

From: [David Kraemer](#)
To: [Covid Affiliate Archives](#)
Subject: FW: One Person's Response to Communal Fear 6.26.20
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From: Morris Allen <mojo210al@icloud.com>
Sent: Friday, June 26, 2020 9:32 AM
To: MOJO210AL <MOJO210AL@aol.com>
Subject: One Person's Response to Communal Fear 6.26.20

NO WAGON WHEEL CENSUS TODAY

Earlier this week my fellow staff members were engaged in a wonderful chat on our TEAMS chat sight. They were very concerned about their parents in light of the loosening of the restrictions around staying at home. It seems that almost to a person, my colleagues had parents who raised wonderful children who take seriously the obligation of respect and honor for their parents. They were upset that their moms and dads were starting to leave the nest too soon. They were concerned that their parents were too eager to get back to life and not be cognizant of the precautions that were needed to be taken.

I felt a little odd. Especially when one of colleagues said, 'you know, my parents are like 65/66 and they are going to the car wash just for fun and something to do.' Well as a 65 year old, I haven't yet taken up visits to a car wash for a daily activity, but I do understand the inability to remain housebound. I am also really concerned about Covid-19 and not interested in either contributing to it's STILL growing numbers or be impacted by others who don't get its dangers. At the same time, it has been truly difficult to stay put. When Phyllis and I travelled to New York with our doctor daughter, we took most of our food with us and all of the Clorox wipes we could find. We avoided seeing loved ones on the east coast because we were not seeing anyone. We investigated every hotel which we had to stay at for their cleaning policies. (You might remember that certain hotels in districts with certain voting patterns were sadly less capable of telling the truth about their standards...but I digress...). We have been so very careful to avoid others, to do our part as partners in fighting this pandemic. It is the only ethical choice to have taken.

Today I write this column overlooking Lake Superior from a little cabin on the North Shore. We needed to get away and to be reminded that life, particularly life in the summer in Minnesota, is about the great outdoors and the beauty of the natural world all around us. And yet, we had to do so in a way that ensured that we would uphold our end of the social contract with the society in which we are living. So we are staying in a single cabin that is not connected to any other cabin on the property. We spent a couple of long phone calls with the propieter of the faculty asking him serious questions as to how they clean the cabin after the previous occupant departs. We brought our own cleaning supplies and spent time redoing what had already been done. And of course we brought all of our food for the weekend. We won't be making our stop at the grocery store in Two Harbors or eating at the New Scenic Cafe. We won't be joining the visitors at crowded State Parks. We will be riding our bikes, hiking trails that are lesser known and less well traveled. And we will be sitting on a deck overlooking Lake Superior from a distance. And we are doing so because our time line is most probably shorter than my colleagues with whom I am blessed to work these days. I appreciate their worry, I understand their fears for their

parents. I know my kids have similar concerns for us. But at this stage of my life, a carefully researched risk was necessary to take. So while I was so touched to see the strategies of my colleagues, from helping their parents learn to navigate curbside shopping and home deliveries of groceries, to starting book clubs with them so they had what to do, I say to my millennial friends and children—trust your parents just a little. Most of us are coming to grips with our own mortality, doing everything we can to stave it off, and are still being careful even in our tentative steps moving out. It may be to the car wash or it may be a cabin overlooking Superior, but it is always done with the greatest belief in the goodness of the children with which we may have been blessed and a desire to hang around as long as possible. Shabbat shalom. Morris



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