given the blessing of more time with our families. I think about all the extra time I get to spend with this little guy, all the connection and insights to his little being that I wouldn't have gotten as much of if I were going to work. It's what's really important. ~Danis



Born on April 14, 2020

Life is what happens to you while you're busy making other plans.

~John Lennon



LESSONS on Empathy...

I really wanted to instill empathy and kindness in my boys during this time, and so we've done a couple of projects to help the community. They made 25 cards using oil pastel with positive messages for our local senior community. The Center placed our cards into the

lunches distributed to the seniors. The boys also made another batch of 25 cards which we will distribute to our local Grab-and-Go Center in South Pasadena. They made a sign for our postal workers and truck drivers that we've placed in front of our house. Lastly, Aiden and I have made about 50 bear key chains that we wanted to distribute to our local hospital here to thank doctors and nurses for their hard work... ~Jackie

Hope

Hope is a sock in a
drawer pining for its
partner

lover brother
longing for its
twin.

Pair-less, pointless it waits in
the dark curled in the corner
while all around others spoon,
fold over, embrace.

Every morning as dawn slides in
another couple is chosen.
Enfolding feet, keeping them
warm and protected, as they
stand and walk through their day.

Weeks go by but Hope continues
waiting for what, she doesn't
know.

Then one day Hope is unrolled and
pulled over a hand. Hovering in front of
a toddler, fingers inside bend and flex
the fabric and a voice emerges. Words
are woven into a story that delights the
little boy. Smiling he laughs and claps
for joy.

Joy is a sock in a drawer
that has found its purpose
and a story all its own

Haiku

early morn fresh air
dogs sniffs and sniffs, pees and sees
discarded face mask

Katherine



Glenn

So Much Happiness

It is difficult to know what to do with so much happiness.
With sadness there is something to rub against,
a wound to tend with lotion and cloth.
When the world falls in around you, you have pieces to pick up,
something to hold in your hands, like ticket stubs or change.
But happiness floats.
It doesn't need you to hold it down.
It doesn't need anything.
Happiness lands on the roof of the next house, singing,
and disappears when it wants to.
You are happy either way.
Even the fact that you once lived in a peaceful tree house
and now live over a quarry of noise and dust
cannot make you unhappy.
Everything has a life of its own,
it too could wake up filled with possibilities
of coffee cake and ripe peaches,
and love even the floor which needs to be swept,
the soiled linens and scratched records . . .
Since there is no place large enough
to contain so much happiness,
you shrug, you raise your hands, and it flows out of you
into everything you touch. You are not responsible.
You take no credit, as the night sky takes no credit
for the moon, but continues to hold it, and share it,
and in that way, be known.

Naomi Shihab Nye

Weeds are flowers to butterflies & bees

Our neighbors, in the semi-rural, suburban South Carolina town in which we live, have kept their yards neatly trimmed and groomed as usual during the Corona Virus Pandemic.

Ron and I are elderly — now in the second half of our seventieth decade — and we no longer have the strength to mow the lawn. Sometimes Ron's sister Judy graciously wields the lawnmower for us but of late, due to everyone's adjustment to surviving under quarantine, we have allowed the grasses and weeds to grow.

A young man, sorely in need of work, recently knocked on our front door, offering to cut the lawn for a modest fee. Both Ron and I genuinely wanted to support the young man, but that is where our wishes parted ways. Ron wants our lawn to conform to obvious community standards and expectations. I love the weeds and think that they are beautiful.

Thus ensued my desperate appeal to Ron to spare my precious weeds from the lawnmower's leveling blades. We engaged in our customary debate. Ron cited appearance and community approval. I accused him of caring for the opinion of people we hardly know more than he values what is dear to his wife.

When I finally gave up— thinking all was lost — Ron suggested an unexpectedly wonderful compromise. The front lawn and the lawns on each side of the house would be mowed, but the backyard that isn't visible from the street could grow wild and free! And that is what we did. I was so happy. As the weeds in our yard grew and thickened with a variety of tall wild plants that swayed and blossomed,

I imagined that our yard was beginning to look like a field in rural England — an inviting habitat for bees and birds and butterflies. The arrival of Spring causes diverse varieties of wild plants to appear and thrive.



With each rainstorm the weeds grow taller, thicker, and more beautiful as they flower. Tall grasses are crowned with seeds that are spread as their stalks sway in the wind.

Weather permitting, I often roam among the beautiful weeds, and listen to birdsong in the early morning. Butterflies flutter and bees are at work. I like to bring the field indoors with cuttings that I arrange in jars on our window sills.

As humanity suffers the pain of the Corona Virus Pandemic and the ravages of Climate Change, I feel our connection in the web of life and pray for all beings. I renew my appreciation for the gift of life. Rather than surrender to the neverending darkness & anguish, I seek instead to add my Light to the sum of Light.

Sandy

"Happiness is like a butterfly, the more you chase it, the more it will elude you, but if you turn your attention to other things, it will come and sit softly on your shoulder."

Henry David Thoreau



Restaurant in Amsterdam, 2020

Orçun's Salad

This simple dish was introduced to us by our friend Orçun Malkoçlar in 2006 and it remains a favorite. It has a fancy Turkish name but we refer to it as simply “Orçun’s Salad.” We love the surprise of hot rice and cool crisp vegetables!

- 1) Any Rice
- 2) Any acid – lemon juice, lime juice, vinegar, etc
- 3) Any oil – olive, sesame, etc
- 4) Lots of chopped fresh herbs
- 5) Chopped vegetables – a variety of shapes and colors
- 6) Grated garlic

While the rice is cooking, mix the dressing (your acid/oil choices) and a little salt. Add the herbs and veggies and stir it together. Now stir in HOT rice. Finally (and this is the most important part), grate 1 clove of garlic and stir that in. This can be a one-dish meal if you add protein. For example, black beans and/or tofu combine with the rice to make a complete protein Unless you choose to add cheese or meat, the dish is vegan. ~Claire

New Tuna Sandwich

We made a tuna sandwich, and since we had no mayo, we used avocado. It was so delicious. It's now a go-to for lunch (if we have the ingredients).

- 1-2 cans of tuna (drained and flaked)
- Chopped avocado
- Fresh squeezed lemon juice to taste
- Diced red onion
- Chopped Cilantro
- Chopped jalapeño
- 1 Tbsp. olive oil
- 1/8 tsp. black pepper

Combine all ingredients and have it as a sandwich. Tastes amazing on sourdough.

