

**From:** [David Kraemer](#)  
**To:** [Covid Affiliate Archives](#)  
**Subject:** FW: One person's DAILY response to communal fear.  
**Date:** Wednesday, July 15, 2020 9:42:53 AM

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**From:** Morris Allen <mojo210al@icloud.com>  
**Sent:** Tuesday, March 31, 2020 9:36 AM  
**To:** mojo210al@gmail.com  
**Cc:** docgorin@aol.com  
**Subject:** One person's DAILY response to communal fear.

Daily Census on "Wagon Wheel" Walk 630-715 AM 3.31.2020  
1 Car 2 Trucks 2 Walkers 2 Ducks sitting on the Street

I had intended to write a much longer piece [this morning](#)—but somehow—for the first time in a very long time—life got in the way. I went on my usual morning walk, and it is something to leave as dawn breaks and morning arises. I will save my thoughts from today for tomorrow's piece. Phyllis asked me to do something I haven't done for two weeks. Walk into a store and pick-up a few items. In my new work environment, the furthest I ever go in a day, when not outside walking, is from the kitchen to my dining room table where I work. And as a result of needing to be at work early [this morning](#), I realized that with [this morning](#) errand, there was no chance that I would be able to get home, write and then do the errand. I had to make my first COSTCO senior morning run. I got home [at 715Am](#) and immediately got into the car and drove to Costco—thinking that I would be the first person in the parking lot for the [8AM](#) opening. How wrong was I? There were already many cars in the lot when I drove in. It was 725 AM.

Seniors don't sleep obviously and so this new morning activity is like a socially distant koffeeklatch. People standing outside their cars, gloves on and holding their coffee cups talking across to someone in a different car doing the same thing. Since I had no coffee, I just walked up to the door and claimed the first spot in line. Suddenly, the coffee talk ended, and the line filled in behind me. People asked me—"what does the out of stock list have on it today?" I thought back to when Avi was in Kindergarten and since he read already, the kids asked him what was on Gloria's board for the day's activities. In any event, reading off the list—there was a general palpable sigh of relief that could be heard fluttering back through the line. Toilet paper was not on it. Then the talk turned to store strategy. One person insisted that they placed the TP near the checkout lanes. Another said, no way. They always put near the milk and eggs and water in the back of the store. The TP controversy ensued for a few minutes until the Gm emerged and said, "we have 3 palates of Toilet paper today and it is in its usual place." I laughed—for only a moment—at that image that he created in my mind. [At 745 Am](#)—which is close to \* am when the store was to open, the doors were unlocked and the march to the back of the store began. With a clear note that only one package of thirty(30) rolls of toilet paper could be purchased at a time, I dutifully placed our bundle in the cart, picked up my two 36 pack of organic eggs and checked out. I was the first in and the first out—and on my very first venture into social contact with other humans other than family [in two weeks](#), I

accomplished my mission. The only sacrifice—I couldn't write what I wanted. Maybe tomorrow.  
Morris

Sent by my iPad