

Yesterday we celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of Earth Day, and we were blessed with a gorgeous sunrise. Sure, it felt downright cold outside, but the sun was warm through the window and its sight was welcome. As I struggle to craft an essay that is both hopeful and realistic, I recognize that we have reached somewhat of a stasis whose very uncertainties impart a familiarity, a New Normal, so to speak. Five weeks during which we found, to some surprise, that most Town Hall visitors could conduct their business online. We've always enjoyed the intermix between members of our staff and those who avail themselves of our person-to-person tradition. We anticipate returning to our traditional way of conducting business when Coronavirus has run its course.

We're becoming used to the everyday changes, the departure from normal to new normal, only to find ourselves confronted with another, newer, normal. It's been a dizzying process, and much as I might wish for a rapid conclusion, I firmly believe that it will be more than just weeks until our world returns to any semblance of the one we used to know. But the admonishments of stay home, stay safe, of six feet of separation, of hand washing and hand sanitizing and elbow-coughing—those rituals have worked their way into our daily rituals. They have become part of our unconscious muscle memory, and so have opened up the part of our consciousness that had been temporarily lost to us. All that having been said, I suggest that we take a proactive approach to our immediate future. We need respite, some down time, a little R & R. So here is my suggestion for lightening our collective load, for reminding ourselves of where we have the good fortune to live; the special place we've chosen to call our homes.

It shouldn't take a springtime hailstorm to remind us that Mother Nature doesn't really concern herself with a novel coronavirus. If we take the time to look, she reminds us almost daily that our human trials and tribulations will not stop the world from spinning. Take a look around; do you notice a flower on the peach tree? Your first osprey sighting of the season? Feel the delight of the Daffodils blooming? Whatever it is you see or feel, share your experience with us. Photographs might be an easy way to share. Taken by us, by you, by me, photos to brighten our days. Poetry might, too. Whatever medium you choose, our opening subject is broad: Spring. Anything Spring-ish.

We've set up a special e-mail address:  
[springpix@deepriverct.us](mailto:springpix@deepriverct.us).

We anticipate being overwhelmed with suggestions. Our hope is that we will brighten this gloomy viral atmosphere. For now, at least, we are not certain that we want to tip-toe into the dangerous jungle of judging. It may happen that the volume we receive may call for some process of selection, but let's be non-competitive at the outset.

Get those cameras (oops—showing my age) get those smart phones clicking.

In the meanwhile, take a few minutes to review the following link, plenty of helpful information:  
<https://www.northeastern.edu/covid-19-how-to-be-safe-and-resilient/#/lessons/fb7YIzUuJWvaXLQ3td1T1Ieo644fnO2T>

Be safe, be well. Peace