MY HOPE FOR AMERICA: THAT THIS TIME IS DIFFERENT. By Bill Russell

FOR THOSE STRIVING TO SAVE LIVES
FOR THOSE KEEPING US GOING
FOR THOSE FIGHTING FOR A BETTER FUTURE

THANK YOU
We believe in each other.

And the results are unbelievable.

Thank you to all the people who continue to come together from across our system, working wherever and however the situation demands. We appreciate your commitment to each other and to the people and communities we serve. And it is because of you that all our patients who need care, those with COVID-19 or other conditions, are being safely treated.

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20 For Essential Workers
Messages of appreciation for the people who are helping us through today, and fighting for a better future.

WITH CONTRIBUTIONS FROM: AYANNA PRESSLEY, MICHAEL DUKAKIS, JOANNE CHANG AND CHRISTOPHER MYERS, MONICA CANNON-GRANT, DENIS LEARY, KIM JANEY, KEN BURNS, MICHELLE FIGUEROA, KEITH LOCKHART, JOHN RATZENBERGER, ORLANDO WATKINS, AND MANY MORE.

Puzzles on Page 53

THE GLOBE PUZZLE SOLUTION

AT A PROOF READER
ALSO READ BAR
RECEIVED CHURCH
STEPS PAGES CAME
ESK TAX ACCOUNT
WHITE HATS FOR HOMES
THREE ROADS END
ONE ALWAYS WINS
END ALL SEES USE
SEEK MORE REACH
SEEK SENSE IN

SUDOKU SOLUTION

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On the Cover: From left: David L. Ryan; Erin Clark; Jessica Rinaldi; David L. Ryan; Jim Davis/Globe staff photographs

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What About Summer? / June 14
Your original plans may have been canceled, but don’t give up on the season just yet. From taking a socially-distanced camping trip to exploring hidden spaces in Boston area parks, visit bostonglobe.com/magazine for ideas on how to enjoy the summer safely.

Healthy Living / June 7
Welcome to Burnout Nation, where stress makes everything not OK. Learn what needs to change. Plus, can artificial intelligence help the lonely?

Hidden Lakes of New England / May 31
Discover some of our writers’ favorite lakes from across the region. And, Yellowstone without us, and a peek at what awaits travelers at New England’s inns and resorts when we hit the road again.


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Power of Poetry
I was blown away by the beauty of Scott Harney’s images, and the clarity of his words and how lovingly he selected them (“The Lost Poems of Scott Harney,” May 10). I like that he was not afraid to show his soul when he wrote. Now we can all enjoy his fabulous work thanks to those who collected his writings and his publisher.

Nancy Katz
Belmont

I was aware of Harney’s work as a poet as he occasionally read selected segments to me. I was never sure why he did not make more of an attempt to get them published. However, now [with their publication], people will see how talented Scott was, and how his Charlestown roots and his vision of life shaped his love and friendships.

Franklin Gerechter
Los Angeles

Lessons From the Road
Thank you to Betsy Vereckey for reminding me of wonderful memories of my mom and her ability to conquer her shortcomings, especially driving and helping us “kids” pass our tests (Connections, May 10). She was very unsure of this process—and I rewarded her by getting in an accident on the way home from a successful driving exam. “Gun it,” Betsy.

David Maynard
Hollis, New Hampshire

Importance of Immigrants’ Stories
The article by Gregory T. Huang (“Love and Loss in the Age of COVID-19,” May 17) really hit home. The similarities are numerous: I too am the son of Asian immigrants; my father came to the United States in the ’50s, and did his PhD in physics; he even got married to my mom in 1959! He too taught for several years at two universities, and I’ve run into many of his former students who still remember the jokes and puns he cracked in class. They too settled in the Midwest. Sadly, my father passed away just as 2020 dawned. I look back and think of the timing as merciful—unlike Huang’s father, we were able to have a proper funeral. I want to thank Huang for telling his dad’s story. It’s very representative of so many unheralded contributions, and the far-reaching impact, made by the early Asian immigrants to the US. In this political climate especially, it’s a story worth retelling and remembering.

Raj Melkote
Woburn

Life After Lockdown
In his Perspective article (“The Lockdown Is Ending. Is the Damage Worse Than the Disease?” May 31), Tom Keane rightly points out many of the knock-on effects of COVID-19 that will have folks reeling for years. Educational backslides and lost economic opportunities are indeed devastating. But in blaming “Draconian” lockdown measures for these damages, he ignores the fact that such socioeconomic inequities have long been entrenched in our
society; COVID-19 has simply shined an extra-bright spotlight on them. If staying home for a few months can wreak so much havoc on a society... then something is wrong with that society. A return to normalcy is not what we need. We need to build back better and address the systemic faults that left so many people vulnerable in the first place.

Dani Murphy
Brooklyn, New York

Keane says, “Our response to the pandemic is that we chose the lives of some people over others.” But it is really a matter of whether we choose the undisturbed educations and careers of some people over the lives of others. He writes, “The harm to children is obvious.” But the harm to old people who will die from premature reopening is even more obvious—not to mention more severe and certainly “impossible to fix.” Keane laments, “Teenagers and college students are missing activities such as dances, sports, and dating.” But what kind of society deems this worse than old people missing years of life? As for inequality, premature reopening endangers poor old people much more than rich ones.

Felicia Nimue Ackerman
Providence

A well-presented argument and I totally agree—in spite of the fact that I, personally, have totally enjoyed a life without crowds. I agree in spite of the fact that my 8-year-old grandson has been able to bond with his 2-year-old sister in a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8
Home is more important than ever. Paint it in colors that soothe you.

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way that would have been impossible without shelter-in-place orders. I agree in spite of the fact that my younger son and his adorable bride came to shelter in place with me at our cottage near Plum Cove Beach. They have absolutely luxuriated in our 100-year-old house: fixing the gardens, painting stairs, redoing the living room, and having wonderful homemade dinners every night. I agree in every possible way: The future of a broken economy hasn’t hit yet. It won’t be pretty.

Tonia Molinski
Gloucester

There is no denying much of what Keane has written, especially with regard to the long-term impact the lockdown will have on the education of children and on the economic prospects for the less affluent among us, who will have to struggle with the ravages of unemployment and joblessness for years to come. But, did we really have a choice? Is Keane saying that we will look back and realize we made a horrible mistake in locking down our society and our economy, even though we saved lives and kept from overwhelming our health care system? Or is he simply saying that the time for the lockdown approach has come and gone, and we need to let the chips fall where they may, even in the face of a dramatic second wave of the virus this fall? If he is saying the former, I must disagree vehemently; if the latter,
my objections remain, but a little less strenuous.

Michael Knosp
Melrose

Not once did Keane make any mention of the other side of this COVID-19 coin: What we need to do to open back up as safely as possible and minimize loss of life due to this virus. What we need to do is establish a countrywide, unified testing and tracing program for all. It’s not an either/or situation. It requires both.

Rob Hoover
Georgetown

I disagree with Keane’s characterization of the lockdown as harmful to children and schooling. He says online schooling was an ineffective alternative and that the result has been a missed semester. This may be true for some but by no means for all. First, it minimizes the extreme effort parents have put in to ensure our children are following their online and at home schedule, and doing assignments. Secondly, saying this was a lost semester minimizes all the incredible time and effort the teachers have put in to educating students remotely. This was a monumental task, but they stepped up and, from my experience in Hanson, did a truly amazing job.

Andrea Cipolla
Hanson

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We are living in strange times, but I’ve seen stranger. There’s the kind of strange that means uncommon or out of the ordinary. The COVID-19 pandemic is surely representative of that. Then there’s the kind of strange that means peculiar, perverse, uncomfortable and ill at ease. Now that’s the kind of strange I’ve known my whole life. It’s the kind of strange Billie Holiday sang about when she sang, “Southern trees bear a strange fruit. Blood on the leaves and blood on the root,” referring, of course, to the then common practice of the lynching of Black people.

It’s the kind of strange that has dogged America from the beginning. The kind of strange that justified indigenous genocide in the name of “civility.” It’s the kind of strange that built a country out of the labor of that “peculiar” institution known as slavery. It’s the kind of strange that justified Jim Crow, mass incarceration, police brutality, and the inequities that persist in every facet of the Black American experience.

It’s the kind of strange that leads to fighting each other instead of the system, that often attacks those who speak out instead of those who commit injustices. It’s the kind of strange that accepts an inept and cowardly president who caters to white supremacists. It’s the strange voice that condemns those brave enough to kneel during the American anthem until America lives up to its unfulfilled promise, but rationalizes the behavior of a racist who kneels on a Black man’s neck for 8 minutes and 46 seconds until the life is choked out of him.

Let me remind you of that unfulfilled promise, the one right there in the Declaration of Independence: “All men are created equal”... “they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness.”

I’ve been waiting my whole life for America to live up to that promise and the fact that it hasn’t, that in America the systemic and pervasive killing of Black and brown people has never been strange in the “out of the ordinary” sense of the word, but only in the “uncomfortable and ill at ease”
sense of the word, adds up to nothing less than, in the words of that Billie Holiday song again, a strange and bitter crop of injustices, with bulging eyes and the twisted mouth, for the rain to gather, for the wind to suck, for the sun to rot, for the tree to drop.

Yet, I am heartened by the waves of Black Lives Matter protesters risking their lives to march among our streets. I am heartened by the Minneapolis City Council’s pledge to dismantle the Minneapolis Police Department in response to their protests. And I sincerely hope that these kinds of strange days are forever behind us, and that real, lasting change will finally be realized. Our lives depend on it.

Bill Russell is a civil rights activist and he received the Presidential Medal of Freedom in 2011. He played for the Boston Celtics from 1956 to 1969, winning 11 NBA championships. Follow him on Twitter and Instagram: @RealBillRussell. Send comments to magazine@globe.com.
Upfront

WEDNESDAY
Pipe Stream
Listen to the majestic sounds of the “Great Organ,” America’s first concert organ, during Methuen Memorial Music Hall’s 2020 Organ Recital Series. This week, Saint John’s Seminary music director Janet Hunt will play selections from composers including Vincent Lübeck, Vaughan Williams, and Franz Liszt. The free series runs through August 26. Live streaming on YouTube at 7:30 p.m. mmmh.org

THURSDAY
Backyard Blooms
Transform your home garden with help from Bill Noble, author of Spirit of Place: The Making of a New England Garden. Co-presented by the Tower Hill and Berkshire botanical gardens, this gardening master class will teach you how to combine trees, foliage, and flowers into a backyard triumph. 6:30 p.m. Members $10, non-members $15. Registration required for Zoom link; towerhillbg.org

THURSDAY AND SATURDAY
Setting the Table
Learn about the quiet activism of Robert Roberts in The Butler Takes Charge, a free webinar hosted by the historic Waltham estate Gore Place. Roberts, who was a Black domestic servant at the mansion and an abolitionist in the early 1800s, wrote a how-to manual titled The House Servant’s Directory. Free ($10 donation suggested). Thursday at 7 p.m., Saturday at 3 p.m. Register at goreplace.org.

