



A Quiet Street



By Eleanor Rodgerson, MD

THESE LAST YEARS we had settled in and the street aged.

Offspring moved away. Other householders retired, satisfied with themselves, comfortable, standing still. Some trees needed trimming, lawns were not always edged, flowering bushes died.

In the Fall, the lawns grew scraggly. The neighborhood was almost stationary.

But one morning five young mothers, laughing and chattering, appeared on a corner with babies in baby carriages, admiring their friends' babies, the childrens' rompers, the blankets and buggies. They dallied a few minutes, then set off down the street.

Change was in the air.

The national catastrophe of September 11th was a horrible moment in history; it shocked the status quo and stimulated a shift from lethargy.

Our street perked up. The babies came out of their nurseries and neighbors came out to watch them.

The house on the corner dug up its garden and added a pool. Across the street a roof was replaced. Elsewhere shutters were painted lively colors and new trees planted.

One tenant stirred up his investment portfolio. Profit had disappeared with the lull in the economy. He was tired of watching his stocks, and he sold for a tax loss and that made him happier. With what was left, he repaired his home. And that was rejuvenating.

The nearby grammar school put on a practice evacuation and class after class of children marched by. The new generation. There had been growth all along, from Adam and Eve on through the centuries to the present technologies.

Just for a moment, history had seemed to be standing still, but it was just for a moment.

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