~ *Rosalba*

Spicy Honey Butter Carrot Coins

from: *Cravings* by Chrissy Teigen

1 1/2 pounds carrots, peeled and cut into 1/4-inch coins
1/2 cup water
3 tablespoons unsalted butter
1 1/2 tablespoons honey
1/4 teaspoon kosher salt, plus more to taste
1/4 teaspoon freshly ground black pepper, plus more to taste
1/8 teaspoon cayenne, plus more to taste

1. Place the carrots and water in a large saucepan, cover, and set over medium heat.
2. Cook the carrots without removing the lid for 15 minutes.
3. Uncover; the water should all be absorbed and the carrots may even be slightly golden underneath but not burnt. If there's any water left, drain it off.
4. Reduce the heat to medium-low and add the butter, honey, salt, pepper, and cayenne and cook, stirring, until the butter melts and the carrots are glazed, 2-3 minutes.
5. Season with more cayenne and salt and pepper to taste. ~*Anya*



As soon as my dog hears my students' voices on Zoom, she cries until she can be a part of class. This is our new normal!

Poor Man's Carbonara

One of the first "recipes" my mother taught me to make was Bacon and Egg Spaghetti. I still make it to this day and have found myself using it as a base for a **clear-the-fridge** recipe during quarantine. An attempt to eliminate food waste has yielded many a nostalgic evening. Measurements are approximate. Adjust to personal taste.

- 6-7 thick slices of bacon
- Half a pound of pasta (any "shape" you have on hand)
- 1 – 2 cups reserved pasta water
- 3 eggs (whisked)
- Salt and Pepper
- Any fridge leftovers!
- Parmesan for garnish if you are fancy

Cut the bacon into half inch pieces and cook to desired doneness. Set to drain on paper towels but keep the drippings in the pan. While the bacon is frying, cook pasta in salted water to al dente. Reserve 2 cups of pasta water. Warm a pan with olive oil and heat up fridge leftovers (the other day I had half a breast of diced chicken, half a jalapeno, three mushrooms, a sad little zucchini, and a tomato on its way to rotten town).

Dump drained pasta into bacon fat, add reserved pasta water and stir like crazy. Remove from heat and add the eggs. Keep stirring quickly and in a couple of minutes a yummy cream sauce will develop. Add the bacon back in as well as your ragtag pan of leftovers. Sprinkle with lots of pepper and parmesan and enjoy!

Pasta alla Carolina

(An adventure in creativity with mostly leftovers)

Amounts of ingredients are negotiable

- Boneless cooked chicken* leftovers
- Leeks or yellow onion, diced
- Garlic cloves, chopped but not too small
- Cooked vegetable leftovers like peas, green beans, asparagus...
- Small can sliced mushrooms (optional)
- Cooked pasta** leftovers or you can make it fresh (1/2 – 1 c. dry)
- Salt and pepper and any other spices you like to use***
- Some white wine or chicken broth (1/2 to 1 c.)
- Goat cheese or feta or Parmigiano Reggiano (optional)

Sauté the onion or leeks in some olive oil until soft and golden, then add the garlic and cook a few minutes.

Add your leftover chicken, which is in bite size pieces, and let it get nice and hot. If you've saved any "drippings", don't forget to include those too! Add your leftover vegetables and mushrooms and let it all get together nicely hot before adding your cooked pasta. Stir it all up. Once everything is looking happy, add your white wine or broth and let it reduce until it looks like you want it to. Turn off the heat and add your cheese, stirring until it looks yummy.

All done! Enjoy your experiment/experience!

* you can substitute any protein of your choice, including a can of tuna

** you can substitute cooked rice or cooked lentils or a can of garbanzos.

*** I have used such things as smoked paprika, or combination of cumin and coriander. If you have any blends you like, try them out here. ~Carol-Beth

CREPES a la WARD

Here is my recipe for crepes which we made a lot with the kids during this pandemic. Makes about 20 crepes

3 eggs
25 g. sugar
1 pinch of salt
25 ml. vegetable oil
1 tsp. vanilla extract
500 ml. milk
250 g. flour

Mix eggs, sugar, oil, salt and vanilla extract Add milk. Add flour.
It's really like making pancakes but you put less batter in the pan to make a thin layer. I use a crepe pan and a regular frying pan. ~Alex

Alessandra's Breakfast Cookies

Ingredients:

1 banana
1/3 cup almond butter
1 cup rolled oats
1/4 tsp cinnamon
1/2 tsp vanilla
4Tbs (or more) chocolate chips

Mash banana. Add cinnamon and vanilla. Mix in almond butter
Mix in rolled oats and add chocolate chips

Scoop onto baking tray (I usually make around 12)
Bake 350°F, 11-14 mins (depends on your oven. I use toaster oven)

~Jennifer

Frozen Banana Peanut Butter Slices

Slice two not too ripe bananas into ¼ inch rounds. Sprinkle fresh lemon juice over them. Spread one round with a small amount of peanut butter and top it with another banana round. Put the sandwiches in a single layer on a flat plate in the freezer till hard. When thoroughly frozen put them in a covered container. Easy, nutritious! ~Lynn

BUÑUELOS

When I was growing up, my grandma made the most delicious "buñuelos" which are like sugared, crispy tortillas. The original way to make them is very time consuming and sometimes we don't have all the ingredients. Through the years, I've created a shortcut that is just as delicious and quick.

Ingredients:

- Flour tortillas
- Oil
- Butter, about a tablespoon
- Sugar, about 1/2 cup
- Ground cinnamon, about a teaspoon

Prepare a paper towel to drain fried tortillas. Heat oil in a pan large enough for your tortillas to fit. Once the oil is hot, add a tablespoon of butter to hot oil. Put one flour tortilla at a time to fry until golden brown on both sides. If not eating right away (I would be waiting by the stove when I was a kid), drain on a paper napkin. Mix 1/2 cup of sugar and a teaspoon of ground cinnamon. Sprinkle on fried tortillas when ready to eat. Enjoy with hot chocolate or *cafecito* (coffee)! ~Sofia

Almond Flour Cookies

1 c. almond flour

¼ c. maple syrup

Preheat oven to 300°F

Mix the ingredients and feel free to add chocolate chips or whatever else your heart desires.

Create the size of cookie you like and bake for 20 minutes. Enjoy! ~Katie

As I support students and teachers with Distance Learning during this time of Covid-19, I knew I wanted to offer something that brought joy, humor and a sense of calm. I knew instantly that my ukulele would be



my instrument of choice and thus began my weekly Ukulele Sing Alongs.