SATURDAY
Laugh Out Loud
Laugh Boston is bringing funny back with People in Cars Getting Comedy, a drive-in comedy series live at Apex Entertainment in Marlborough. Featuring New England comedians Brian Glowacki, Kelly MacFarland, and Steve Sweeney. Gates open at 7 p.m., show starts an hour later. $60 per car. laughboston.com

YOUR WEEK AHEAD 6/22-6/28

THURSDAY
Avian Apps
Smartphones have revolutionized the world of birding. Learn about the most useful apps during Electronic Resources for Birders, a virtual class from Mass Audubon’s Drumlin Farm for ages 14 and up. $25 for members, $30 for non-members. 7 p.m. Registration required; call 781-259-2255 or visit massaudubon.org.

SHARE YOUR EVENT NEWS. Send information on Boston-area happenings at least three weeks in advance to week@globe.com.
I'm 60 years old and recently retired after 35 years of teaching photography. Going through old boxes, I found photos of my high school sweetheart. Boom, the nostalgia washed over me. We had been together for five years during and after high school, but I broke it off. We were still under 20 and just too young to commit.

It's been 40 years since we've spoken. But I have these photos of her in glorious, colorful Kodachrome. They are a timepiece of the ’70s. Through Facebook I learned she is happily married with kids. I am, too. I do not want to contact her, but I know where her sister’s business is.

The photographer in me wants to send these gorgeous photos to her sister, thinking that my ex-sweetheart might appreciate getting wonderful pictures of her teen self. Only photos of her, not me. I would mail them with no note or contact info to her sister. I am not looking to complicate her life or mine. I am imagining that seeing them would make her smile. The non-photographer in me is saying that as nice and colorful as these photos are, do not send them. What do you think?

— Kodachrome

Congrats on your retirement, and thank you for giving me a reason to listen to Paul Simon today. Sending these photos is a lovely gesture. Not just for your ex, but for her family. I'm probably projecting a little (I love discovering new things about my late mom's past life), but I imagine her kids might get a kick out of seeing new portraits of their mom from the 1970s. It doesn't sound like these images would hurt anyone. Like you said, you’ll leave yourself out of them.

If you know she's close with her sister, you can mail prints to that business. But please include a note. There's something too mysterious about delivering the pictures without explanation. That seems like big-time drama. The sister will have to ask, “Who are these from?” Your ex will suspect it's you. Then they’ll have to wonder about your intentions, which are not romantic at all.

Write a note that explains what you're giving them. Ask the sister to pass them along and send your best (without including your contact information). The end.

— Meredith

READERS RESPOND

What do you really want out of this? Because it sounds to me as if you are attempting to avoid the appearance of re-establishing contact with your high school girlfriend while secretly wanting contact in order to relive the glory days.

Do it and identify yourself. I had a similar experience with my old high school boyfriend, a lovely guy who could not have provided a better “first love” experience. I found out that later in life, he returned to his art and had a gallery. I was thrilled to see how his talent developed.

Try: “Dear Suzie, I just retired, I was sorting out my files and I came across these. Rather than throwing them away, I am sending them to you. I hope you are well and you have as much joy in your life as I do.”

“I love this. Do this!”

Catch Meredith Goldstein’s Love Letters podcast at loveletters.show or wherever you listen.

Columns and responses are edited and reprinted from boston.com/loveletters. Send letters, questions, and comments to meredith.goldstein@globe.com.
Urban Aerie
GAUZY DRAPES AND PLENTY OF GREENERY MAKE A DESIGNER’S SUNNY SOMERVILLE RENTAL EVEN BRIGHTER.
BY MARNI ELYSE KATZ

One of the best things about the apartment that Jessica Ford and her husband rent on a Somerville side street is the light that streams through the large windows. She says, “I’m obsessed with sun and light, so we embraced it.” Ford decorated with an eye toward softness. “I mixed in creams so it wouldn’t seem sterile,” she says. Since there are so many windows and it’s a rental, Ford used inexpensive grasscloth shades and simple cotton voile panels. Ficus and monstera plants echo the treetops below and help the couple feel connected to nature. “The walls curve so you can’t put much beside the bed anyway,” the designer says. “Waking up with a tree over you isn’t the worst thing.”

1. Charlie poses on the patterned wool kilim, which was created by Mogol weavers in northern Afghanistan. Ford purchased it years ago at Yayla Tribal Rugs in Cambridge.

2. Ford commissioned a neighbor to make the full-length mirror. “We gave him the glass and oak boards, and he built it in his garage,” she says. “It’s not only functional, it reflects the light.”

3. The Munro Galloway painting was a gift that Ford’s former boss purchased from a client knowing she had admired it. “The neutral pink and red color palette wasn’t intentional,” Ford says. “It all just came together.”

4. The 1960s metal rocker, an estate sale find, is Charlie’s favorite spot. “It’s pretty uncomfortable so it became the cat chair,” Ford says. Her grandmother made the needlepoint pillow.

5. Plug-in sconces with pivoting arms and adjustable shades provide illumination. “There’s not much room for nightstands and there are no overheads, so these were a good solution,” Ford says. The blackened steel details tie to the curtain rods.

6. The linen-upholstered bed, dressed in a crisp linen duvet from Parachute, doesn’t block the windows. Ford rescued the textured cotton blanket from her grandmother’s house. “I love it,” she says. “It’s old and sentimental.”
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LOT SIZE 0.1 acre
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BATHS 1 full
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PROS Built in 1923, this gray cedar-shingled cottage is just two blocks from the ocean and offers outdoor space for soaking up the salt air. A turquoise door opens to an inviting wraparound porch, with a screened area. A Craftsman-style half wall with shelves divides the living and dining rooms, which feature hardwood floors. The kitchen is cheerfully retro with checkered floors, turquoise cabinets, and stainless appliances, including washer and dryer. Upstairs, the bedrooms have painted wood floors. The back door leads to a fenced yard with a patio, a new shed, and a whole-house generator. CONS No basement; two bedrooms are small.

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$685,000
40 FLORENCE AVENUE / NORWOOD
SQUARE FEET 2122
LOT SIZE 0.18 acre
BEDROOMS 3
BATHS 1 full, 1 half
LAST SOLD FOR $590,000 in 2017

PROS This 1920 Colonial sits on a charming tree-lined street near the town center. The entry hall includes a sweet built-in bench. A large living room features a corner fireplace, and pocket doors that open to reveal the dining room with built-in hutch. The kitchen has stone counters, checkered floors, island seating, and stainless appliances. There’s a new powder room nearby, and a mudroom exits to the deck, backyard, and detached two-car garage. Rounding out the first floor is a den. Upstairs, the big bedrooms share a bath, and an office nook off the landing offers access to a walk-up attic. CONS Laundry is in the basement; no true master bedroom.

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Clockwise: Big Sister Kirstin Fong; Ylva Duke, Match Support Specialist; Little Sister Laelani; Little Sister Zarin; Vanessa Rengifo, Match Support Specialist; Big Sister Sam Hilton
An Asian Dinner From the Grill

PORK SKEWERS, GRILLED CORN, AND A TANGY SLAW MAKE FOR A PERFECT SUMMER MEAL.

BY CHRISTOPHER KIMBALL

Across Southeast Asia, the smell of grilled meat wafts from ubiquitous sidewalk hawkers who sell sizzling skewers bathed in savory-sticky glaze, while the accompanying sides are just as important. The sweet saltiness of Thai pork skewers, which we baste with coconut milk, is balanced by the bright freshness of a simple cilantro-chili sauce called jaew. Mixing fermented chili paste, oyster sauce, and rice vinegar simplifies a Taiwanese sauce for grilled corn. And for a fresh counterpoint to those charred flavors, we toss a Thai-inspired cabbage slaw with lime-coconut dressing.

Thai Grilled Pork Skewers (Moo Ping)

MAKES 4 TO 6 SERVINGS

Pork shoulder is the best cut to use as it has a decent amount of fat, which is essential for flavor and juiciness. Partially freezing the meat firms it so it’s easier to slice. Aim for ¼-inch-thick slices to minimize the chewiness. And if the pork doesn’t wind up in neat strips, don’t worry—the pieces can be folded or pieced together as they’re threaded to make neat-looking skewers.

The pieces of meat should be scrunched together somewhat tightly on the skewers. This helps guard against overcooking.

Though moo ping is tasty on its own, a dipping sauce is customary and adds a whole other flavor dimension. We like ours with chili-lime jaew (recipe follows).

2 pounds boneless pork shoulder, trimmed of surface fat
6 medium garlic cloves, minced
2 tablespoons finely minced fresh cilantro stems
1/3 cup firmly packed light or dark brown sugar
3 tablespoons fish sauce
1 tablespoon soy sauce
2 tablespoons peanut oil
Ground white pepper
1/2 cup coconut milk
Chili-lime sauce (jaew), to serve

Place the pork on a large plate and freeze until the meat is firm and partially frozen, 1 to 1½ hours. Meanwhile, in a medium bowl, stir together the garlic, cilantro, sugar, fish sauce, soy sauce, oil, and ¼ teaspoon white pepper.

Using a sharp chef’s knife, slice the partially frozen pork into pieces about ¼-inch thick. The slices will be irregularly shaped; cut them into strips 1- to 1¼-inches wide (it’s fine if the strips are not uniform). Add the pork to the marinade and mix with your hands until evenly coated. Cover and refrigerate for at least 2 hours or up to 12 hours.

Thread the pork onto 10- to 12-inch metal skewers, evenly dividing the meat among 10 skewers and scrunching it together; make sure to pack it quite tightly. If some pieces are too wide, too wispy, or awkwardly shaped, fold the meat or tuck in the edges as you skewer. Place on a rimmed baking sheet or in a large baking dish, then cover and refrigerate while you prepare the grill.

Prepare a charcoal or gas grill. For a charcoal grill, ignite a full chimney of coals, let burn until lightly ashed over, then distribute the coals evenly over one side of the grill bed. Open Globe readers get 12 weeks of Milk Street print magazine plus complete digital access for just $1. Go to 177milkstreet.com/globe.
the bottom vents. Heat the grill, covered, for 5 to 10 minutes, then clean and oil the grate. For a gas grill, turn all burners to high and heat, covered, for 15 minutes, then clean and oil the grate.

