

by Julie Mais  
Editor



## Putting up with the rain

*I walked into the main cabin, mask on and taking the complimentary disinfectant wipes from the flight attendant — a sign of the times. The plane felt smaller than I remember, the feeling amplified after 15 months of social distancing.*

After finding my seat near the window, I tucked my backpack under the seat in front of me, buckled my seatbelt and popped in my AirPods®. I peer out the window at the activity on the tarmac in anticipation of being among the clouds once again. It had been a year and a half since I traveled the skies — the longest stretch on the ground since I graduated college and moved more than 600 miles away for my first job.

If you are at all familiar with this column, you are aware that travel is one of my favorite things. Work or pleasure, small town or big city, near or far — I find something thrilling about each experience. This trip, for work, went off without a hitch. Getting out of the office and being around Angus breeders was a great way to spend the week.

I arrive at the airport early to begin my journey back to Kansas. I get through security and find a seat at the gate where I fire up my laptop and begin working to finish up this very issue before my 2 p.m. departure.

Soon I receive a text from the airline. “Your flight is now departing at 3:25 p.m.” I think, “OK, it will be a tight connection, but I can make my next flight.” Then the second text came through. “Your flight is now departing at 4 p.m.” Well, that solidifies it. I’m not making my connecting flight and am rebooked to

have a four-hour layover and arrive about five hours later than planned.

I could have driven back in the time I spent at the airport and in the air. This delay also meant one more night away from my 10-month-old daughter I was desperate to see.

While feeling frustrated at my misfortune, I chuckle and take off the rose-colored glasses I’ve been looking at air travel through. Yes, the ending of this trip felt like a disappointment, but truly it was just a minor inconvenience at most.

It made me think of what Dolly Parton once said: “The way I see it, if you want the rainbow, you gotta put up with the rain.”

### In this issue

This issue, “Always Angus,” brings you the story of a family who has been raising Angus cattle for more than 10 decades.

We share how Angus Media’s heritage of innovation with the Angus breeder in mind continues with the Pasture to Publish program. We also introduce you to new team members and summer interns.

The *Angus Journal* team has a busy summer planned, which will

include the frustrations that come with travel, but more importantly the rewards of visiting Angus breeders, attending meetings and bringing you the information and stories you want and need. **AJ**

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Julie".

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A photograph of a black cow standing in a green field. In the background, there are trees and a bright rainbow arching across the sky. The text is overlaid on the top part of the image.

“The way I see it, if you want the rainbow, you gotta put up with the rain.” — Dolly Parton