Every week I research and plan a lesson around a fun song. "Mr. Purple People Eater" is one of my favorites. It's a fun song about a purple creature who lands on earth because he wants to be in a Rock and Roll band. The song has 5 verses and a very catchy chorus.

After we sang the song, we described Mr. Purple People Eater based on the details of the song. I invited the students to draw pictures of Mr. Purple People Eater. It was fun to see what they came up with.

When I first came across this song, I was a little hesitant about introducing it because I worried about the words "people eater" and its possible connection to Covid-19. But I found out that the song by Sheb Wooley was #1 on the Billboard pop charts in 1958 for six weeks. It also turns out that the song was inspired by a joke another songwriter heard from his kids. After consulting my family, I decided to move forward with this song. I'm glad I did because the kids loved it!



Feel free to join us in our weekly Ukulele Sing Alongs by visiting <https://flipgrid.com/Oeba9ddb> or scanning this QR Code! :) Wen-Wen

Mr. Purple People Eater



Well I saw the thing coming out of the sky
It had one long horn and one big eye
Oh I began to shake and I said, "Oo-wee"
It looked like a purple people eater to me.

Well he came down to earth and he lit in a tree.
I said, "Mr. Purple People Eater, don't eat me!"
I heard him say in a voice so gruff,
"I wouldn't eat you 'cause you're so tough."

I said, "Mr. Purple People Eater, what's your line?"
He said, "Eating purple people and it sure is fine.
But that's not the reason that I came to land.
I wanna get a job in a rock and roll band!"

And then he swung from a tree and he lit on the ground.
And he started to rock really rockin' around.
It was a crazy little ditty with a swinging tune
"Sing a lop bop a Lula a lop bam boom!"

Well, he went on his way and what do you know?
I saw him last night on a TV show.
He was blowing it out really knocking 'em dead.
Playing rock and roll music through the horn in his head.

CHORUS:

It was a one-eyed one-horned flying purple people eater.
a one-eyed one-horned flying purple people eater.
a one-eyed one-horned flying purple people eater.
Sure looks strange to me.

SCRABBLE, ANYONE?

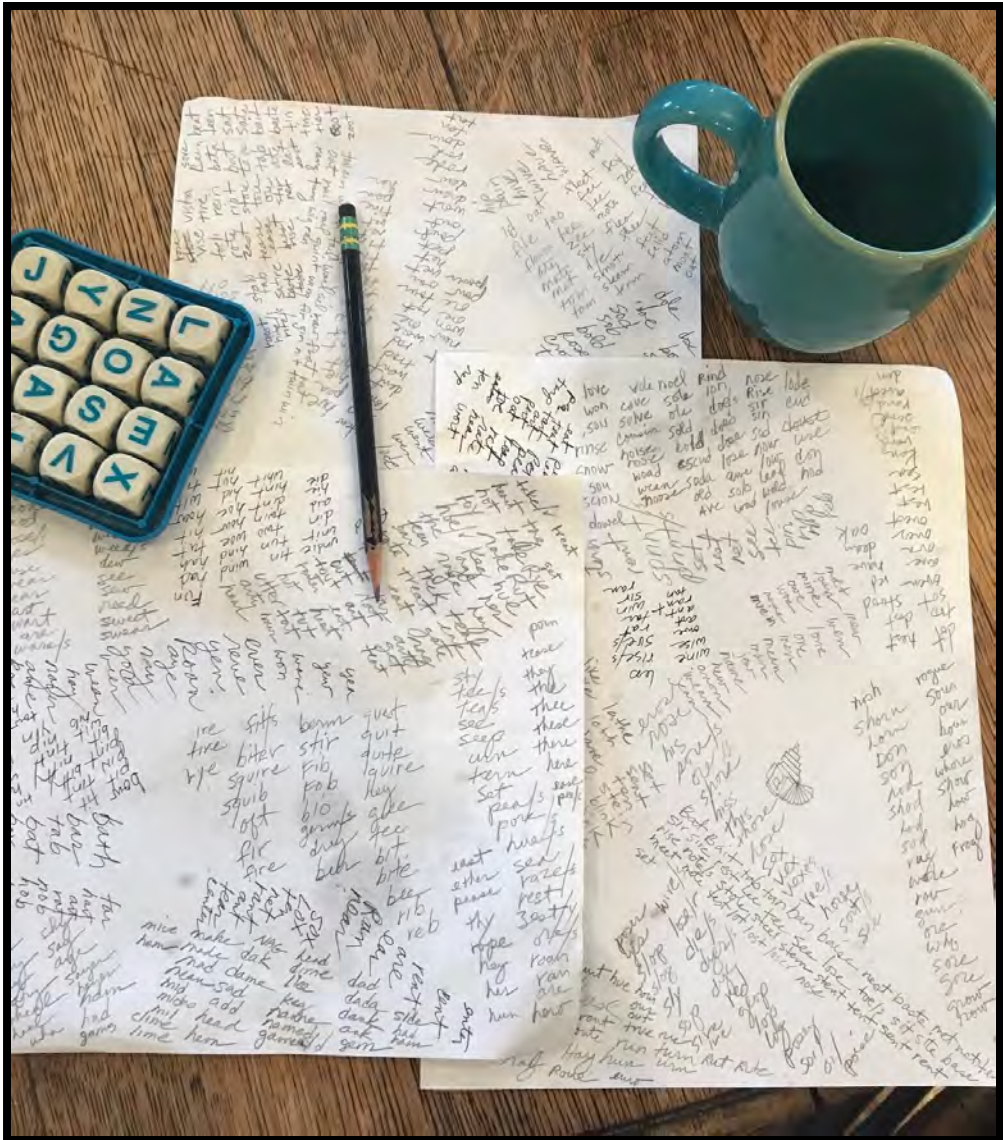
During our current sheltering in place situation, it can get a bit lonely and boring for a solo person. Sure, I could do a thorough spring cleaning or file or shred those papers I've been meaning to deal with or a myriad of other practical things, but I miss my friends and hanging out. Finding fun in the time of coronavirus is challenging!

One day, a good friend invited me to play an online Scrabble game with her. Oooh, my favorite game! Mind you, I've staunchly rejected uploading any games on my phone or computer all these years because I know how easily I can become obsessed with them.

Playing with an opponent and at our leisure is a different matter entirely. A game can be stretched over a couple of days so you can do other things in between moves so that's perfect for me. Just like in a face-to-face game, you can complain about the tile assortment you have gotten (*Oh no, all vowels!*) or be happy about a great set of letters and know you have the perfect place to garner a big score, but nothing compares to the JOY I feel when I get a message letting me know my friend has made a move, and it's my turn once again!

