

Boy's becoming Godly men

With a heavy heart I write of news I received out of Rusk, Texas
of a motorcycle accident and the passing of Rod B.
Reading Rod's obit and the man he became has forever changed the childhood story I tell.
Rod and I had a senseless scuffle in high school.
Through the lens of time, I now understand that day 50-years ago.
Rod and I, two boys from broken homes,
dealing with hurt in our personal lives, releasing built-up anger.
We continued our bad behavior with heavy drinking well into our adult life.
35 years ago, in a hometown pub Rod and I crossed paths for the first time since those high school days.
Both of us had moved out of state and were home visiting family for the holidays.
Rod bought me a beer and we struck up a conversation, both embarrassed of that high school encounter,
Rod eased the tension by saying, "those were some hard hits you threw."
We made peace.
Many of times in my salon I had embellished the tale of Rod and
my rumble in that "gladiatorial pit" with its rim populated with curious classmates.
The place to settle schoolyard disputes in our local Kinsman, Ohio, cemetery.
I would continue my high school story leading my listener up to that pub encounter with Rod;
me sitting on a bar stool next to a giant of a man that had just gotten out of the Navy,
now a bricklayer that could have mopped the floor
with Tim, the not so tough anymore, California hairdresser. I loved telling this story on myself.
Today's news of Rod's passing has given me great reflection on the men Rod and I became.
Both found Christ, both active in AA helping others, both overcomers.
My story now has that perfect ending, a scuffle between a couple troubled boys
is now a testimony about two men finding their purpose and giving God all the glory.
Rest in peace my dear friend, Rod B.

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