

Saturday, October 29, 2005

Left Behind

We have finished sorting through, and disposing of, my mother-in-laws things. Always strange how things are left behind. Her recliner is now sitting in one corner of our living room, opposite the recliner I use, which was left behind by my father. We watched a fascinating TV documentary last week, covering some 20 years, about the "Last Cowboy". He is a man about my age whose entire life was devoted to farming, particularly to raising cows. His family long ago lost interest and moved to town, including his wife. He won't leave. Sad story. He will pass away and not only his farm, but his way of life, will be left behind. When we have passed on, what from our lives, do we hope will be left behind? I do not mean farms and recliners. Those, too, will eventually be gone. What will live on because we have been here?

Posted by Cal in Personal Journal at 15:00