Knowing my friend is out there thinking about me as I am thinking about her is really comforting even if we are trying to WIN!

ANONYMOUS (That's a big word!)



Nancy's Morning Practice



Nan
Flower Garden
cyanotype,
22x10", 2020



My dog, Wally, died a couple of weeks ago during the shelter-in-place, and I'm sad, but I'm also grateful.

I'm grateful that I got to spend almost 16 years with him. He lived long past the woman I got him with and the woman who raised me. I'm grateful

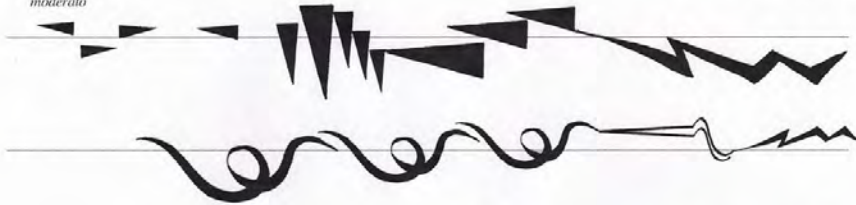
that for the last two months I was home every day with him, and that I got to annoy him by smelling his head and feeling his "world's softest" ears. I'm grateful that he was happy and hungry and interested in the world and walks and rolling his treat stick until the end. I'm grateful that our vet could see us on basically no notice when he suddenly couldn't stand. I'm grateful that he passed quickly and painlessly, and I didn't have to worry if I could afford the bill. I'm sad, but I'm lucky, and very, very grateful. ~Jonathan

Fanfare COVID-19

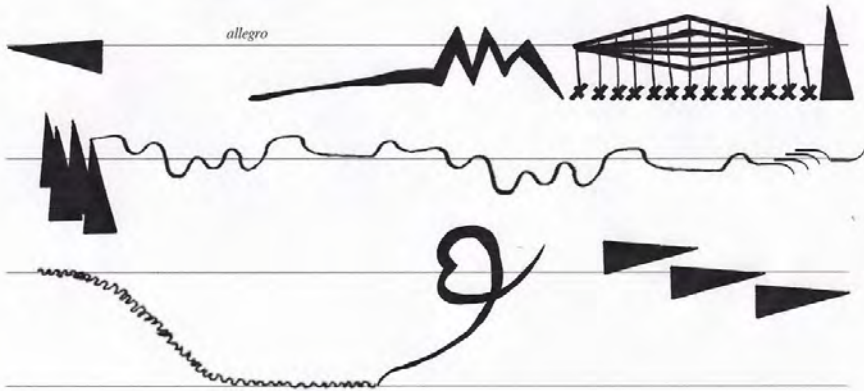
for solo lip-reed aerophone player

William Roper

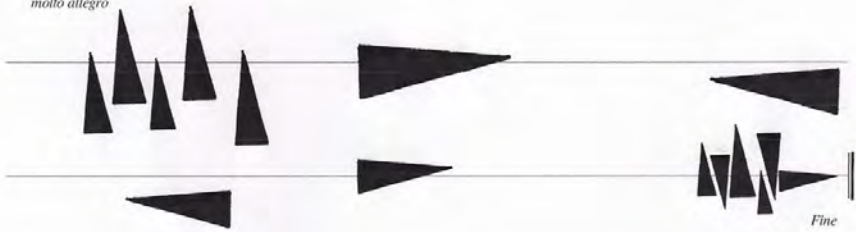
moderato



allegro



molto allegro





~Andrew

We were going on over a month and half of the pandemic.

My Friend in North Carolina was still unable to get toilet paper. She started running very, very low. I decided I needed to come to her rescue. I picked her some up from the store. When I went to ship it, I was told \$36. YIKES! Thank goodness it was lightweight. That's some expensive TP!!

My Friend says I was a lifesaver.

Who would have thought three months ago
we would be mailing TP?
Times sure are different.

~Betsy

El amor en los tiempos de la CORONA

Due to the pandemic we've been indoors a lot more than we're used to. And lately, we've been getting on each other's nerves. I'm grateful we live in a house big enough that we each have our

own rooms and a big yard to hang out in, but things have been so weird lately that we needed a break. We just didn't know it.



Living in Southern Oregon had me a bit out of touch with how people in large cities have been affected by Covid-19. In fact, we have been eager for the state to reopen. On Mother's Day, we took off for the mountains.

We packed snacks and headed for the lake which is only 40 minutes away. I drove in one car with my three daughters, and my husband rode in another with our son-in-law, jamming to some good music on the way up. Since there was no wifi, everyone left their phones at home or in the car. My family hauled stuff to and from the car and allowed me to simply sit and savor the moment. We cooked up hot dogs, ate chips, and fed the ducks. The girls took an inflatable raft out on the lake. We saw frogs and sang at the top of our lungs. I smelled pine trees, felt the cool breezes, hugged a tree. Since we didn't have a camera to commemorate the moment, Maya (my budding artist who never travels without art supplies) painted a picture. We joked that we would renounce our worldly possessions and go live by the lake forever.

Now that we've begun Phase 1, my anxiety is back. I'm really afraid that we're opening too soon, that people will be careless . . . that we might get infected. But this was the first Mother's Day where no one bought me anything and I LOVED IT! It was about living in the moment and spending our time together. It felt liberating and blissful – a welcome break from all of the limitations we have felt over the past two months.

Carolina

Pandemic

What if you thought of it
as the Jews consider the Sabbath—
the most sacred of times?
Cease from travel.
Cease from buying and selling.
Give up, just for now,
on trying to make the world
different than it is.
Sing. Pray. Touch only those
to whom you commit your life.
Center down.

And when your body has become still,
reach out with your heart.
Know that we are connected
In ways that are terrifying and beautiful.
(You could hardly deny it now.)
Know that our lives
are in one another's hands.
(Surely, that has come clear.)
Do not reach out your hands.
Reach out your heart.
Reach out your words.
Reach out all the tendrils
of compassion that move, invisibly,
where we cannot touch.

Promise this world your love—
for better or for worse,
in sickness and in health,
so long as we all shall live.

Lynn Ungar



May 13, 2020,

From 13th Council District Los Angeles, CA

In Council today, several new policy initiatives were introduced as we continue working on additional protections for Angelenos during the COVID-19 pandemic.

