

Thoughts On A Walk

This morning, July 31, 2020 I went walking and various thoughts came to my mind. I thought I would share them with you all.

Some of Regena's family has been with us for the past week or two. Her sisters, Jan and Kay, along with their husbands, Ronnie and Doug have been helping on the farm. They both drove a good distance to be here for some hot and hard work. Last Saturday we started tearing apart on old shed. We had quite a crew here along with Eli, Laura, Jon, Noah, Tommy, and Hope all pitching in on the project. I have been blessed with good in-laws in Regena's family and good children.

Particularly I got to thinking of the experiences I have had with Regena's family. We take vacations to see them and have fun. We have also been there in times of sorrow. All of our parents are now gone as we share the experience of saying good bye. Some traveled long distances to attend our mom's funeral and we have done the same for theirs. It is interesting how you marry into a family of strangers and through time you become part of the family. They have even volunteered to come and help us move whenever that time comes.

Particularly, I got to thinking about Mike. He passed away one year ago today. He was five years old than me so I never knew a time without a brother. I got to looking over some of his old text messages and phone messages, he always started out the same way, "hello brother". We grew up together and it has been strange not hearing his voice from time to time. Most of the time I miss him while working around the farm. We grew up working in the garden, taking care of cattle, fencing, hauling hay, and doing all the other chores one does on the farm. So, I miss him while doing those things today.

Sometimes Mike could almost drive me crazy. He was a stickler for details and making sure everything was exactly right. If you worked with Mike on a project and something wasn't right you knew it would have to be redone. A few years ago, I helped rake some hay fields for Mike. The fields were a good

way from the farm so the tractor had to be hauled on a trailer and the rest of the equipment moved to the fields. One evening after a long day of work it was time to take the tractor home. He knew exactly how to drive the tractor onto the trailer so it would be centered with the same few inches on each side of the tractor. He lowered the front-end loader to get the right amount of pressure on the trailer. We used chains and wenchers on the front and back of the tractor so it could not move forward or backward. Finally, we used chains to make sure it would not shift sideways. It took a good while to do all of this fixing and chaining down but that tractor did not move one bit. We could have gone to California and it would have traveled safely.

Mike was a fire safety inspector at Fort Knox. He studied the code and knew exactly how things were to be constructed. On many occasions he would reject the construction until it was redone and done right. At his retirement dinner his boss spoke of the outstanding safety record Fort Knox had, not a single person had died in a building fire for a number of years. He attributed some of that to Mike's work as an inspector.

My final thought was how dad and Mike built the shed we tore down. Doug said he had never torn apart a shed before but he figured it wouldn't be too hard. But I knew it would be a task. Dad and Mike built things to last. There is no telling how many pounds of nails were in those boards. Some boards were rough milled and were true two by 4's or six by 10's. We had to work to separate those boards. I could almost hear them laugh as they thought about the poor guys who would one day tear apart that shed.

My point in this article is the brevity of life and how others influence us as we grow up and how we are now influencing the next generation.

We need to make sure we are right with God. We need to be providing the right example to others. For one day someone will go out for a walk and think about us. - - Dennis Tucker