

The Bored are Helpless  
by Kenita Gibbins

Three times my experiences in the grocery store sent me rushing for an escape to home. So far, I've been happy with this forced family fun. Cooking can be time-consuming. I like to experiment in the kitchen. One day I needed buttermilk. Three recipes showed up online. A little milk with lemon juice became buttermilk!

Mary Higgins Clark passed away this month. I bought a couple of her books for my Kindle. The book I just finished seemed more brutal than I remember with her writing. I multitask sorting pills for two weeks.

We lucked out with having sunny days. I had been walking the halls of our building. It is a lot more fun to walk the High Line Canal. My friend threw out an invitation yesterday, and we were off for a solid hour, followed by wine to treat ourselves.

I still walk the hallway a lot and then lean over the balcony to see if the mail has arrived. Somedays the mail carrier doesn't come until 8:00 or 8:30 p.m. That drives me crazy. Watching for the letters add to my activity.

Much to my surprise, I decided to dump the silverware drawer. The utensils were clean, but the trays didn't look pristine. Ordinarily, I'm not a devoted spring cleaning woman. Sparkles make me happy. I'm not going to clean the lanai windows because we would end up with streaks.

We enjoy ION television, especially Blue Blood repeats. We cough up the money it costs to get The Denver Post everyday. It usually arrives by 4:00 a.m. Serena, our entertaining cat, thinks I should get up, give her treats, and then get the newspaper. I like to read cover to cover with extra attention to the editorials, comic strips, bridge lessons. It isn't easy to read with Serena in my lap. She is always welcome especially when she purrs.

I've taken on decorating our building floor landing. No one seems to care that I want to spruce up the area each season. I also change the decoration on our door. Down with St. Patrick stuff and up with spring do-dads. In our condo, I love to change the wall adornments frequently. I don't move furniture. George might fall if the paths are different.

We can survive without our Windsor Gardens amenities. It won't do any good to speculate just how long we must go without hearing each other read our fascinating (we hope) essays.