

fragments

It's been three years since my mom died and 7 years since she got really sick. I feel that a lot of my memories of her now are just fragments. Flashes of movement. Brief bits of sound. Fleeting images.

Of course, I have memories of big events in our life together and of our meaningful conversations.

But, as I grow older, these memories seem less real and more fantasy. The fragments that I turn to now, as I continue to make sense of losing my mom, are the brief clips that I have from old video tapes. Much of these clips come from my work with Scott on the farm films in the 2000s, but some of them also come from holiday celebrations and footage that my dad captured after buying a camcorder in the late 80s.

I remember after screening the first farm film at Emory University in Atlanta, GA, one of my friends told me that I was so lucky to have video footage of my parents. To have recorded what their voices sound like and how their bodies move. She had lost both of her parents when she was young, and she wished she had access to such sounds and images. When my mom died, I finally knew what she meant. I'm so grateful that Scott and I took the time to get footage of my mom. I don't have that much, but there's enough to remind of some of her more memorable sounds and gestures.

One day, I'd like to do a more extensive catalog of those sounds and gestures, but for now, here is one sound that I will never tire of hearing: "Hi, Sara"

I love how my mom used to say hi to me. When I watch the tape and listen to her voice I can almost remember what it was like to talk with her and to be loved by her. For a brief moment, she's still here.