

Sisters and Brothers.

Again, I bring you greetings from the southern part of our fair state! I hope that everyone is doing well and coping with our pandemic situation. As I mentioned in a previous missive, life's path sometime has a few puddles. I think the trick is not to get too much mud on us as we go. This "mud" can take many forms. Having to stay at home is an inconvenience. It is a pretty minor inconvenience, all things considered. Locally, our efforts to communicate and overcome that inconvenience have taken the form of calling trees. I have been amazed at the response I have received! I connected with 2 of our out-of-the-area sisters yesterday and was on the phone for just under an hour. It turns out that one Sister knew of a teacher in our local area during the late forties and early fifties had my surname. After a lengthy exchange of information, it was determined that we weren't related (at least closely). But we discussed commonly known places, businesses and people. It was thoroughly enjoyable! Another Sister regaled me with stories of some of our sisters when they were much younger. They shall remain unnamed! We talked about the uniqueness of Mexican food in our area and how that problem is coped with when one must leave this area. The time flew by.

When my calls were over, it occurred to me that, though I have been a member of this chapter for quite some time, I had never met these sisters in person. We had never talked before. Why had we not ever talked? Maybe this "mud" (inconvenience) is not mud at all, but an opportunity. An opportunity to re-unite OES sisters and brothers and spark a new energy that may spur a new interest in our organization.

We live and we learn. Maybe it is an indication of our becoming "mature". Other indications of maturity are when you get the same sensation from a rocking chair that you used to get from a roller coaster! However, we should keep in mind that age only REALLY matters if you are cheese or wine.

Finally, I would like to leave you with a bit of history from way south of the border. Years and years ago, the indigenous people became enamored with a condiment called mayonnaise. That condiment could only be obtained from the "Old Country" across the ocean. So in-demand was this condiment that people banded together, raised money and placed an order for this condiment from the old country and made arrangements to have that order delivered by boat. The huge condiment order was loaded aboard ship and started on its way to that country way south of the border. Tragedy struck and the ship went down and all was lost. The whole country wept for their loss and a national day of mourning declared: The Sinko De Mayo.

Sincerely, Your Brother
Robert "Bob" Bradshaw
Grand Sentinel

