

Missing Faces

If I had a magic number this week it would be three.

This is start of week three working from home. I've filled out the application for an Economic Disaster Loan three times only to have the site crash each time. This week like the past three I will put on gloves and a mask and turn on the projector every three days for three hours. Last week we received three donations. Many thanks to those kind folks for thinking of Pentangle during this difficult time.

What does Hollywood know that we don't! Movie releases set for the spring, such as Disney's *Mulan*, have optimistically moved to July. Sony has bumped nearly all their release to 2021 except for the *Spider Man: Far From Home* sequel which is still scheduled to release in July.

Warner Brothers is taking a less cautious approach moving release dates from spring to summer such as *Scoob*, an animated Scooby Doo film. Ruh roh. The long-awaited MGM Bond film *No Time To Die* has been bumped to November.

I certainly hope we can open the theatre doors this summer. In the meantime, we will look to the Fall/Winter season, with the hope that schools will be open so that can also roll out our 2020-2021 Youth in Arts program. We will also investigate other ways in which we can stay virtually connected to the community. Please continue to submit your original treasures and we will continue to share them on our web site and social media.

I'm not a poet but here is my submission of musings on the current situation.

Missing Faces

I miss smiles from old friends coming in for the Sunday matinee

I stare at the empty theatre missing

The sound of squeaky seats as kids settle in for a show.

Standing in front of the concession stand.

I miss nagging the kids to keep it clean.

I miss the smell of popcorn.

I miss Lisa dashing in to design a poster or two.

I miss Wendy in her rubber gloves attacking the greasy butter contain with zeal.

I miss Angela's positive energy and social media acumen.

I miss introducing live performances and seeing

The look of anticipation on the faces in front of me.

I miss the actors, the musicians.

I miss Craig and the crew who make the show go on.

Connection and community. The lack there of leaves a hole.

Now filled by loan applications.

Long runs. Endorphins.

Tomorrow my son and I will hand out fresh produce to families in need.

Yeah. Sense of purpose.

He will continue to cook amazing meals.

My daughter looks for and listens to the peepers.

We both anxiously await summer.

She misses her friends.

My husband spends quality time raking gravel.

Probably wishing he had company.

He helps me see the glass half full.

We remind each other how lucky we are.

I binge on Colbert, Trevor and John Oliver

Waiting for the news to change.

My daughter tells me to be patient.

She is right. I will try.