

Electoral Thanks

Thursday, 27 November 2008

San Fran was a great place to be for election night. Our sublet was in the Castro, which had violently pro/con reactions. First, for Obama there were horns a-tootin, crazed groups running from bar to bar and an incessant eruption of fireworks. Party! America's won the political World Cup! But later on, as the buzz turned to hangover, the grim reality of the Prop 8 anti-gay-marriage vote took hold. The following day protests brought 4 media/police helicopters stationed overhead. 2 steps forwards, 1 backwards.

The Bay Area was en pleine forme, definitely appealing (and not just for reasons of babysitting). There's definitely a London-esque beauty-in-good-weather there. And the food is amazing. Having a kiddie reduces your movements, makes you appreciate the simple pleasures of the neighbo(u)rhood, which are abundant with stunning views and Golden Gate park. Good times.

A cosy but cool Halloween saw the reprisal, inevitably, of White Trash Superbadger. Mater and Pater -- what the badgers is grandma/pa in Latin? came over to SF for their bi-annual California trip, which coincided with a fabulous (I choose the word carefully) wedding between Josh & Jennifer at the SF Yacht Club (special grandma babysitting thanks to Dale for that night), and finally back to Denver for a nipper-less Thanksgiving eve.