An Open Letter

{since it’s longer than 300 characters}



VINYASI
OCT 24, 2026

When I saw the married name of your co-podcaster, Gretsch, I remembered what my step-father told me was that you and he visited the same synagogue after he separated and divorced my mom.

I also remember one of our roomers, an intern at UCLA who was a gynecologist, had told me in confidence that one of your progeny was very beautiful. Yet, he couldn’t clean his own toilet. Left it black for us to figure out what to do with it renting out the maid’s room to college kids in the 1980’s. And one of my cousins had dated this guy. She practically freaked out when we approached my mother’s home to visit with her after the divorce.

When the Star Trek characters describe their way of life to visitors, the description is my point of view which puts me out of touch with common sense. My present is everyone else’s futuristic view.

I must be a Walter Mitty; a man of La Mancha; a dreamer.

I also remember seeing Leonard Nimoy driving his very old, classic looking, open-top, washed out maroon, Volvo two-seater pass me by. I’ll never forget that.

No Time but Now