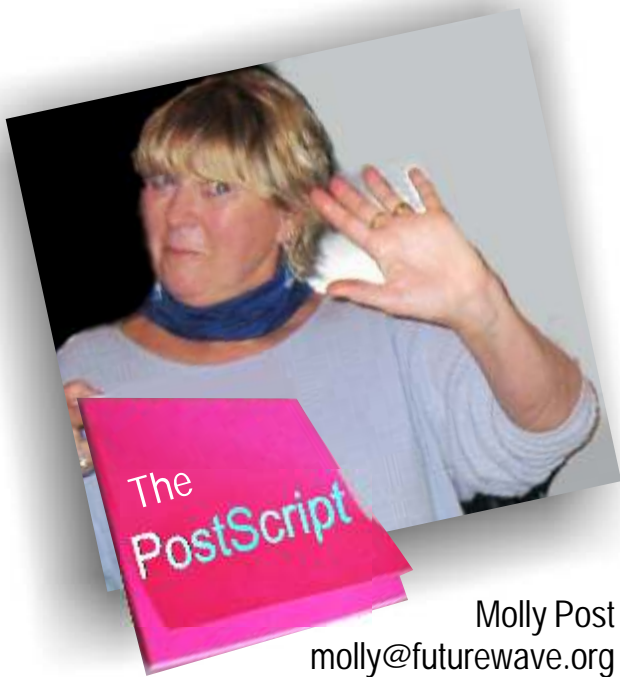




WHAT DO
YOU DO
ALL DAY?



The PostScript



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WHAT DO YOU DO ALL DAY?

Those of us who live in La Mision full time are often asked, "Aren't you bored? What do you find to do all day?" I normally just laugh it off or tell the asker what my Mother told me the first (and last time) I complained about being bored . . . probably when I was about 8. She said, "You're with yourself and you're bored? Well, you must be a very boring person, find someone more interesting to be with."

So what do I do all day (other than pick things up, put them down and then go look for them)? Here are some of the highlights of a not atypical month.

My son, daughter-in-law and 2 year old grandson visited for a few days in early January. That means two trips to San Diego to pick them up

and take them back to the airport. And, of course, when one is in San Diego, one crams many hours of shopping and errand running and a doctor's appointment or two into the trip. Then there's the requisite trip to the La Fonda spa with your daughter-in-law for pedicures and Margaritas. A visit by the kids would not be complete without organizing massages by Gladys for everyone. Find the linens, the relaxing music and set up the quiet, heated "massage room" in time for the first massage.

An occasion such as having your kids visit calls for a gathering of the neighbors to see your precious grandson and his wonderful parents. The night before they leave is the only possible time. I call the neighbors that morning and by 5ish we have an impromptu party with 9 pizzas from the new pizzeria (near the Loncheria) (60 pesos for a one topping large pizza). There's wine and beer and whatever the neighbors bring and about 30 people. One of these gatherings happens almost every week...for a movie, to watch the Oscars, to meet the kids or just because it's Wednesday. Always great food and better company. And we're usually home by 8, 8:30 at the latest. Who'd a thunk we'd become the "early Bird Special crowd"?

Arthur had his final Santa gigs the weekend before Three King's Day and the final one on Three King's Day at Casa de Paz in El Porvenir. So we spent a full Saturday going to orphanages in Tijuana with Marty and Sal Mercado and several other volunteers. I normally let Santa out on his own... but decided to tag along on this particular weekend. It was very touching and fun. I also went to Casa de Paz...mostly because I answered Marla Poggi's plea for helpers to make and serve fish tacos to the orphans and the staff. That too was a wonderful outing. The orphanage although poor is very well managed. One of their aims is to become more and more self sufficientproducing much of their own food and trading the excess for things they can't produce themselves. Their long term goal is to produce their own power and reduce or eliminate their need to purchase electricity from C.F.E.

While at Casa de Paz one of the other volunteers (from Punta Banda) was struck by the number of starving dogs hanging around the festivities in hope of scoring a piece of taco or even fish. She asked me about getting a veterinarian to neuter/spay some of the strays and all of the dogs "belonging" to the orphanage. So I committed to contact Give Some Life, a wonderful group of vets that do "free" neuter and spay clinics in Northern Baja. The "free" clinic actually costs \$400 for the first 20 animals, \$400 for the 2nd 20 animals and then the vets are able to throw in the next 20 procedures for free. Makes doing 60 animals pretty reasonable (about \$13 per procedure). Punta Banda committed to the first \$400. Our own Dave Larson sponsored the

second \$400. Kathleen Dwyer made arrangements for Casa de Paz to host the clinic and I've made all the other arrangements, including printing flyers and distributing them in El Porvenir.

After serving lunch at Casa de Paz, I found Arthur/Santa a ride back to La Mision and put Winston (my old arthritic puppy) into the car and headed to Ensenada to take him to Dr. Rico, pick up two bikes that were being tuned up and pick up some tile needed for our new bathroom. I then had to hurry back for the party for the volunteers from Casa de Paz at Cathy and Mike Perkin's home. We were due there at 6ish. First stop at the vets only took a few minutes to have Dr. Rico check Winston's back leg and sell me pills to ease the pain.

