

## **JUNE 7 AND WE'RE STILL HERE**

That is really a good thing.

My barber said he was checking the obits this morning...  
to see if his name was there.

Old not very funny joke.

I am thankful to be anywhere...and "here" is not too bad.

My 'druthers are to be on Puget Sound...

hate to say it but Corvallis is in mid-allergy-valley.

And the rye-grass harvest is yet to come.

When those great machines begin to mow I want to go.

But not to complain...really...truly.

I am a pneumonia survivor...lungs work fine.

We're walking thousands of steps these days.

We're here to see our own rhododendrons bloom.

Plans get altered...you already knew that?

A friend died and he's being remembered on the 10<sup>th</sup>  
we will be among those who remember.

Our summer will still be waiting.

It so happens that we are living to see great-grandchildren.

A 6<sup>th</sup> great-grandchild is ready to appear.

I debated necessity of our presence...Jean does not debate.

We'll also see him later this summer at the cabin

I started to write of all the things we've done by staying home.

The list grew and grew...because life happens everywhere.

Without planning something always comes next.

We've had special moments only to be had by staying in town.

*"Do not say today and tomorrow we will go into such and such a town...  
whereas you do not know about tomorrow.*

Most of us learned that long ago...

And not all of us believe that "the Lord" micro-manages nature and life.

So we're still in Corvallis on June 7. Missed our pre-Memorial Day transition.

Unfinished business here.

But our packed goods are waiting to be loaded.

I'm not saying which tomorrow it might be but we're hoping for someday soon.

*For the Moment — Art Morgan, June 7, 2018*