Place the skewers on the hot side of the grill (if using charcoal) and cook until lightly charred, about 3 minutes. Using tongs, flip the skewers, then brush with some of the coconut milk. Cook until the second sides are lightly charred, about another 3 minutes. Flip the skewers again and continue to cook, occasionally brushing with coconut milk and turning every couple of minutes, until deeply charred on both sides, about another 5 to 6 minutes. Transfer to a platter and serve with the sauce.

Chili-Lime Sauce (Jaew)
MAKES ABOUT 1/4 CUP

The toasted rice adds a unique flavor and helps the sauce cling. It’s potent stuff, so spoon it on sparingly.

1 1/2 tablespoons jasmine rice
1/4 cup fish sauce
3 tablespoons lime juice
1 medium shallot, minced
2 tablespoons finely chopped fresh cilantro
1 tablespoon packed light or dark brown sugar
2 teaspoons red pepper flakes

In a medium bowl, whisk the oyster sauce, vinegar, gochujang, Worchestersters, sesame oil, and 2 tablespoons of cilantro. Remove only the outermost layer of corn husk, leaving the inner layers intact. If needed, trim off the silk that extends past the tips. Set the sauce and corn aside.

Prepare a charcoal or gas grill. For a charcoal grill, ignite a full chimney of coals, let burn until lightly ashed over, then distribute the coals evenly over one side of the grill bed. Open the bottom grill vents. Heat the grill, covered, for 5 to 10 minutes, then clean and oil the grate. For a gas grill, turn all burners to high and heat, covered, for 15 minutes, then clean and oil the grate.

To the rice powder, stir in the remaining ingredients and 1 tablespoon water. Cover and refrigerate for at least 1 hour before using; bring to room temperature before serving. Leftovers can be refrigerated in an airtight container for up to 3 days; the sauce will thicken slightly.

Taiwanese-Style Grilled Corn
MAKES 4 SERVINGS

You’ll have enough sauce for about 12 ears, so you can cook as many as will fit comfortably on your grill. Leftover sauce can be refrigerated in an airtight container for up to 5 days; it’s great on grilled chicken, pork, beef, or even grilled eggplant.

Keep the corn in the husks for grilling. The husks take on some char and let the corn steam so the kernels remain moist and tender.

½ cup oyster sauce
6 tablespoons unseasoned rice vinegar
1/4 cup gochujang

In a medium bowl, whisk the lime juice, fish sauce, and chili. Add to taste. Whisk in the coconut milk for this recipe; the former is too thin, and the latter is too sweet. For a richer version of this slaw, use thick coconut cream in place of coconut milk, reducing the volume to 4 tablespoons. Be sure to vigorously shake the can before opening to ensure that the fat and liquid are fully emulsified.

Fish sauce adds seasoning and pungency, but potency varies widely by brand (we like Red Boat, which is milder than other brands), so start slow and add to taste.

3 tablespoons lime juice (1 to 2 limes)
4 teaspoons white sugar
1 tablespoon fish sauce
1 medium serrano chili, seeded and minced
5 tablespoons coconut milk
1 pound napa cabbage (1 small head), thinly sliced crosswise (about 8 cups)
6 radishes, trimmed, halved, and thinly sliced
4 ounces sugar snap peas, strings removed, thinly sliced on bias
1/2 cup coarsely chopped fresh cilantro
1/2 cup coarsely chopped fresh mint
1/2 cup roasted, salted cashews, coarsely chopped

In a liquid measuring cup, mix together the lime juice, sugar, fish sauce, and chili. Let sit for 10 minutes. Whisk in the coconut milk until combined, then adjust seasoning with additional fish sauce if desired. In a large bowl, combine the cabbage, radishes, peas, cilantro, and mint. Add the dressing and toss until evenly coated. Stir in the cashews and serve.

Christopher Kimball is the founder of Milk Street, home to a magazine, school, and radio and television shows. Send comments to magazine@globe.com.
Call me old-fashioned or just old, but last year we attended three weddings and were very generous with gifts. It took months to get thank-you notes. As another wedding season approaches, and weddings that I have already sent gifts for are being canceled, should I just chill about the lack of acknowledgement? Many young people have told me you have a year to send a thank-you note. Perhaps I should ignore wedding registries and take my year to get a gift to the new couple? Don’t get me started about text and Facebook message thank yous! You can let me know if I am just turning into a cranky old lady!

D.E. / Boston

MISS CONDUCT

No Thank You

WHAT IS WITH TODAY’S NEWLYWEDS, WHO TAKE FOREVER TO ACKNOWLEDGE GIFTS?

Yes! You are out-of-date and old-fashioned and old! Bad old lady! There, do you feel better? Was that the scolding you were inviting? Sometimes you just have to yell and get yelled back at to get your ya-yas out, don’t you? I know I do. If my little dog Wednesday’s daily conversations with squirrels from our back deck are any indication, the need might even transcend species.

Now to the business at hand. Yes, most people believe you have a year to write thank-you notes for wedding gifts. Others trumpet that this is a myth, but etiquette is a shared myth, after all, so it’s not quite the damning criticism they think. And… you can, in fact, take a year to send a gift! Ignoring registries is also acceptable; those are suggestions for the convenience of celebrants, not a list of hostage demands. Any appropriate gift — or even a sincere letter of love and congratulations if you can afford nothing but that — will do.

See? You have that power. You also have the power to release people from writing formal thank-you notes, and thus yourself from the irritable frustration of waiting to receive them. Generally, when sending a gift, I will enclose a note saying that no formal thank you is required, but asking the recipient(s) to, yes, text or message with a picture when the item arrives. If they absolutely must write a note, don’t bother writing one to me — make it a letter of praise or protest to a government official, or a sweet chatty card to a lonely loved one, instead.

A text or message on arrival, with a picture, gives me all the information I need and gives it to me immediately. The item arrived, it’s the correct one, they like it, it does actually go with their decor (or, wow, it doesn’t and now I know to tell them I kept the receipt). Isn’t this the information you want, too? The form really isn’t important, is it? Anyone who is getting married right now — or, good Lord, having a baby — is dealing with thousands of logistics and terrifying dilemmas and existential questions. Let them off the hook. If you don’t want to become a cranky old lady — and I don’t, either — try to think hard, every day, about the struggles young people are facing and what you can do to help them.

Miss Conduct is Robin Abrahams, a writer with a PhD in psychology.

No Thank You

WHAT IS WITH TODAY’S NEWLYWEDS, WHO TAKE FOREVER TO ACKNOWLEDGE GIFTS?

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Now to the business at hand. Yes, most people believe you have a year to write thank-you notes for wedding gifts. Others trumpet that this is a myth, but
In Your Court
WILL THESE TWO TENNIS PLAYERS BE THE PERFECT MATCH?

7 P.M. ZOOM VIDEO CALL, CAMBRIDGE AND BEACON HILL

SERVING IT UP
Sarita I figured a virtual date in quarantine would be pretty low risk. We could always hang up if it wasn’t going well.
Mohit I thought it would be interesting to try something unusual during the pandemic. It’s a safe way to evaluate if you are a fit and would be open to a second, in-person date.

Sarita I FaceTimed one of my friends while I was getting ready. I’ve used Zoom a lot for work so it was weird to use it for another purpose.
Mohit I spoke with a friend beforehand who helped calm my nerves.

Sarita We both turned our videos on. He was well dressed, in a nice blue button-down.
Mohit She was attractive and looked athletic. She later confirmed that she played tennis in college.

LOVE, LOVE
Sarita We quickly discovered we had similar fields of work/study so we talked about our jobs, and Mohit’s dissertation. It was clear he was very smart, and I was excited to learn more about the research he did on optogenetics during his PhD.
Mohit We discussed work and our career arcs, since we both worked in health care consulting. She had an interesting life outside of work as well.

Sarita We both work in the life sciences, are Roger Federer fans, and are Indian. It was easy for us to find things to talk about, including the difference in court surface between the US and Australian Opens.
Mohit She played tennis and was passionate about the game. We talked about our jobs, television shows, travel, and things to do in Boston.

Sarita I had been coming from visiting my grandma and had eaten a late lunch, so I wasn’t hungry.
Mohit I ordered sushi from Genki Ya. I love this place and always wanted to try the makimono combo roll.

Sarita We definitely had a very nice conversation and a lot to talk about.
Mohit I became more comfortable as the conversation wore on, and I guess she did as well.

GAME, SET, REMATCH
Sarita It was getting late. I had a meeting the next morning that I had to prep for, so we decided to sign off.
Mohit We decided to end the conversation, since she had to prepare for the next day. I think we had reached a logical end; the conversation was dragging on during parts.

Sarita It can be difficult to tell how someone feels about you over a video chat.
Mohit It’s hard to judge body language through a screen. I am not sure if we are a fit for each other.

SECOND DATE?
Sarita We exchanged numbers; I’m not sure what will happen next.
Mohit I would give it another chance if she is available.

POST-MORTEM
Sarita / A
Mohit / B+

— Compiled by Melissa Schorr

DINNER WITH CUPID

SARITA BISWAS
26 / biotech business development
ON A DESERT ISLAND, SHE’D BRING
A tennis racket, tennis ball, and a good book
WHAT MAKES HER A CATCH
She’s extremely passionate about science and medicine

MOHIT GANGULY
29 / pharmaceutical consultant
HIS PERFECT SATURDAY
Coffee, lunch, play tennis, watch Netflix in the evening
HIS INTERESTS
Traveling to all seven wonders of the world

GO ON A VIRTUAL BLIND DATE. WE’LL PICK UP THE TAB.
Fill out an application at bostonglobe.com/cupid. Follow us on Twitter or Instagram @dinnerwithcupid.

We’re grateful for all that you do.
THANK YOU

Health care workers at St. Luke's Hospital in New Bedford

(The image shows a group of health care workers standing outside a hospital, all wearing masks.)
To Those Striving To Save Lives
To Those Keeping Us Going
To Those Fighting For A Better Future
I Find Hope Because of You
By Ayanna Pressley

Right now, our communities are facing a crisis within a crisis, trauma layered upon trauma. In the midst of an unprecedented public health crisis, we have also reached a moment of national reckoning about police brutality, systemic racism, and legislated injustice. In this moment of profound hurt and anger, when so many of us are grieving the loved ones we have been collectively robbed of—it would be easy to feel defeated and disillusioned. But, now more than ever, I find hope in the organizers, community builders, and activists who have taken to the streets (and the halls of power) to demand an end to the violence inflicted on Black and brown communities for hundreds of years, and to tear down the institutions that perpetuate injustice and oppression. And I find hope in the frontline workers who selflessly care for the sick, and who do the work of supporting our communities throughout this harrowing pandemic.

