

**From:** [David Kraemer](#)  
**To:** [Covid Affiliate Archives](#)  
**Subject:** FW: One Person's Response to Communal Fear 5.4.20  
**Date:** Wednesday, July 15, 2020 9:45:52 AM

---

**From:** Morris Allen <mojo210al@icloud.com>  
**Sent:** Monday, May 4, 2020 9:47 AM  
**To:** MOJO210AL <MOJO210AL@aol.com>  
**Subject:** One Person's Response to Communal Fear 5.4.20

WAGON WHEEL CENSUS 7 Trucks 2 Cars 1 Walker and 1 ISD#197 School Bus 1916. (People ask me what qualifies to be included. To be counted in the official census, you must pass me while I am walking on Wagon Wheel itself. Cars, trucks, walkers, runners, passing me while I am not on Wagon Wheel are noted in my heart but not in my count)

For those of you who felt a need to get a little further away from your neighborhood yesterday, you weren't alone. Indeed, the isolated folks at 2161 felt a need to go and see something beyond the beautiful paths they have made their own while walking through Mendota Heights. Loyal to the core, we selected Frontenac State Park, idyllically situated in MNCD2, between Red Wing and Lake City. We were not alone in making this choice. The park was packed, and it is easy to understand. Upon getting out of one's car one's eyes are filled with a gigantic sky on a bluff overlooking Lake Pepin(which for those folks who are not blessed with Minnesota addresses, is a naturally occurring lake on the Mississippi River on the border between Minnesota and its neighboring state to the east.) While wearing our lovely masks, we went on a magical hike through nearly 3 miles of stunning overlooks, shaded valleys and glorious hills that were filled continually with images of eagles soaring above. This part of the Mississippi River and this section of the state is filled with eagles flying overhead and gracefully filling the sky with their beauty. Indeed, MNCD02 houses the only National Eagle Center in the entire country([www.nationaleaglercenter.org](http://www.nationaleaglercenter.org)) in Wabasha. Another gem not to be missed—when it reopens.

As we were walking, I kept thinking that though he never was in Frontenac, MN, Arik Einstein(zi), who was called the "voice of Israel"( and perhaps still its most beloved male Israeli lyricist and singer) had to have imagined a scene like the one yesterday when he wrote his song "Oof Gazal". The lyrics remind us all that at some point those entrusted to our care will leave the next. But the liberation which is theirs is the loss that is ours. We too, he reminds us, have left a nest, and now we must remember the joy it contained even as we hold on to what remains. For the chick, however, we cannot predict their flight path, nor their landing. All we can tell them is that there is "don't forget—there is an eagle in the sky----fly away." It is a beautiful song and one that is quite meaningful for both Phyllis and me. Each of our "chicks," as it were, have flown the nest (though we are blessed to have one visiting from an extended overseas journey) and their paths have been unique to the lives they are seeking to forge. But those eagles are in the sky and while majestic have an agenda all of their own.

Those eagles own the sky, at least above the waters of the Mississippi. Other birds are heard in

trees and fly below the eagles' radar. But they aren't flying on the same flight paths. They stay in trees and fly in a different direction from where the eagles are circling. Most of those birds have learned their lessons well and understand the power differential that exists in those skies. And that of course is the slight fallacy of the song "Oof Gazal." For while the imagery is true in the world of aviary power politics, the story of humanity is the refusal to give into preconceived hierarchies of power. Sometimes, we must fly directly towards those who try to dominate as a result of nature but not as a result of having earned their place. And sometimes we will succeed and change our world as a result and yes, sometimes, we will fail miserably. But we are not birds, we are not animals, and we do not send our chicks into the world and forget who they were or towards where they have flown. What differentiates us from animals, is summed up in what my sister-in-law told me yesterday. When she and my brother Danny(zl) told her parents that ML was pregnant, her father replied, "children are forever." He didn't know the Arik Einstein song, or if he did, he didn't accept the premise. Children are forever. Relationships and power differentials change. We transform into confidants and advisors from mere role models and teachers. We laugh at each other's lacking's and don't see them as infuriating (as they once were). And we treasure the connections and weather the storms quite differently. That is the piece of the song that makes human parenting different from rearing an animal—we are not training them, we are nurturing their souls and creating bonds of connection that need to endure long after the nest has been made empty. Eagles may still soar around us—but familial strength and connection will provide protection in ways that birds will never know.

(I wanted to write originally about the Kent State 4—today on the 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary of their shooting by National Guardsman. As I wrote, this is what came out. May their memories be for a blessing and may their untimely deaths only remind us that not all paths are paths of peace. That picture of a young woman kneeling above a dying body remains etched into my memory and into my soul. They are not forgotten) Morris

Sent by my iPad