

Pine cones to ~~BB~~.

~~Naya~~

2x main

~~Alice/Luke + Kaajestruid~~

~~Majo~~

~~Gijs~~

~~Sue~~

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Letter to the ice. Global ice loss  
Right to ice.

We went to Iceland as a family in 2009. When we hugged goodbye, my Dad cried. It was the most emotional goodbye I'd had w/him until then. ~~to~~ ~~me~~ Through the tears, he said, "Pai I don't know when you're coming back" & I had to say, "neither do I"

Little did I know I'd move back in 2010, as I couldn't make it work in NYC or the USA anymore. And I came right on time. My Dad's health had been declining. Alz. but we weren't confirmed on that yet.

The biggest goodbye of my life had yet to come, and I dreaded it for five and a half years, as his health declined. Sometimes he'd be a better,

present, with it. Other weeks or days, he'd jump back, running rapidly down that awful Alzh. mountain.

His taste for things changed. He suddenly preferred raisin bread, just like my grandparents. He started eating more ice cream. Roles flipped too. My sister and I slowly became more and more involved in taking care of him. Caring for him. Our love for him only increased.

Five years later and I find myself buying the vegan version of his favorite ice cream. ~~One~~ For three days, I eat one ice cream cone & it brings me a little closer to him. I crave it for another couple days when they're gone.

Is it the ice I crave? Or his warmth?

For years now I've had small jolts when I think I'm experiencing or showing signs of mental decline. When will it start? ~~Will it~~

He was younger than his mom (who also had Alzh), much younger when it started. I've seen enough docs to know I can have it in my 40s. Having lived him through it all, I've been hyper aware of signs and slips.

First snowed & the Netherlands froze over this winter and so many people were outside having a great time despite Covid - I was again reminded of my youth. I saw ppl laughing. He helped me make my own skis when I was ~~the~~ <sup>about</sup> 7 years old. It was incredible & word about around fast that Tige was skiing. He taped slim wooden bats to my rubber boots & I was golden. <sup>new</sup> This year, I went out <sup>with</sup> a friend. A couple days later the ice was thick enough & ppl started skating all over rivers & ponds & streams & ditches & lakes. I biked all the way north of the river & joined

Some people on the rowing track.  
Pristine smooth ice. ~~There~~ I put  
my skates on that I've had since I  
was about 10 or 11 years old. & there  
I went. It's like biking, your body  
never forgets, it's just natural.  
I couldn't really do jumps & figures  
anymore, like I later found out  
my sister was doing elsewhere.  
But I'd felt great, to cruise that  
way. On top of a body of water.  
~~But~~ I ~~was~~ even swim<sup>ing</sup> there, after  
a bike race we did.

I talked to a stranger & ~~was~~  
connected for a bit. Pure joy.  
Big smiles. My body in motion.  
My mind not worrisome or  
annoyed w/strangers, not adhering  
to covid protocol.

Talking to strangers among all the  
strange danger this year.  
So needed.

Dear ice,  
whether you come freezing over  
the white landscape,  
or contained and flavored in  
a small container or the shape  
of a popsicle. → heart shaped!  
Whether you form in my fridge  
to ~~join~~ join my summer coffee,  
or form yourself on my street  
causing me to slide around on  
the nuts...

dear ice

I love you in my life.  
Please don't ever leave us.