So, I want to express the deepest gratitude to all those who have put their own health—and that of their families—on the line in defense of our communities. Not only to our frontline health care workers and first responders, but to the grocery store workers, transit drivers, home health aides, custodians, security workers, hospitality workers, and others—primarily women, immigrants, and people of color—who work day in and day out to keep our communities going. And let’s be clear: Although some people may just be waking up to the fact, these folks have always been essential.

And to those who have organized and marched and demanded, never doubt that your voices and your advocacy are the roots of transformative change. For too long, Black and brown bodies have been profiled, surveilled, policed, lynched, choked, brutalized and murdered at the hands of police. We will say their names and carry forward the mantle of accountability and justice, in our communities, in our states, and in our country. This is our movement; it will not be co-opted, and we will continue to organize, mobilize, and legislate for change.

So thank you. Thank you for your tireless work, your advocacy, and your commitment to healing our communities. Together, we will continue to fight for the critical protections workers need and deserve to do their jobs safely and provide for their families, and we will not rest until no one lives in fear of simply showing up in the world as they are.

US Representative Ayanna Pressley is the first woman of color to be elected to Congress from the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

A health care worker outside Beth Israel Deaconess Medical Center in Boston chooses a flower as a gift.
The Heart of Our Restaurants
By Joanne Chang and Christopher Myers

Obi comes to work, he is life support, his attendance keeps blood trickling into a delicate economic heart. Offering hope that it can recover. From oven lights gone dark. An industry is out of work, its safety nets as scarce as lifeboats on the Titanic. If the lights come back on, even one bulb at a time, more people can come back to work. The numbers play out—in the tens of millions of rescued jobs.

“When things are safer.”
That’s the entire unknowable calculus.
The awkward inelegance of curbside dining in America. A barely opened door, a bag handed off to a cautious masked “guest?” Everyone still scared. As if Obi, a Black man in America, an American, didn’t already have enough to be scared about, just leaving the house, or even inside his own house. Every day Obi comes to work. With Jose, Rose, Danny, Laura, Chris, Yeirson, each one a light, a no-longer-freaked-out but still exhausted, breathing flicker. Stakes as high as any job anywhere. Lose your focus, lose a finger. Bring a virus home, lose your grandmother. They are bulbs still lit. If you’re walking down the street, any street, see a restaurant, peek in.

See the flickering.
Gratitude doesn’t come close to defining what we all feel. For Obi. For all the Obis. In Boston, across America, restaurants are sputtering back to life on the support he brings. Taking risks every day. Dodging droplets on a subway. To keep a business alive. To keep themselves alive.

Wake up. Find your feels. On the other side of gratitude, some lights are still on.

Joanne Chang and Christopher Myers are co-owners of Myers + Chang restaurant and Flour Bakery + Cafe.
Scientists Searching for a Treatment
By Dr. William G. Kaelin Jr.

I have never been prouder to be part of the medical profession than I am now as I watch my clinical colleagues provide care on the front lines of COVID-19, and my scientific colleagues in Boston and around the world see what they can do to help all of us. I’ve never felt more strongly that this is a noble profession.

Two of the scientists in my lab who are MDs volunteered to work on the front lines of COVID-19. That is selfless, inspirational, and heroic. I’ve watched many scientists suddenly pivot their research to do something related to COVID-19. I am also on the board of directors of Eli Lilly and Company. When COVID-19 came along it was all hands on deck to see what they could do about the pandemic. They worked with partners who had isolated antibodies from COVID survivors, to develop artificial versions of the antibodies that are being tested now to try to prevent and treat COVID-19. It was not done to create a cash cow. It was done because it’s the right thing to do.

Cancer didn’t suddenly take a holiday because of COVID-19. The only reason we could reopen the labs at the Dana-Farber, even partially, was that everyone is pitching in, doing the mitigation strategies, sheltering in place, flattening the curve, so that we could take this baby step forward. It has been very painful to see cancer research slowed because of COVID-19 and we have been champing at the bit to get back to work. These things are inspirational to me. All of our essential workers, whether directly involved in health care or providing for our daily needs, are heroes.

With respect to science, we’ve gone from a healthy degree of skepticism of dogma and authority figures to, in at least some quarters, a complete disregard for expertise and credentials. We’re paying for this now when we walk down the street and see people not wearing masks. Can’t we just do this one little thing to protect each other? It seems the least we can do to thank the many people who are literally putting their lives at risk to help us get through this pandemic. —As told to Linda Matchan

William G. Kaelin Jr., a 2019 Nobel laureate, is the Sidney Farber Professor of Medicine at the Dana-Farber Cancer Institute and Brigham and Women’s Hospital.
I’m a writer and a doctor. I got COVID-19 because I was promoting my new medical novel, *Man’s 4th Best Hospital*, in early March at large gatherings of health care workers and at private dinners in the Bronx and Brooklyn. I was intensely afraid of the disease because I’m a 75-year-old doctor and know too much about disease and death to not be scared. Worse, I gave it to my partner, Janet, when I got back. She was not grateful. Nor was I.

But I was grateful for my training to overcome the fear and to look and listen to both me and my wife with a medical ear and eye and, after decades of treating patients, a bit of wisdom. When she lost a bit of faith in me, I suggested she call our own doctor. How grateful we were to have him. And that’s another sad gratitude: I am of a privileged class, not struggling for care as so many millions, mostly poor and of color, have had to do in this cracked medical system.

All across the country during the pandemic, the usual stress in hospitals went off the charts. And yet facing the extremes, together, often lifted us up. Nurses, doctors, medical students, physician’s assistants, specialists, the cleaning and transportation crews, techies keeping the machines going, orderlies doing everything, administrators in the background shuffling beds and finding supplies—all of us went into another realm of dealing with pain and suffering, showing compassion in selfless ways. Often, in the face of someone dying alone, because families couldn’t be there, we did all we could to make sure families could be “present” on screens. Connection brings out kindness.

Janet and I came out of the vicious six weeks fighting the disease with a profound sense of the importance of a doctor simply making good connection, listening, and advising. “Being on call.” To think of the tens of millions who will never have that experience? It’s an indictment of us all. The real risk is to become isolated. Isolation is a killer. Connection heals.

Years ago, after I had come through a long rough spell, I decided to put as my signature on e-mails: “Gratitude.” Whenever I send an e-mail, my eye catches that “Gratitude, Shem.” It makes me recall my suffering, and the release of my suffering.

If we walk through suffering with others, with caring others (and that’s our jobs as health care workers, to be with people at the worst times of their lives)—we can heal.

*Samuel Shem is author of the novels* *The House of God* and its sequel *Man’s 4th Best Hospital*.
Protesters are Essential Workers
By Monica Cannon-Grant

Being Black in this country is exhausting right now. There are so many issues we’re facing; just pick one and jump in. My gratitude is in regards to people like myself who have six kids and all the reasons in the world to stay in the house, but are healthy enough to go outside so they can fight all the injustices we see in this country. On top of the pandemic, activists are going out to mobilize against discrimination, not just police brutality, but also housing, economic disadvantage, lack of employment, lack of health care.

When we see these images of activists screaming and tears running down their faces, we need to realize they are dealing with the trauma of racism on top of being thrust into a position to organize and lead people.

I don’t think people totally understand. All lives have always mattered, but Black lives haven’t. We are literally asking for people to stop killing us. When we say

Grocery Workers
By Doug Rauch

Every day across our city, retail grocery workers put themselves on the front line in the face of uncertainty and with a legitimate concern for their own well-being, keeping our communities fed. Throughout the COVID-19 crisis, they have not had the luxury of working remotely, or frankly removing themselves from exposure. They face very real dangers. These are risks that they didn’t sign up for, risks that weren’t “part of the job” when they were hired. For that, we are deeply grateful.

The workers at Daily Table, our nonprofit grocery stores in Dorchester and Roxbury, have astounded me with their dedication to our mission and their willingness to put it all on the line to provide healthy food to our communities. This work is HARD, and this work is IMPORTANT. And frankly, we will never fully understand the emotional burden retail workers, like other front-line providers, carry during these scary times. Whether they work in a large supermarket chain or small corner store, all the work they do to bring good food to their neighbors and community should not go unnoticed.

We began offering a $2-per-hour emergency pay bonus on March 12. It’s a fraction of what we, and the community, owe every grocery worker.

To all of us shopping as customers: Let’s remember to tell our cashier, the person who directs us to the product we’re searching for, the people stocking shelves, and the one who has to stand outside all day long admitting customers for our safety, how much of a difference they are making for all of us.

To grocery store workers everywhere: Each day, when you gear up with your masks and gloves, know that you are making a difference and we are immensely grateful.

Doug Rauch, former president of Trader Joe’s, is founder and president of Daily Table.
we are advocating for Black lives, people usually follow up with a “but.” “But they had a criminal history.” “But if people just cooperated with police.” It’s so frustrating! We are being killed in our houses, eating ice cream, playing in the park, jogging. At what point do we realize that cooperating is a non-factor [in their deaths]? When you see activists galvanizing people, it is because we are exhausted. We have to show our appreciation to protesters in the midst of this hurt and despair.

I am in New York now because I met up with the daughter of Eric Garner. New York just passed a bill to stop choke-holding. This shows that protesting has to be a part of politics. Survivors organized alongside protesters to make sure we got the message out, and we told them to call their elected officials, and we got traction. The result is this bill being passed. It took six years, but it didn’t happen until survivors led a direct conversation with legislators. Until then, they had people who spoke for them, or on their behalf.

To be an essential worker is to show up for your community and for those who cannot show up for themselves. This is everything that activists are doing right now. — As told to Linda Matchan

Monica Cannon-Grant is a community activist and founder of the nonprofit group Violence in Boston.

AS-TOLD-TO INTERVIEWS HAVE BEEN EDITED AND CONDENSED

The People Who Keep Public Transportation Running

By Michael Dukakis

As we thank so many people who are doing extraordinary things to help us get through a very rough period, I hope we won’t forget the people at the T. They are doing an impressive job of keeping our public transportation system running and will be doing even more as we begin to get things back to running closer to normal. As you ride the T again, don’t forget to say thanks to the people that are making it happen. They’ll appreciate it, and they deserve it.

Michael Dukakis was governor of Massachusetts from 1975-1979 and 1983-1981.
In the three months since the COVID-19 pandemic began to turn our lives upside-down, we've all been forced to rethink the way we do everything, from buying groceries to keeping in touch with loved ones. While it hasn’t been easy, we've found a way to adapt and persevere. This is especially true for Boston’s young people and their caretakers who have worked tirelessly to provide equitable educational opportunities for all.

Through my many years as an advocate and organizer for children and education, I am intimately aware that a quality education is one of, if not the, most important social determinants of health. This entails more than just in-classroom instruction; it involves mentorship by teachers and coaches, the sense of community with fellow classmates, and the lifelong memories you create.

