

My Goodbye

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I can still remember him creating his fishing lures

His callused hands working slowly but confidently

Weaving the intricate pattern

But now I wonder if the lures really worked that well

Or if it was some mutual agreement he'd made with the fish

From all the many years they had known him

I remember him getting up from his workbench and turning around

I watch his gruff face crack into a smile

He was a perfect example of an old fisherman

A hard man but somehow having compassion for things

That came from the silent waiting

I see him surrounded by all of the chipmunks

Who crawl into his hand to nibble at the food he holds

They popup from the rock pile and then back down again

His favorite of them is Cheeks

Looking out his window I see all the birds

Hanging onto the birdfeeders gently swaying in the wind

## My Goodbye

Out in the backyard I walk down the slight incline

Where my brother and I would sled

Until I come to the small creek where saltlicks were scattered about for the deer

Heading off to the right I find the bushes filled with sweet little berries

Now that I think back he was no fisherman

He was a man of nature caring for all living things

Here I stand out in the prairie grassland that stretches on forever

I make one last visit with him to say my goodbye

Not until later will I truly realize the caring and greatness of this man