



The No Sweat Gazette

Extra Edition
April 5, 2020

The COVID-19 Pandemic.

*The Anxiety of Fear
and Uncertainty.*

*The Sting of
Social Isolation.*

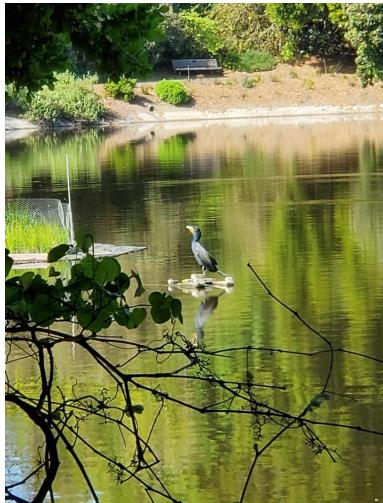
How are We Doing?

As we are all imbedded so isolated and yet paradoxically so intertwined and all together in these strange, unprecedeted times, the following pages contain thoughts and photos some of our members wanted to share with all of you, their fellow Sticks Members, about how they're doing, what they're doing, or anything else they felt like saying about it all. The comments are presented in the order that they were submitted to The No Sweat Gazette. —John McLaughlin, Editor

From Joanne Jensen:

Hi fellow Walking Sticks. Here's a copy of the Facebook post I did a couple of Saturdays ago after my **safe** walk with just Nancy Alex.

"The Sloth Hiking Team will have walked at least 5k when we are done. Thanks to Nancy Alex for suggesting a socially distanced meet-up to walk the beautiful UC Davis Arboretum. The Moon Garden is spectacular...so are all the labeled flowers and plants and sights of the whole trail. YES we can still go for a walk. Even lilacs -white and lavender, both fra-



grant! And birds singing, and a blue Jay. And, Tammi Kerch...the duck. And ☺ redwoods!"

Couple more notes from the Sloth Hiking Team from UCD Arboretum today. End of walk showed 10, 967 steps and 3.97 miles. The poppies unfolded and were beautiful at our return. We got interesting views of what we think were some cormorants. AND my friend Nancy Alex brought me a present...see my cute li'l Sloth in photo below? THANK YOU, Nancy! Socially distant hearty hugs to you from the Sloth Hiking Team captain, Joanne. Hope everybody is taking a safe walk or bike ride in the sun today. Wash your hands!



From Susan Martimo:



Even though we are distancing from others I still go for my morning walk - alone.

As the lyrics to Cher's song say:
Oh, I still got time to cope

*Time to hope
Time to play
Time to grow
But for now I gotta walk alone
I gotta walk alone.*

From Bruce Calkins:

What to do on my Spring Staycation!

March 2020 – My garage is a mess, but less so now that we have spent several days moving, sorting and throwing out stuff that has accumulated over the past 13+ years. It seemed to be a good “project” for the current stay at home, social distancing

(From Bruce Calkins Cont.) requirements brought about by the current health crisis. But the garage was just the first of several projects undertaken and now planned.

Then there were the boxes. Boxes that were filled with items from my dear mother-in-law's household, now inherited since she passed away. She was into genealogy (as am I) and she had gathered items from many sources for a book she wrote on her family. She had letters and postcards written by family members, some as early as the mid-1800s. She had lots of photo albums, some that she created and others given to her by members of the family. She had yearbooks, from her days in school as well as her parents. She had wedding pictures, graduation pictures, travel pictures and pictures of places and people that we can't identify. Stuff that was surely important and precious but is now disconnected by the loss of continuity. So, we've sorted, shuffled and stored in hopes of future enlightenment.

Then there was the shed. The dangerous shed. Opening the door called for a brave heart and strong nerve. I committed to the plunge and went in. I drug out the wheelbarrow, the lawnmower, the shovels, picks, rakes, hole diggers, and on and on. It seemed like the shed was bigger on the inside than on the outside. Paint cans, weed killer, buckets of sand and bags of bark. Then there were tools too big for the stuffed garage...my drill press and band saw. Bicy-

cles, storage chests with camp gear, hedge trimmers, pruning shears, and spare pieces of plywood and fence boards. The contents once freed of the confines of the shed took up three-quarters of the patio. And then it all had to go back inside. Rearranged and packed more tightly, but back in it went. Better? Who knows?

