

BAKE OR BREAK

Joan, tenant

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Helloooo! Is anybody out there? The pandemic has opened up this abyss of time that has left me on the brink of panic as it continues to drag on...and on, against a backdrop of dire reports that promise no relief in sight. And this is in spite of heroic efforts of experts and average citizens to remain bravely engaged until a vaccine is discovered that will save us.

This morning I decided I was spending too much time on my computer, like realizing I was in a "bad relationship". Thinking, after living all these many years, I am well versed in "the art of separation" and experienced in the positive effects of "withdrawal", I turned my focus on to breakfast and the morning paper.

My attention went immediately to a recipe for "Depression Bread". Aha! Relief was in sight. I will bake bread. The ingredients were so simple, as it originated during the 1929 Stock Market Crash which left a food shortage similar to what we are experiencing. There was a post script that suggested the addition of eggs, but I decided to go with the simple version for the authentic experience. The taste test, after cooling, convinced me this bread was well named. I was depressed!

Rather than sink like the dough in my bread, I picked up the phone and dialed a very special friend, one who connected with my pain by relating to me her first experience of shopping with a face mask. Needing parsley and approaching the fresh produce, she said, she leaned in to read the signs. This caused her glasses to fog up. Undaunted, she decided to lean up closer to distinguish the parsley from the cilantro by smelling them. Which positioned her just right to get poked in the eye. I hung up grateful for friends who keep me balanced between laughter and tears.

What's that you ask? I'm fine. Today turned out just fine. O, yes, I'm back at my computer. There must be a 12 Step Program for people like me.