

Non Solus

October 4, 2020

Short fuses and lumps in the throat, Disturbing numbers are shoved through the air and through pieces of cables into my house. They represent positions of quantities of Corona storming our world. There are many and more and more. Then it will be 28 September, no lock down yet, but stricter rules and advice. Note for me the bin is full.

My granddaughter Celine is going to get her master's degree in biology-disease on October 2. With only one supervisor and no party.

I explode I would accompany her, that could be, but the party. The university had already fiddled with the date. She had been done for months.

At my age, you get smaller and your fuse naturally longer. This law had suddenly disappeared, so my fuse was suddenly very short. My granddaughter's fuse is fairly short considering her young age. So without them knowing about each other, there were suddenly two short fuses in the family. This event was not predicted. There was nothing in the stars either. The cause was simply the virus, covid-19.

Both, Opa and Granddaughter for short, will start their march from September 29 to October 2 with very mixed feelings. What a blessing that Celine can find a talker with her parents and her father can calibrate her corona-disturbed navigation device, the compass.

With the compass again good, she will start organizing again and plan the right route for the Aula of the university on 2 October, followed by a party.

I myself, still with my fuse too short, is then adjusted by Celine for the exciting day on my disturbed route. Need to fix my nearly destroyed speech for later in the day, Feel reassured and know for sure that despite the magnetic Corona disturbances disrupting her compass, Celine will make it again.

We meet in front of the old university of Utrecht. I was brought there by my son, Celine's father, who calibrated her short fuse and thus indirectly also my short fuse.

We enter the beautiful auditorium together with her grandfather Nico, we are happy and I have a lump in my throat with emotion. How is it possible from a short fuse to joy. We sit two meters away. I get a lump in my throat again. In this auditorium where the union of Utrecht was signed in 1579, which is considered the beginning of the Dutch state. There I am now with my youngest granddaughter Celine.

Celine takes the stage with the professors and lecturers and after a great speech, in which her parents are involved, receives the fought-over diploma. I no longer know what a short fuse is, just emotional joy.

I am also thinking of my uncle Abraham van Luik, brother of my grandmother Maatje Anna Overbeeke van Luik, who received the honorary title in 1948 from

Doctor Honores Causa in this auditorium. I would like to share these special feelings with you today.

We leave the auditorium after the ceremony and are met outside by the remaining family. We are really happy and are going to celebrate a well-arranged party according to the corona rules, directed by Celine.



Celine leaves the Aula of the University of Utrecht with Bull and Grandpa

Ballade voor Celine

2 October 2020

**As a little girl decided to go the Gymnasium
She changes school with her own will and force
And succeeded, as if an curiosity
She planned and thought it through all by her self
Opted for the rough, difficult road while warming with her
music**

**The small, Tiny Celine grew and grew to become a
phenomenum**

**Experts confirm, this girl is unique
She jumps over her own shadow**

**And decides, it will be Utrecht
A little debate as what study it will be
Celine jumps over the hurdles and succeeds
With her own drive, working hard and pushing it through**

**Utrecht stole her heart.
The Uni, music, sport and all that comes with it
She grows and I surround her with aureolen
And steps once more over her oen shadow**

**Making it to Bachelor, Continuing her studies as a real student
Attacking confrontations the real life brings
The end of the study seems sometimes out of side
No option to give up
Sometimes it is hard to keep your own course
And sail towards that little point on the horizon, there!
Sometimes I felt the ground shaking under my feet
And steps an other time over her shadow**

**Together we here create a virtual ring of light,
You, did it but there is the Corona virus
You may help to plan and execute
To destroy this Corona virus...but your not alone
And she steps an other time over her shadow**

Opa Nico; Congrat and I wish you success in using your unlimited talents the world is waiting for

