

Rendezvous Antigua

Antigua, Guatemala

Sunday February 2, 2020

10 AM

The time has come. A number of fair skinned people who hail from the north have trickled into the brightly colourful town of Antigua over the past few days. Our numbers have grown from four to twenty. It is time to put Antigua in the past. It is time to move on.

The first stage of our journey together has been, for the most part, successful. Rendezvous Antigua accomplished. For sure, there have been a couple of minor glitches as there always are when trying to form individuals into a coherent flock, for people are in many ways much like chickens when given free range. They like to go off in their own separate directions. They can seem willful, disrespectful, flighty, and yet at the end of the day when they all come home to roost we can be thankful.

People, like chickens, if you haven't noticed, can be a little scatter brained to the point of distraction. About the hardest thing you may ever do is trying to get chickens to do what you may want them to do when you want them to do it. It is, for this reason, that every flock should have a rooster. The rooster provides a protective watch and acts as a navigator, a guide, a coordinator of events so to speak. And it is the chicken's nature to ignore the rooster.

Here, at home in the village of Maberly, I spend some of my time observing chicken behavior. Why not, it is infinitely more interesting than most television shows. My favourite scenes involve our churlish rooster struggle in his vain attempts in keeping order amongst his unruly flock. The words that best describe his state of being are 'having a conniption.' It may not be funny to him, poor guy, but I sure get a kick out of it.

Am I actually comparing people to chickens? I guess I am. What a presumptuous, arrogant, hilarious thing for me to do. Sorry about that. Let's just end our chicken analogy part of the story by saying in earnest we had a few chicken moments and a few rooster moments and we all made it home to roost.

Antigua had been a great introduction to the wonder that is Guatemala. It has a reasonable mix of ubiquitous tourist and the typical resident. It is as historic as it is alive in the present. It has places of interest and places to relax. There is a dynamic feeling of productivity and excitement that builds throughout the day and then come evening there is an almost imperceptible soft giving away that allows for a period of satisfying introspection. And of course there is the glorious power of the sky and the mountains that reign and watch over the attractive little city.

So finally the shuttle bus is here to scoot us off to our next destination, the next stage of our journey, the part where we get down to work. The luggage is now loaded. The people mill about the entrance of the hotel, inside and out. We stand in close knit circles upon the cobblestone street, separate yet together, waiting for the call to board. As each day goes by we get to know each other a little better. The sky is blue and clear as it has been for the past three days and the road ahead seems as hopeful and bright as the one we are about to leave behind.