I especially want to commend and congratulate the Class of 2020. You have made sacrifices that will drive your future success. We are grateful for your perseverance and for your leadership. As students, you have demonstrated self-agency in your own learning and you have been strong advocates for your communities.

As disruptive as COVID has been, we cannot, nor should we, strive to return to “normal.” The normal with which we have all become too familiar is a slow, painful death for poor Black people. The Black community is being disproportionately impacted by COVID-19 because of systemic inequities. Those same systemic inequities are fueling protests in cities all across America, in the wake of the murder of George Floyd and countless others, whose cries for breath went unheard.

Our city’s young people are calling for the end of a system that relegates Black people to substandard housing, low-paying jobs, and underfunded schools. Young people have always been at the forefront of movements that have led to real change. That was true of the civil rights movement of the 1960s and that is true now, in our current movement for Black Lives. As president of the most diverse City Council in Boston’s history, I’m proud to support our young people in this critical time in our nation’s history, as we continue to demand justice and to push for policies that promote and protect all who live in our city. I am deeply grateful for your advocacy, your leadership, and your commitment to our community!

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Kim Janey is president of the Boston City Council.
Those Who Come to the Aid of the Most Vulnerable Among Us

By Lyndia Downie

Life is always challenging, unpredictable, and chaotic for those without the stability and security of a home. Add in a pandemic, and life becomes almost impossible. At Pine Street Inn, our population of vulnerable men and women don’t have a space of their own where they can quarantine or isolate. Many also have underlying medical conditions that put them at higher risk for mental health issues that make it difficult to cope with the confusion around them.

I have watched our staff assure frightened guests we will help them get through this, while they were deeply concerned about their own health and their families. They represent the definition of courage: being afraid but moving ahead despite the fear.

Like other tireless workers at shelters across the nation, our amazing front-line staff have unfailingly stood by our guests and tenants. Some did not see their family for over a month; some have worked double shifts week after week; and others made sure all of our tenants had food and resources to get through this pandemic. A number of staff became ill themselves, but they returned. Our kitchen workers have not missed serving up a meal; our housekeeping crew has made sure that the shelters are spotless.

Early on, one of our guests — 87 years old, frail, with a variety of health issues — tested positive. As he left for medical assistance, our staff were in tears, thinking they would never see him again. A few weeks later, he returned, saying, “I’m stronger than I look!” That brought the staff to tears again.

We have seen an outpouring of generosity from the community. Mayor Walsh and the city have worked with us every step of the way, securing space for social distancing and quarantine, unwavering in [their] support of our most vulnerable residents.

I have often said working with the staff at Pine Street is the greatest honor of my life. I have never believed that more than I do now. Their example makes me even more committed to finding a home for every person we work with and to pursuing our dream of a dignified life for all homeless men and women in Boston.

Lyndia Downie is the president and executive director of Pine Street Inn.
The Power of the Performing Arts

By Keith Lockhart

The performing arts are about community. Orchestral performance, in particular, is about a large community, the audience, sharing a sensory and emotional experience, due to the collective efforts and artistry of a smaller community of performers on stage.

The times we find ourselves in now are, antithetically, about fractured community, and isolation. The pandemic, combined with social unrest caused by the unmasking of deep divisions and systemic problems in the way we treat each other as human beings and as Americans, has made us fearful of each other, distrustful of each other, angry at one another.

At many points in my quarter century as conductor of the Boston Pops, I have been grateful for music’s ability to bring people back together. After the events of September 11, the Boston Marathon bombings, and moments of economic uncertainty and political upheaval, I have marveled at music’s ability to unite us—to celebrate our commonalities and to urge us to be courageous in confronting our challenges. That is part of the responsibility of being an artist, and also its greatest reward. More than anything, right now I feel the need to step onto the stage on the Esplanade, and join with my colleagues and millions of Americans in celebrating what our country can be, looking squarely at the flaws, and leaving with a renewed sense of commitment to what can and should be. I can’t tell you how much I want to be there.

Until I can be there, I’m grateful for the efforts of my colleagues, friends, and fellow performers to keep the music playing. When I watched the Pops’ Summon the Heroes video, I was overwhelmed not so much by the finished product as by the efforts and abilities of so many artists, all working in isolation. I’m grateful for all the performers—the world-famous and the unknown—who have bared their souls for the camera, so that their virtual audience can feel at least some of music’s power to connect us.

To watch Yo-Yo Ma play solo Bach to an empty room is to see art as individual communication, at its purest and most vulnerable. I’m grateful to the casts of shuttered Broadway shows, who have stitched together powerful performances of powerful songs. I’m grateful to every director of a community chorus or high school band who is doggedly determined to keep the music playing, even if only virtually. And I’m grateful to the skillful editors and technicians who turn these individual efforts into a collective success, and the technology that allows for it. They are still not in any way the real thing, but virtual performances remind us of just how much we are missing.

Keith Lockhart is the conductor of the Boston Pops Orchestra.
Nonprofits in the Community, and of the Community

By Orlando Watkins

Greater Boston’s community nonprofits and their leaders all deserve thanks. At a time when our region has needed you more than ever, you have risen to meet an unprecedented challenge. Our largest nonprofits — hospitals and food banks, health centers and homeless shelters — have lived up to their mission and values statements while facing challenges in fundraising, staffing, volunteer support, and other obstacles caused or worsened by the COVID-19 pandemic we are all fighting.

But when I look at the past three months, I am especially inspired by a new (to many) generation of nonprofits and leaders whose service is finally getting long-overdue recognition. You are a remarkable network of community leaders of color with the courage, drive, compassion, intelligence, and lived experience to make a difference in your communities. You aren’t just nonprofit executives. You are movement leaders. You stand in the gap for the communities you love and care for.

What’s different about you isn’t your passion. And it’s not just that many of you are shades of black and brown that reflect the communities you serve. It’s that you are the communities you serve. You live your work. You embrace your surroundings. You fight because you understand the fight, and the ways that change can happen — and must happen.

When we established the Boston Foundation’s COVID-19 Response Fund in March, we put racial equity at the center of our efforts — made it a point to prioritize leaders of color like you, and organizations that sat closest to the communities in need. Of the more than 200 large and small organizations the fund chose to support, about 60 percent are organizations led by people of color, whose vital work has too often gone unseen outside of their communities.

To the broader community: If you don’t know Iván Espinoza-Madrigal of Lawyers for Civil Rights, or if you haven’t explored the powerful work of Monica Cannon-Grant at Violence in Boston, go learn about them. If maybe now you have heard of Gladys Vega and the Chelsea Collaborative, but don’t know about the decades of work that made this nonprofit the perfect organization to serve as a community hub in a time when having such a place could literally save lives, go learn more about them. And thank them. Thank Patricia Montes of Centro Presente. Thank Jhana Senxian of Sustainability Guild International. Thank Lily Huang from Massachusetts Jobs with Justice and Philip Chong of QARI (Quincy Asian Resources Inc.). Thank them, and hundreds of others like them, for leading organizations that are supporting and fighting for the rights of “essential workers,” feeding and caring for those either forgotten or cruelly shut out of our supposed safety net.

None of them would likely show up on any list of Boston’s “major players.” Yet they should — and we should thank them.

I’m thankful for something else: a lesson that these leaders of color are still teaching all of us. Sometimes, philanthropy can be a most powerful tool for change — when we are smart enough to get the money where it needs to go, and then to get out of the way. This pandemic is teaching donors small and large that when we trust those who are most proximate to the work that needs to be done, and give them the support they need, we plant the seed for transformation to take place.

That’s a hard-won change. For decades, when we’ve talked about helping, we’ve failed to include those we seek to help in the discussions of how to do it. We fail to invest in the very people and organizations that are most trusted, most passionate, and best situated to address the problems we say we want to solve.

The pandemic has laid before us a simple truth: Somewhere in time, we lost the connection between what we reward and what we purport to value — between our stated commitment to equality and our real inequality. It goes by many names: the wealth gap, the opportunity gap, the education gap, the homeownership gap, the maternal death rate gap, and the life expectancy gap.

It’s inequity. And I’m grateful to the leaders of color who, by their work, experience, wisdom, passion, and brilliance, are forcing us not just to own what for decades we have chosen as a society to overlook, but with their presence are demonstrating a better way forward.

I’ll be even more thankful if it’s a lesson we finally absorb.

Orlando Watkins is the vice president for programs at the Boston Foundation.
The Strangers Who Help
By Michelle Figueroa

As the pandemic grew, another wave surged: compassion from strangers. A year and a half ago, I created @goodnews_movement, a social media page dedicated to good news that encourages people to send upbeat stories and acts of kindness for me to amplify to the world. I've noticed, especially recently, that many times the kind person didn't know the person he or she was helping—they were strangers.

In April, a teenage supermarket cashier in Georgetown, Tennessee, was ringing up groceries for a senior citizen who didn’t have enough cash to cover his bill. The cashier offered to pay the $33 difference out of her own pocket. After antiracism protests in Buffalo, New York, on June 1, 18-year-old Antonio Gwynn Jr. felt compelled to clean his city’s streets at 2 a.m. working through the night so essential workers getting to their early shifts could access the roads.

We get by with the help of strangers—and sometimes we owe them our lives. In April, a man in Seine-et-Marne, France, was on his smoke-filled balcony as his apartment was engulfed in flames. Two strangers scaled three stories to save him. The distressed man pleaded, “Hold on, you'll be OK.” There are many people—strangers—encouraging others to “hold on.”

That teenager, Gwynn, in Buffalo, sweeping his heart and his broom on his city streets made local news. A stranger who saw it gifted him a red Mustang in gratitude. Serendipitously, Antonio’s deceased mother once owned a red Mustang, making me think maybe it wasn’t a coincidence and that strangers are brought into our lives for a reason.

Thank you, strangers.

Michelle Figueroa is a journalist and Good News Movement founder based in Brookline.

Those Who Do What Needs Doing
By John Ratzenberger

I always said we have to stop using the term “blue-collar” worker and start saying “essential” worker. If every actor and filmmaker in the world disappeared tomorrow, the families of those people would be sad, but the world would carry on just fine. Now imagine if every carpenter, plumber, or truck driver disappeared, even for two or three days. Civilization would grind to a halt.

My dad was a truck driver. The smell of gasoline to me is kind of like after-shave would be for everybody else. I grew up in a factory town, in Bridgeport, Connecticut. My heroes, the people I looked up to as a kid, were people who had a function. They made things happen. If something broke, they fixed it. We never had a repairman come into our neighborhood. If you or somebody in your family couldn’t fix it, a neighbor could.

