Post-Treatment Drifting and Gershwin's "Summertime"

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July 25, 2019 By Robin McGee

We continue to adventure our way through Canada, Andrew and I and our cute little 18-foot trailer. We have crossed out of rugged Manitoba and into the vastness of the Prairies, the majesty of the Rockies, and the splendour of BC's Okanagan Valley. We have made it to the Pacific Coast! We are now preparing for our trip to Alaska and Yukon, which leaves from Vancouver in just a few days.

We have kept up a decent photojournal of our travels, with many of the most remarkable of our pictures going to Facebook. But no photos can do this geography justice. Canada is so vast, so varied, so storied, so astonishing. Each day I treasure the privilege of living here. I embrace our common Canadian values as I travel, even as I marvel at my country's magnificence.

In my last post I described the relaxed and spaced-out feeling I had once my treatments had ended. Perhaps I am less floaty as time goes on. Instead, I am mindfully relishing the passing minutes. Some moments seem suddenly like jewels, faceted through the pleasures of nature, the lusciousness of food, and the warmth of my daily companionship with Andrew. I particularly love the freedom from heavy concerns. I know it is an illusion given my terminal status, but I allow myself to drift away from serious worries, as if I were on the current of the waterways flowing through the everlasting landscapes around me.

So today's song choice is "Summertime" written by George Gershwin in 1934 for the musical Porgy and Bess. My favourite cover is the magical 1958 duet by Ella Fitzgerald and Louis Armstrong. This song has been awarded a special Grammy for its longevity and historical significance. When I was working, I would play this version for myself on the last day of school each year. But today, I choose it for its dreamy sizzle so suggestive of a summer haze, and for the comfort and hope within its loving lullaby.

Summertime
And the living is easy
Fish are jumping
And the cotton is high
Your Daddy's rich

And your Ma is good-looking
So hush little baby
Don’t you cry

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