Approved :

A resolution in support of HR 908 (Meng), condemning all forms of anti-Asian sentiment as related to COVID-19, which would recommit U.S. leadership to prioritize language access and inclusivity in communication practices, and combat misinformation and the scapegoating of Asian Americans.

At Any Moment, There Could Be a Swerve in a Different Direction

There was a moment
when shooting egrets for feathers became wrong.
There was a moment
when the Wilderness Act
changed the lives of billions of blades of grass.

I remember the moment when a river that used to catch
fire
turned from flammable to swimmable.

A swerve smells astringent, like the wind off the sea;
it tastes red, the way Red Hot cinnamon mints
burn in your mouth;
it's heavy, the way the weight of letters is heavy,
arriving in sacks at the Senate;
it sounds like the click of needles
as hundreds of thousands of women knit pink hats;
it looks like a coyote, crossing the freeway to go home.

Ellery Akers

My quarantined life hacks:

- Remember to shower
- At least half the week, get dressed...
even if it's just to walk to your living room

The human arm can reach almost three feet from face to fingers. I can hand something to someone if they reach out for it.

Are groceries the new concert tickets?

We boomers used to wait in line overnight for tickets to rock concerts.





BEAUTY SALONS: CLOSED
HAIR SALONS: CLOSED
NAIL SALONS: CLOSED
WAXING SALONS: CLOSED
DO YOU THINK IT'S ABOUT TO GET UGLY HERE?

SMILE

You are beautiful



~Renata

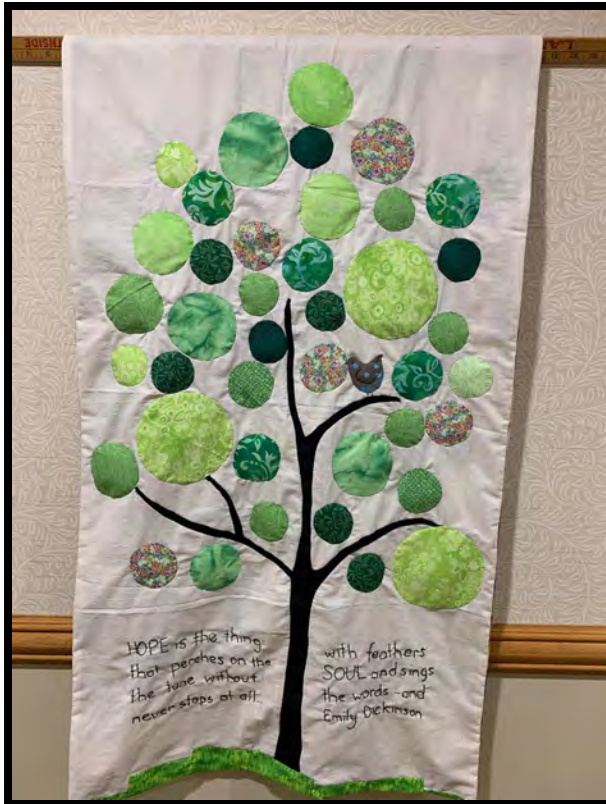


Photo: Hope 2020

I live in an apartment house in a senior retirement community. After we had been sheltering in place for a few weeks,

my neighbors covered the painting next to their doorway with an embroidery with Emily Dickinson's words about Hope. Walking past these words several times inspires me. I also took a photo to look at when I'm not walking down the hallway.

~Susan

HOPE is the thing with feathers
that perches on the SOUL and sings
the tune without the words and
Never stops at all the words — and
~Emily Dickinson

Carl & Hannah's Easy Oat Milk

1 cup Oats

Rolled and Instant work fine. We haven't tried steel cut oats but some people say they yield less creamy milk

4 c. water

1 pinch salt

1-2 pitted dates (We have used maple syrup and honey instead and those were also good, but the dates are great.)

1/2 tsp. vanilla extract (optional)

1. Add ingredients to a blender.
2. Blend for 30 seconds.
3. Filter through a fine strainer.
4. Enjoy within a week! The pulp is a delicious cream-of-oat breakfast base.

We have relied on non-perishable goods a lot more to avoid the exposure and anxiety of visiting a market during this time. This is our go-to recipe for milk, usually doubled to make a little over 8 cups. We have not tested the expiration as it is always consumed within the week! Please enjoy!

Sparkling Lemonade Scones from the UK

14oz (400g) self-raising flour

6fl oz (175ml) double cream

6fl oz (175ml) sparkling lemonade

Preheat oven to 200°C. Line baking tray with baking parchment.

In a large bowl, mix together all the ingredients to make a dough. Tip onto lightly floured surface and knead briefly to bring together. Pat the dough to an even 3/4" (2 cm) thickness, then cut out plain or fluted rounds, re-shaping and cutting out the trimmings. Brush with milk or egg wash. Makes between 10-12 scones. Place scones on the prepared baking tray, spacing apart. Bake for 12-15 mins until golden brown and risen. Cool on a wire rack and serve with jam/lemon curd and clotted cream. ~Gaynor

HANNAH'S STORY

In our relationship, Carl is the sappy one who likes to celebrate birthdays and anniversaries and holidays and bunny rabbits' acid colored eggs. We've talked about marriage for many years and were mostly on the same page. I just always thought: why now? Weddings seemed like a selfish, narcissistic party thrown just to get gifts and compliments.

In January 2019 tragedy hit our family. Shortly after, I realized that the only person who was being selfish was me. It didn't really matter if it was about celebrating us or anything else. The important part about a wedding was the shared time, together, in person.

So we planned a wedding! We chose March 28, 2020 because we wanted a Spring wedding in the Anza Borrego Desert where we've shared many memories with each other and with friends.

In January 2020, tragedy again struck our family. It felt so much more important to have this event as the first positive family gathering after fresh heartache. Even though not everyone we loved could be there to celebrate with us.

But as you all probably know by reading this book, we had to cancel our wedding. Two weeks before our already-planned and paid-for reception, we cancelled the wedding. It seemed irresponsible to have a gathering in the midst of a pandemic.

And yet, there were so many positives from this journey. Carl and I still got married on March 28, 2020. We were married by the sweetest neighbors who went to four stores during a pandemic to surprise us with cake but ended up with sprinkled doughnuts. We enjoyed the gentle breeze and the clear skies and exchanged vows with our closest family on a virtual conference call along with all the awkward technical glitches that came with it. Later that night, we spent 6 hours calling different groups of dressed-up friends on video chat to laugh about the experience and drink together in our isolation. We were all still new to sheltering at home, and we said how much we missed each other and that we will get together soon. Everyone said that. But it's true.