When you’re talking about the essential workers, we’re running out of them. Follow the food chain: you gotta start with the farmer. Then the truck driver. Then the front-line grocery store workers. That was one of my first legitimate jobs, working in a supermarket, so I’ve always appreciated that. I’d stock shelves, and I’m the guy they sent out in the snow and ice to get the shopping carts.

People who took shop [in school], we made them feel like a failure. Which is crazy, because your plumber makes more than your doctor. My son’s a union plumber.

I had a small farm up in Washington state. We were always doing something. My kids, when they were in grammar school, they thought I was a carpenter and that was at the height of Cheers. I was kind of proud of that. — As told to James Sullivan

John Ratzenberger portrayed postal worker Cliff Clavin on Cheers, is the only actor to voice a character in every Pixar movie, and hosted the documentary series Made in America.
Some people think the offseason grave digging I did throughout my 18-year big league career was a public relations thing. It was not a gimmick. I used a pick and shovel for 35 years. Even in the dead of winter I used to come down to the cemetery. You’d have to use a 90-pound jackhammer to dig in the frozen ground.

My family no longer manages the cemeteries, but I still work at the Ginley Funeral Home. Now I wear a jacket and tie and drive a hearse. It’s a different time. I’ve got to wear a mask. We used to park cars and open doors. We don’t do that anymore.

Being the “last responder” is tough. It’s very tough. The funerals now are real quick. A family comes into the funeral home for a half-hour. Everybody wears a mask. A priest comes in, says a couple of prayers. Then it is over and done with.

There is no closure. It’s hard on the families.

My wife and daughter are both nurses at Norwood Hospital. My other daughter—the youngest—is a nurse at Northwestern Memorial Hospital, a huge hospital in Chicago. It’s unbelievable what they’re going through, especially the last three months. Every time they go to work I worry about their safety. It goes through your mind all the time. If it doesn’t there’s something wrong with you. I think it’s great what they do. They get a lot of credit, which they deserve.

To tell you the truth, I could care less if baseball comes back at all. People don’t want to hear about a pitcher whining about his $25 million salary when they can’t pay their rent. There are a lot of people hurting right now in our country, for goodness sake.

I know what it’s like to lose a baseball job, both as a player, a manager, and a coach. After the 2010 season, I was driving the hearse in a funeral procession and the phone rings and I figure I’m not going to bother the guy in the back so I pick it up.

It’s the Baltimore Orioles farm system director and he says, “Sorry, we have to let you go.” So I put the phone down, looked in the back and said, “You think you’re having a bad day. I just got canned.”

Now I’m 72, and I stay in good shape, walking 3 miles every day. I’m just grateful for waking up and being alive and not being in the back of the hearse that I drive. —As told to Stan Grossfeld

Richie Hebner grew up working in his family’s cemetery business, and played for five Major League teams, winning the 1971 World Series with the Pittsburgh Pirates.
For the Big Picture

When Needham residents Kristen Collins and Cara Soulia started the #the-frontstepsproject, donating photographs of people in their community in exchange for contributions to the Needham Community Council, they hoped to do a little bit of good locally. They did far more than that. More than 500 amateur and professional photographers across all 50 US states, plus Canada and at least 10 other countries, ended up donating their time and photographs. All told, their grateful portrait subjects gave close to $2 million for community organizations worldwide in less than 90 days. The project is still ongoing.

—Michael Fitzgerald
First and foremost, I have gratitude for the challenge that all of this represents. [The pandemic] has disrupted enough of the well-worn routines that you begin to see that something new is possible. I’m grateful for my children, all four of my daughters. The two who are living at home are helpful reminders about how little I know. No, let’s make it a glass half full—how much I have to grow.

I’ve lived in Walpole, New Hampshire, for the past 41 years, and this is by far the longest stretch that I’ve ever been at home. I miss the intimate contact in the editing room, but also I am very grateful for the enhanced intimacy that our distance has required us to subscribe to. I watch as my colleagues’ babies and kids and pets come up on their screens, just as my little one comes in with a skinned knee or a question in math, or just a desire to see me. There’s a kind of elasticity that people seem to have brought to each other.

I do not want to pretend that the burden of the disease has not fallen on the least fortunate of us economically. [The pandemic] suggests the possibility of a new way of understanding things when we come out of this. If we suddenly look at nurses, subway drivers, and delivery people with a different kind of respect—as we contemplated the odds in our own security, they defied them. They didn’t have the luxury of contemplation.

I’ve spent nearly my entire professional life traveling the United States, and I know nearly every corner of it. I’ve been fortunate enough to live in New Hampshire, in which the notions of self-sacrifice, of taking care of the other, of friendliness, of neighborliness, are sort of baked in. For the most part, people are solicitous and kind and thoughtful. They want to know how you are and what they can do. If you asked about me [around town], they’d say, “Yeah, yeah, filmmaker, he walks all the time, with his dog, everywhere!” In the last few months, if someone I know passes me by, they’ll slow the car and go, “Can I make you some food for you and the girls? Are you OK?” – As told to James Sullivan

Ken Burns is the Emmy Award-winning filmmaker behind The Civil War, Baseball, and many other documentaries. His next film subjects are Ernest Hemingway and Muhammad Ali.
The Firefighters and Rescuers Who Endure

By Denis Leary

Whenever trouble arrives, so do firefighters. They supply lightning resolve, no matter the size or scope of a crisis: 9/11. The Boston Marathon bombings. And now, a global pandemic.

Such traumatic events put firefighters on the public stage, where their courage and caring become heroic traits. But they do this every day, working alongside fearless paramedics and ambulance crews. They did it before 9/11 and after 9/11. They did it on the dark day of the Marathon bombings and the many demanding ones that followed. They’re doing it right now, on the front lines in this battle against COVID-19, and they will keep on doing it after a cure has been developed.

When things go wrong, these brave men and women show up. As others run out of a burning building, they run in. As most of us stayed indoors avoiding a killer disease, their sirens howled in a rush to confront it face to face, over and over again.

We are fortunate to have such heroes. From Boston to Worcester to New York City to Los Angeles. Across America and around the world. They all share the same calling: whenever you need to be saved, they come to the rescue.

So please remember these dedicated people and the difficult things they love to do—every incredible day.

Denis Leary, creator of the Leary Firefighters Foundation, is an actor, comedian, and producer who grew up in Worcester.
The Co-Workers Who Feel Like Family

COVID-19 gripped Berkshire County soon after Massachusetts’ second case was detected there in early March. Wanting to lift people’s spirits and celebrate diversity, the town of Great Barrington painted rainbow crosswalks. “We were so touched by their efforts,” says nursing assistant Rebecca Negrini, who works in the medical surgical unit at Fairview Hospital (and took the photo below). Negrini and four of her colleagues—registered nurses (from left) Rae Bradbury Williams, Colleen Fernbacher, Ellen Beckwith, and Carmen Brown—went for a stroll after their shift on May 6, National Nurses Day. “I am so proud of them, our med-surg unit, and the hospital itself,” Negrini says. “Everyone feels like family, on every single level—we care for our patients and for each other.” —Lisa Button
We searched for new ways to transform our hospital, new places to care for our community, and new pathways to begin healing.

During these challenging times, Boston Medical Center completely reimagined the hospital and how it operates, while simultaneously implementing new critical processes as it developed in-house testing for patients and employees, created a place to recover for people who are experiencing homelessness, and expanded telehealth capacities.

The entire organization has always come together for each other in times of need, and that has never been more apparent than right now.

The Board of Trustees thanks the staff members and partners of Boston Medical Center for their commitment to our mission of providing exceptional care without exception to our patients and community.

bmc.org

The COVID-19 pandemic has created upheaval in all our lives, but has particularly impacted our most vulnerable neighbors: people with psychiatric and/or developmental disabilities, recovering from addiction, and/or experiencing homelessness. During this time, though, we at Bay Cove Human Services have also been overwhelmed with gratitude for all the members of our extended Bay Cove Community.

Gratitude for our amazing front-line direct care staff, who continue to do remarkable work under very challenging circumstances. Whether they’re delivering groceries to clients unable to leave their homes, conducting virtual counseling sessions online, enabling participants to continue working to maintain their sobriety; seeking out, purchasing and distributing critically needed PPE supplies, providing haircuts and leading exercise groups for residents, Bay Cove staff have consistently gone above and beyond the call of duty.

Gratitude to our community partners and funders, whose generosity and kindness during the pandemic—through individual donations and emergency grants and corporate giving from a wide range of institutions—has helped fund substantial additional needs created by COVID-19.

Gratitude to our volunteers who—unable to contribute their time and talents at our program sites—instead made masks, donated cleaning supplies and personal protective equipment, and found other ways to make tangible contributions to Bay Cove’s work remotely and safely.

And gratitude to the people we serve, who have continued to demonstrate the resiliency, resolve and perseverance that comes from living with the greatest challenges, which inspires all of us at Bay Cove everyday.

Bay Cove’s commitment to serving thousands of people, one person at a time has never faced a test quite like the Coronavirus. We remain profoundly grateful for the common dedication of our extended Bay Cove Community, as we work to emerge stronger on the other side.

Our Communities of Faith

By the Rev. Liz Walker

I have learned to be grateful for relatively small things. I’m grateful that I have a community of faith that has struggled to remain together in a new way. The majority are older people and they’ve lost relatives and friends [to COVID-19]. We’re learning new ways of making community.

We meet on Zoom; about 60 percent of our people Zoom off their phones; they can hear us and not see us. One of our challenges is that our population doesn’t have computers. But we don’t want to leave anybody behind. We have church every Sunday; our church has even grown with COVID-19, because people invite their relatives from other parts of the country to call in, so we have church with cousins and grandmas! Of course, it’s not the same as being in the same room together but we are finding those blessings in the midst of chaos. We are learning from change, and I’m grateful for that learning. For the first time we have someone from Korea, a very energetic intern from Harvard Divinity School. He helps us with Bible study. He’s helping us with optimizing technology and using Zoom. He brings a new perspective. The idea that we have a multicultural worship team—that’s new, and I’m grateful for him.

I’m grateful that we have time to absorb the stillness this world has been brought to now. The quiet is scary for us. But as a community we are talking about the benefits of solitude. Of course, loneliness comes with solitude, but solitude gives you the time to reflect and think about what’s important in life, and gives you time to reprioritize your life. We’re learning to be more intentional, to wake up and be grateful and breathe and focus on the simple things that life becomes when you don’t have all the distractions. People are telling me they are grateful they had dinners with their families three times in a row. They’re grateful that their children check in with them more.

Faith matters at times like this. Faith—the ability to believe in something you can’t see—gives us a broader way to look at things. It takes us out of our own little world and gives us a deeper perspective and a way of seeing through the dark. While it doesn’t answer every question, it helps us find meaning in horrible things. I don’t know what people do who don’t have faith to hold on to. It must be very lonely and very frightening.

