

From the Editor's Desk:

Late Magazine. Again.

You may remember that, in a recent editorial, I said that I expected everything to be back on schedule with this issue. You may have also noticed that this issue is late. Safe conclusion: Things did not work out as I planned. (They rarely do.)

I am reminded of those immortal words of “Joliet” Jake Blues, “Honest... I ran out of gas. I... I had a flat tire. I didn’t have enough money for cab fare. My tux didn’t come back from the cleaners. An old friend came in from out of town. Someone stole my car. There was an earthquake. A terrible flood. Locusts! IT WASN’T MY FAULT!”

Sourcebook production ran a little longer than expected. We finally got that snow that I complained about not seeing in my Winter editorial. In fact, we got three major snow storms after the SGAA’s Winter Business Meeting, each one nibbling a day or two off of my production schedule for this issue. But the real kicker came about five days before I expected to wrap up this issue.

I came into the office a little before seven on Monday morning to work on the Departments, which are the final things done in magazine production. The Post Office had delivered some heavy boxes; they were sitting on the wheelchair ramp in front of the building. There had been a little bit of sleet that morning, but not enough to cause any sort of problem... or so I thought.

When I picked up the second box, my right foot went out from under me. I fell, doing the splits — for the record, not a dance move I recommend for men in my age and fitness bracket. My knee popped three times before I hit the ramp, and then I rolled backwards under the railing and fell head-first to the ground below.

One ambulance ride, several x-rays, and an MRI later, I found out that the three popping sounds had been my MCL, meniscus, and ACL giving out... or as it was called by a friend who is a chiropractor, the Triple Threat.

As I write this, it is Wednesday, nine days later... my first day in the office since the accident. I am using a patio recliner for an office chair so I can work but keep my leg elevated. It’s less painful that way. I have the keyboard rest-



Richard H. Gross, MTS

ing in my lap and am using my chest for a mouse pad. It’s a slow go... but at least it’s going again. Production time will likely be eight to ten days remaining instead of four to five.

I write all this not to make excuses for another late magazine, nor do I write it to impress anyone with my efforts to get back to work. I understand that most of my readers are small-business owners who, in a similar situation, would take similar measures to ensure their continued productivity. While I do think it is interesting to point out that this accident was caused by the government-

mandated handicapped access ramp that, in all the years there has been an SGAA Headquarters, has never previously been needed until after the accident it caused, I think the real story here is that I am *not* going to say that the next issue should be back on schedule. In fact, I am never going to say that again. Of course, I’m going to make every effort to make sure the magazines keep coming out in a timely manner. At some point, things *will* be back on schedule. In the meantime, I ask for your patience as I continue working to keep things flowing smoothly here.

I would also like to remind everyone to keep thinking about articles that you can send in for publication. I’d love to see more submissions on both new and historic stained, decorative, and architectural art glass. This issue presents some pretty spectacular installations, and I know there are many more out there worthy of appearing in the pages of a future edition of *The Stained Glass Quarterly*. If you have an article or an idea you think belongs in the magazine, let me know. I look forward to hearing from you soon!

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Richard H. Gross".

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