

Corona Chronicles
August 2020
(There was no July 2020 issue.)
Orono Public Library Writing Circle

Tuesday 4 August 2020 – Sandra Dunham

At the entrance of a long gravel driveway
Bordered by field and trees
A sign
Its bold blue and red letters
Against stark white

LOVE
IS
ANSWER

I smile
My thoughts take flight
My heart flutters
Is it really as simple as that?
Perhaps so

LOVE
IS
ANSWER



Friday 7 August 2020 – Gary Schilmoeller

The Changing Laws of Locomotion

More than six decades ago when I first learned how to drive, Dad taught me a basic law of locomotion. “Keep your eyes on the road. Look ahead of you and watch behind, using your review mirror. You cannot just drive one car. You must drive the car in front of you and behind you.” I strived to observe that law carefully as I drove upwards of one million miles or more over these past 60 years. I experienced several scary moments on the road, but I am grateful that I never had a major accident.

Within the past six months, my method of locomotion changed quite dramatically. The onset of the coronavirus pandemic led to a lifestyle change. Trips by car to the coast of Maine for a daily excursion or to Cambridge, Massachusetts, to visit Brian, Tali, and our grandchildren or even trips to take Matt to

or from athletic events stopped. I sometimes go several weeks without driving the car. Much of my locomotion shifted from driving to walking and riding my bicycle.

Our Webster Village neighborhood has many streets with no sidewalks. When Kathy and I go for walks, we find ourselves walking on the streets. So, whether I was riding my bicycle or walking, I continued to scan the road ahead and behind, following Dad's law of locomotion.

About two months ago, I rode my bicycle out to a neighboring town. On the way back, I watched the road ahead of me and used my review mirror to keep an eye on any cars that might be approaching from behind me. Quite unexpectedly, I hit a moving object and tumbled off of my bicycle. A woodchuck, on foot and coming from a lawn on my right, dashed in front of me and took me down. I was not riding inattentively. I was trying to drive the vehicles in front and behind me as I rode my bicycle but missed the woodchuck. Fortunately, I was not hurt and my bicycle not damaged though I was shaken by this accident. I shared this story with friends and family and enjoyed the humorous responses that several wrote back to me.

Several days ago, Kathy and I walked out our front door for a morning stroll. Kathy started down the steps to the sidewalk as I locked the door behind us. Suddenly we both exhaled with surprise when a furry brown object passed right in front of Kathy as she stepped toward the sidewalk. Another woodchuck incident! Kathy remarked that this woodchuck did not even have the decency to maintain physical distance. Nor was it wearing a mask.

This close call did raise our heart rates for a couple of moments. Kathy took a tumble on a street several years ago that resulted in some permanent effect on her right arm range of motion. Had she stepped a moment sooner, this woodchuck likely would have taken Kathy down on the sidewalk. She might have sustained another injury. We breathed sighs of relief that we could laugh about the incident.

Dad, humor aside, I need to modify the basic Law of Locomotion. I must look down at my feet and scan the lawns beside me, too. Just looking ahead and behind on the road, I miss the woodchucks.

Gary Schilmoeller
August 2020

Monday 31 August 2020 – Sandra Dunham

Waiting

Since the beginning of the pandemic I have noticed all I have been doing is waiting.

Waiting to publish

Waiting for a text from family or friends

Maybe a letter or package

But that might be asking too much

Waiting to lose weight

Waiting for my next appointment with my osteopath

Not waiting for the man of my dreams. I already found him

Waiting for my husband to retire

And all the things we have been planning to do

Waiting for the coronavirus to disappear

Well, maybe wishing that one

Waiting for cooler weather

Waiting to clean out the basement

Waiting to shred the paper pile

Waiting for an opportunity to make a difference

Waiting for my head to undizzy when I stand up, raise my head, or bend down

Waiting to let go of things I don't need anymore

Waiting for the sun to rise or set so I can take a photograph

But that is a good wait

Waiting for the internet to boot up

Waiting for a vaccine so I can visit my dad in a nursing home two states away

Sometimes I'm just waiting for inspiration

Right now I am waiting for a very sunny day when I can set out my photo sensitive cloth depicting

what I am thankful for to add to the GRATITUDE FLAG PROJECT.