Now it's back to smaller projects like stringing a new extension cord to a non-electrified wall in the garage...something I've been meaning to do for the past six years. Two hours later, I have a power strip hanging on the wall where there was no power previously. Cool. Now onto sorting the accumulated cans of odd sized screws, nails, and washers. Three hours later I have them "organized". Mix that with a little cooking, reading, web surfing and an occasional episode of Star Trek and another day is done.

Tomorrow's hit list is formulating. What to do? Maybe that closet? Maybe that squeaky floor? Maybe that doorknob that turns the wrong way? The DIY list seems endless. Just so many choices for an indeterminate staycation.

From Theresa Ihara

Since I'm in that age group where I'm supposed to be at risk, I've been staying home since 3/14/20.

Here's a photo of me and my getting-empty freezer. If I were free to be out and about, I definitely would have ice cream, frozen

Greek yogurt bars, gelato, etc. stored there. As you can see, there's a lot of room for some.



Except for yesterday, the only place I've been walking is to and from the cluster mailbox – 200 steps each way. So here is a shot of my plants near my front door.

BTW, when a friend encouraged me to walk around the block yesterday, I did try. But boy, it was hard to avoid



people. And some people didn't know what personal space was.

Staying at Home.

From Victoria Goldblatt

Miss you Walking sticks! Speaking of walking now with my dog



Ms Mia. With this gorgeous sunshine, flowers blooming, life is still happening. With no work at hand, my calendar was empty, so I decided to fill it up daily with personal activities to create a sense of balance in my life. I.e. 10:00 am stretching, 11:00 am walking, 2:00 pm grocery shopping, 4:00 pm call friends, 6:00 pm dinner, 7:00 pm on-line writing, etc. This is the new normal. For now...

From Miles Wichelns

As for how my Sticks-walks withdrawal is going, the second time I walked for exercise I wanted to minimize the number of times I'd have to cross and then re-cross a street or veer into the road to avoid having my space invaded by walkers or bikers. We live very close to UC Davis Medical Center, and V Street seemed a good choice for the route. Relocation of the ER right next to that street resulted in a few cross streets being closed off, and several blocks are now fenced off for ongoing construction. I liked the

idea of walking on the fenced side of the street since no one could rush out at me from roads, driveways or parking lots.

What could go wrong? As I was heading down V with the emergency room behind fencing to my left, a car coming toward me slowed and pulled over. The passenger opened her window. I kept as far away as I could (not all that far given the fencing), knowing they planned to ask for directions. They wanted to know how to get to the emergency room parking lot, and I of course assumed there was a potential COVID-19 victim in the car.

I have rethought my strategy for selecting a walk route.

From Priscilla Fife

Last week I tried doing my senior center yoga class online with my teacher on Zoom. It was great! I did it on Tuesday and Wednesday. Next week I'll do it again. She's offering the classes free 4 days a week during shelter in place with the support of the senior center here in Alameda.

On Friday last week, I met Mary Bond, a Bay Bandit, at Golden



Gate Park for a walk. We met at the Rose Garden and walked to

the giant Ferris Wheel that the park has put up for their 150th



anniversary. Of course no one can ride it right now but I hope to later this year. We also tried some trails I've not been on before to the Hero's Grove, and one between the Academy of Sciences and Stow Lake. Also visited a few of my favorite places in the park - the Aids Memorial Grove, Shakespeare's Garden and Queen Wilhelmina Garden at the Dutch Windmill.



And just for sake of fond old memories before social distancing, here's a (slightly blurry) photo of me and Pat Thomas on

Land's
End
Walk in
S.F. back
in Febru-
ary.



From Kris Ericson-Cano**Traveling in the Time
of Covid-19**

Hmm, what would be the worst time to move from one state to another? Oh, I've got this...in the middle of a worldwide pandemic! And, yes, that's when I chose to relocate from San Antonio, Texas, back to Sacramento, or, as we know it, Sticks territory.

My niece/realtor helped me put up my house for sale February 20. By the close of the day, we had three bids, one of which was for more than we were asking. Unbelievable! The house was scheduled to close March 23, putting me into a mad rush to find an apartment in Sacramento, give away most of my furniture and things, and pack up or donate the rest.

