

Coda: Border Crossings

Me on the road from Minot, North Dakota, Friday June 9 (now a week on the road): Musing about borders and how easy it is for us to cross from one state into the next. No border patrol inspections between North Dakota and Minnesota. Slipping across, and the only way you'd know is by the Welcome Sign for the Welcome Center. Or if you drive over a bridge and stop at the Visitor Center.

Even when entering Canada it was to just show passport, driver's license, car registration, and offer my promise to behave. Coming back into the US it was just show the passport and driver's license, and then, terribly American, I had to pay a toll.

I did enjoy chatting with the ladies at those visitor centers who helped me find information about their states.

How different from the Dust Bowl refugees who were turned away at the borders or forced to endure rude health inspections.

What is the difference between me and them, between now and then?

What difference? I got the do-re-mi.