

## MY REST TIME BETWEEN TWO AND THREE PM

by Kenita Gibbins

When I think of soap of course I think of washing my hands. That truism has been bubbled into my head. If everyone follows the mask and soap mantra, we should survive the Corona Virus. The rules make sense.

I have a different to-do Monday thru Friday. At 2:00 p.m., I kick off my shoes and tilt my recliner. I've been addicted to the soap opera *Days of Our Lives* probably since the first episode. Yes, I think the plots get out of the realm of believability. Most of my friends remember the hour it takes to watch the drama is not a good time to call me. When my mother and grandmother were alive, the three of us watched from Oklahoma, Texas and Colorado. If something shocking happened we were on the telephone to get each other's opinions about what was in it the future for Jennifer, the good woman and the agitator, brat Sammy. The conversations were important because "Hello, how are you?" doesn't do a thing for helping boost spirits. Talking about aches and pains rarely makes a person feel better. We need health talks. I would hop a plane if I thought either one was in bad shape.

Driving to Wichita Falls, Texas meant I wanted to check on Daddy's two sisters. Aunt Esther accused me one visit that I only came to take their temperatures. My goal was to perk them up. Aunt Pauline took us to hear the Stadler Brothers. She was an upstairs usher. I loved the show because the men sang the Class of '57. My stop in Wichita Falls put me behind what was happening on *Days of Our Lives*. My aunts were former teachers and didn't like such nonsense. I was able to go see my grandmother in Marlow, Oklahoma. I told no one I was coming. I couldn't get anyone to come to the door! I went to a neighbor and she had a key. My grandmother refused to go to a care center. My mother and her sister hired round-the-clock care. I found my grandmother dirty and alone. I pulled sheets off the beds and poured in the detergent. Since the caregivers were not my duty of hiring and firing, I called my maternal aunt. She asked if I could stay long enough for her to drive to Oklahoma from Arizona. I did wait for her.

My grandmother wanted to go to Brahms, that is an ice cream, burger place. Mom put on her mink jacket and off we went 10 miles down the road. Each day we were in front of the T.V. to watch *Days of Our Lives*. My aunt stayed a few days and found a good nursing team.

George kept order at home and took care of our three children. His mother backed him up. When I arrived home, I found the children clean, the house in perfect order, and all of the laundry folded. I noticed we were out of laundry soap. I shopped the next day for necessities. I bribed the kids by saying they could each choose a candy bar to eat at home. It was a few days before I went back to following *Days of Our Lives*. I hadn't missed much of the story.