

First Selectman's Easter Message

This is a different message than what I've been writing over the last few weeks. It's time to step back from the every day news and find some bright spots in these dark times. It's Spring and it's Easter weekend. The weather is warming, the fields and forests are greening, the early flowers are blooming. Take a moment to appreciate the renewal of life. It's happening on our farm. Six ewes have given birth to twelve lambs with two more ewes yet to deliver. I think those two are just fat. Vivienne insists they're pregnant. We have this argument every year; I've yet to be right. Like Charlie Brown at the beginning of baseball season, I feel good about it this time. The law of averages is on my side.



Like many of you, we have our family Easter traditions. And like many of you, COVID-19 has thrown a monkey wrench into them. We always assembled as a family to enjoy Easter dinner. It was never a large crowd but it was always enjoyable. Many times, I went home with my sides aching; not from the great meal but from laughing so much. Over the years, the crowd at the table has dwindled. Family members passed away, children grew up, married and moved away, but the joy and tradition lived on. For the first time, that won't happen. Isolation and quarantine are in the way. Yet this Wednesday my cell phone rang. It was my brother-in-law. He was parked in our driveway with a boxed Easter lunch for us. Not the ham and fancy trimmings of years past just the humble makings of pastrami sandwiches. Included in the box was an Easter card. I don't know where he finds them but his cards are always hilarious and usually clean. A cherished memory was made. The Easter Dinner tradition, albeit somewhat less audacious, lives on. Two days later, our daughter who lives in Colorado sent us a picture of that day's home school lesson. She and her children, 6 and 4, made a rainbow-colored challah bread. A combination of science, mathematics, art, history and religion. A morning well spent, a memory created and perhaps a tradition in the making.

I'm not making light of the situation we're in. Rather, I'm asking you to step back from it. Tell your loved ones you love them, make some memories and maybe new traditions. There is a light at the end of this tunnel and we will get there. Bless you all. Have a safe and memorable Easter.