As the date approached, the buyers had to change it to March 25 because one was a nurse and couldn't get off work until then as a result of Covid-19. Of course, I forgot to change the water cutoff date and ended up without running water on the 23rd. Oh well. Not wanting to delay my planned departure that day because I was afraid California would close the border, I got as much done as I could without water and left.

Driving out of town around noon, I started feeling feverish. Could this be the beginnings of the dreaded virus? Nope. Thirty minutes later I discovered that I had accidentally turned on my seat heater to "warm" when I was stuffing as much as I could into the car.

Tuesday, the next day, I drove from Fort Stockton, Texas, to meet a notary public in the parking lot of an El Paso McDonalds to sign the closing papers. From there I drove on to Yuma, a journey of almost 800 miles.

Wednesday, I drove to San Diego and decided to make a stop to see the magnificent Pacific Ocean. Of course, the beaches were all closed and, along with them, the restrooms. At a restaurant, I asked if I could use the restroom if I bought some food. No! I then drove to a neighborhood gas station, pumped \$20 worth of gas and asked to use their restroom. No! I immediately headed to I-5 and, thankfully, found the rest areas open. Californians are correctly serious about their Covid-19 avoidance measures.

It was a bit strange easily zooming through Los Angles where the traffic has always been ugly 24-hours a day. I made it to Tulare where I spent the night across the street from a Smart & Final, my destination the next morning because my brother told me not to come home without toilet paper! And, I am happy to say, I scored the valuable product.

Three-and-a-half hours later, I drove in to my beloved Sacramento, where I will stay with my brother until my apartment is ready. Now, after writing this, I plan to log on to the Sticks website and rejoin the club. I am looking forward to seeing you wonderful walkers when things get back to the new "normal". In

the meantime I will enjoy solitary walks in my favorite local parks and neighborhoods. It is good to be home.

From Chris Loupy

I've been pulling random walk maps from previous walks and taking them alone. I get out, get exercise, and at least can wave to other people or say hi from 6 feet away. It's kept me sane.

Also, yesterday I met a friend in the parking lot of a local laundromat and gave her a tote full of puzzles the way people in movies exchange ransom money or international secrets -- I (gloved) put it on the ground, walked away, and she sidled over and picked it up with a dish towel. We shouted personal news at each other for 15 minutes or so, then drove away in different directions. It didn't replace a long chatty lunch, but it did satisfy the need for contact for at least a day. Stay well, everybody, and stay distant.

From Kaia McLaughlin

John and I walk 3 miles on the river levee near our house in River Park every morning starting at daybreak. Every afternoon, we dance to Rock and Roll music in our living room for aerobic exercise; John doesn't like the dancing much, but he's warming up to the idea, probably because he's captive now and can't run away. Otherwise, we are doing a lot of gardening and staying safe and secluded until patience and time finally send us the signal that we can safely change our behavior.

From Janet Riley

I am staying home with the exception of taking long walks in my neighborhood, short trips to the grocery store and a trip to pick up my taxes. Our Sun City



golf courses are closed, so we were told we could walk on the golf cart paths. Boy, that is fun!



There is even a waterfall on the course (ok, it is very small)! One day I had to get my map on my phone to figure out where I was and how to get to a street that I recognized.

I am spending a lot of time on the phone with people near and far (including some Sticks). Today I had a zoom.com meeting with my nephew and all my children and grandchildren. That was wonderful! I really miss spending time with my family. The other day my granddaughter asked her mom if they could "go over to Oma's house." It was so sweet and I was touched, but I was so

sad that I couldn't put my arms around her and give her a hug.

From Bill Halloran

Walking alone during social distancing isn't so terribly bad, and even the toilet paper shortage isn't causing me too much panic.



Thanks to all my walking history, I was able to find this lovely spot. But out here alone with only my deck of cards within six feet of me, I sure miss my card-playing pals: Mary, Kaia, and John. Looks like my new normal for the foreseeable future is going to be... *Solitaire*.

From Phyllis Wichelns

I run and Miles and I walk in the neighborhood. Since we are close to the medical center, there have been nice signs made thanking the health care workers.

