

My Bucket Has a Hole in It

By CC Huffhines

In my growing up years in Texas, my bucket was full of information about traveling the entire world. I had super yearnings to meet and visit with different people in this varied world. I have accomplished most of this travel, first to European countries, then concentrating on Asia. I believe that the next century belongs to Asia, causing me to travel twice to China, twice to India.

In the process of these many trips, I fell in love with the once great Mayan civilization that existed in the Yucatan of Mexico, in Guatemala and Honduras. These people built great cities, leaving fabulous ruins for us to explore today. Why these cities were abandoned is somewhat of a mystery, possibly due to lack of water sources. The Yucatan has a large Mayan population to this day, but memories of their civilization are forgotten. I have visited with many in their modest homes.

The Maya were not bothered by Cortez, who was busily destroying the Aztecs. Only later did the Spanish discover the once great Maya. These people had a written language and excelled in building massive pyramids, many which I have climbed. (There was no climbing the pyramids in Egypt, I discovered).

I successfully got three of my grandsons interested in the Maya on a recent trip to the ruined cities in Chiapas. One of them is right now on a return visit to the Mayan village of San Cristobal de las Casas in Chiapas, prior to his permanent move to Seattle.

My travel bug has spread throughout my family. A granddaughter in Dallas is soon traveling to Cambodia and Viet Nam with a group of her friends, all riding motorcycles. What a great way to explore those interesting countries! I envy them because that is an uninterrupted way to see the magnificent sites found in Cambodia.

My youngest daughter lives in south Sweden, where she has raised three of my grandchildren. I visited them last summer, when we all made a motor trip to Norway. They are coming to Denver this November, as are two of my other daughters who live in Texas.

The reason I now live in Denver is due to my eldest daughter, who graduated from the University in Boulder and had five of my grandchildren, all who live here. It is her son who is moving to Seattle.

I believe that I fulfilled my bucket list. More world travel would still be delightful but my patience and body aches make that not too appealing.

You might say, "My bucket has a hole in it!"