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May 2018
Topic: Fear or Connections

JumpStart

There are connections and disconnections occurring all the time, especially in such a rapidly changing world. Some are immediately obvious while others emerge through less discernible means and crop up in surprising ways and still others lay dormant until a key word, action or person activates it.

I had only been gone a week but when I got home my car was dead. Not even a click. A tree trimming crew next door asked me to move both my cars to get to the trees over my driveway.

One of the tree crew helped me push and roll the first car down the drive to the front of his truck so we could jump it, get it going and take a long drive to charge the battery. No big deal. I'm always happy to go driving and listen to NPR. There was no rush to move the other car until the next day.

Upon my return and chatting with Timothy, the tree-trimmer-in-charge, I pointed out a tree that had fallen onto my roof above my front door as well as any number of trees that needed trimming or cutting down so we did a short walkabout to get an estimate as to what had priority. Any tree service that sets foot on my property gets wide-eyed and sees many hours if not days of work before them. And dollar signs. Turns out Timothy, the owner of this particular tree service, knew the tree guy, Jeremy, I had used before and said that he and another of his crew, like Jeremy, had all lived in the same rental house that the roofer I had used after the flood owned and who had recommended Jeremy to me a couple years ago. Small world. And then it turns out that both Timothy and Jeremy have young sons the same age with the unusual name of Rowen, each with its own unique spelling and go to the same Middle School. And share astrological signs. These are Only-in-Boulder, Ward-Gold Hill Hippie tree crew connections.

The next day I needed to move my other car but it didn't start. We did the push, roll and jump dance again with the tree guys and I took another long drive. Listening to NPR, I had already decided to donate this car when a friend I was playing tennis with later that week remarked during a random chat about my two old cars, that her daughter needed a good, used car. It is now hers, renamed Morenita and running just fine.

Just to add insult to injury, as the cars were being more than testy that week, my relatively new TV went dark on me. I messed around with connections and cables, all to no avail. It will be replaced and have to be connected, probably via the neighbor "boy" who originally connected me to the roofer and tree guys. So it goes. *Never-ending connections and disconnections, some known and others yet to come.*