



"One Day in May"

(May 15, 2020)

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Class Year: 2005

Connection to the College (student? faculty? alum? friend of the College?): Alumnus/alumna

Describe your day today -- did you go out? what did you do for fun? did you cook or eat anything special? did you do work or chores? who did you spend time with?

May 15, 2020, marks 9 weeks of the shelter-in-place for Indianapolis. Our oldest daughter, Olive, is a second-grader in Indianapolis Public Schools. We have been doing eLearning for most of this time, yet we still have three more weeks of school.

We slept in today, a Friday, a bad habit we have developed over the past two months. It has been cooler this spring, but we awoke to cloudy skies and humidity. The mugginess hangs in the air. A light rain started at about 10am, but the forecast calls for rain all day. Yesterday, I planted our warm-weather vegetables and picked the first salad greens of the season. The garden has been delayed due to colder weather, we even had a frost last Friday night; the record-setting low was 26 degrees. Warm temps and rain will help our new plants get off to a great start.

Before writing this entry for the Hanover History Department May 15 project, I returned home from a run to the local market to purchase Dry Active Yeast to ship to a friend in Salem, Massachusetts. She sent me a Facebook message last night asking if I could still buy yeast. She had posted a few weeks ago that they do not have access to flour or yeast in Salem. Our local markets and restaurants have adapted well. All transactions are done online, and staff brings orders out curbside. Several restaurants have sold grocery items; one local pizza place sold us a 50lb bag of King Arthur flour, which we split with our neighbors. Despite not being able to buy Lysol or Clorox wipes, we have been able to find all the food and drinks we have needed or wanted. My wife, an avid baker before, turns out multiple loaves of bread a week. Last night, she successfully made flatbread, the falafel was less than successful. UPS should pick up the yeast today, and later next week, my friend will be able to resume making pizza!

I would have been happy to send her the yeast without being paid, and I had ignored her offer to pay me back. Recently I traded 3 lbs of fresh rhubarb for three bottles of wine, an exchange that I benefitted far more than my friend. Michelle Bartel, a former Hanover College Chaplain, moved to Indy last year. She texted, asking if I knew where she could find fresh rhubarb, and I replied with a picture of our massive plant and said, "from us!" Our baking neighbor asked for Kosher salt last week, and in return, he gave us three delicious hand-made soft pretzels. Realizing I was unlikely to accept payment for the yeast, my friend, whom I met as peer fundraisers, offered to make a gift to a local nonprofit. She expressed a sentiment I've heard repeated so frequently during this crisis of people wanting to help. She said, "Honestly. It truly is the least I can do. At our house we are bored. And grateful. We have paying jobs, benefits and our health. We know we are lucky and we are doing what we can to help others here in MA and really everywhere."

I asked her to make a gift to Second Helpings, a hunger relief organization here in Indianapolis. I've been on the board for two years and a volunteer for six years before that. Since COVID-19, they have more than doubled the meals they produce each week, surging to nearly 60,000 meals! It was fitting that in exchange for yeast, that a gift goes to feed people.

I'm looking out our bedroom window as I write. Still gray and drizzling. Our neighbor is watching her baby grandson. Amy has been antsy during the shelter-in-place. Recently, she posted her frustration with the

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Electronic Submission

Indianapolis mayor's order extension. Marion County, Indiana's Coronavirus epicenter, is remaining closed longer than most of the state. The pandemic and economic recession are the only two topics anyone talks about. I understand the frustration, the worry, the tedium, the stress, and I'd love to return to some level of normalcy. However, the risks are still too high.

I have a Zoom call later today with staff from the Indianapolis 500 Festival Foundation. They engaged my firm to conduct a capital campaign before we w

What do you remember best about being on campus in May of other years?

Each May was different for me at Hanover. Of course, the last May that I was on campus was my senior year and graduation. However, I spent most of May 2005 in Greece. I took Dr. Nick Baechle's Ancient Athenian Culture and Archeology class. We spent three weeks in Greece, only arriving back to campus the day or two before graduation. We spent two weeks in Athens, a bit more than we enjoyed, and one week traveling throughout the Peloponnese, including stops in Delphi, Olympia, and Nafplio. Comically, a picture of me in front of the Parthenon is still on the Classical Studies page.

In May 2004, in my junior year, I traveled to Italy with Dr. John Ahrens. Taking his Roman Philosophy class, we went to Rome and the Bay of Naples, including trips to Pompeii, Herculaneum, Capri, and climbed to the top of Mount Vesuvius. Amid my memories of table wine, bolognese, and ancient streets, is the story of Dr. Ahrens in Pompeii. Pompeii's professional tour guides do not appreciate professors leading groups of college students through the ruins, taking away their money. We entered a building, and John began to describe the scenes on the walls. A tour guide interrupted, shouting, "Professore! Professore! There is no teaching in the brothel!" John replied, "I could teach him a thing or two in the brothel."

An especially memorable occurrence upon our return from Italy was the presence of the cicadas. Everyone at Hanover that May learned cicadas emerged from the ground every 13 years and would spend their short lives making a lot of noise. The cicadas made their tredecennial appearance after our class left for Italy. We arrived back at Hanover two weeks later one evening. Friends had told us how loud the campus was, but to our surprise, it was quiet. What was so bad? Nothing like attempting to sleep through the constant ruckus of Roman traffic. I woke the next morning to the cacophony of cicadas, and I realized what the buzz (pun totally intended) has all been about. After attracting mates and ensuring their progeny, all that was left were their exoskeletons on the trees and dead corpses all over the ground.

Freshman year, I took Dr. Bill Kubik's Political Campaigns class. It was a hefty freshman Spring Term class, with five books, one over 600 pages long written in the 1940s about Storm Thurmond's presidential campaign, a paper mid-term, and both a paper and in-class final. I appreciated Dr. Kubik declaring most days Mental Health Days, a practice I continue today.

I took Environmental Public Policy with Dr. Ron Smith in my sophomore year. That was probably my Spring Term that was most like others'. Reasonable class schedule, easy reading, feasible assignments that allowed plenty of downtime around campus. Dr. Smith was a down-to-earth, likable guy. So much so that one of my fellow classmates, Andy Baudendistel '04, frequently invited Dr. Smith out for drinks. Dr. Smith would always politely decline. Not only did this professor and father not likely prefer to socialize with a student, but Dr. Smith is Mormon, so he does not drink. We repeatedly told Andy this, but I don't know that he ever caught on. Though that was also Dr. Smith's approach, he never made someone feel bad when the student showed genuine kindness.

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