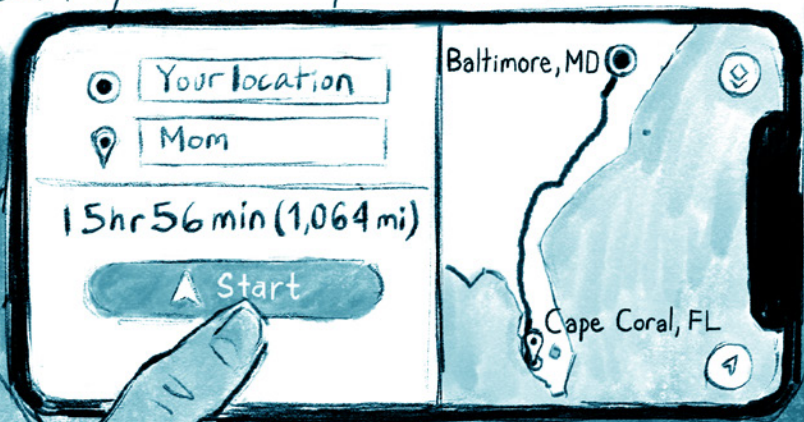


Baltimore, MD
4.45 am
May 17, 2020

We're all packed + ready to go,
Thao's mom + Deethra see us off.



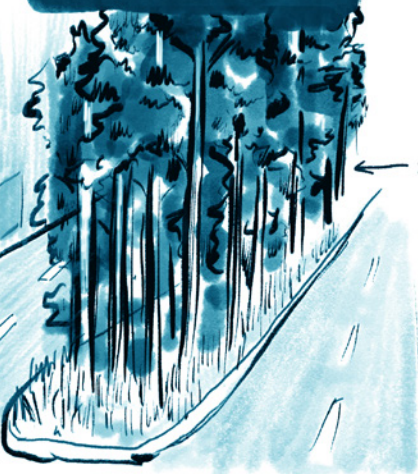
It's quite the distance, but we're optimistic
we can get to my mom's in just one day.





I take the first shift through Maryland + Virginia. It's a drizzly morning.

8:52 AM
North Carolina



← majestic pines

Thao's got the wheel for this shift. She pushes all the buttons + figures out cruise control, I snack,

Deconstructed micro-Bánh-mì



Driving isn't so bad when you can take nap breaks + your husband feeds you oranges!

South Carolina

11:15 am

At a rest stop,



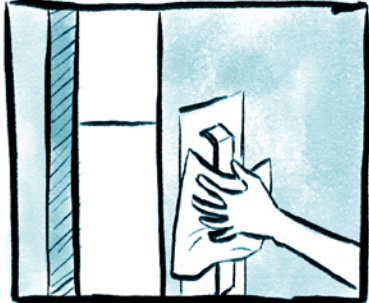
I was reminded of a guy from work years ago.



He would take a paper towel and



use it to open the door when he left.



I remember thinking it was a bit much.



Now, I AM that guy.



Wherever he is, I hope he's OK.



While I'm driving, Thao responds to texts for me.

It's been really easy so far because Thao's an amazing driver! 🐾
I miss our dog though! 🐾❤️

We don't hit any traffic until Florida.



Florida
3:23 pm



Florida
7:49 pm

The sun sets to the soundtracks of a podcast + Sunday mass.



