

STEPPING OFF THE EDGE

travels of a reluctant retiree

FEBRUARY 10, 2021 BY MIKE T

The Big Easy, Too Much Fried Chicken?... and the Strange, Wonderful Mr. Tim...

Let us start with the fact that New Orleans is by far the favorite place we've stayed on our trip. I might also add that this stay marked the one year anniversary of our ill fated, perhaps most well timed journey we have ever embarked upon. Was it a world tour? Not anywhere close. Was it a deep dive into what the USA is? Most definitely. As a matter of fact, Mrs. T has remarked on numerous occasions that this nation is made up of many countries tied together by some imaginary, strange, and magical force that we try to understand every day. The wise Mrs. T also has commented that we love New Orleans so much because it is as close to a foreign country you can get and still be within the nation. So many facets to this town; the food, the people, the music, the culture, and most of all the feeling that no matter what is happening at the moment, everything is really just fine, relax and have a drink, sit a spell, tell us how y'all are doing today, and smile. These may very well be words to live by. This may be the answer as to how the residents live through such terrible disasters and are still able to dance with reckless abandon and just enjoy life. Now, on to my favorite subject, the food. Oh my did we make up for the disappointment last year of being here for a month and having all the restaurants shut down after only two weeks. I was determined to hit all of the fried chicken houses of worship: Willie Mae's Scotch House, Dooky Chase's, Neyow's Creole Cafe, Mother's, and over and over our all time PoBoy spot, the Parkway Bakery and Tavern. Let's just look at the source of our 40 or 50 cholesterol points' Mrs. T was even brought to the dark side with my meal choices...



Willy Mae's



Neyow's



Dooky Chase



Mothers

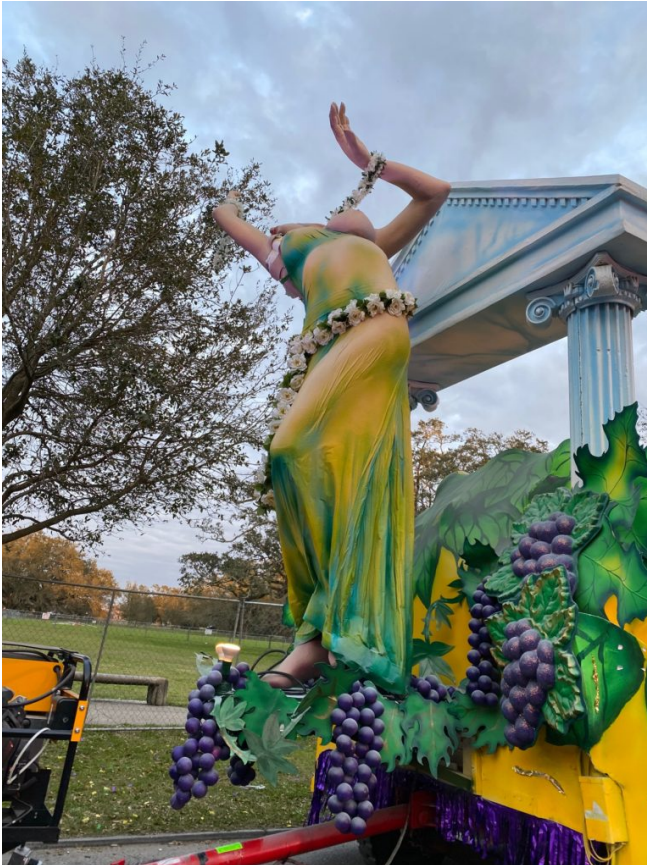


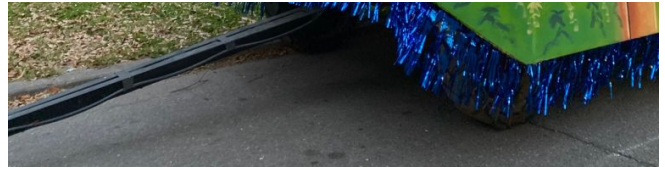
"little" oyster Po Boy at Parkway... always stay within walking distance of this place!

