

Dear 2020 Fair,

While I enjoyed our time together, I am glad our visit is over. You may have checked some boxes, but you left many unfilled.

What a rollercoaster ride we endured before you showed up. Would you or wouldn't you grace us with your presence? And when/if you did, what unknowns would you bring? Would we be able to manage all the COVID-19 sector guidelines? Would people be happy to be there? Or would they be frustrated because they had to deal with a "limited" experience after so many other modified and cancelled summer festivities? There was so much we couldn't predict. It felt like we were on plan Z by the time you arrived.

All in all, our time with you was pleasant. People were kind and thankful and positive (which we truly appreciated). There were a handful of things that caught us off guard, but nothing we couldn't roll with. Honestly, by the time you arrived, we were desensitized to change. "It is what it is" became a motto of sorts. We settled for less than what we had in the past, because, quite frankly, we had to. Some may have viewed it as carelessness, but, for us, it was truly about self-preservation.

The biggest challenge we faced was that your visit wasn't long enough. There just wasn't enough time to do all the things we needed to do. Mistakes were made. Things were missed. Details were overlooked. That said, the limited time we had together made us realize what is really, truly important about our relationship with you. Perfectly formatting class lists, triple checking awards and arriving to shows with our T's crossed and I's dotted will now forever take a backseat to shaking the judge's hand, enjoying late-night camper escapades and seeing the barns filled to the brim. Your visit also helped us understand who we could count on (and who we couldn't).

We don't regret having you over this year, but man, we sure do wish it was the way it's always been. There's just something comforting about traditions and routines that we could have really used this year. For me, specifically, 2020 was year #4... the year where all the JFB kids were "mine" because they knew no other leadership during their time on the board than me. They were my first graduating class and I was so excited to share this final summer with them. I'm not sure if you noticed while you here, but they rocked it. I am so, so proud of their tenacity and pure grit. They were resilient in the face of the unprecedented and modeled behavior that even I myself envy. And while we tried to make the best of it, the tears at the end of the week tasted so bittersweet. Typically, we shed tears in response to what we will miss. This year, we shed tears in response to what we had already lost. We shut the door before it felt right to close it. Days later, it still feels like our goodbye was insufficient. I can't help but wonder if this feeling will remain until we see you again in 2021.

We will certainly approach next year a little more cautiously, especially as COVID-19 continues to evolve. But, with all our being, we hope that 2021 launches us back into a sense of normalcy. If you could, do us a favor and bring the best you've got next year. Cause we are ready.

With faith and hope,

Cassie