My father was a paratrooper in WW2. He was in the 503rd PIR-Parachute Infantry Regiment. On February 16, 1945, my father jumped from 400 feet onto Corregidor, a heavily fortified Japanese held island. What other battles in the Pacific my father fought in, or jumped on, I do not know. His records were lost in a fire. And he never (never) talked about his service. Old school values all the way.

https://www.wearethemighty.com/history/how-these-paratroopers-came-to-be-called-the-rock-regiment

Back on mainland America, there was the war effort. One of the duties of all Americans was rationing. For years, (YEARS) Americans rationed sugar, clothing, rubber, coffee (COFFEE!!) and other staples. My mother was a part of this rationing effort as well.

https://www.nationalww2museum.org/students-teachers/student-resources/research-starters/take-closer-look-ration-books

And so it is I ask all of the Team River Runner family to pause today and consider the years of sacrifice the greatest generation made to win that war. I ask you to make thoughtful decisions for, what (?), maybe another 6-9 months - and both socially distant and wear a mask in public. If every American could do that, this virus would have no "hosts". A simple effort.

And guess what-we don't have to ration coffee!!

Crush the C in the TRR Eddy.....use best practices...wear the mask, socially distant...be kind.

(A boof is the sound the hull of a kayak makes as it lands flat after flying over a wave on a windswept lake or ocean wave; or a kayaker flying over a pour over rock on a rapid in a river. Or even being dropped into a pool! Note the word "flying" - Let us find resolve and patience to allow us to fly over this invisible "storm"...all storms eventually end....)