Florida
8:53pm

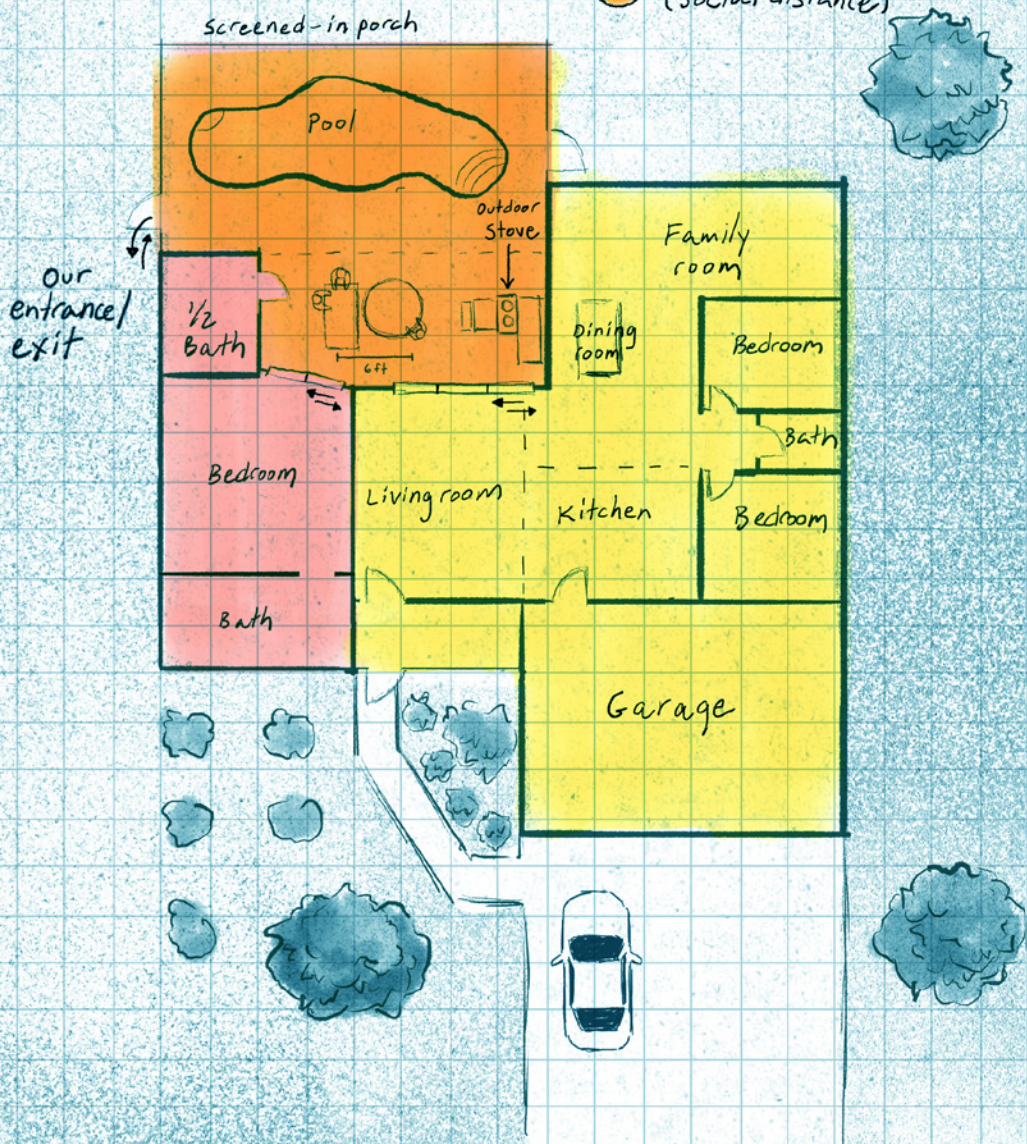
We finally get off the highway +
things start to look familiar.



2. Quarantine

Mom's House In Quarantine

-  Our zone
-  Mom's zone
-  Common zone (social distance)



Day 1, May 18 Last night, we sat + talked about our trip w/ Mom before unpacking + going to bed. The trip was already worth it - just to be w/ her across the table.



We slept like logs + in the morning I get up to find Mom washing the bugs off our car.

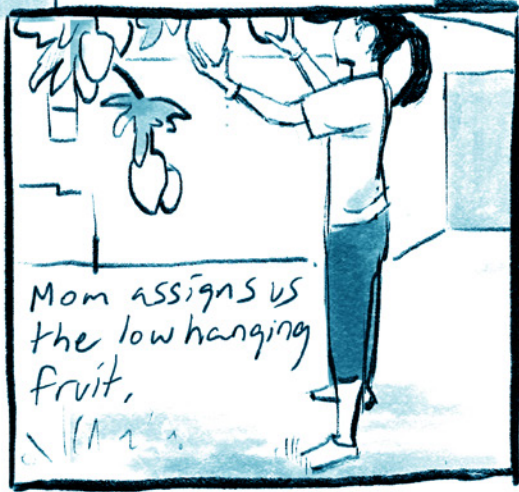


At a bakery, I'm relieved to see a customer w/ a mask but the employee isn't wearing one.





All of dad's mango trees are ripe with fruit so on our first morning - we get right to work.




Mom assigns us the low hanging fruit.



while she handles the harder to reach ones.



This is the most exercise I've gotten in 2 months!



Mom, I don't know how you did all this on your own.



Your dad used to take a bucket + steadily pick mangos each day — through the entire season. He loved his trees.

It's been a little over a year since Dad passed. I doubt he ever thought about his legacy, but I'm so glad every summer we have Dad's mangos to harvest.

