I feel like beginning this post the way Garrison Keillor always began his radio show A Prarie Home Companion, "Well it been a quiet week in Myrtle Beach."

The thing I've noticed is that my mood is more depressed than usual. I'm sure it's because of the social distancing, but every day you turn on the tv or read statistics about the number of people who die, it really is overwhelming. My mind can't process this many lives lost. Just a few cases and now everyone , everywhere is afraid and grieving. I think the thing that is most worrying is the fact we are getting so much contradictory information about the spread and the likelihood of transmission and how we need to protect ourselves. All I know is I listen and have tried to stay away from from everybody. I have been serious regarding this. A lady I dated a couple of years ago sent me a message on Facebook telling me how lonely she was. I knew where that was going so I just tried to be kind and encourage her not to do anything stupid and this would eventually end. I think I'm proud of myself for doing this. I did not want to, but I'm glad I did the right thing one time.

It seems like in this age we live in, it's almost impossible to say something so callus or stupid it stops you in your tracts. Up until this week Jerry Falwell's actions at Liberty University were frankly abhorrent. The fundamentalist pastors who continue to meet and disregard the warnings about not meeting together show a certain ignorance and lack of common sense. I've known a lot of these folks over the years and there's just no reasoning with ignorance. I think the worst thing I heard all week was when Bill O'Riley said that the people who had died were on their last leg anyway, it didn't matter. It's been quite a while since I was horrified, but what else to you expect from somebody who a star on Fox News for so many years. Disgusting.