

An Interesting Bus Ride

March 2, 2011

The protests were peaceful today but the weather was very like March. We arrived in bright warm sun then clouds, wind, rain and a few frozen rain drops blew in. One man gave us his umbrella and left. Rosa, a good friend on the peace line for the past few days bought us all warm milk flavoured with honey and cinnamon.

Then Michele and got on the bus for home looking a little bit bedraggled. We sat in the back seat and soon two other young women sat beside us. One of them spoke a little English and Michele has some Kurdish so we started a little conversation. Finally I asked if they had been at the protest, and they answered, "yes". So we both showed them our white sashes from the peace line. They were very pleased. They noticed that my glasses were smeared from the rain so they gave me a tissue to wipe them, the first time they have been cleaned since arriving here. Then they brought out a bottle of perfume and sprayed some on Michele's neck. There was some more conversation then we were each given a fresh strawberry. There was some more conversation in which I tried to explain that people at home were particularly pleased when they heard that women were involved in these demonstrations.

There was some more silence and then the woman sitting next to me who also spoke the more English reached in her bag and pulled out another bottle of perfume and sprayed some on the back of my hand. I sort of nodded then she sprayed some on my neck. As far as I know this is the first time in seventy five years that I have ever worn perfume. Michele claimed it was a perfume for men. No one offered to explain just why I may have needed it. Then we were home, end of bus ride, end of story.

love to all Allan Slater