

News From The Homefront

The Covid-19 pandemic has changed the way we see the world. I never thought people would hoard toilet paper for a respiratory illness, and then hoard food as well. However, things in our area are now calming down and we are slowly getting in more grocery store goods, which is a blessing.

One thing that we have missed is eating out once a week. It's usually a fish meal. Since we live near the ocean, we take full advantage of fresh seafood. There is one restaurant we like that is in South Hedland that is about a 20-minute drive away and they have take-out. I woke up one day last week with a little more energy and asked Frank if he would enjoy going to South Hedland and getting our fish meals. He said yes. Since it is take-away at this time, we decided to bring forks and napkins. Then because his meal is fish and chips (instead of prawns and barramundi), we decided to bring salt and ketchup. It made me laugh as we left our apartment armed with forks, napkins, salt, ketchup, and a bottle of water. We were hand carrying each item and had to walk through the parking garage to get to our vehicle. I suddenly decided I was embarrassed. I asked him why we didn't put it all in a sack. Why were my hands holding a saltshaker and a bottle of ketchup? I pointed out that I was publicly carrying what he needed for his meal. He reminded me that no one pays attention to old people, or if they do, they feel we have turned eccentric. In the end, we got our fish dinners. There are security cameras at the restaurant parking area, so we like to go where we can eat our food without being watched. Frank found a spot across the street in a different parking lot. We didn't want to wait 20 minutes to go back home as fish is not that great once it gets cold. About halfway through our date-night-in-a-car-meal, an SUV type vehicle pulled right in front of us with its headlights shining on us. It felt as though we were deer in the headlights and our every move was being watched. The very thing I wanted to avoid. I stopped eating. I told Frank that it doesn't feel right to be eating in the car with someone having their lights shining on us. He said they are probably texting. I was hungry, so I used my best etiquette to eat my fish and hoped the driver really was texting and not watching us. Right when we finished eating, the driver drove away. The downside to this way of eating out is that we have to air out our vehicle for a few days. Frank blames the fishy smell on the king-sized prawns that I love. It couldn't be his fried fish. 😊

Another weird thing about being in quarantine is food that we haven't eaten in six months will suddenly sound good, yet it is nowhere to be found. We like a rice dish we learned how to make in Papua New Guinea, but there is no rice to be found. I know everyone has their Covid-19 stories, and we hope life gets back to some semblance of normality before long.

Our weather warmed back up to 100 degrees with high humidity. I noticed that we are closer to the equator as in living in Port Moresby, Papua New Guinea. The main reason I know this is because of the timeframe when the sun rises and sets. It is similar. It doesn't vary much and is around 6:00 a.m. and p.m. give or take some.

Birds are attracted to Frank and a few cute finches started roosting right above our vehicle windshield. And one pigeon seems to like our parking garage. They are fun to see, but not fun to clean up after. The finches get scared away easily but most pigeons don't. We're still working on this dilemma and how to keep our car clean. That has become equally important as the red iron ore dust that gets into our apartment. Before Covid-19, we didn't pay as much attention to these things, but being in quarantine has us noticing issues closer to home. Such as the renter that put up a sign in the elevator asking us all to bag our rubbish (trash) and keep the elevator clean. It was signed, "disgruntled renter." I find humor in things like that, yet I wouldn't want to smell rubbish in the elevator either. Most people ignore it anyway as the sign was soon torn down and crumpled on the floor of the elevator. I asked Frank if I should pick it up and throw it away. He said, "No, don't touch it or get involved." 😊

A friend in Christ, Cyd James