

"Remembrance"

Two men, sitting on a bench in a city park, reminisce about their earlier days, smiling and nodding in agreement with what living has brought to their sense of inner dignity and esteem.

"George, you have lived a most fruitful life, what with all the wisdom that you have acquired. One thing I would like to ask, is: Why didn't you stay in the position of teaching high-school English? What made you quit, after 10 years?"

The other man, trim and proper in attire and profile, contemplates the question, after which he forms a suitable response: "Brent, how many times have I asked myself that self-same baffling poser! I don't know. Maybe, the old drive slipped from me, one day. Too many irons in the fire. I just can't say. You remember, how Freddie Strey used to stand by the blackboard? He was my favorite pupil, because I saw so much oddness there in his character. Of course, it wasn't only that. I identified with him."

"Yeah. He was so awake, so curious, so wanting to learn about Life. You know, I saw a lot of myself in him, too. Hey, is-is-is that Freddie? Freddie, is that you?" that middle-aged teacher fairly screeches out his former student's name. Absorbed is he in so much reverie and nostalgia, that the Spirit of Freddie Strey causes him to slip beyond reality, to die into the celestial Sphere of the Universal Unknown.

One man sits, now, on an old wooden bench, smiling and nodding as if sharing old memories with an old friend. He, too, will soon fade from this moment, becoming in Time another's fruitful remembrance.

by Arthur Main

My husband grew up as a poor city boy. He had toys, but never any Tonka toys. They say, 'The only difference between men and boys is the price of their toys.' Well, we moved to a farm and started collecting machinery (toys).

Living on a farm gives you the opportunity of owning several different pieces of machinery. You might have in your inventory a tractor, planter, D-4 cat, sprayer, an old one ton flatbed, an extra old one ton flatbed that doesn't run, but is used for parts, a manure spreader, a stone boat, and an old farm car.

Each piece of machinery seems to have its own personality, quirks, and special needs.

Well, on our farm, three motor-driven, metal monsters stand out in my mind as having their own character.

Our tractor is a miracle on four wheels. It can plow, disc, harrow, plant, dig, mow, split, lift, scoop, and rototill; all in one day! Picture a grassy pasture hidden between a stand of maple and fir trees and bordering the river. Picture that spot in the morning, with the fog lying low over the field, and the grass heavy with dew. Now, picture the same piece of ground 12 hours later; a brown carpet of just-plowed furrows, with seagulls diving down to feed on the grubs and worms. Our tractor, in just 12 hours, transformed this unused field into a potential deposit to the checking account.

On a farm, one needs a vehicle that isn't registered, insured, safe, or pretty. That vehicle is the farm taxi. It gets you from one place to another without having to walk, and if it breaks down or gets stuck in the mud, you don't have very far to go for help. Our farm taxi is a 1946 Willys Jeep we call 'Jeepsie.' Jeepsie previously went by the name of 'Prunes,' but after a body lift, Prunes became Jeepsie. With a '46 body and a '53 rebuilt engine, Jeepsie bumps along the farm roads. Her front end shimmies, her tail gate shakes, she stops when she wants to stop, and she only starts for women. Hmmm.

Every farm has its family garden and every well-tended garden needs a rototiller. Our tiller may not start, but its guaranteed to last forever. Once a year, we clean the spark plugs, fill the tank with gas, rinse off the tines, pull the starter motor, then we walk into the house and call the neighbor to come and rototill our garden with his tiller that has a five year guarantee. About four years ago, the rototiller started. With only one pass over the garden plot, the ground was ready for planting. Maybe that's why we keep the old monster.

As you've read, machines do, indeed, have personalities, perhaps that's why it's so hard to part with them. Jeepsie is gone now, she returned to her previous owner, a woman. The rototiller went to a mechanic; he starts it with just one pull. But the tractor is here to stay.

by Carol Pienovi

"What A Difference A Shoe Makes"

There really aren't many laws about shoes, but there are a lot of customs.

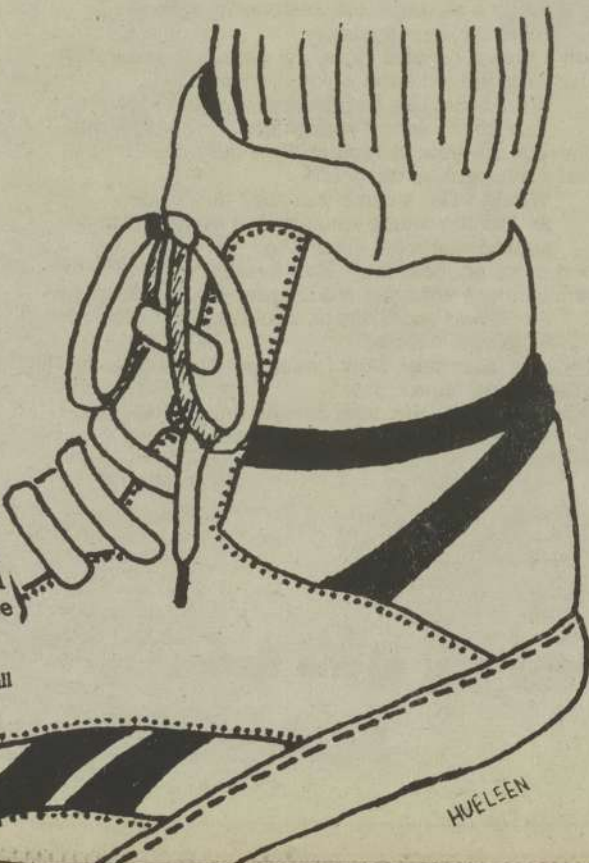
The shoes that I wear to college would never be accepted at the Senior Center. The few times I've worn them there I've had lots of comments—"What are you wearing?" "What kinds of shoes are those?" "What do you think you're wearing?" "You have funny shoes." Reeboks just simply aren't accepted shoes for senior citizens.

My daughter-in-law calls my black leather high tops, "weird shoes." Funny. No one says a word at college. Reeboks are good for covering up blue feet, too. After dressing for church on Sunday, I slipped on my blue suede boat shoes and made a mad dash into my yard's wet grass to pick flowers for the altar at church. I hurried about arranging my flowers and made a last minute dash into the house to change my shoes. I really had a surprise. I had blue feet, socks and all. My blue suede shoes had faded. Blue feet wouldn't fit with the black sandals I'd intended to wear. A loud honk announced the arrival of my ride.

Black leather high tops quickly solved my dilemma. If you couldn't see blue feet, you wouldn't know they were there, would you? Puzzled glances at my feet greeted me, even in the middle of the minister's sermon. Being very proper church members, none of them said a word, but their quickly averted eyes told their own story. I came very close to giggling right at a very solemn moment.

Maybe I should try wearing my dirty white Reeboks sometime. They would cause a real sensation. Work shoes, dress shoes, hiking shoes, athletic shoes, sandals, loafers, pumps, high heels, flat heels, and many more; you can end up with more shoes than anything, and just think, it is easy to startle people by mixing them up once in a while. Who wants to be prim and proper?

by Bee Hall



Rhapsody editor who generously written works of appreciation. May your future joyable and prosperous. See you in the

Editor

Jul

