

Entry 33

Subject: Henry Road

Looking at Napa on Google Maps, there is a small gray line, a road, west of Napa. It branches off from a minor road and ends by transitioning into a dirt path that leads to the vineyards next to it. Some people may know it as the road that takes you to Artesa Vineyard & Winery, others may not even know it exists at all. To me, I know it as the embodiment of everything I am. This road is called Henry Road.

During the summers when I was a kid, my parents would take me on walks on Henry Road. My parents would always point out the quails and their chicks racing to cross the street, the ducks taking a swim in the ponds, and the cows grazing. I would see tiny caterpillars crawling on leaves and my parents would explain how, just like me, it would soon grow into something beautiful. Every time they would hoist me up onto trees, they would remind me to always take care of nature, as it is the one thing I will always have.

As I grew older, I often watched and waved at the field workers working the vineyards, being reminded of my own family. I recalled the stories my family told me about their immigration and how they took on back-breaking labor in the vineyards to create a better life for their family. There are other times when I would take walks with friends. We often talked in depth about our own life experiences, allowing us to connect with each other further on a personal basis and opening up our minds to not only appreciate the different experiences of people around the world, but to empower us to speak up when we see injustice.

Today, as I walk Henry Road, listening to birds chirping and watching turkey vultures circling around their next meal, I run my hand through the olive trees lining parts of the street, reminding myself of the privileges that I have and others don't. I get reminded of the environment, the workers I see, the workers I don't see, and the people around the world who I might never see. I think to myself about how I might be able to positively influence the world around me, and if my thinking begins to turn negative or pessimistic, I walk down to the small creek and run my hands through the water, listening as the water flows to nourish the trees older than my grandparents.

Henry Road reminds me of the importance of fighting for what's right. Whether that be the protection of our environment and climate, the rights of our immigrant families and neighbors, or fighting for the right of a Palestinian child to run their hands through the olive trees their forefathers planted. Though Henry Road is relatively unknown to many, it can remind the people of Napa who walk it the importance of loving and protecting every aspect of the world that it presents to us.