

I Miss What I Know

By Matt Edwards

The smell of the salty sea air grabs me every time. I have gone to the shore all my life. I have lived there, played there, and fell in love there. Heck, I have even deployed with the military there. Several times. I once thought that it was the ocean that I dreamed about. It wasn't. Don't get me wrong, I like the ocean too. It's just that I love the shore. And it is the memory of that briny blast buried deep in my brain that pulls me back time and again.

Getting closer to the saltwater always works for me. It fits in perfectly with my grand design. That is, to sink my toes into the warm sandy beach. Even on a cool day the sand always welcomes my feet with its warm and enveloping touch. For a brief moment I stand and watch the waves rush in and then recede. The white foam gives way to quickly disappearing tiny bubbles in the sand. Sand crabs escaping their fate or something else? I never really know, but that's what I imagine. I remember a young boy with pail in hand digging those bubble holes to find inhabitants for his sandcastle. The finest castle ever until the next wave came.

Then the best part. Stepping into that cold, bracing saltwater and letting it wash up over my legs. I hear the rush of waves crashing to the beach. Hissing and crackling as they are once again frustrated their noisy efforts to scale the beach. The pelicans diving for seafood. Seagulls diving for beach handouts. Families diving into baskets and coolers for their greatest beach meal ever.

I stand in wonder. This is my home, our home. Our earthly manse that we share with all of our fellow creatures. We will all be together again soon. I can't wait to say, "Neighbor, welcome back! I have been sheltered at home for too long. This is where I live."



Matt Edwards is a happily retired lawyer who has been sheltered-in-place for too long. He survives the sheltering as a result of the loving antics of his two children, Anthony and Christina, and their two dachshunds, Pearl and Coco.