It's time for another goodbye

Despite a few flurries drifting on the breeze outside my office, I know that it's April, and that means spring and summer is on the way. It's hard to believe how quickly this year is racing by.

It won't be long before the spring sports season is back and running, and, from there, festivals and graduation parties. Already I am seeing that Dorchester Days and Colby Cheese Days are a go for the months of June and July. That makes me happy and nervous at the same time since COVID-19 is definitely still here.

I don't know that the coronavirus will ever go away completely. It seems to me that it's going to be another virus that mankind will have to live with or find a way around. Thankfully the vaccine roll-out in Wisconsin is doing well, better than even I could have hoped for:

It makes me hopeful towards the future, even though sometimes I wish I didn't have to think about the future. I was reminded of how quickly time can pass from a memory that popped up on my Facebook page yesterday. It was from eight years ago, when my niece was barely in school.

Now she's 14 years old, and will be a freshman at high school in September. It's hard to believe. Same goes for al the Colby and Abby kids I have met four years ago who are now seniors. I look forward to seeing where life takes them, and plan on staying in touch with many of them.

Time also does its number on the *Tribune-Pho*nograph. That might seem strange, since this newspaper has been around for over 100 years, and can seem almost immutable.

But this place has seen a lot of changes, and sometimes in a short amount of time. In the past

three-plus years since I have been with the paper. I have seen a lot of people come and go. This week I have to say goodbye to another coworker, and this is one of the hardest goodbyes I've had to make.

Samantha Yocius came to us about two years ago, replacing an outgoing Jama Johnson, who also became a close friend to me while we worked together. Newspapers can be a tough, hard business. Deadlines don't care about how rough your day is, or how much pain you are in. They just need to be met.

Sami thrived here at the *Tribune*. If you've ever looked at a picture of mine and admired it, just know that her hand was everywhere in this paper, adjusting mine and Kevin's pictures, making changes to make this newspaper as good as possible. Every award I won is because of the work that she did.

MUSINGS AND GRUMBLINGS



by Ross Pattermann Reporter Sami and I did more than create a newspaper every week. We created a bond and shared stories and ideas and became close friends. This week will be her last week here, and I wish I didn't have to type that because the older I get the worse I become at saying goodbyes.

You think you'll have so much time with someone, and then one day things change, and they're gone. Sami and I will continue to share what's going on in each other's lives, but it's not going to be the same as cracking jokes at the office or having lunch together.

I wish Sami good luck, and above all I want her to be happy. I want her to know that I have loved working with her, and that she's special to me. I will miss her.

