

Uncle Bill

12 July, 2020

Some wonderful people died today. My uncle Bill was one of them.

It didn't have to happen now and it surely didn't need to be as excruciating or as lonely as it was. But that's how it is with Covid. His caregivers cared and my cousins did everything possible to let him feel loved and supported but still, an awful way to go.

Someone passed this disease to Bill. Surely that person wouldn't have done so intentionally and likely didn't even know they were carrying it at the time. But the timing being what it is they must have seen or heard the warnings. And ignored them. Figured they knew better. Listened to, well, you know who.

When I started this site, I promised no rants, political or otherwise. Today, that resolve is being sorely tested.

If you're one of the people getting together in crowds, without masks, without regard for the best advice of the most knowledgeable people, without concern for the people around you, referring to Covid as a 'flu' and those of us taking precautions as foolish or worse - well, you know who you are. I'll stick to my promise about ranting. I'll refrain from calling you a low-born guttersnipe, a selfish idiot, a borderline sociopath. And I certainly won't share here my conviction that you're a walking, talking piece of excrement. I won't say those things to you because I promised not to rant on this site.

What I will say is that you've missed the chance to hear the greatest laugh and the kindest chuckle in the history of mankind. Those things died with Uncle Bill.

Sorry for your loss.