CARL'S STORY

I am the sappy one in our relationship, it's true, but that's because I think days and times and places and moments are important pieces of us. Hannah and I have been together now for over 7 years. And the first draft of my vows I built on the theme that we've been together to see every date happen on every day of the week, since in a normal 365 day year the day progresses one day of the week each year. So in theory in 7 years you should cover every day of the week on a given date. Unfortunately leap year screws this all up.

Friday, March 27th gets to be the day before our wedding, sure, and it also the Friday 6 years ago when I rendezvoused with Hannah after she had failed an intro to some BS computer science final that "tanked" her grade from a B+ to a B-. And since we were still relatively new in our relationship, I really tried to comfort her but I was also distracted. I had spent most of the week prior, and most of the year prior if I'm being honest now, trying to figure out the right way to tell her



something I thought was really important. So I just came out and told her, "I think I'm falling in love with you." To which she replied, "Oh, well, that's nice."

And Sunday, March 29th gets to be the day after our wedding still of course. But it also gets to be the Sunday 6 years ago when she finally told me that she loves me too. And Saturday, March 28th gets to be all the time in between.

I told her I loved her 6 years ago, but I spent the rest of this time learning what I actually meant by that. This state of sheltering at home and the events leading up to it certainly taught me more about our love. And the most honest way I can describe my love for her, and her love for me, is that it is enough.



Dixie

THINKING . . .

In January, my husband died surrounded by the people he loved and who loved him. He drew his last labored breath just before the virus entered our awareness and upended life everywhere. Protocols for social distancing and isolation have underscored my grief and forced upon me an unrelenting loneliness. Yet I permit myself the small comfort of having had the honor to be at my best friend's side and the opportunity to fully express my love and appreciation before he left us. We were allowed an experience that many have been denied over the past weeks.

And I cannot comprehend such profound sorrow.

~Mia

Journal entry on May 18, 2020

"I am not what has happened to me. I am what I choose to become."

- Carl Jung

I'm becoming ... more comfortable setting boundaries.

More confident ... saying no.

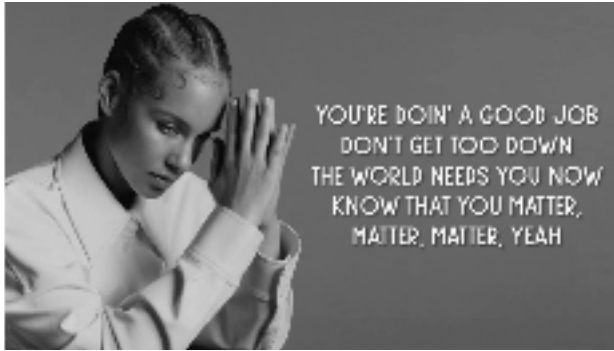
And more willing to ... stand up for myself.

In the midst of this pandemic, there seems to be much more clarity about what is most important in my life — how I want to spend my days, who I want to spend them with, and the desire to eliminate any form of negativity.

~Nannette

GOOD JOB

This is an abridged version of Alicia Keys' song.



This song was not written during the Covid-19 pandemic but it conveys a great message that we can connect to at this time. “Good Job” by Alicia Keys is about how it is so important to be grateful for everyday people who work so hard to help things running smoothly. During

this difficult time, we should celebrate these essential workers who risk their safety to give us access to food or to save lives. I enjoy playing this song on the piano. It has a beautiful melody and conveys an inspiring message. *-Mia H.*

[Pre-Chorus]

G Bm
You're the engine that makes all things go
Em
And you're always in disguise, my hero
C
I see your light in the dark
G
Smile in my face when we all know it's hard
Bm
There's no way to ever pay you back
Em
Bless your heart, know I love you for that
C
Honest and selfless
I don't know if this helps it but

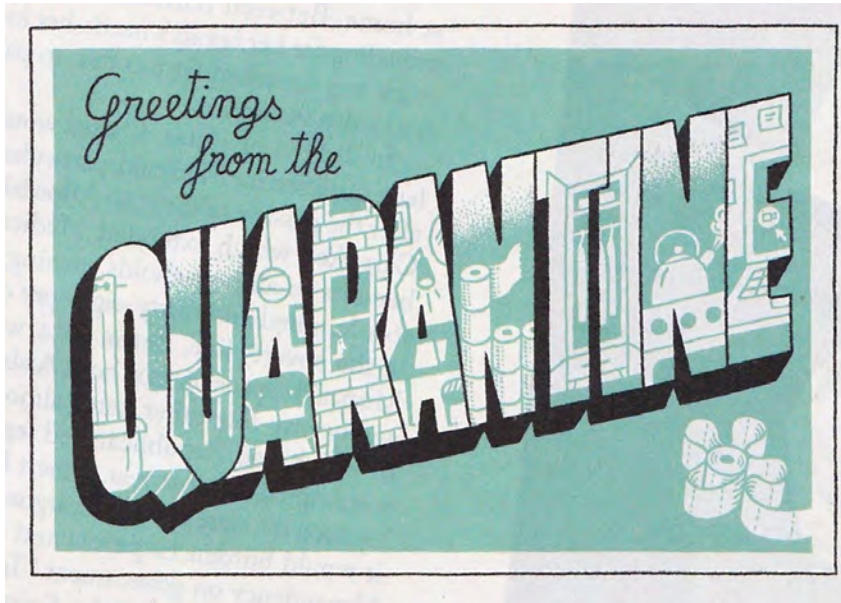
Sweet Snickering Salad.... (not a real salad!)

Ingredients:

- 4 green apples (you can also use mix of green/red tart apples, cut into bite sizes)
 - 4 (1.86 oz.) Snickers bars (cut into bite sizes)
 - 1 (3.4 oz.) Vanilla Pudding Mix (sugar free available, but may change flavor)
 - 1 cup milk
 - 1 (8 oz.) Cool Whip (sugar free available, but may change flavor)
- Optional: Carmel sauce for topping if desired (this can be homemade too!)

1. Whisk pudding mix and milk together in a large bowl
2. Fold together: cool whip with cut apples and snickers, then pudding
3. Chill in the refrigerator until you are ready to enjoy!