As told to Linda Matchan

The Rev. Liz Walker, formerly a news anchor on WBZ-TV, is the pastor of Roxbury Presbyterian Church.
We searched for new ways
to expand our hospital.

We searched for new places
to care for our community.

We searched for new pathways
to begin healing.

We never once had to search for commitment, strength, or devotion.

The staff members and partners of Boston Medical Center are united in their mission to provide exceptional care without exception to our patients and community. The Board of Trustees thanks them for their commitment during these challenging times.
During these unprecedented times, our roles as a grocery retailer and as a community partner are more important than ever. Big Y has provided $250,000 in financial assistance to area food banks in addition to the healthy surplus food it provides to them on a weekly basis. “Our goal, our mission, is to help feed families. These days with so many people out of work, with so many people struggling…the role of the food bank has never become more important…and we are certainly willing to provide the support that we possibly can in the communities that we serve,” said Charlie D’Amour, President and CEO of Big Y.

Visit www.feedingamerica.org/find-your-local-foodbank to find out how you can help!
Thank you to the frontline workers, and to our Big Y SuperHEROES

bigy.com
The Essential Workers for All of Nantucket

By Elin Hilderbrand

Of all the gifts that New England Patriots head coach Bill Belichick has given our city, the greatest might be three little words: Do your job. I write these words in capital letters at the top of my legal pad every time I start a new novel. The pandemic has changed what “do your job” means for many of us; it has changed where we do our jobs and how we do our jobs—even if we are able to do our jobs. For our essential workers, these three words have become a battle cry, especially 30 miles out to sea on the island of Nantucket, where I reside. So here’s a shout-out to you, essential Nantucket: the ferry workers; the staff at the USPS; the third or fourth most important man in my life, Thuy, who has delivered my UPS packages for more than 20 years; the people who stock the shelves and bag groceries at Stop & Shop; the police and fire departments; every single person who works at Nantucket Cottage Hospital; the forces behind the Community Foundation for Nantucket, who are providing food, fuel, and rent relief to the most vulnerable among us; and restaurants such as Island Kitchen, which is living up to its name by providing staff and a food truck to facilitate meals for our public school students. I also want to laud the citizens (young and older) who are making themselves heard so that our island eliminates systemic racism and works toward a bright and equitable future. All of you are keeping Nantucket afloat by not only doing your jobs but doing them with strength, courage, and ingenuity in these unprecedented times. On behalf of Nantucket, I want to say thank you. We are grateful.

Elin Hilderbrand’s latest novel is 28 Summers.
Extraordinary times demand extraordinary dedication, courage and compassion.

Hearth’s Board of Directors humbly thanks our remarkable staff for helping our at-risk population through these exceptional times.

For 30 years, Hearth has been on a mission to end elder homelessness in the Boston area through housing, outreach, prevention and advocacy.

Learn how you can help at hearth-home.org.

Together we will end elder homelessness.

Founded by seven women, Hearth is a thirty-year-old 501(c)(3) nonprofit that aims to end elder homelessness in the Boston area. Hearth, Inc., 1640 Washington Street, Boston, MA 02118. This ad was paid for by Hearth’s Board of Directors.
Our Plants, Public Spaces, and Planet

By Jenn Nawada

COVID happened when everything was dormant in winter. I partnered with a colleague, and we started [a delivery service] called Boston’s Victory Gardens. We wanted people to be able to have some inspiration and hope, through a seed blooming, or a plant opening up. The ability to nurture a plant goes a long way.

Shout-out to all public works folks who kept our parks open, clean, and safe. All the small local nurseries who made it possible to get plants during quarantine. The seed companies that worked to fill record numbers of orders with less staff to serve the new demand for veggie gardens. People have been confined to their homes implementing projects that have been on hold, because there is never any time.

I’ve been thankful for being able to slow down a little bit. To be home and be present. My kids are 11 and 13. They’re completely self-sufficient. My husband’s a teacher, so he goes to his Zoom meeting. I raised my kids to be outside. As anyone who has a kid knows, your baby just calms down when you’re outside. When they were little, I’d take them outside in the stroller and the crying would stop. There’s stimulation from birds, bees, bugs. The wind. Texture. Smell. So I think it’s activating people’s senses again. People are noticing: “Oh, the lilacs this time of year!” The birds have always been here — we’re just hearing them now. And the wildlife has come back. All the traffic patterns are down, emissions are down. It will hopefully help with people rethinking about how they navigate, and not destroy, our world.

- As told to James Sullivan

Jenn Nawada is owner of Nawada Landscape Design Inc. and the landscape contractor on This Old House and Ask This Old House.

Kristin Notarangeli, a gardener at the Encore Boston Harbor casino, replaces petunias in the Harborwalk gardens.
The Boston Speakers Series salutes Boston’s front line workers. Thank you for all you do!

Heroes are made by the paths they choose…

Thank You.

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Some things are best said simply.

Thank You

EXPERT, COMPASSIONATE, NONPROFIT CRITICAL CARE TRANSPORT BY AIR AND GROUND

For 35 years, Boston MedFlight has been the region’s primary provider of critical care medical transport by air and ground, caring for more than 4,700 patients annually, including the most critically ill and injured infants, children and adults and the sickest COVID-19 patients. As a nonprofit organization, we provide over $4 million annually in free and unreimbursed care to patients in need with little or no medical insurance.

Our air and ground vehicles serve as mobile ICUs, staffed by a critical care nurse and critical care paramedic. Boston MedFlight is a key part of the region’s healthcare system – collaborating with first responders, community hospitals and academic medical centers.


Thank You

Nadia Purifory
Geriatric Psychiatry Nurse, Lawrence Memorial Hospital of Medford

Two things have really helped. I have eight children [one is grown and out of the house], and they’ve been very supportive. The other is my faith. I’m Roman Catholic, and when the pandemic got bad, I took time every night to read the Bible to my children, and we do the rosary, frequently.

Tim Santos
Electrician

I got an Edible Arrangement sent to the house, gift cards to Dunkin’ Donuts, letters from customers saying “thank you for coming out, taking care of the emergencies, I know it’s tough right now.” And just small stuff like that goes a long way. As for my wife [an elementary school teacher in Winchester], she’s realized it’s really hard to corral a bunch of fifth-graders on Zoom. She’s been going nonstop, and it takes a real toll on teachers. They definitely don’t get appreciated for what they do.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 48
Some things are best said simply.

Thank You

THANK YOU!

The dedication and commitment of our Boston MedFlight teams during this pandemic has been nothing short of extraordinary, caring for hundreds of the region’s most critically ill COVID-19 patients in need. Thank you for your service to our patients and their families, helping to save lives and truly making a difference every day.

Erica Wilson
High School Teacher, Boston Public Schools

I’m most grateful for being able to spend a lot more quality time with my 12- and 9-year-olds. We’re still pretty busy but we have time to go for a walk, cook dinner together, bake, make forts, and that’s been really nice. They have left me little encouraging notes hidden around the house. They make me surprise meals, and organize different areas of the house, without being asked, to surprise me. I appreciate the smaller gestures like that, with their patience and their creativity and their willingness to embrace something new and to stay very positive about new experiences.
For a Neighborhood That Cares

Starting during the worst of the COVID-19 pandemic, photographer Daniel Jackson began At A Distance, a project that involved photographing and interviewing his friends and Newton neighbors. Here’s what some of them had to say.

There’s been so much shared suffering that people became more sensitive to it. So many people are struggling. Then when George Floyd was killed, it was easier for people to just say: No, this is unacceptable. Never have I imagined in my life that so many people could have been so moved. Even the people getting up and saying things aren’t the ones I would have expected.

Michael Carbin

I’ve been trying to compensate for the mandated physical distancing through increased social closeness. I now have an occasional drink at my new “local”—a chair in a neighbor’s backyard some 15 feet from the porch on which he sits. It would be nice if some of these practices continue after the crisis passes, in recognition of how much we mean to each other and what we’ve all been through.

Dan Gruen

With hesitation and awareness of our privilege, the past two months have been the most precious gift to our family. To spend every waking moment with each other and our children, to watch our 15-month-old son develop language and explore his world, to see our daughters, 19 months apart, play make-believe with each other for hours, is something I have yearned for.

Ziva Hassenfeld, with Jonah Hassenfeld and their children, Amal, Tehila, and Moshe

Having my 101-year-old mom, Trudy, with us is the big plus of the situation. She says that if you are together with nice people, it’s OK!

Tom Schwarz, with his mother, Trudy, and wife Sarah Luria
While on the endangered list for many reasons, I feel blessed by good health and the strength to walk in the great outdoors. I appreciate video chats and phone calls, and the promise of warm weather, trees flowering and leafing, plants blossoming, and time to sew, read, garden, and cook.

Ronda Jacobson, with Josh Jacobson

When things started to [get worse] here, our friends in China sent us many packs of masks—so we were able to share some with the community. We haven’t personally experienced racism, partly thanks to our great neighborhood. But some of our fellow Chinese-Americans have stories involving vandalism and verbal attacks. We’re Americans now—we’re US citizens. We’re hoping it gets better once we get past all this craziness.

Sam Zhao and Julie Wang with their children, Vera and Reina


Get inspired while staying inside with ArtsAlive, a new initiative from The Boston Globe celebrating the arts with exclusive content from local theaters, musicians and museums. Watch the dancers at the Boston Ballet. Listen to the exhilarating sounds of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Get a behind-the-scenes look at the paintings at the Museum of Fine Arts. And more.

Globe.com/ArtsAlive
Here is what I wish to remember: the time that all three girls were hugging each other and dancing in the hallway, not having to start the day at 6:30 a.m. We can finally start on projects that have been laying by the wayside, watch Netflix together, and experience the joy of having everyone tucked in their beds safe at home each night.

Rachel Dayanim (center), with Behzad Dayanim and children Maya, Avital, and Kyra.
Community Efforts Coming Together
By Eric Esteves

When I think about gratitude, I am compelled to simultaneously consider both the presence and absence of grace. The pandemic’s impact on Massachusetts communities has been dire, worsened by the compounding burden of racism and structural inequity that spurred uprisings across the country.

I dedicate my gratitude to the intergenerational movement giving voice to those who are tired of having their worth and humanity continually devalued. I am thankful to those activists and organizers who were dedicated to fighting for social, racial, and economic justice before it became so vogue these past few weeks.