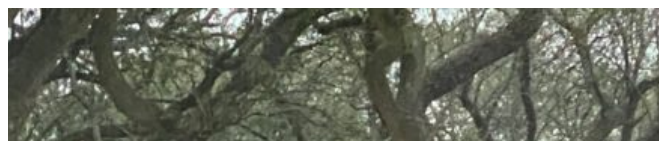
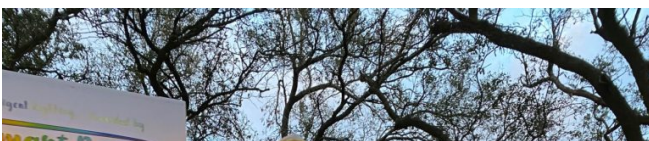
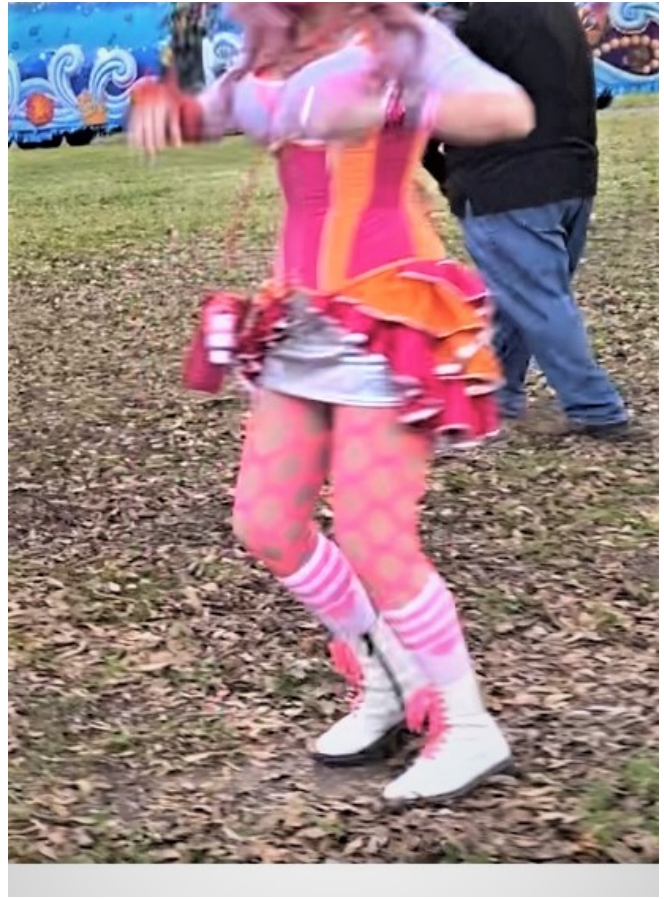
We did keep our resolution regarding eating inside, that is, to day we didnt! All takeout all the time. Still worth the effort.

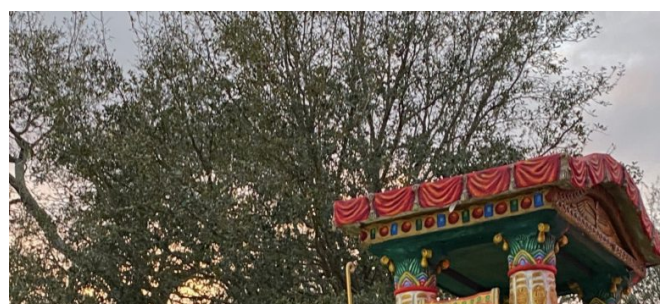
And now, the spirit of this city, oh my. As you might imagine Mardi Gras was canceled, so what did they do? Well for starters all the Krewes dragged their floats out to City Park and lit them up. An endless line of cars wove through the oaks to see them. We were luckily there for the first showing, but it will be going on straight through to Ash Wednesday. Was it the same? Hell no. Was it joyful and magnificent? You bet. Too many pictures to post individually, so here is a little gallery taken from our car on the ride....

