

It's Been a Hard Week



by Lee Duigon

June 20, 2024

How do you decide who ought to govern a great and famous city?

San Francisco is having a mayoral election, featuring five candidates; and they've been showing America how to answer this question.

They're challenging each other to "name three drag queens" to "prove his/her/whatever's loyalty" to the LGBTQetc cause. So it seems the candidate who knows the most drag queens should run the city. Why didn't we think of that years ago? I mean, it seems so thumping obvious, doesn't it?

There's always room in the landfill of history for another failed civilization. Hittites, Babylonians, Etruscans et al will happily move over to make a place for us. Most of them, of course, lasted a lot longer than we, the Woke West, seem likely to. I'm sure that'll make the Minoans feel better.

Our cat, Robbie, died last week, 18 years old, and we are mourning her.

You reach a point in life when you've been here long enough for the generation that raised you, your mother's and father's generation, to die out—all of them. No aunts or uncles left, to say nothing of dearly beloved grandparents. At the same time, those who survive of your own generation now live hundreds or even thousands of miles away: so forget about

having Christmas dinner with them. The phone and email are much better than nothing; but even so...

It gets a bit lonely, as time goes by. For some of us, our pets are the only ones left living upon whom we can lavish love, and be loved by them. An animal's love is unconditional; your pet is interested only in you, just as you are. Cats, dogs, bunnies—they are there for you. Good Lord, I had an iguana for 17 years. All his friends were mammals, he was convinced that he was a mammal, too, and behaved like one. I still miss him.

Poor Robbie! In her life she had almost every affliction known to veterinary medicine—and just kept on ticking to the end. It never affected her personality.

Now it's just me and my wife, with a gaping cat-shaped hole in our lives. We'll have to fill it somehow: love abhors a vacuum.

And then came the news that Willie Mays has died, at 93.

I can't remember a time in my life when Willie wasn't my hero. I do remember sitting on the floor and playing with my blocks while my mother did the ironing and watched the New York Giants on TV. We both stopped whatever we were doing, to root for Willie when he came to bat.

Damn! I wanted to be like him! As I learned to play baseball myself, coached by my mother and father, I tried to copy Willie's stance, his swing, and his patented basket catch. When the Giants moved to San Francisco, I always grabbed the afternoon edition of the Daily Home News to see how Willie did last night. For two years we still had the Giants on the radio; afterward, I had to wait for the Giants to play the Mets to see Willie play. As long as it wasn't on too late at night, I never missed a Mets and Giants game.

He finished his career with the Mets, culminating in the 1973 World Series, Mets and A's. Then my hero retired.

It's been a hard week.

I have discussed these and other topics throughout the week on my blog, <http://www.leeduigon.com/> . Click the link and visit (especially if you were a Willie Mays fan, too). My articles can also be found at www.chalcedon.edu/ .

© 2024 Lee Duigon – All Rights Reserved

E-Mail Lee Duigon: leeduigon@verizon.net