One example of the chalk art we were seeing before today's rain read, "Please Share Your Toilet Paper".

We have tried to balance our days with exercise, reading, checking in with people via e-mail, and a little Spring cleaning. It's very easy to become overwhelmed and depressed by information overload.

After the newspaper, we watch

only one newscast.

I seek out the inspirational stories; they help me stay positive. We mute Trump as we always have.

On TV, "our shows" continue new for a while longer.

We still have library books and another movie to watch.

There are 5 Little Free Libraries on my running loop.

Our across the street neighbor has called twice to ask if we needed anything from the store. Our family is well, my mom now gets refill prescriptions mailed, and Meals On Wheels delivered to her home, our daughter goes into a hospital to work which is concerning, but so far so good. Future road trips will be all the sweeter if we can all get to the other side of this, healthy.

Be patient.

There has been so much happening so fast, and yet, this has been a very slow few weeks.

From Jennifer Stanley

When I moved to Land Park approximately three years ago, I joined up with the ***Land Park Walkers***. This group has gone thru a number of members over time but now the regulars are Jane Graham, Nancy Alex, Cal Fong, Denise Yoshikawa and myself (4 of us are SWS members). We meet at 9 am Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at the west end of the Land Park Golf Club (free and available parking). We principally have a standard route or two around the park and into the neighborhood. The walks last approximately 1 hour to 90 minutes, 2 - 3 miles. Feel free to come and join us any day. We are

(From Jennifer Stanley Cont.) currently practicing the 6 foot distance method.

Per Nancy Alex - We see the area in all different seasons, not just the park, but all the beautiful homes and well-landscaped



yards. We witness the mobs of schoolchildren on field trips to the Zoo and Fairytale Town, the



High Holidays at the Jewish Temple, the water lilies overtaking



the central pond, the exercising moms, fairy village among the trees and the Martin Luther King Day march. It was quite exciting when a police helicopter landed in the park next to us, but mostly, it's just a pretty walk that gets us going in the mornings.



In addition, I have added a late afternoon or early evening walk to my program to reach around 5 miles per day. Nancy will often take a bike ride, and Jane walks her cute dog Chloe every day. Cal would normally take his elderly father to the local mall to walk but they are now closed.

Hope to see you all soon!!

From Nancy and Warren Tellefson

Like a lot of us, we are over 65 years and were told to stay home. Then, a couple days later the schools closed. Since our daughter and son-in-law both work, we normally had our two granddaughters, ages 10 and 7, at our



house each day after school. Now we have them all day long, 5 days per week. Along with getting their online homework done,

each day we have what we call P.E. time. The four of us take



walks around town and away from most other people. A couple days a week, Nancy and the 10 year-old run for a mile or so. We



even went fishing for blue gills at the local pond. The kids seem to enjoy it and don't complain.

***CONDOLENCES GO OUT
TO ALL MARRIED MEN
WHO HAVE SPENT
MONTHS TELLING
THE WIFE,***

***"I'LL DO THAT WHEN I
FIND THE TIME."***

From Zori Friedrich

Enjoying daily walks in my neighborhood taking different routes and listening to audio books.



Using my senses to relish the walks — flowers, bird calls, fresh cut grass smells! Poppies and flourishing trees brought hope and joy!

From Anne Ofsink***Walking Alone***

It was time to stretch my legs. My weather app said 116 minutes before the next rain. Grabbing my garage door opener, water, rainhat, handkerchief, rain jacket and phone I headed out. I walked over to one of our local, North Natomas, bike paths and headed north until it merged onto the sidewalk at Macon. I dodged the escargot sunbathing on the warm cement paralleling East Commerce until I dead-ended at Elkhorn Blvd. I U-turned and headed south on the sidewalk on the other side of East Commerce. At the first intersection I turned right and headed east into previously uncharted territory. All along the way emerging people greeted me, seeming eager to breathe fresh air and chat with someone new! The sun was warm on my skin. I kept heading west, past a little park; I looked but didn't see any sign of the court I'd used previously with my pickleball group. I kept walking westerly, as far as I could go. Ahead was a field, beyond it I-5 and the Elkhorn Blvd exit ramp. Seeing this unpaved packed walkway between a home and the field, I confidently turned left, south onto it. I walked past two properties and back onto a piece of sidewalk. Then onto the next unpaved packed section. This repeated itself several times. I was surprised to see an actual paved striped path ahead. I was curious as to where that led. Well, basically to a dead end, a huge hill and a brick wall. Hm. I've been



