

RUTLAND TOUR

Bristol village was especially quiet and cold tonight as I roamed the streets pondering.

I was thinking about my Tour to Rutland today; the people I met, the conversations I had, the streets I got lost on, the old paint-chipped signs of pizzarias and pastry shops, the new slick signs of chain stores, the small towns I passed through announcing Holiday Craft Sales.

It's the images of all the signs that keeps coming back to me. I was fascinated by their shapes and the fonts used and the names and words people chose to identify their business or product or cause. I could tell that some of them had a long history of use and others long abandoned. I wish I could have taken pictures of them all to share with you but I just didn't have enough time for all those stops on top of visiting all of our FRIENDS.

I was thinking how signs tell us so much about each other; that we're ingenious or light-hearted or pragmatic or enterprising. Some reveal their age more than others. Some captivate us and leave us wanting to know more about them. Some we vilify, others we praise. I'm talking about signs but I'm really talking about people. About me, and you, and the Friends I meet on the road. Describing the signs I came across today is describing you.

I enjoyed so much meeting some of you today. Becca with her abundance of energy and love of local food. Julia sharing her penchant for stickers and how she's covering her refrigerator with them. Ranon and his story of hiking the Appalachian Trail and finding community at a Hostel. Dorothy and Roger sharing their Holiday handmade hats. The ladies at Two Cents consignment shop folding and unfolding piles of clothes. Mike and his account of his Thanksgiving dinner with his nine siblings.

I'm thankful for the signs that guide me to you.

Lily on the road