Then to the bike shop. The bikes that were supposed to be ready last Friday would really be ready tomorrow. Stopped at the tile shop and then at another when I remembered that I needed a few pieces of tile for another project. Stop at the bank cuz I'm now out of money. And, just before 6, I'm on my way back to La Mision. I'll drop off Winston, pick up Arthur and be fashionably late for dinner. I'm half a mile from the Alisitos exit when I hit a huge rock and BAM...a completely flat tire. I pull over, turn on my flashers and call the Green Angels. I explain several times where I am and what my problem is (the operator spoke English quite well). I then called Arthur...no answer on either home phone or on his cell phone. I tried Lupe, at home. No answer. I tried to reach him at Charlie's. He's just left. Flashing lights pull up behind me. The local police are here to rescue me. Bless their hearts.

"What's the problem, Senora? We can help you. Does the dog bite?" "Be very careful ...the traffic is very dangerous." "Are you sure the dog doesn't bite?" "Where's the spare?" "Where's the jack?" "You don't know?" "Let me look." "Does the dog bite?"

Call Arthur...still no answer. Call Lupe...still no answer. Arthur calls me. "You called?" "Where are you?" "The jack is under the seat." "Do you want me to come help?" "How long will you be?" "Should we still go to Perkins?" "Should I wear my Santa robes?" "Did you get the bikes?" "What did the vet say about Winston?"

Forty-five minutes later the tire is changed, the car is in shambles (jacks and flat tire thrown in at random). The police are unbitten... Good Boy, Winston. I send the police to the local pizza parlor with 200 pesos for a Mexican pizza (\$100 pesos) and a beer. Arthur, in his Santa suit, and I arrive at Perkin's as everyone else is leaving. We ate and went home without further incident.

The next morning, I'm trying to stay in bed as long as possible on a day when one's cleaning lady comes and both Lupe and Adrian are on site, when Arthur dashes in and says, "The ridge is on fire...come tell me what's burning." Lupe and Adrian are standing on the bar to get a better view. Flames are clearly visible on the ridge. I run to get my iPod to take a picture. Then I call Ross and Jim who live up on the ridge...Ross answers with, "It's not our house, it's the storage shed and worker dorm on the East side of Punta Piedra." I call Bill Welsch to tell him there's a fire on the ridge and they might need the water truck. He asks me to call the volunteers. I call and call and

call. I only reach one volunteer but leave several messages. Forty-five minutes later I get a call from Bill, "It's a good thing we came up, they needed our water." Two hours later another call from Bill, "I need to refill the truck and I can't find Chuy. I can fill it from my hose, but I don't want to be charged for overuse." "No problem, Bill. Fill the truck. Thanks for responding."

Friday night, Carlos & Alicia are playing Latin Rhythms at Poco Cielo Lounge. Arthur and I go for a couple of hours to practice the moves we've been learning every Monday morning at Jennifer Stace's Latin Rhythms dance class.

On Sunday morning, the Santa Anas were really howling. A little after 8 am, I heard a crash... sounded like it came from the kitchen. I got up to see what the cats had knocked over ...nothing. I went back to bed. Shortly before 8:30 am our bell rings, there's a problem. Arthur goes down. A few minutes later he's on the intercom saying, "You'd better come down here." I got down to see over half of my beautiful wine bottle wall smashed on the street. I spent the next hour sweeping glass off the street, cursing the Santa Anas and lamenting the loss. We've worked out a system to rehabilitate the remaining wall which is seriously listing.

Here's where I make a plea for contributions to help with the cost of rebuilding. The reinforced foundation for the portion of the wall that fell and to extend it another 40 feet to the south (to the telephone pole) will cost \$650 and the materials and labor to put in the bottles and mortar them in will bring it up to almost \$1000. We can and will pay for some of it but can't do it without some

financial help. Cash or checks will be acceptable and can be dropped off at our house or mailed to me at: Molly Post; 4492 Camino de la Plaza #564; San Diego, CA 92173.

Sunday afternoon... time to go to Splash for dinner and dancing to Ross Taylor. He plays at Splash on Sunday and Tuesday nights. Great exercise, lots of our neighbors are there and the food and Margaritas are really good. Monday... dance class; Tuesday...bridge and Splash; Wednesday...yoga. Add organic market every 1st & 3rd Wednesday and book club once a month and my calendar starts to fill up. Of course, BECA is near and dear to my heart. We held our 10th Annual Chili/Flan Off on March 5th. It was a great event and we raised a nice amount, over \$1,800, for the kids. The Cinco de Mayo party is scheduled for May 14th. You'll be hearing from me with an invitation and later with a reminder.

End of the month...time to send a reminder to those water customers that haven't yet made their annual payment; bill over users; and,

update the board on our financials. I also promised myself that I'd have our corporate and personal accounting up to date for a meeting with the accountant. (Income tax time, you know.) (I met my goal.) And, of course, I regularly get calls and e-mails asking for an e-mail address or a phone number or a referral or would you send out an e-mail about contributing to a new fire truck, attending a Spanish class or some other important announcement. Then there's the normal everyday stuff: walk the dogs, feed the dogs, brush the dogs, pay the bills, wash the clothes, make the bed, take a shower, clean the kitchen, scoop the poop from the litter boxes, pet the cat, pet the dog, pet the other dog and the other cat and the other cat.

So, if you were wondering about getting bored with nothing to do down here in Baja...believe me, there's plenty to do. And it's not just me. Ask any of our full-time neighbors and they will confirm that they are as busy or busier than I. They will also confirm that they wouldn't live anywhere else nor give anything up.