known to need to climb hills but I resisted the urge. Just beyond it, I turned left and followed carefully, sometimes steadyng myself on the wall, the unpacked earth next to the retainer wall. Twice I had the opportunity for a different kind of energy output. Two balls were on my path. I kicked the first ball, a small, colorful soccer-type ball, but it was deflated so not as much fun as I had anticipated. The second offered more of a challenge, as it was a tennis ball. I swung back my leg to give it a good solid kick, hoping to kick it again up ahead. I must have caught it on the edge as it sailed maybe 2 feet before it plopped into a puddle. Not wanting to get dirty, wet or having a dog, I abandoned it, sadly. The day was still beautiful. I loved moving my body. Gratitude and thankfulness were flowing through every pore. Looking up for a moment, I recognized East Commerce Rd. ahead. Once on the sidewalk, after stamping my feet several times, I turned right and again headed south. Several blocks later, mostly focused on all the new multi-unit housing I was passing, I noticed the sidewalk ran out. Watching carefully

for occasional cars from both directions, I crossed over to the bike path on the other side. Wanting to feel safe, somewhat gleefully I pulled my big red bandanna out of my pocket. Keeping up my stride, it furled from my right hand as I moved forward facing traffic. Checking my watch, but confident that I was well within my 116-minute time frame, I glanced up toward the west and noticed the dark clouds moving in. My scarf was working out nicely, as cars were passing me by, sometimes a little faster than I thought necessary, but hey.

I was pumped too! After a bit I noted with fondness the huge clunky buildings, which not that long ago housed the now defunct Natomas Historical Society. I thought that the recent paint job was an improvement; a bit less austere for the H. Allen Hite Learning Center. As I relived some of the moments I had spent immersed there in Natomas history, I came to the traffic light at N. Park Dr. and turned left, east. The wind from the west was picking up. I chuckled a bit noting it was at my back, and I moved the bead up a couple of inches on my hat straps. A quick glance at a sign by the sidewalk said something about kids lining up. Hm, probably pick up zone I thought. Same sign further down clarified that it had to do with distributing free meals. Are they helping families while the schools are shut down I wondered? Into the next block past the school, I was pretty sure I felt a drop of rain on my hand now unencumbered by my bandanna. My windbreaker felt good. The sidewalk ended. I ap-

preciated the person, in what likely was a warm car with classical music wafting through it, allowing me to cross over to the sidewalk before she made her turn. In spite of the steady drizzle, I knew I had daylight time still. My shoulders, at the edge of my hat brim in back were beginning to feel somewhat uncomfortable. Which reminded me that I'd realized several years ago, but forgotten, that this old jacket wasn't really water repellent. After a couple blocks, at the Regional Park where N. Park intersects with Brookmere, I turned left. It was less interesting now with no friendly greetings, no children, no dogs to watch or even bird colors or sounds to focus on. Just a couple more blocks to the dead-end, at Eastbrook, my street! My feet...I was taken back to the brief rainy moments while walking the Camino, how warm and cozy my feet always felt in my plastic bags over my socks in my shoes. Just a couple more blocks to appreciate still being able to see the creativity in neighbors' front yards as I pass with no flashlight. Cross Fulbright, and home!! So lovely...bathroom, hot tub and hot soup. Walk Blessings to all and to all a good night.

From Marie Robb

I have a group of friends—we were Camp Fire leaders when our girls were young—and we meet every month for a potluck and a chance to catch up on each other's lives. That wasn't an option this month, obviously. Instead, we gathered at a park near my house. We each brought a sack lunch and a camp chair. We

sat 6 feet apart, we did not share food, and for 2 hours we enjoyed the beautiful day and each other's company. It was perfect!



From Ellen Fransz

I've been keeping busy by crocheting, reading, daily walks around my neighborhood and American River Bike trail with my husband. Upper Sunrise by Sailor Bar has the most beautiful display of wildflowers. Weeding has also become my new passion Our garden looks awesome.

