

july at the shop

Another month. Are we having fun yet? Okay, not a fair question. Except that, for those of us fortunate enough to be able to stay at home, this has been a time to stand back and remember the things for which we're grateful. And there's been a little more time for reading, knitting, gardening, and just being together.

The shop is feeling very forlorn these days, and missing all the bustle and camaraderie, but we are planning for reopening. Things we have to consider include masks for everyone (of course), plenty of hand sanitizer available, no trying on for a while, and—very important—how many customers can we accommodate at one time? Given that sometimes there may be some who have to wait for a little while, we'll have to be flexible about closing time. It wouldn't be fair to ask someone to wait his or her turn and then say, "Oops, closing time, too bad." And, as you all know, some of us sellers are older than dirt, so we have to consider how many may be uneasy about coming back to work before there is a vaccine. All in all, reopening is a little more complicated than closing. But we'll get there; be patient!

For your amusement, here's Christopher Smart (1722-1771) writing about his cat Jeoffry.

For I will consider my Cat Jeoffry

For he is the servant of the Living God, duly and daily serving him.
For at the first glance of the glory of God in the East he worships in his way.

For is this done by wreathing his body seven times round with elegant quickness.

For he keeps the Lord's watch in the night against the adversary.

For he is of the tribe of Tiger.

For he purrs in thankfulness when God tells him he's a good Cat.

For he is an instrument for the children to learn benevolence upon.

For every house is incomplete without him, and a blessing is lacking in the spirit.

For he is the cleanest in the use of his forepaws of any quadruped.

For he is the quickest to his mark of any creature.

For there is nothing sweeter than his peace when at rest.

For there is nothing brisker than his life when in motion.

For by stroking of him I have found out electricity.



And here's a lovely exchange between poet Mary Oliver and her friend Ricky (of the canine persuasion), who has just discovered that sometimes, in this life, things change. Oh no, does this mean that he might not get dinner? Walks? Hugs? That's really scary.

"Well, how do I know what's what?"

"Day by day, Ricky. You find out. Has anything changed that troubles you?"

"Actually, nothing. I like everything a lot, every day."

"Well, see? Just keep on liking things. And praying."

"I don't know anything about that."

"Yes, you do. Every time you wake up and love your life and the world, you're praying, my dear boy. I'm sure of it."

St. Andrew's Thrift Shop
9:00 a.m.—Noon Wednesday and Thursday
10:00 a.m.—1:00 p.m. Saturday
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