

Tiny bubbles circle our new lifestyle. All around us friends and neighbors surround themselves with family who often interact. They are said to be “in our bubble.”

“We visit often,” explains a teacher who instructs from her bedroom office. “Our son’s six pod classmates are online together, learning at the same time. They also practice soccer together and have visited each other’s backyard for cake and ice cream.” These friends share the environment, (the air) in which they practice and play, “Of course,” says another parent, “the boys wear masks when they kick that soccer ball around.” These boys are in a Bubble, so the parents, too, share that bubble.

While parents sit outdoors, at a proper distance from each other, they bring their own food and drink. Masks are worn when visiting. Bathrooms are equipped with the required cleaning supplies. Bubbles can pop. No one wants that devastating, a parent says as her hazel eyes widen.

These tiny bubble clusters do make it difficult for other family members and friends to just “pop” in unannounced for a gathering or for a heartbeat of face to face love. Those Tiny Bubbles, though, open each day with a breath of normalcy, acknowledges another parent. “Our boys have gone to school together since first grade.” They are now in their eighth year.

Bubbles allow children to be social, says a mom of a second grader. “Our daughter was going backward in her social skills with other children,” she adds, “until we started playdate bike rides with her friends as parents visited.” Playdates are akin to a daycare at camp.

So, as Don Ho sings about “Tiny Bubbles” in his wine, he might nowadays acknowledge an answer to quarantine with “Tiny bubbles in his life make me happy, make me feel fine, make me warm all over... ‘till the end of this time.”

We are learning to wait for a vaccine, to wait out the distance thing, and to remember to wear masks. We are building character, rethinking how we learn, and finding a safe way of coping.

Students are learning, Parents are coping, and of course we Quilters are smiling while caressing our stash of fat quarter bundles. They are our Tiny Bubbles.

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