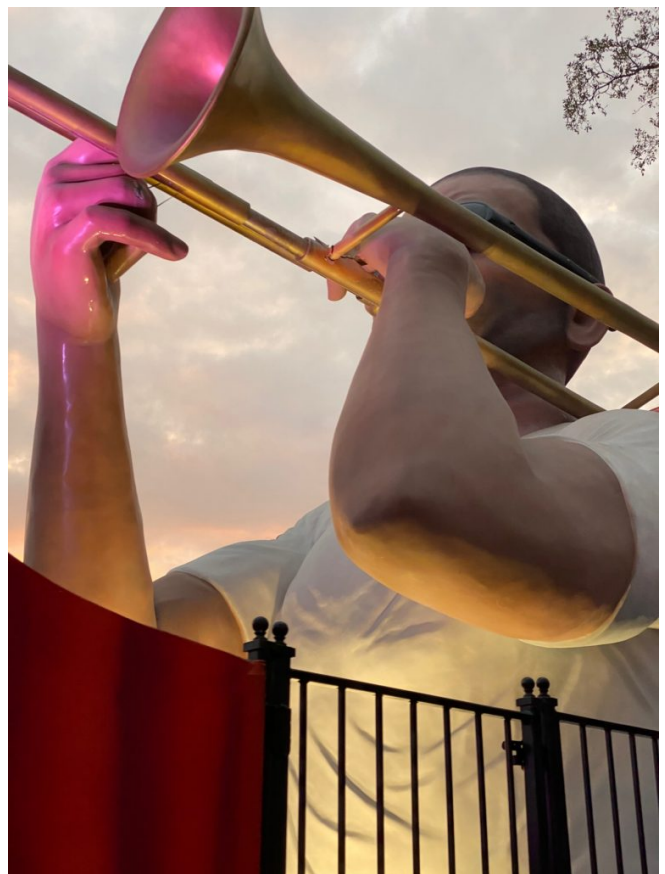




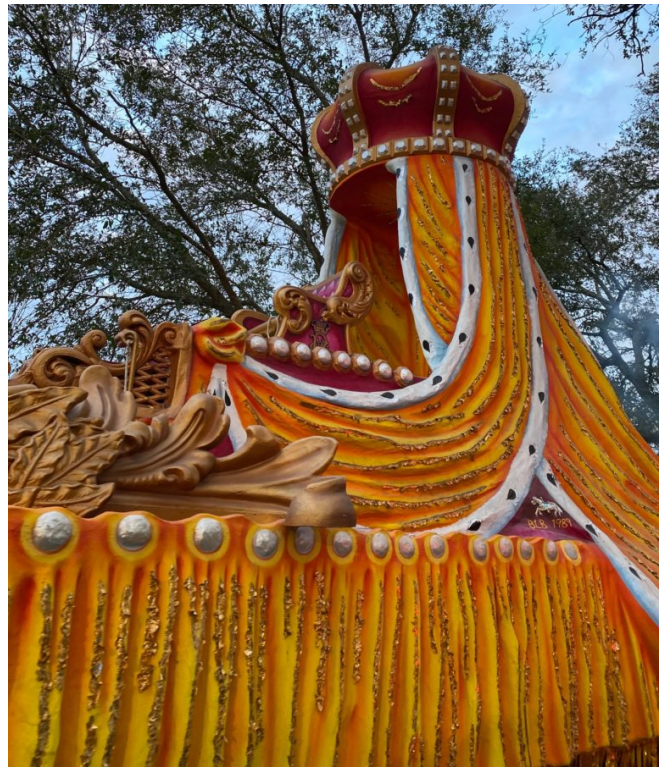












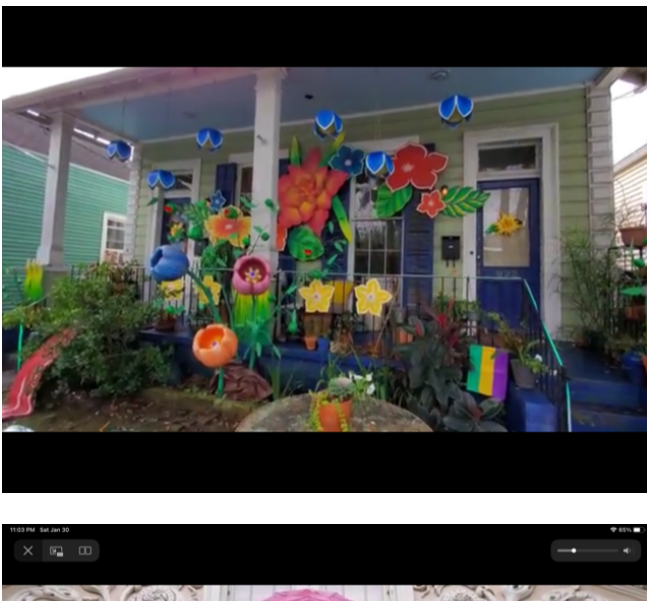








As if that were not enough, the city came together to decorate the porches (and most houses have porches) like they were floats.



you have to love these folks, nothing, and I mean NOTHING stops the Mardi Gras feeling...

Being on St. John bayou has several advantages. First, sunset cocktails...

And there is the proximity of the great City Park right across the water where they have, get ready for it, paddle boats shaped like swans. Now what could be more romantic!

Mrs. T and I braving the open seas...

hard to see but this little turtle followed us the whole way popping his head up to follow us all the more closely...

Now, without further ado, Mr. T. I have mentioned him in a previous post, but we concentrated on hanging at the “Mr. T bar and grill” a bit more on this trip. And so... the things we see at the Big T’s house....

his old band

memento of what was no doubt a drug filled evening with one of his favorite actors

his hero

the big man himself

Mrs. T, at times, loves Mr. Tim

Mrs. T has been known to get into the mood of the bar and grill

great bakery in NOLA, took this shot in Mr. Tim's kitchen, which is like a museum itself...

On our daily walks we found a great shortcut through New orleans Louis Cemetery #3, which was right behind our house...

My good friend Joe Gallo appreciated me sending him what will no doubt become his profile picture...

Naturally, upon entering the city we had yet another COVID test, negative by the way, but comforting after a month in mask free Florida, and once again we self administered with great relish. Well, mine was a bit too energetic since I gave myself a bloody nose. No doubt depositing brain tissue into the test vial.

As you know I could go on and on about the laughs and vitriol we enjoy during cribbage. I would go so far as to say it is a great release of anger and harsh words during the games that keeps the rest of our marriage filled with sweet nothings and consideration. I highly recommend this sort of activity to my married friends. Card games, tests of skill, or perhaps fencing? No, not fencing... I could also go on and on about Mrs. T's inability to add, but it would get me in trouble... (she will no doubt place an editor's note in this very spot... let's see...) [Editor note: I'm quite capable of adding, just like to keep him on his toes]

Mr. Tim can be found right next door to his friend Durio

And so, closer and closer to home we go, reluctantly. Will enjoy seeing friends, familiar places, our very own vaccines, and being in one place for a while.

On to Shreveport, Louisiana. Not entirely sure what is there but it is one day's drive from NOLA, so we shall see...

 **UNCATEGORIZED**