

We were out in the wider world today. We have not been farther from the cabin than the mailbox at the end of the lane for nearly a month. The pickup has not been started. We have not looked in a pocket to make sure we had drivers' licenses. We haven't checked to see if there was enough money in the billfold for ice cream. We haven't had to change out of work clothes in the middle of the day for any reason.

I think most people we know are taking "social distancing" seriously, but, perhaps, none more conscientiously than we are. This is partly because we don't want to be in a situation where there is a likelihood of exposure to the novel coronavirus. But, there is another element involved in our adherence to the "stay at home" guidelines. The "stay at home" order is pretty similar to how we live our lives in times that we once considered normal. We just don't go away from home very much.

With 200 baby lambs, their mothers, the cattle, the horses, and the chickens, we are pretty well occupied right here at home, especially this time of year. And later on, when those chores ease up, other work will take precedence.

We do miss our Quaker meeting, and I regret that we cannot have our reading group meetings, but that is about the extent of our "social life." A regular trip to the library was always a treat, and being able to do that again is something to look forward to. Connections with other people are so numerous and simple these days. It is so easy to keep in touch with family members by phone or internet. We certainly cannot legitimately feel isolated.

So, the "stay at home" order has not been a problem for us. But, today, we needed to pick up an order of shrubs and trees from a place over near Lake Michigan. And, after that, we had to travel the other way to get some tractor maintenance supplies. So, it was quite an "afternoon out." We didn't speak to anyone at either establishment.

I talked to a friend on the phone later in the day. "Did you enjoy going somewhere?" she asked. "Not really," I had to admit. I was very glad when we came around the corner from the blacktop road and started that last mile on our dirt road. Home looked very good to me. It always has and, I expect, it always will.