



Singing to the Wind

Blog post # 5: A Buscar Letra

Week 7

Today Everett learned about roots of trees: how they stick out of the earth and jostle his stroller. How they lie above the ground and can be tripped over. How they travel from tree to river, seeking water. As he tries to pull one out of the ground, we explain the tree needs that so it can drink water. He says “root” a few times and moves on to the next discovery.

I drive now about once a week - filled my car with gas in mid March and it's barely gone down at all at the end of April. I do see traffic as I go to the pharmacy, where I pick up my

scripts from my car. Even before this I was driving a lot less than when I worked. I tried to do less and put errands next to appts. near them. Alan drove one week and I the next. I took the train to Santa Fe and forgot how to merge onto the freeway.

Now I'm wondering - are we also addicted to just driving? I feel good when I get in my car, put on my tunes, window down, wind in my hair... Do we feel like we've done something just because we went somewhere in our cars? I used to feel strange if I hadn't "been anywhere" in my car for a day or two. Angela Merkel, Germany's Chancellor, is envisioning a greener future after this pandemic - planning on giving incentives to people buying electric cars, etc. But could we all now take the lessons we're learning - walking, bicycling, and keep those going? Will we get out of this less addicted?

This morning Everett wants to go to his school to see if anyone is there. We oblige, and take the walk we used to do when it was open. His grandma says as we draw near:

"See? there are no cars."

"Maybe they're in the parking lot..." his tone is wistful, hopeful.

We take him in his stroller through the deserted parking areas and up to the front glass doors. He can see there's no one inside. But something is satisfied in him. We walk on and I talk to Linda about a sadness I'm experiencing - then he says he's sad. We question him but get no answer. We walk further, but he wants to go home.

Week 8

A Buscar Letra

Called don Jesus, my gardener friend, who I haven't seen in a couple of months now - usually at this time of year we'd be sitting outside weekly in my garden, talking about the news of Mexico and here, our lives...

Now he and his wife are *encerrados*, in their little house a few miles from here. They take walks in the neighborhood; watch "too much TV, too much news." If you watch too much, you get too scared, too down, we conclude. The first death has happened in Camargo, Chihuahua, near his town of Jimenez.

I tell him I'm almost finished with my first edits on the book of interviews with elders he's in. "Pues que bueno, que se cumple!" I hope it will be finished soon and I can put a book in his hands.

I ask him what else he's doing, "*Bueno, a agarrar libros y buscar letra*".

Taking up books and looking for words. Sounds good to me.

