

## **Coda: Rivers**

The Mississippi I crossed in Minnesota, despite the region boasting of being Paul Bunyan country, was decidedly smaller than the Mississippi I crossed when entering Memphis. More munchkin than Bunyan. Makes you think about rivers and how all those tributaries along the way fill the small stream, and as water will flow makes the stream larger and larger and larger and deeper and deeper and deeper.

Interesting, for the same could be said about me. About you. About us. We start off a trickle and then all those experiences, all those encounters, all those others whom we meet flow into us and fill us as we flow downstream.

Rivers and rivulets. Streams and creeks. So many we cross in our travels. The arteries of a land. The source of community and commerce. Susquehanna. Rapidan. Red River. Snake. Little Muddy. Battle Creek. Kootenai. North Canadian River. Los Gatos Creek. Rappahannock. Humboldt. St. Louis. Hudson. Missouri. Laramie. Milk. French River. Dan River. The Columbia.

River is us.