

May is nearly gone, and I am behind in all the things I should be doing this time of year. Even this essay is late—Thursday instead of Monday. But, some tasks are out of the way, and, if life goes as usual, eventually this sense of being overwhelmed will fade, and we will revert to a more normal routine.

Today, though, the feeling of having too much to do is compounded by a sinus infection. When a person does not have the usual spring in her walk, or the customary energetic outlook, all jobs look bigger and more important than they really are.

I have not been inside a retail store since the first week of March—except for one masked minute at Leroy Milling to pay for livestock feed and salt. But, today, I donned a mask and entered the local dollar store to find some hopefully effective treatments for my painful sinus condition. I noticed that most of the people in the store—including the checkout person, of course, were wearing masks. But, some were not. I think it is helpful to repeat the essence of Dr. Fauci's plea for everyone to don masks when in the vicinity of other people. It is a sign of respect for others; it has proven benefits in preventing transmission of Covid 19, and it is not a hard thing to do.

We have planted part of the garden, but most of the seeds are still in their paper packets, waiting for a nice day. In our area it certainly is not "late" yet. What it is, though, is "wet." We have had thundershowers every day for the past three days, not raining steadily, but brief storms, many of which passed either north or south of us.

In a dry time, we'd say: "Well, I guess somebody got some rain." Sometimes, we were lucky enough to get that welcome moisture in our area.

But, this afternoon, rain or not, I am going to sit back, open a good book, and take it easy. Maybe by next week—the beginning of the first "summer month,"—the garden will be planted, and we will be back on whatever flexible schedule we maintain. In the meantime, I am going to "lie low."