

Kudos and Black Eyes

by Lee Duigon



Before memories fade and people start lying, I'd like to record who was nice and who was naughty in the Great Quarantine of 2020. These are personal observations.

Kudos to the supply staff and checkout clerks at our supermarket. Under trying conditions, they have done their level best. How many times a day do they get asked the same questions? "Do you have this? When are you going to get it?" I haven't seen any of them lose their temper. I'm not good at this sort of thing, but now I make a point of telling them, face-to-face, that I appreciate their work: "What would we do without you?"

No toilet paper, no paper towels, no rubbing alcohol, no hand sanitizer—there's a lot of empty shelf space in our supermarket. That's where the little hometown newsstand, right here on Main Street, comes in.

I don't know how they do it, but these guys **have** paper towels, toilet paper, and even rubbing alcohol! You don't even have to say "Joe sent me." They have very loyal customers, having earned that loyalty. Whatever they can do for you, they do. You could almost weep for joy at the sight of virgin rolls of toilet paper sitting on the shelves, right there where you can buy them.

We do tend to take service personnel for granted—and we shouldn't. You can't keep a civilization going without them.

I must also thank the office staff at my eye doctor's, who, with communications almost hopelessly tangled all around them, and things getting really complicated, found a simple way to provide me with the eye drops that I needed.

So much for the kudos. It's also time to hand out a few black eyes.

First, to hoarders: anticipating shortages, they create those shortages by over-buying toilet paper, alcohol, frozen vegetables, frozen dinners, and any number of other needful things—a self-fulfilling prophecy. Probably they're the same people who, every time there's snow in the weather forecast, go out and buy gallons and gallons of milk that'll go bad before they can use it, just in case they get snowed in for a month or two. The fact that this has never happened here does not register. They stampede into the supermarket and fill two carts to the brim, stripping the inventory. It'd be nice to buy a couple of frozen dinners, but Mr. and Mrs. Hoarder have already grabbed 'em all.

A black eye to our nooze media—siding with Red China, wasting everybody's time with pointless gotcha questions, and, above all, turning Death into some kind of rock star and scaring everybody. Yeah, I know, "If it bleeds, it leads." But every hour on the hour, they feature a story about somebody dying—hopefully a celebrity, but they'll settle for anything they can turn into a tear-jerker. And we know there's a political dimension to this: they don't care what damage they do to the country, as long as they can damage Donald Trump.

The communist government of China is, of course, the ultimate villain here. Messing around in a biowarfare lab, they let the virus out, covered up the story (with help from the World Health Organization, thank you so much) for several weeks, tried to blame it on America, and played an exceedingly dirty trick on the whole world.

This regime needs to be put out of business, permanently; and the sooner, the better.

But let's not forget the multitude of willing lap-dogs purchased by the Chicoms right here in America. You could get dizzy, trying to count them—Hollywood, the National Basketball Assn., assorted university bigwigs, semi-retired politicians cleaning up as lobbyists, and a whole Democrat Party that reckons anything that's bad for America is going to be good for them, politically. Was Bill Maher the first American leftist who publicly rooted for a recession, saying that we needed one to take down Donald Trump? He certainly was not the only one. And it looks like they've gotten what they wanted, doesn't it?

Shame, shame, shame on us if we don't remember that in November.

I have discussed these and other topics throughout the week on my blog, <http://leeduigon.com/> . My articles can also be found at www.chalcedon.edu/ .

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E-Mail Lee Duigon: leeduigon@verizon.net