

EN TIDSREJSE PÅ CYKEL

A TIME TRAVEL BY BICYCLE

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En tidsrejse på cykel

Da jeg var barn, var noget af det bedste, jeg vidste at cykle ned til min bedstemors og bedstefars hus i den nærliggende landsby. Det at begive mig ud på de snoede landeveje, omgivet af marker og gårde, føltes som et eventyr i sig selv. Jeg husker, hvordan jeg trampede af sted, mens tankerne gik på deres egen vilde rejse ind i fantasiens verden.

Hver gang jeg ankom, blev jeg mødt af min bedstemors skæve smil og bedstefars glade øjne.

Min bedstemor og bedstefar boede i et charmerende lille hus ud til landevejen. Velholdt, hvidkalket og med en skinnende sort sokkel. En velholdt have. Ingen mælkebøtter i det lille stykke græsplæne foran huset. Kan det være mere anonymt? Vi suser forbi den slags huse, hver gang vi er på farten.

De var blevet ældre og havde sværere ved at tage sig af hus og have, og det gjorde mig glad at kunne hjælpe dem med små praktiske opgaver i huset eller ude i haven.

Dengang kunne jeg ikke sætte ord på det vigtigste de gav mig: Værdier. De har i hele mit

liv stået som forbillede for min samliv med andre mennesker.

Landsbyen var som andre landsbyer. De nye tilflyttere blev ofte ved med at være nye. I den gamle smedje var der også flyttet unge ind med deres børn. Hos mine bedsteforældre var der plads til dem alle.

Den lille pige på cyklen stiller sig op og kigger ind på den ældre dame i haven. Stiller spørgsmål og får svar. Smil. Hvor er hun sød.

"Hvorfor har dine stikkelsbær en rød farve, vores er grønne?"

"Er det din mand?"

"Mor siger, at far måske kommer hjem fra sygehuset i morgen."

"Tror du ikke, din mor savner dig? Du må hellere cykle hjem og se."

"Må jeg så komme tilbage igen."

"Ja, ja, kom du bare tilbage igen. Husk nu at passe på bilerne!"

Et venskab er skabt.

A time travel by bicycle

When I was a child, one of the best things I knew was cycling down to my grandmother's and grandfather's house in the nearby village. Setting out on the winding country roads, surrounded by fields and farms, felt like an adventure. I remember how I pedalled away while my thoughts went on their own wild journey into the world of imagination.

Every time I arrived, I was greeted by my grandmother's crooked smile and my grandfather's happy eyes.

My grandmother and grandfather lived in a charming little house by the roadside. Well-maintained, whitewashed, with a shiny black base. A well-kept garden. No dandelions on the small patch of lawn in front of the house. Could it be more anonymous? We whiz past those kinds of houses every time we're on the move.

They had grown older and had a harder time taking care of the house and garden, and it made me happy to help them with small practical tasks in the house or out in the garden.

Back then, I couldn't put into words the most important thing they gave me: values.

Throughout my life, they have stood as role models for my relationships with other people.

The village was like other villages. The new arrivals often remained new. In the old smithy, young people had also moved in with their children. At my grandparents' place, there was room for them all.

The little girl on the bicycle stops and looks at the elderly lady in the garden. Asks questions and gets answers. Smiles. How sweet she is.

"Why are your gooseberries red? Ours are green?"

"Is that your husband?"

"Mom says that Dad might come home from the hospital tomorrow."

"Don't you think your mom misses you? You'd better cycle home and see."

"May I come back again then?"

"Yes, yes, just come back again. Remember to watch out for the cars!"

A friendship is created.



Kilde: Det kgl. Bibliotek, Danmarks set fra luften. Foto er fra 1959.

Østhimmerland, 1959

East Himmerland, 1959



Østhimmerland, maj 2023

East Himmerland, May 2023



Østhimmerland, maj 2023

East Himmerland, May 2023



Østhimmerland, april 2020

East Himmerland, April 2020



Øst-Himmerland, januar 2020

East Himmerland, January 2020



Østhimmerland, februar 2021

East Himmerland, February 2021



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KOLOFON

Ugens foto: En tidsrejse på cykel
Af Keld Jensen

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COLOPHON

Photo of the week: A time travel by bicycle
By Keld Jensen

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