

Time Capsule Letter to Ivy Johnson (two yrs old)

My Dear Grandchild:

Now that you are full-grown and able to read and understand this, I have become either very aged, or am already buried. As I write, the great political earthquake is at hand...the Armada is in the Persian Gulf, the Killing Planes are fueled, the armored legions are tensing in the desert.

When you read this, you will already know what happened in the Spring of '03. You know how many were slaughtered, what regimes came tumbling down, what became of the treasure.

We do not know. No one knows what is right ahead of us. Or what the shock wave will do to human history beyond us. Are you living under martial law? Is your grampa in a Detention Camp? Or is life within the "Homeland, Inc.." prosperous and sleek?

Sometimes I think I see it in ruins, with my sons and their children scavenging the dumps to survive. But just now, after visiting with you, I remember your silly arts and cooing...and I see that there is a less dreadful Situation hovering. An Aftermath in a chastised nation, whose warlords are in prison, and whose imperial wealth has been squandered.

I see you in that slender possibility dancing with a stranger of pleasing gait, dreaming up my great-grandchildren., who will have their turn at practicing the Silly Arts....in the time of the Great Disarmament.

Come over to my wheelchair now, and tell me this is true.

Love,
Grampa

3/10/03