

PLAZA PEOPLE -- GONE MISSING

I haven't been to the Plaza in a month and I'm beginning to suffer withdrawal symptoms from the most random of things. Such as:

I MISS the shining, smiling barista who makes the coffee at Oliver Brown. The angels must have taught him to make coffee because it is simply divine. No doubt he's still serving take-aways, but I'm not there to get one - and I sure miss the coffee!

I MISS the library. Not necessarily the books, because they have a home delivery service to locals. I miss the staff — Sophia, Eric, Karen, Naomi and Margaret — all the friendly librarians and of course the 'just waiting'/'just browsing' corner to the left of the entrance doors where most of Lane Cove at some time or other just sits.

I MISS Zapparellis on Burns Bay Road. For over ten years the Friends of Carisbrook sometimes take a break there and Frank, the owner, knows just what we always order.

I MISS the Friends of Carisbrook. Since Carisbrook has been shut due to the lockdown, we are not meeting to do all the things required for conservation, events, open days and just hanging out.

I MISS impulse buying at the supermarket. It's not the same ordering on-line.

A tank of petrol lasts forever these days of lockdown! I MISS the courteous gentleman who serves in the 7-Eleven on Burns Bay Rd and Centennial Ave. Before ordering groceries on-line I often grocery shopped there for the essentials (and some impulse buys).

I MISS the Plaza people the children around the Lloyd Rees canopy — they've gone missing!

I MISS myself — somewhere inside my own apartment I've gone missing too.

Kay Leiper
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