Note: When serving, you can drizzle Carmel sauce on top of salad as preferred. ~Kelly





Bubblegum Slime

Recipe by Naya Mae

I chose to share this recipe because during quarantine I was very, very bored. Making slime helped me find something to do and to play with. I also shared this recipe because it is really fun and can be used as a stress reliever during these confusing times. Stay safe and healthy! 😊

Tools

Spatula & spoon, 3 Bowls , Measuring cup (for 1/2 cup) Measuring spoons

Ingredients

1/2 cup of white glue

1/2 cup of shaving foam

1 tablespoon of cornstarch

5 pumps of lotion

2 tablespoons of borax (if you have sensitive skin or don't have borax you can mix baking soda and contact solution instead:)

1/2 cup of hot water

Pink and blue food coloring

Bubblegum Scent

Instructions

1. First pour the glue and shaving foam into a bowl and mix it until fully combined
2. Add 1 tablespoon of cornstarch to the mixture and mix.
3. Add 5 pumps of lotion so that the slime will be stretchy.
4. Split the slime into two bowls.
5. Add pink coloring into one bowl and blue into the other until the desired color. (A little goes a long way!)
6. Add Bubblegum scent until you can no longer smell the other ingredients and only the bubblegum.
7. Mix together a 1/2 cup of hot water and borax in a separate bowl. Mix until the borax has fully dissolved.

[Dis•com•bob•u•lat•ed]

Dunno if today will be last
week,
mañana was today
or
yesterday is the day after
tomorrow.

Make your own hand sanitizer by going to the liquor store and purchasing a bottle of 151 proof rum or Everclear and mixing it with aloe vera gel and essential oils of choice. The recipe I have been using is 3 ounces of aloe gel, 5 ounces rum and about 10 drops of essential oils. It makes about 1-1/2 cups, works great, and helps keep your hands soft

Cleaning Tip: While everyone is out there killing each other over a jug of bleach or a container of Lysol, I have discovered a secret. Readily available at every pet store, be it your neighborhood brick and mortar or online, is [Clorox Pet Solutions Advanced Formula Disinfecting Stain and Odor Remover](#). It is relatively inexpensive, smells delightful and...**IS ON THE CDC'S LIST OF PRODUCTS THAT KILL COVID-19!**

If you have an old pair of kitchen tongs can be used to pick up your mail and leave it out for one day before opening it.

Disinfectant tips other than wash your hands . . . We do the recommended disinfecting protocol but like to add some sage to the mix. Burning sage has many benefits - some backed by science while others are deeply rooted in tradition and belief. Here are a few benefits from both columns... Antimicrobial properties, helps neutralize positive ions (pet dander, pollution, dust, and mold), thylene psychoactive - enhances intuition and meditation, helps ease anxiety, depression, and insomnia. Also, it smells wonderful.

Game of Dominoes

A friend mentioned a discussion on what long-term changes the pandemic experience would offer for him personally. His thought was that he wouldn't go to the grocery store as often. For



me, the pandemic has been like a game of dominoes, with one setting the next in motion. With the pandemic came having to teach the rest of my college art classes, mostly ceramics, online. It seemed to me like a humorous oxymoron, and I was incredibly nervous leading the first Zoom class. Out of that came my determination not to teach ceramics online from the start in the fall. This led to semi-retiring so that I could avoid that pitfall. From there, I had to deal with my fears of retiring and anxiety about lack of structure. The next domino was taking up meditation and making my yoga practice something more personal—beyond classes—and I developed my own ever-changing mix of meditation and yoga. With my twice weekly commute over the Grapevine now non-existent, it became a big deal just to go to the store. I started realizing how much I 'multi-task' and live in the future. Now I hike, the garden calls, and I have time to invent new sourdough recipes — like sourdough corn fritters with fresh corn and chillies.

Then there is always my art studio....

~ Joyce

Have Tried Hard to Have Appropriate Feelings

I have folded them away like sweaters.
Kept my distance from the moon, visited the sick.
I am proud of the life in my head. Nobody knows
the garden I've seen. I am tender with the suburb.

Some days even the ceiling worries me, the way
it keeps the roof on.
I only cry when the polar bears get to me.

The ones stranded on the melting ice.

Otherwise I'm kept in line by the steady curve
of my driveway, the tight fists of the roses. I can easily
converse
about the sweet peas and our eventual disintegration.

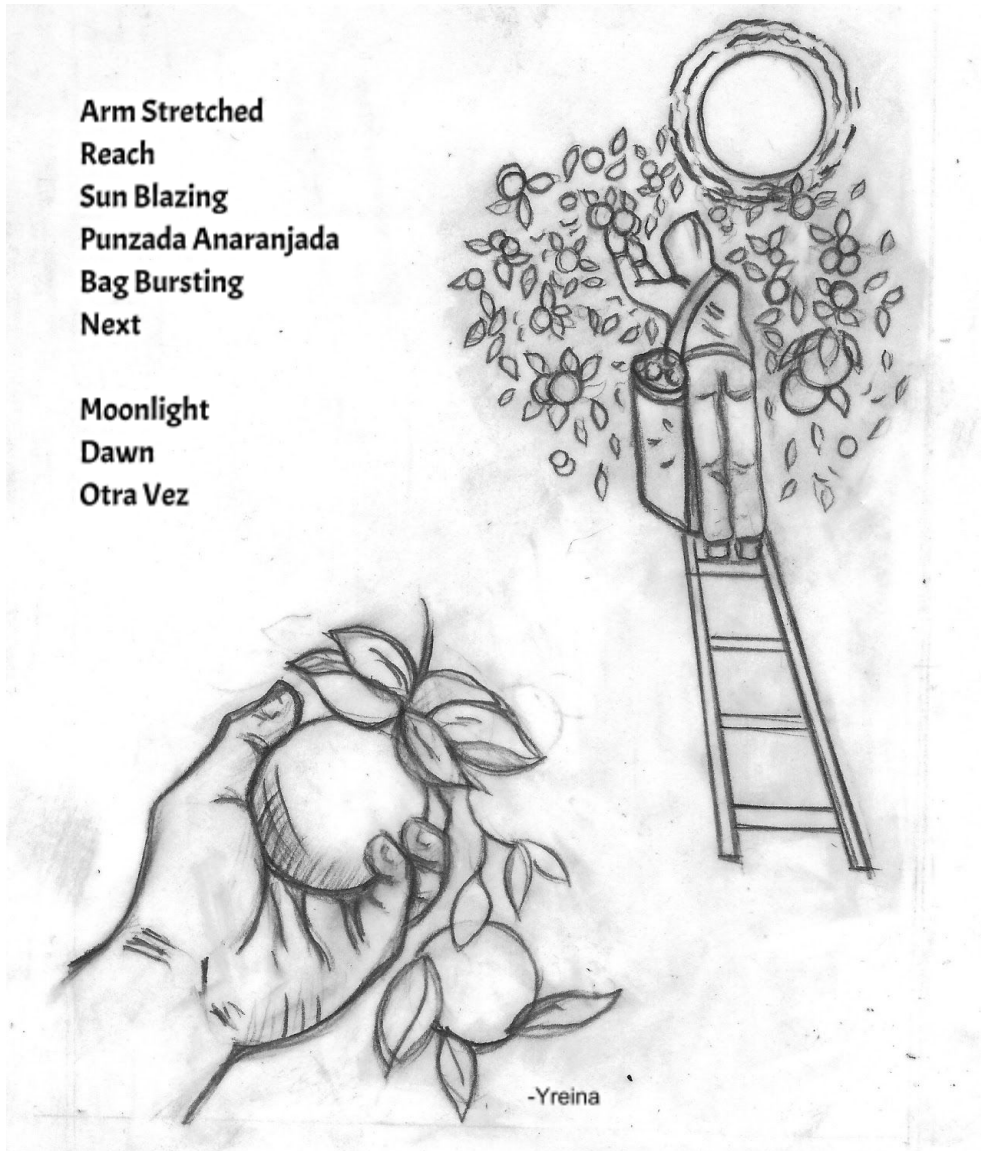
The sky has more to say to me than I could
ever hear, given the restricted space between
houses. Frogs sing at night and the whine of the train.

