

# The Magnolian

January 2021

## 2020 REARVIEW

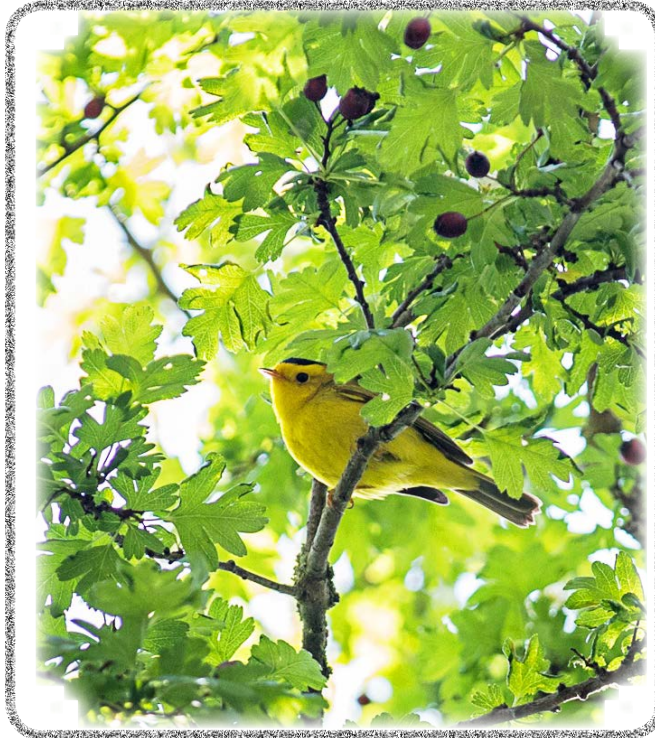
January 28 was Grandparents Day at St. Alphonsus. It's usually on the Friday before Memorial Day but they decided to move it (and I can't remember why) but I do remember clearly complaining about the weather. Pouring rain, sleet and cold. Old people having to drive in it, park in it and walk the campus in it. I always set up a booth and do portraits for them. It is genuinely the highlight for the grandparents to get a picture with their grandchildren and having someone instruct them to "snuggle." Especially for the 5th through 8th graders. \*grin\*

Obviously January turned out to be a genius plan on the school's part because shortly after came Covid. No one expected restrictions to last so long. The first week we basically sat at home waiting to come down with it. We had been to so many gatherings where we were 12 in a studio apartment Chinese New Year party or packed shoulder to shoulder for the Sebastian Maniscalco show. Angela sang in a 200 member choir in March when everyone was already talking about staying out of crowds.

I was late to the toilet paper party. I did have plenty of disinfectant wipes tho! (Always, if you know me, right?)

The whole world was closed during March through Easter. It was weird, but I don't have to tell you that, you were there, too!

**HEY! IT'S BEEN  
A WHILE!**



I got caught up on a lot of catechism and a lot of reading in general. I learned new things and a lot about how to constructively use Facebook. The secret is groups. I joined a couple groups and improved my photography skills exponentially.

By April I was shooting front porch portraits as a fund-raiser for Christ the King School's "Virtual" auction. It proved to be a very successful offer for the school and for me. I went on to promote it generally through NextDoor. End of May I added "Cap and Gown" front porch portraits. By summer, senior sessions for the upcoming 20-21 school year were booking. I braved a new style for maternity and then their newborns. November I shot more Christmas portrait sessions than the past 7 years combined.

No weddings? No problem. I worked the entire year almost non-stop.



### HOW WAS YOUR 2020 VISION?



Remember the first year that you moved into your beautiful home. That great place with a view, that great place with an extra bedroom, that great place with a garage, a yard, a porch, a roof that doesn't leak?

Remember the set of eyes you had every time you got home from work that first year? Month? Week? Even if everything is still in the boxes or the walls weren't painted yet, it didn't matter because it's beautiful and it's your new place.

What about that car or that t.v.? That old dog? Your husband or wife? Remember the set of eyes you had when all was shiny and new? Do you still see them with those appreciative eyes? If you think something's changed, you might need to have your eyes corrected.

# THE YEAR IN REVIEW



## JANUARY

**From Snow-Cap in January**

This past year provided day after day of tamped down happiness. Every high seemed to be followed by the phrase, “cautiously optimistic”. In reality, the year was not out and out bad, it’s mostly attitude. The year seemed to have manufactured elements that were designed to feel uncomfortable. Everyone seems guarded. And I think that “cautiously optimistic” must have been applied once a week to every indicator that was supposed to inspire us. Yet we all walked around and whispered to ourselves, ... indicator... we don’t even know how they get the numbers and if it’s better or worse or does it even matter.



## AUGUST

**full on Alaskan Tundra by August!**

They don’t matter. Because no one will ever come right out in their Christmas letter and say, “this year was just a flat out bust.”

IN 2020 they might though! I WROTE THOSE PARAGRAPHS ABOVE IN MY YEAR END 2009 NEWSLETTER.

Today, 12 years later, rereading them, all I need to do is replace “Cautiously Optimistic” with “Because of Covid”



## DECEMBER

My attitude that year reads rather grim for whatever reason. There was a financial upset at the end of the Bush years and I remember our mortgage company was one of those that had been part of the problem. The world was changing and we felt unprepared to change so fast with it. 2020 was even wilder times but I never felt panicked. In fact, things in our immediate community improved. We enjoyed our neighbors. It turns out most people are fundamentally all chasing after the same thing, happiness. Even with our differences of ideology and off putting opinions, it wasn’t long before we recognized we were all going to agree to make the best of what was right in front of us using a secret weapon. Bubbles!





4th of July 2020



We had a Street Party  
every Friday at 5pm

Mike showed up for one in June with his bass

Friday Happy Hour on 22nd Ave W





