

Getting there

by [Diane G. Scholl](#) in the [July 31, 2019](#) issue

You said to me once, “I love the silence when you get where you want to go and turn the motor off,” and it’s true, the car breathing a little, deep in your ear ghost voices echo, then nothing. Just sit there a moment.

I knew what you meant, like getting to our summer place in the Berkshires, the car whining asthmatically up our hill, windows open, then the smell of fresh grass a neighbor cut, no sound at all.

The last time I visited you weren’t home yet. I walked down the street, then back, and saw you pull into the driveway, get out, and stop to look at crocuses, or daffodils, just breaking through the spring soil. I thought that must be where you wanted to go, the peace widening to include me in the middle of the block, enveloping me in its silky stillness.

Even now when I don’t know where I’m going, and wake late at night in a kind of fierce panic, I feel that pure calm sometimes, the motor’s steady purpose, the ultimate quiet when it stops, and think of Irv MacKenzie mowing in big circles, finishing up. I see you bending down to look as you wait for me, the yard coming alive with small buds and shoots.