**For Release Wednesday, May 20, 2020**

**Capitol View**

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**I Stepped Out the Front Door and, Suddenly, It’s Spring**

After more than 8 weeks of living a life behind computer and telephone screens and masks and hand sanitizer when I go out once a week to grocery shop, I suddenly discovered it’s Spring.

It’s like God didn’t forget the Four Seasons thing in spite of my preoccupation with Sunday morning church services on line, and small group meeting on Zoom. Heck, even my Thursday morning coffee group, which has been meeting for several years, is now meeting on Zoom.

But then, during one of my daily trips to the mailbox, I discovered the Columbine in my yard was in full bloom, the purple Iris is ready to burst out (the yellow already have bloomed) and the Peonies, which usually make a dramatic Memorial Day appearance, are most likely ahead of schedule.

So, as I watched the increasing number of positive Coronavirus cases and deaths, listened as everyone complained about empty store shelves and rising meat prices and kept tabs on social media as to who had the best carryout food for the price and weighed the options of curbside delivery, Spring came.

Nebraskans often lose Spring to extended Winter – remember March? For two years in a row we’ve experienced that. Last year it was the ridiculous bomb cyclone that dropped tons of ice and caused rivers to flood and dams to collapse and people to be killed and displaced from their homes. But this year, the Coronavirus hit mid-March and paralyzed us.

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We discovered that our normal was going to be different at the other end of this. Even the routine of roaming the garden store picking out just the right flowers, was changed to shopping on-line and paying for them and then driving to the store the next day where a masked clerk wearing gloves brought them out and put them in the trunk of the car.

Even then, we drove home and sprayed the flowers with disinfectant before we washed our hands and tried to decide when we’ll plant, a more normal Spring-like activity.

Another new-normal Spring-like activity was the primary election. Instead of going to our polling places, a large number of us voted by mail and awaited the results, as usual, on TV. The usual “victory” parties changed as well. Candidates took to Facebook watches and Zoom or Google meetings to share with their supporters.

A daily routine has Governor Pete Ricketts meeting every afternoon with reporters, appropriately socially distanced in his hearing room, to update them on the latest Coronavirus numbers. As the number of positive cases and deaths increased, the Governor announced a time when summer baseball and softball teams can practice and when an actual season can begin. Let’s just hope the surge comes and goes before that date.

Even though he said that churches can resume services in Lincoln and restaurants can begin serving limited numbers of people with indoor seating, a number of clergy and restaurateurs have decided to wait maybe a month longer.

A number of potential congregants and patrons, myself included, have also decided to wait a while longer. Better safe than sorry. I’d rather avoid a possible second wave.

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Meanwhile, it’s time to get outside and perform that more normal rite of Spring, pulling the weeds.

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