

DAYBREAK



< **Dixie Chicks postpone release**
The Dixie Chicks were to drop their first new album in 14 years on May 1. But, amid the pandemic, they are postponing the release of "Gaslighter." A new date has not been announced.

Kate the Chemist helps homebound kids have messy fun **Page D3**



The coronavirus is the best thing that could have happened to us

By MARGUERITE Del GIUDICE

WHEREVER I’M AT, it’s always in the context of knowing I could die at any moment — a strange fact about life that has occupied my thoughts (not morbidly) for as long as I can remember. ¶ Knowing that, I periodically ask myself, what should I do? ¶ Lately I’ve been thinking maybe the new coronavirus is actually here to save civilization from itself and force us to remember what it means to be human. ¶ The virus as a cosmic correction — a reboot — that, like it or not, could teach us how to live again.

The Boomer Generation and each generation that followed has been remarkably spared of hardship compared to our ancestors.

No world wars or depressions or global viruses like the Spanish Flu — nothing of that magnitude for three-quarters of a century.

As a result, we have perhaps become in some important ways, well, soft, and at the same time alienated from who and what we actually are by the escalating digital onslaught of modern culture.

With all the world stuck on pause, we’ve just been handed a rare opportunity to examine our lives and see what we’re made of. Things are going to slow down so much that people will have to connect in a way possibly not experienced since the earlier part of the 20th century, when there were still a few horses around.

Some of us will suffer and die, and we must experience and honor our grief and uncertainty and walk with each other through that valley. But we cannot dwell there.

Now is not the time for dread. It’s the time to cultivate a tolerance for ambiguity and get through our heads that all we have that is real — and have ever had that is real — is the present moment.

What shall we do while idling?

The other day I set my piano keyboard up on the terrace and played standards for a couple hours. You couldn’t see me, but you could hear me. One neighbor texted a request. (“Unforgettable.”)

So we can make music and sing, like the Italians off their balconies. Write poetry and letters. Make a home documentary. Have a Zoom party. Meditate. Fast. Do QiGong.

Have deep philosophical conversations and take long

walks in the forest.

Start making love again, like we mean it.

Really play with our kids.

We may as well clear out our attics, basements, garages, closets and drawers, taking a load off our hearts and minds along the way. Tackle all those little repairs and paint jobs around the house and get an early start on the yard — raking, pruning, seeding, mulching, planting, and talking to our neighbors over the fence.

Think of it as a spiritual practice.

An old Zen saying comes to mind: “When you can’t fish, repair your nets.”

And something from Buddha: “Do nothing. Time is too precious to waste.”

And Socrates’ sage counsel from antiquity: “Be kind. Everyone you meet is fighting a hard battle.”

Most of all, be brave. As impossible and even ridiculous as what I’m about to say may come across, find a way to bypass the chatter in your head and call up the feeling of gratitude. Gratitude can be a portal to a divine part of ourselves from which large and small miracles arise and the best of who we are comes to the fore.

In the end, we’re going to see each other through and in doing so rediscover how instinctively right that feels. To know again who we really are and what we’re supposed to be doing here — on this rock that’s tumbling through space at 20 miles a second and spinning on its axis at a thousand miles an hour. And all the while it feels as if we’re standing still.

I look forward to tapping the creativity-liberating potential of ... boredom. And the reawakening of the human spirit.

Marguerite Del Giudice, pictured above in the Boston Globe newsroom in 1974, is former staff writer for The Philadelphia Inquirer and The Boston Globe. Her articles have appeared in a number of national publications, including The New York Times Magazine and National Geographic. She lives in suburban Philadelphia. margdelg@aol.com.

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tippingpoint

our pick & pans

Bosch, Season 6
Amazon Prime

Yes, I know: me recommending the new season of “Bosch” is rather like the last guy on the Titanic screaming, “Hey, I think we could be sinking!” But let’s pretend you’re not familiar with this excellent series based on the Harry Bosch crime novels by Michael Connelly. Titus Welliver is still excellent in the title role, and the strong supporting cast is back. In an eerily prescient kickoff



Titus Welliver is Harry Bosch in Amazon’s “Bosch.”

Domestic terrorism is afoot with an incredibly toxic material that could wipe out Los Angeles. It’s not a plague, but it’s close. Fasten your seatbelts!
— Rick Koster

episode, a supply of radioactive cesium is stolen from a hospital by a medical physicist, who is then shot execution style by a masked man. The implication?

Taylor Tomlinson: Quarter-Life Crisis

If you don’t know the name Taylor Tomlinson now, don’t worry — you will eventually. Tomlinson is only 26, but in this Netflix standup special, she shows just how incisive, riotous and accomplished her comedy writing is. She talks quite a bit about being in her 20s and says she is sick of people telling her to enjoy that decade: “Your 20s are 10 years of you asking yourself, ‘Will I outgrow this, or is this a problem?’ ‘Is this a phase or a demon?’ ‘Am I fun, or should I go to a meeting?’” Tomlinson mines various facets of

her real life for material, from her religious family to her dating life. One thing she still needs to develop a bit better is finessing the ebb and flow of a standup routine; her delivery often seems at a level 10 when she could modulate more. But that’s a quibble. Tomlinson is pretty damned great.
— Kristina Dorsey

Olive, Again
Elizabeth Strout

I did this whole Olive Kitteridge thing backwards. I read the second book, “Olive, Again,” first and then pedaled back a decade to 2009’s Pulitzer-winning “Olive Kitteridge.” Maybe it’s

just a function of the joy of discovery, but I preferred “Olive, Again.” It seemed richer and sharper, more knowing. And the character of Olive, very much a cranky ol’ Yankee, has aged to a point where she is slightly more self-aware (don’t worry — I said SLIGHTLY) and where she is falling victim to the indignities of aging. The author visits some of the same characters in both books, creating a portrait of loneliness, loss, love and community in fictional Crosby, Maine. I can’t wait for Frances McDormand to become Olive again for the inevitable new HBO movie.
— Kristina Dorsey

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