

Some thoughts on my Grandfather

I spoke with my aunt today. It seems my first cousin has claimed my grandfather's violin for her son. I hope he appreciates what he is getting. I wanted it real bad. This will be alright in time.

I never knew my grandfather. He passed away before I was born. I am grateful to my aunt for the stories she tells about him. He was an accomplished musician and won the Louisiana State fair fiddling contest, playing his violin with only one arm. Lost his arm in a hunting accident as a boy. He liked to play music and sing, and he did this often. He was a school teacher and they say he worked calculus problems for entertainment much like I might work a crossword puzzle. He was a hunter too. He hunted the woods of central Louisiana for all manner of game to put on the table. He liked to laugh and entertain. He had a terrible temper I'm told. He would go into rages and look out if you were around when this happened.

I miss this man I never knew - but I do know him. His blood flows inside me still, like a river, and keeps me very much alive. My own love for music and the healing I have experienced over the years from the music that I play are gifts from him. His struggles are my own struggles and his wisdom is mine too. His rage, his joy, his tears and laughter are deeply imprinted in my genetic makeup, in my soul. We are connected, him and me. In many ways I am just like him.

I honour your life, Grandpa! May my own life be as worthwhile as yours and may it reflect the values that you held dear.

Ho!

I think that I will visit my aunt soon and learn a little more about this man and me.

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from Everyman, A men's Journal Issue # 62