I am thankful for...
... those who are helping us all to embrace the grace and spiritual healing so vitally needed.
... thought leaders like Leon Smith of Citizens for Juvenile Justice, who advocates for a fair and effective juvenile justice system in Massachusetts to promote the healthy development of young people. Leon has a nine-point action plan for race equity and police accountability to confront and achieve a high level of transparency in the state’s disparate treatment of Black and brown youth.
... educators like Neema Avashia, a phenomenal civics teacher in the Boston public schools, who has jolted young people into becoming change agents for well over a decade. These days Neema can be found helping to redirect pandemic EBT funds from families that don’t need the extra support to families that do.
... community organizations like the Black Economic Justice Institute and Union Capital Boston, which served critical gap-filling roles by moving money and resources directly into the hands of those most impacted by the public health crisis and shutdown. Both agencies have worked tirelessly to provide gift cards, masks, gloves, and necessities to low-income families and individuals who were already among the region’s most vulnerable.
... community activists like Leonard Lee, who—in an effort to reduce risk and exposure—distribute free masks directly to individuals, families, students, and essential workers in Boston’s hardest-hit neighborhoods.
... social justice organizations like Families for Justice as Healing, which organizes formerly incarcerated women to create community wellness alternatives to incarceration that heal and rebuild families and communities. They have been fighting to defund policing and incarceration since long before the pandemic and uprisings, and are committed to evidence-based solutions that address poverty, addiction, and trauma.
... business leaders like Segun Idowu of the Black Economic Council of Massachusetts, who channels James Baldwin’s determined rage with his strategically deliberate advocacy for Black businesses to have a fair share of the hundreds of millions of dollars handed out in city and state contracts.
... the fitness professionals behind Level Ground Mixed Martial Arts, TRILLFIT, and 4 Corners Yoga + Wellness who know that communities of color suffer from COVID-19 at much higher rates as a result of social determinants of health and are determined to do something about it. They’re offering a mix of free and paid content virtually to existing and new clients with a range of abilities.
... Lilly Marcelin of the Resilient Sisterhood Project, who helps to provide access to equitable medical care and serves as a resource for Black women at the intersection of domestic and sexual violence in relation to reproductive health and rights.
... the creatives who have stepped up to curate virtual spaces for social connection in a time of physical distancing. Shout-out to the folks at Boston While Black, The Collier Connection, LiteWork Events, Queens Co., and the Fairmount Innovation Lab.
... Gloribell Mota of Neighbors United for a Better East Boston (NUBE), who led the coordination of a healthy and sustainable mutual aid network driven by volunteer bilingual neighbors and immigrants to ensure language accessibility and cultural competency while connecting with the most vulnerable.
... the Mass Redistribution Fund, which has supported grass-roots groups leading urgent relief and recovery efforts, while also supporting affected people to fight for policies that reduce harm and build toward broader economic and social overhaul.
... my friends who are exhausted, yet have continued to challenge their friends, neighbors, and colleagues to evaluate the resources available to them—time, talent, and treasure—and use their privilege to join the fight against structural oppression.

And I am thankful for what feels like a tipping point, and am hopeful for the future.

Eric Esteves is executive director of the Lenny Zakim Fund.
**The Puzzle Page** / THE GLOBE PUZZLE

**PLAYING HARD TO GET** / By Brendan Emmett Quigley

**ACROSS**
1. One way to sell
10. Wand wavers
19. Hothouse employees
21. Like works by the *Canterbury Tales* author
22. Start of an observation by 106-Across
24. Fr. holy maid
25. Chop up finely
26. Fish eggs
27. SAT part
30. Honesty, as of purpose
34. Blacksmith, at times
36. Clipper’s targets
37. Fr. holymaid
38. Chopup finely
39. Fisheggs
40. SAT part
43. Observation, part 2
47. Enemy
48. First gardener?
49. Insta-relative
50. Left-winger
52. Fresh as a daisy
55. Daydream
59. Harder to believe
62. Skipped cooking, say
63. Eastern noble
64. Fatigue cause
65. Observation, part 3
70. Actress Falco
71. Durhams sch.
72. Sweater’s space
73. Coffeemakers
74. Pizzapart
76. Modemtype
79. Packanimal
81. Panhandlest.
83. Observation, part 4
85. They’ve gotalot of cons
86. __de guerre
89. Venice marketplace
91. Shrub used in New Jersey tea
92. Horse past its prime
95. Env. in an env.
96. Cal. abbr.
98. Snowkiling areas
99. Teeny tiny
100. Haspel’s org.
101. Tile material
102. Observation, part 5
103. Observation, part 5
104. They’ve got a lot of cons
106. With 110-Across, Tesla founder and source of the observation
107. Towing org.
108. Clock std.
109. See 106-Across
111. Repudiate
113. Singer Flack
114. Euchre relative
115. Takes place afterward
116. Yale alum
117. Kind of potato
118. Looks for
119. End of the observation
120. Kind of potato
121. Cast alternatives
122. “_" fightin’ words!”
123. “Room in la casa”
124. “Start of an observation by 106-Across”
125. Observations, part 2
126. “_" fightin’ words!”

**DOWN**
1. Ouzo flavoring
2. Medford school
3. City on the Rhône
4. 23rd letter
5. Play critic?
6. Miners digit
7. Just so you know, briefly
8. Facebook chats
9. Dia de San Valentín words
10. Of __, Sing
11. __Paulo
12. Mo. no. 8
13. Obamacare, initially
14. Ring stone
15. Long intro in poetry?
16. Explosion maker
17. Nevada lake
18. Make a face
19. Big name in chips
20. Jewel box
21. “You’re __ a treat!”
22. “That makes sense”
23. Talk shilly
24. Battleship board, e.g.
25. The “O” in “EGOT”
26. Fourth Fibonacci number
27. Worked the garden
28. Park it
29. Isr. language
30. “They left me no choice!”
31. Drink with an umbrella
32. Faust poet
33. Do some lawn work
34. Park it
35. “They left me no choice!”
36. Drink with an umbrella
37. Faust poet
38. Do some lawn work
39. “They left me no choice!”
40. Drink with an umbrella
41. Faust poet
42. Do some lawn work
43. 007 enemy
44. Intense sorrows
45. Comic Tracey
46. Promotional stunts
47. Enemy
48. First gardener?
49. Insta-relative
50. Left-winger
51. Fresh as a daisy
52. Eastern noble
53. Fatigue cause
54. Observation, part 3
55. Observation, part 4
56. Observation, part 5
57. Observation, part 5
58. Observation, part 5
59. Observation, part 5
60. Observation, part 5
61. Observation, part 5
62. Observation, part 5
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**SUDOKU**

Fill in the grid so every row, column, and 3x3 box has the digits 1-9. Tips at sudoku.com.

**Solutions on Page 4**

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**Company or a Nap, Dad! Your Choice!**

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**Seasons Four**

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People Don’t Listen. They Need To.

BY LISA FLIEGEL

He was happy to see me. But perched on the fault line of COVID-19, my father, Bert Fliegel, was frightened. Rumblings about the pandemic on the 85-inch flatscreen TV disturbed the peace of the sun-filled day room of the Belmont Manor nursing home, where he lived until April 16, when he died of complications related to COVID-19.

“How are things going with the Underground Railroad?” he asked. It wasn’t dementia. My dad’s remarks always tended toward a stream of consciousness, a trait I’ve inherited in the course of deciphering his heart.

In 1959 he became the first social worker in the country hired to help people displaced by the federally funded “urban renewal” program that razed low-income neighborhoods across the country in the 1950s and ’60s. In Boston, nearly 10,000 low-rent units were destroyed and the 22,000 people who lived in them were kicked out. “We really screwed up, honey,” he told me sadly.

When he first moved to Belmont Manor, my dad would incessantly quote FDR: “We have nothing to fear but fear itself.” He was frightened to be severed from everything familiar. He said the racial disparities at the nursing home unnerved him. “You know they’re not invisible,” he groused. Front-line staff—people of color. The further up the hierarchy you looked, the whiter things got.

If I didn’t immediately catch on to one of his frequently obscure references, he’d snarl, face twisting red with effort: “Just forget it, one more word, I’m sure I’ll get it.” “Just give me a word, one more,” I begged. “You have 90 years of stuff to remember. Try one more word, I’m sure I’ll get it.” “You know,” he insisted, “the Underground Railroad.”

“The Harriet Tubman House!” I exclaimed. He’d been struggling to remember the name of the building I’d been talking about for months. Now his shoulders relaxed, the grimace dissolved.

I always carried a lot of bags when I went to see my father. I’d pull stacks of meeting notes out to find my phone so we could listen to Jessye Norman singing opera, or to dig out my laptop to watch Marian Anderson crash the color barrier in 1939, singing at the Lincoln Memorial.

“What is all that?” he wondered last fall at my pile of petitions and protest letters—jumbled efforts to halt the demolition of the Harriet Tubman House, destined to be replaced by luxury condominiums.

He knew the issues intimately, recalling the buy-a-brick campaign to complete the Tubman house back in 1971. “The city paid for most of it as an apology for ripping the community apart with urban renewal,” he said. “Melnea Cass, the legendary Boston activist, and Dorothy Scott Tubman, Harriet’s niece, raised the remaining $100,000.” On my laptop we watched a James Baldwin interview from 1963: “Northern cities now are engaged in something called ‘urban renewal,’ which means moving the Negroes out. It means Negro removal; that is what it means.”

In 2004, my father took the Green Line to Boston’s South End, walking the few blocks to the Harriet Tubman House, at Massachusetts and Columbus avenues, to join me for a performance of the Arts Incentives Program, which I started in 1996. I worked at the Tubman house with my team, attempting to buffer the impact of trauma on adolescent girls by engaging them in the arts. My dad entered the building nodding to Jameel Parker’s mural Honor Roll, which depicts the vital history of the South End’s residents and community leaders. He watched the young women sing: “People get ready there’s a train a’comin’ . . . .”

“My (then) burly father teared up: “That is how it felt being at the March on Washington. But people don’t listen. They need to listen.”

Recently I crossed Melnea Cass Boulevard with thousands of my fellow Bostonians marching through the South End on the hem of lower Roxbury. I winced as we passed renovated condos—the housing once destroyed has continuously been rebuilt, representing the gentrification—but cheered for the Black Lives Matter banners hanging from windows. What do we want? Justice! When do we want it? We grieved for George Floyd. I grieved for my father, and the soon-to-be demolished “Underground Railroad.”

Maybe this time the people (like the song says) are ready. And I find comfort in the verse: “There’s hope for all among those loved the most.”

Lisa Fliegel is a clinical consultant to the Louis D. Brown Peace Institute in Dorchester. Her book-in-progress, Bulletproof Therapist, focuses on the intersection of trauma in Israel/Palestine, Northern Ireland, and inner-city Boston.

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Thanks to all of you for personifying the very meaning of community.

Workers and volunteers with the nonprofit Chelsea Collaborative pray before opening an emergency popup food pantry in Chelsea, MA. Photo by Darlene DeVita.
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