

Advice on Working from Home.

Good morning Woodstock.

Week 4 begins. There is lots of advice out there for how to survive the “stay home, stay safe order”. Advice on supplies, hand washing, social distancing etc. There is also advice on how to work from home.

I reviewed a bunch that include the following:

- Get dressed.
- Cultivate routines.
- Create home office (that is not in your bed or place of rest). Have an ergonomic chair and desk in a place with there are no distractions.
- Set work hours.
- Exercise.
- Communicate with your team if you have one that is working.
- Avoid distractions.
- Don't spend too much time watching the news.
- Enjoy family and stay connected with friends.

Let's see how I did this Monday, April 13, 2020.

6:45 am. It is my day to walk the dog. I put on my COVID-19 uniform --sweatpants, sweatshirt and scarf laid out the night before. My other uniform includes a ratty pair of Vermont Flannel pajama bottoms.

I send off my husband to go to work in his empty office. No time to drink coffee. Josje scratches at the door. Josje (Yosha), a rescue who arrived on a transport from Alabama two years ago. Her papers said she was a collie. Online she was billed as a black lab mix. My guess, she is a casserole dog with a pinch of pit, a dollop of Australian Cattle Dog, and perhaps a smattering of black lab.

It is raining sideways. I throw on my red raincoat that was probably my son's when he was 14. Put on her red vest, leash her up and off we go. Check off exercise.

We get to the bottom of the driveway. It is a minefield out there. If we go left up the hill, we walk by Beardsley, a lovely Westie whose bark will wake up the entire hill. If we go left down the hill, we could meet the very well-behaved chocolate lab who walks alongside her owner (holding a cup of coffee) off leash. I know from experience that I could be dragged down the hill by my social dog. She's training for a Spartan race and I am the tire.

We decide on Peterkin Hill. Not a lot of activity on the hill. We walk past Truffle's house. Truffle is a well-trained small ball of fur the size of a football. Josje jumps on the stone wall hoping Truffle will come out to play. Phew she is not up yet. We walk until she tires. We turn around she becomes the tire and I drag her back home.

Coffee is still on. She sits on the coach and I set up the home office in the kitchen. Computer is set up on the counter, next to the fridge. Ergonomic chair is a high back stool, which a child's chair to support my feet. I'm surrounded by Easter baskets, half eaten cake and my daughter's homework.

I will be alone for at least three hours until the kids emerge from their dens. I check the news on Huffington Post, then breeze through the jib jab on list serve. Morning Editions plays in the background.

I begin work. I check Pentangle's bank account. Just what it was yesterday and the day before. I open my Pentangle email hoping to have news from the VTSBA or our Mascoma Bank advisor. Yeah, there is an email from the VTSBA. It says they really don't know how the Feds are going to calculate the \$10,000 emergency advance. Figures. Time for another cup of coffee and a handful of jellybeans.

I open excel and start to work on the FY 2020-2021 budget. As I go through the income lines, I quickly realize there is not way to base the lines on years past since at this point, we don't know what the future holds. I put some numbers in based on our operation being in full swing by October.

I move to expenses. Telephone, internet, web site easy-peasy. Artist fees, movie rental and delivery little hard to predict but I use numbers with my October date. An hour into the exercise I realize this may be a bit premature. I don't know how we will finish the year, or whether we will get any relief from the federal government or when folks will want to be in a theatre full of people?

I save my work and move to housekeeping tasks. I clean up drop box files, clean up donor data base and clean up email. Radio is still on. News out of New York City is frightening. Time for a snack. Pickles and cheese.

An hour into those tedious tasks I leave the hill, and head down to the Town Hall to test the projector.

My last visit was quite exciting. The projector had a power issue that forced me to remember troubleshooting steps – download logs, send to tech support and re-boot. With gloves and mask, I enter the Town Hall building. Yeah, we've got mail in our basket. Two bills and junk mail.

I go into the projection booth and boot up the projector. I decide to test a blue-ray, *Dr. No*. The first James Bond released in 1961 starring Sean Connery and Ursula Andress. Everything runs smoothly. While it runs, I return phone calls to promoters wanting to confirm shows for our Youth in Arts program.

I finish a contract for Fall rental, and complete a grant application. Foundation has switched from project grants to operational grants.

Projector runs smoothly. I shut it down and return home.

It's 3:00 pm. I turn on the radio. Laundry and dirty dishes await. Dog wakes up. Nag kids to walk dog. Check email. No news.

Put on raincoat and walk dog – again.

Sit down at the computer. Check email. Approve payroll such as it is.

“Be thankful. Be thankful for essential employees on the front lines”

No advice needed. Something I do every day and in person where possible, behind my mask of course.

Be well. Be safe.