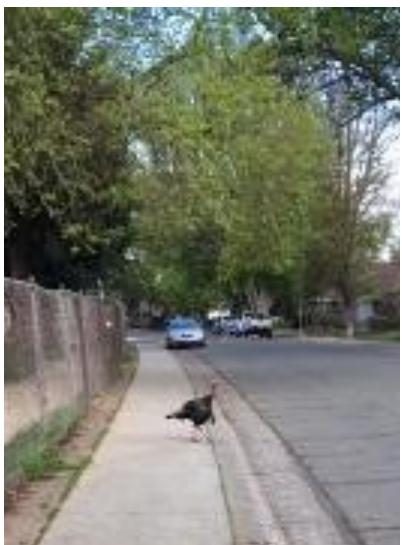


Stay safe everyone and looking forward to seeing you soon.



From John McLaughlin

On our recent morning walk, we met our friend, Tom-etta, approaching us on the sidewalk. She greeted us with a friendly nod but knew enough to move aside to practice social distancing.

**From Myrna Jackson**

If I could think of something exciting/interesting/enlightening to say I would. I am bored! Playing solitaire on the computer, reading, walking the neighborhood and watching TV. Also checked in with relatives and friends.

Have plenty of TP - thank goodness and food so guess I am better off than some. Could clean house, but not my favorite activity, though I did dust a cabinet full of figurines. Very exciting. Lots of kitty love too. Anyway, stay well and keep up the good work on the newsletter.

From Carole Soenke

I'm complying with staying at home. My groceries are being delivered. I bought TP a few days before the Great TP Hoarding of 2020. Been binge watching Netflix. I joined an online quilt BOM (block of the month) club but have yet to complete one. Am walking regularly in Rosemont area to keep exercising. Miss my Zumba class but do some of that at home. My cat Fiona keeps me company and my daughter and I text daily. Church keeps in contact via email and Zoom. I'm spending way too much time on Facebook!

**From Carol and Rodger Shields**

Dear Friends, we miss you all. We are still walking twice a day here in Benicia. LD gets a lot of special attention in his gold lame jacket.



Selfies are hard for him to take! We walk a different route to avoid people rather than our usual yacht harbor. We park by the library and walk along the city park and turn left down to the Strait and then cross First and return up the side street to our car. It is actually longer than our usual walk and has the benefit of a hill and stairs. First Street Bakery is open online with pick up so we can maintain our strength

with almond croissants!
We will see you soon.



From Connie Haugen

This photo below just about sums it up for me...TV, Kindle, Kitty, Recliner. I just couldn't get up to include the refrigerator.

**From Barbara Nuss**

It's been 3 weeks since I had to cancel our Pi Day event and tell everyone that our group walking



would be shut down thru April 30th. Seems a lifetime ago and yet, what a blessing it was considering what we started to hear and read in the days that followed about COVID-19. How am I and what have I been doing? Thankfully, we're healthy and well on my home front but we're also cautious considering our ages and that Phil has a compromised immune system. I miss the group walks so much, the exercise, camaraderie as well as the dining. My dogs love our walks together and we stay busy around the house cleaning, doing laundry and cooking. Phil is hooked on CNN and its COVID-19 coverage while I find solace in movies and TV programs. I'm reading a lot and am on the last few chapters of Sticks member Doug Rathgeb's book, *Burned-Out in Brooklyn*.

I want to share some news about fellow walkers with you: Dave Pelz, former Davis Dynamos Club president, passed away Monday night, March 30th from pneumonia. He died at home and there will be no service for him. You can write his wife JoAnn Pelz,

1131 Alice St, Davis CA 95616. Arleen Welch, Stick's member, also passed away on Thursday, March 12th from her bout with cancer. She is a cousin of Kris Ericson-Cano and is survived by her wife of 43 years, Rose Marks, 623 Castle River Wy, Sacramento CA 95831.

Now more than ever we ALL need to stay safe, stay strong and stay connected. *Barbara Nuss, Sticks President*



***Best Wishes, and Stay Safe, Sane, and Well.
We look forward to seeing all of you out on
the walking trails soon!***

...The No Sweat Gazette