

THE STORY OF THE SANDAL



There was a two day festival I named 50/50 in August 2019 behind the Colony Café in what is now their beer garden. It was the 50th anniversary of the Woodstock Festival in Bethel. 50/50 is the only such event to be actually held in Woodstock during the first 50 years. I organized it with the help of Jim from Kansas, Neil from the Colony and Peggy from the wine store. It went from 11 am to 7 pm on two days. Each day there were over 50 acts and at 7 pm on the dot the skies opened up and the rain that had been threatening came pouring down as if it had been waiting for its cue. This happened both days. Woodstock can be like that. The miraculous can seem normal here. It came down so fast that when I stepped out of my car to go to the wine store at 7:20 the water suddenly running in the street swept the Old Navy sandal right off my foot and it was instantly gone. The next day or thereabouts I went to my usual spot at the stream and there it was; a right flipflop in my size. Not the same one but pretty darn close. So I still have a pair of flipflops and I also have this cool story.

Woodstock 3/1/

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