

Sisters and Brothers,

I bring you “greetings” from the southern part of our fair state. I hope this finds you well. For the most part we, in our local area, are well. We suffer from the more or less normal afflictions of our age group (and our Family is aging), muscle aches, knee and back aches and the ever-present allergies.

How are you all faring? What are you doing with yourselves? How have you managed to keep body and soul together? We all have responsibilities; some are light and some heavy. How are you managing? I would like to know.

My sons in the Houston area have a “mom and pop” construction business. They have been idled by the pandemic. They are catching up at home and repairing equipment in preparation for going back to work. Another son in Hobbs is retired and has devoted his “running around” time to his home and yard. My daughter is teaching at University, but totally online from home.

Curbside pickup is used whenever possible. When NECESSARY, I travel with a mask made by my “project manager” with folded bandana and rubber bands, and a Folgers coffee container with a bleach and water mix. Whenever leaving an establishment, the bleach mix is used to wash my hands, wipe down anything that has been touched, such as pickup door handles, steering wheel, gear shift, etc. I even wipe down my credit card and dunk my keys!

The people in town are still using walking paths and sidewalks, but they are using face masks and are mostly solitary. Shoppers and retailers are mostly wearing masks and are diligent about the six-foot separation. Myself, I have rental properties to maintain, a house in the process of being built, pecan trees to pamper, a family to watch over, an '89 Firebird to keep running (along with some pickups and tractors), 5 dogs, 24 chickens and the most patient wife in the world! Tell me I'm not Blessed!

How are things going in your locale? I really would like to know how my family is coping and getting along. Please use the “comments” in Facebook to let me hear from you.

Unrelated to the pandemic, my primary chapter recently lost a treasured member, Our Grand Organist, Diane Rogers. She was a truly beautiful lady. From a list of “Advice from An Old Farmer” by Jeff Mersmann, “The best sermons are lived, not preached”. Our Sister lived that sermon.

May the Lord be with us all.

Sincerely, Your Brother
Robert 'Bob' Bradshaw
Grand Sentinel

