

Betty Glynn Carlson
Seasons of Life - month 5
8 February 2026

Ice

*After the first snows of winter,
An unexpected warm front brought rain.
Then the temperatures dropped.
Ice formed on the branches of trees,
On the surface of the snow,
And on the sidewalks and roads.
My sister fell on the ice and broke her hip.*

*The sudden appearance of ice
Changed the landscape.
A new awareness entered our consciousness:
Look out for ice,
Be careful where you walk.
It may not be safe.
It could be dangerous.*

*In the winter of '26,
The US Immigration and Customs Enforcement
Appeared in Minnesota.
ICE intended to find, detain, and deport
Those who entered the country illegally.
They infiltrated neighborhoods and towns,
Wearing masks, military attire and guns.
They searched for anyone
Who might possibly be an immigrant:
People of color, or those who spoke with accents.
It did not matter if you were here illegally,
Or if you were seeking asylum,
Or were in the process of becoming a citizen,
Or even if you were a citizen.
ICE took people from their places of employment,
At courthouses where they had appointments,
Schools and hospitals were not off limits.
They picked up people on the streets,
They broke into their cars and homes,
And dragged them out into the cold, handcuffed.
Observers stood by with whistles and cameras,
Witnessing the abuses of ICE.
They saw their neighbors placed in vehicles
And taken away to detention centers.
The observers were not immune from the actions of ICE:
They were pushed and threatened,
Their phones were seized,
They were photographed,
And their images uploaded to a database.
On two separate occasions,
Federal agents shot and killed a citizen
On the streets of Minneapolis.*

Betty Glynn Carlson
Seasons of Life - month 5
8 February 2026

*So much pain.
So much sorrow.
So much anger.*

*The violent deaths of these citizens,
Mingles with the cries of family and friends
Whose loved ones have been stolen away.*

*This is a tragedy that cannot be explained.
Our individual grief merges with a larger grief,
Held by people gathered together,
In community seeking solace.
Protests, songs, flowers, candles, and prayers;
Memorials in the streets.*

*How do we hold this pain?
How do we hold one another's pain?
How do we hold our own pain?*

*The ice that broke my sister's hip,
Reminded me of those in my family,
Whose death was caused by a fall.
I felt the familiar pathways of grief,
Weaving the threads of the past
With this present moment.
Five years ago, on the last day of January,
My husband had a stroke.
He died five days later.*

*There are strands of grief
Flowing through our souls.
Some strands are deep within us,
Personal and intimate,
And other strands,
Flow through who we are
In a larger community.*

*The darkness and cold of January
Sinks into my flesh.
There are protests scheduled in the city.
My heart is with them,
But I stay home on my little farm,
To care for my alpacas,
And for my own soul.
Together we wait for the ice to melt,*

Betty Glynn Carlson
Seasons of Life - month 5
8 February 2026

*The first ICE shooting happened in the morning.
It was a beautiful sunny day.
Renee Good had dropped her child off at school,
And appears to have been observing ICE.
Then they circled her car and demanded she get out.
Then one agent shot her multiple times at close range.
Why?!
She was a constitutional observer.*

Betty Glynn Carlson
Seasons of Life - month 5
8 February 2026