

Welcome to the 2020 Annual Meeting, such as it is....

And welcome to our new Leaseholders Bevin Bermingham, lot 33, Diane Phillips, lot 68 and Annie and Sheryl Haller of lot 79 and 80. And Sheryl Haller as the newest member of that elite group known as the Board of Directors.

A special Thanks to Char for her years of service on the BOD and as my treasurer, the only person I know that really looked forward to serving on the BOD. Also, thanks to everyone in the park for making this a safe place to work.

I have been on the hunt for a new CPA and have found two that look very promising, one is in Bremerton and has tons of HOA experience and experience with Reserves, I am waiting to hear back with hourly rates and then we will move to the next step.

Let's see, what has happened since our last Annual meeting...

Well, it started out a little crazy, pun intended. I was renamed Melinda Dewey Richardson, which made Malinda and Melinda the new M and M in town. I was called out as the head THUG of a human trafficking ring, had I known there was such a need for woman over 60, I would have made bank in Sequim and retired a long time ago. I developed an unusual fear of the Hotel hair dryer bag, look before you grab, a hair dryer is not always a hair dryer. I found it suspect when someone stole the mail and left all the female. Then I finally became a Notary and celebrated by notarizing my first lease terminations on the hood of a car in front of the park.

You may remember these from my presentation two years ago...



Let's hope that "If it's yellow, let it mellow; if it's brown, flush it down" is a phrase you never have to use again. I personally am looking forward to not feeling guilty about a nice long shower! There is a light at the end of the tunnel.

This is where the Septic and the Pandemic crossed paths and I was found creeping from Sanikan to Sanikan pilfering hand sanitizer and invented Sanikanitizer, available only at DBR.



Then came the Covid lock down and our activities calendar looked like this....



But don't worry, it's only going to last for two weeks, and here we are in August.

Some things made sense and some did not...no need to wear a mask, no wait, everybody must wear a mask; it stays on surfaces for a week, no wait, it's only 24 hours; it only affects the elderly and immune deficient, no wait, anybody can get it; the symptoms are a cough and fever, no wait, there are many more possible symptoms or you could have none at all. It's all very confusing, for instance, why can a tattoo parlor be open and not a car wash?

We have stayed home, stayed safe, social distanced, sanitized, washed our hands to the extreme, masked up (or shielded up in my case), cleaned out our closets, made Sour Dough and Zoomed!!

With the pandemic and the lock down, people are getting a little testy with one another, so I wrote a poem...

JANE AND JILL

Jane and Jill went up the hill
To check the mail and potty
Jane fell down and broke her crown
Jill laughed because she's naughty

Up Jane got, and home did trot
To call the office and tattle,
All I did was shake my head
Not my job to deal with these types of battles.

And finally, really, where do you put all this stuff you buy, your houses are soooo small...

