

STEPPING OFF THE EDGE

travels of a reluctant retiree

MARCH 21, 2020 BY MIKE T

Shopping, Brass Bands, and Traveling Like a Drug Dealer...

Welcome friends to your non real time account of our time in New Orleans. Found a couple of local favorite stores in the hood today before boarding the trolley to Armstrong Park for the Brass Band Festival. Stocked up on some local favorite spices and mixes, Slap Ya Mama being our new favorite.



Not to mention the whole aisle of crawfish boil fixings.



After a quick walk to the Canal Street stop and a ride through mid city on the #47 we walked into Louis Armstrong park for the festival.



3:32

LTE

neworleans.com

NEW ORLEANS ORIGINAL BRASS



FEST

835 N. Rampart St.
New Orleans, LA 70116

[View Website](#)

DATES 03/07/2020

LOCATION [Louis Armstrong Park](#)

TIME 12:00 PM to 9:00 PM

PRICE \$10-60

[PURCHASE TICKETS](#) →



By the way, that child with the hat in one of the pictures was not up there for show, he blew a mean trombone. My favorite was the all girl brass band from Pinettes School shown above. It was a large, friendly crowd with some amazing food as well as the music. After a quick lunch of duck tostadas, yes that's what I said, duck, and yet another shrimp Po Boy (if you are what you eat then you are now talking to 170 pounds of fried fish) at Coops in the Quarter, we headed back home to prepare our dinner (walk, eat repeat...) and

then off to the clubs with Mr. Tim... and yes, I will get to him in a future post... keeping the suspense going...



Tonight's offering, thanks to our first shopping trip, will be red beans and rice with chicken fried pork chops and hush puppies. And yes, they will make you want to Slap Ya Mama for real...



A quick note to about myself, as if you didn't know, as a certifiable lunatic... in preparation for the 18 month journey I had to make certain I had all the touchstones of my passion...

Well, in addition to my main touchstone, Mrs. T.

This, along with myriad tools and implements, included my bag of spices. Now this started as a rational sack of bottles carefully marked with the contents, but after trying to jam 20# into a 5# bag, developed into what can only be described as a suspicious looking carryall of plastic bags with various green and brown product.



drug dealer on the road

Ah yes, the pork chops, courtesy of the local farmers market, were amazing. they were inspired by a local restaurant version we had a couple of days ago.

4:18

LTE

 neyows.com 

NOLA: 3332 BIENVILLE ST. | HOUSTON: 6356 RICHMOND AVE.



AUTHENTIC CREOLE CUISINE

GOOD TIMES



REAL TIME UPDATE;

Just keeping y'all in the loop here. Laid in a supply of critical items...



Prepared ourselves to be sheltered in place...



And are carrying on nicely... well with the exception of Mrs. T and her twice daily workouts... the count for the exercises goes something like this:

Mrs. T: OK only 20 more

Me: OK

Mrs. T: 15.. 16... 17... 17... 17... 17... 17...

Me: hey!

Mrs. T: 18... 19... 19... 20

I rest my case and farewell till tomorrow... Mr. T out...

UNCATEGORIZED

5 Replies to “Shopping, Brass Bands, and Traveling Like a Drug Dealer...”



Tess

MARCH 21, 2020 AT 9:18 PM

Uhh, wait a second...is that a pickle in your vodka (or are you just glad to see me, sorry couldn't resist). No, really? If so, that Mr. T is brand new and brilliant!



Mike T

MARCH 22, 2020 AT 1:03 AM

Yes, do not fear the pickle... it is your friend



Tess

MARCH 22, 2020 AT 9:35 PM

That's what he said....



Paul Gregory

**MARCH 27, 2020 AT 4:40 PM**

Glad you are safe and sound. Things have really changed in the area. Had to venture out to Costco yesterday...they are out of toilet paper and birdseed. Interesting combination. The upside is there is actually parking on the esplanade but the downside...nothing's open. Your right yesterday's weather was a strange combination of sun wind thunder and hail. Stay healthy...enjoy your blog. Later

**Mike T****MARCH 30, 2020 AT 9:31 PM**

Truly missing you guys. wish you were here on the neighboring dock so we could have cocktails together... well at least 6 feet apart that is..

Comments are closed.