Twitter Thread by LookNoFurther

LookNoFurther
@LookNoFurther4

https://t.co/Xnr8K4qiGZ

I grew up in a little town in northern Iowa. About 3,100 people lived there then.

It was a different time.

Both sides of my family had lived in my hometown, or on farms a few miles out, for more than one hundred years.



Grandpa Bill and me.

My grandpa had a business on Main Street that my dad took over when grandpa got sick.

I knew nearly everybody.

There were no “helicopter parents” then and the only teenagers who had cars were older boys who bought them used and beat-up and liked to tinker under the hood.

I walked everywhere — to school, to Girl Scouts meetings, to piano lessons, to babysitting jobs, to Friday night football games at the high school, to the movie theater on Saturday afternoons. We all did.

I walked even in the dark, though I was sometimes afraid.

But I knew who lived in just about every house that I passed. It was a comfort.

I knew whose sons had gone off to join the service; which girls had gotten married; which old geezers played pinochle at the Legion Hall; which ladies went to Wednesday morning sewing circle at the Lutheran church where I sang in the choir.

Who owed my dad’s business money.

So when I heard the news this morning that 3,100 people died yesterday of covid, my mind took me back there, walking home late, passing house after house, in my hometown of 3,100 people. I tried to imagine how it would have looked to me to have all of those houses dark.

Nobody in the kitchen washing dishes; nobody watching Walter Cronkite on the living room tv; no one waving from their front picture window as I trudged past; no guys cruising the street in their old cars.

No one at my grandparents’ house.

There have been so many covid deaths. The nightly tallies have made us numb and afraid.

But yesterday, a whole town’s worth of people left us.

I’ll bet that most of them were pretty good, just like the people in my hometown.

So long.



Grandpa Bill and me.