Susan Leslie Moore

‘Bullying of Marginalized Workers’: Trump Moves to Slash Pay of Guest Farmworkers Amid Covid-19 Crisis

“While farmworkers are working during pandemic to pick the food that feeds our families during this crisis, Trump is looking to cut their pay.”

~Jake Johnson, April 11, 2020, *Common Dreams*





Sarah S. *Title on following page.*

"Talismanic Tapestry of
Health & Wisdom or
The Inner Virologist of
Conscience Who
Cannot Abide a
Tyrant Be they
Small Minds, Mean
Minds or Master Minds,
Regardless
Love Is The Law."

Excerpts from the June 2020 edition of the *Harper's Index*

- Chances an American has gone to work while feeling sick : **3 in 4**
Source: YouGov (NYC)
- Number of states that have laws requiring employers to provide paid sick leave : **12** Source: Pew Research Center
- Percentage of U.S. workers in the top 25 percent of earners who have access to paid sick leave : **92**
Source: U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics (Washington)
- Of U.S. workers in the bottom 10 percent of earners who do : **31**
Source: U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics (Washington)
- Factor by which Google searches for “bidet” increased in March : **7**
Source: Google (NYC)
- By which searches for “bread recipes” increased : **3.3**
Source: Google (NYC)
- Percentage of Americans who say they would spend most of a two-week quarantine learning a new skill : **3** Source: YouGov
- Who say they’d spend most of it watching television or movies : **35**
Source: YouGov
- Amount of money since 2017 that venture capitalists have invested in drug development : **\$42,000,000,000**
Percentage of that money that has gone toward drugs to treat rare diseases : **11**
That has gone toward drugs to treat infectious diseases : **5**
Source: Silicon Valley Bank (San Francisco)

"Be like water making its way through cracks. Do not be assertive, but adjust to the object, and you shall find a way around or through it. If nothing within you stays rigid, outward things will disclose themselves. Empty your mind, be formless.

Shapeless, like water. If you put water into a cup, it becomes the cup. You put water into a bottle and it becomes the bottle. You put it in a teapot, it becomes the teapot. Now, water can flow or it can crash.

Be water, my friend."

Bruce Lee



Dolly



Beau
Secret Secret,
2018
oil on panel
7 3/4 x 5 3/16"

The first rule is to keep an untroubled spirit. The second is to look things in the face and know them for what they are.

~**Marcus Aurelius**

ASIAN BEEF AND NOODLES - 25 MINUTES

1 ¼ lb. ground beef
2 (3 oz.) pkg. Oriental flavor
instant Ramen noodles

2 c. frozen vegetable mixture
¼ tsp. ground ginger
2 Tbsp. thinly sliced green onion

In large nonstick skillet, brown ground beef over medium heat 10 to 12 minutes or until beef is no longer pink, breaking up into ¾ inch pieces. Remove with slotted spoon; pour off drippings. Season beef with 1 seasoning packet from noodles; set aside.

In same skillet, combine 2 cups water, vegetables, noodles (broken up), ginger, and remaining seasoning packet. Bring to a boil; reduce heat. Cover; simmer 3 minutes or until noodles are tender, stirring occasionally. Return beef to skillet; stir in green onion. Makes 8 servings.

June Gedro

~Ellen

CHICKEN QUICKIE

An easy rice dish made with leftover pieces of KFC chicken.

- 1 cup of rice
- 1 1/2 cups of chicken broth
- 1/2 teaspoon of soy sauce
- 1/4 teaspoon of salt
- 1 or 2 pieces of KFC chicken

Place the rice, salt and soy sauce in your rice cooker or pot. Add in the canned chicken broth and place the KFC chicken pieces in skin-side down and cook as normal. That's it! It tastes better with thinly sliced green onions and the red pickled ginger.

~Glenn

PANDEMIC 2020

**All content in this booklet was
graciously offered by:**

Alex	Glenn	Melanie
Alfredo	Hannah	Mia H.
Andrew	Helen	Nan
Anya	Ida	Nancy
Beau	Jackie	Nannette
Betsy	Janet	Naya Mae
Carl	Jennifer	Renata
Carol Beth	Jill	Robin
Carolina	Jim Cokas	Rosalba
Christina	Jonathan	Sabine
Claire	Joyce	Sandy
Danis	Katherine	Sarah H.
Dixie	Kathi	Sarah S.
Dolly	Katie	Sayo
Douglas	Kelly	Sofia
Ellen	Lauri	Susan
Elvia	Linda	Tanya
Erin	Lynn	Wen-Wen
Frances Salomé	Margaret	William
Gaynor	Maya	Yreina

Thank you.

Hello, friend.

Thank you for participating in this humble project.

Its content was completed by the 21st of May.

It represents our collective responses to this virus —
to the protocols for “flattening the curve” and
demonstrating care for our communities.

But people are dying, our cities are on fire, and
the aspirations of so many have been deferred or denied
altogether. Certainly Covid-19 has helped to lay bare our
myriad vulnerabilities and the institutional structures
that perpetuate them. To move forward without
acknowledging this anguish would be wrong.

Again, thank you very much for your contributions
to our booklet . . . It has been comforting to me,
and I hope it will be to you.



May 31, 2020