

Sign on....

I keep a tablet next to my chair, so when something comes up that I want to comment on, I just write it down. I picked up the tablet the morning I write my comment, and there was nothing! Does that mean I have nothing to say? Hardly! Those of us who are talkers always have something to say. My mom was a talker, and her stroke took that away from her. I think that hit her harder than anything. My old professor, Jerry Partain was a talker, and his stroke did the same to him. I was invited to a birthday celebration for him a while back, and wrote him a poem, talking about our days at Humboldt State, and our Community Commenting days. He couldn't answer me, but his facial expression led me to believe he enjoyed it. I hope that doesn't happen to me.//Some of you may have seen my letter to the Times-Standard last week regarding the theft of blueberry bushes from my church's "Garden of Eatin". They were planted outside the garden fence, so that when they ripened, all were welcome to enjoy them. The gardeners are also planting an outside "Potato Patch", which will be open to the passers by when they are ready to go.//On the same line of thought, our church has taken on helping out those less fortunate by putting on free lunches once a month, making sack lunches available to carry in your car to help those needy people who say by sign-"Anything helps!" We have had several members who have taken a food handling course, and are making a local motel our food handling target. So far it seems to be well received by the tenants. Thanks to Betty Chinn for the use of her commercial Kitchen.//There is a person one can't say too many nice things about! I've known Betty since she

came to town, lo, those many years ago. She took her personal experience as a homeless person and through sheer grit and determination, plus being a caring individual, has changed the lives of so many people.*I have helped her a couple of times long ago, and she is compassionate, yet firm, with those she feeds and cares for. Her center on Seventh Street is a place where those who are sincerely trying to better themselves can go and get clothing so they look presentable when they go looking for employment or other aid. There are computers there that are available for those who need them, and in general a wonderful, constructive place for people to lift themselves out of the holes many have fallen into.//Finally, I have to say goodbye to my friend Joan Bronder. She and Jerry lived close to where I worked and we belonged to the same dance club. They were school employees, and thought we who had businesses just took our money to the bank. Well, they got into a restaurant with a less than honest partner and boy, did they learn the hard way that that just ain't the way it works.. So Long Joan- it was good to know ya!//Well, go out there and enjoy your summer!

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