

Writing What Is On My Mind

by Kenita Gibbins

Are you sitting in front of your computer thinking I don't want to stay in my condo another minute? Oh, I know, I'll go to the Denver Art Museum and get my Talk at 12:00 ready. Well, no, I can't go downtown because the DAM is closed until March 31. The zoo is the best place to visit. The zookeepers hope their grounds won't be runneth over. Churches plan to close just when we could use a quiet sanctuary. The nearby mosque will be open, but not for extensive services. I haven't heard how the Jews will comfort their congregations. My church plans to offer a Sunday worship time on Facebook. Since I don't use Facebook, I guess I would like a written sermon. Supportive services for saying good-bye to departed loved ones will be put on hold until the world has healed.

No way am I'm going to a grocery store until at least another week. Even if we ask for delivery, it will take a long time. This morning I went to King Soopers on Leetsdale and Cherry. I was able to get a gas pump, but then I couldn't find a parking spot. I went to King Soopers on Monaco. I found a place for the car, but all the carts were in use. I started filling my bags. It didn't take long for me to moan about the weight I was lugging. I had heard on the news there would be no toilet paper. Why on earth would there be a run on toilet paper? We shop at Costco and just happened to have plenty. I was even thinking of making a funny face and put my art on the door. While I was resting, I turned on the TV, and there was another report about how people were stealing the treasures from their neighbor's porch. The delivery people had to start getting signatures before they could leave the packages. Maybe we don't have enough TP after all!

Thank goodness I had the Crock Pot full of chicken thighs, onions, apples, and sauerkraut. My husband put away the groceries. Much to my surprise, the ingredients in the pot were delicious.

Windsor Gardens residences have whole buildings full of people who need conversations on their way to check for mail. My funniest conversation yesterday was with a neighbor telling me he bought large rolls of toilet paper at the Dollar Store. And then he discovered each section was only one piece, which means the rolls will have pronto use.

Coronavirus is not a funny subject. I should not have gone to the crowded grocery store. I must remember I'm older than sixty and should sequester myself. Maybe we will go to the zoo.