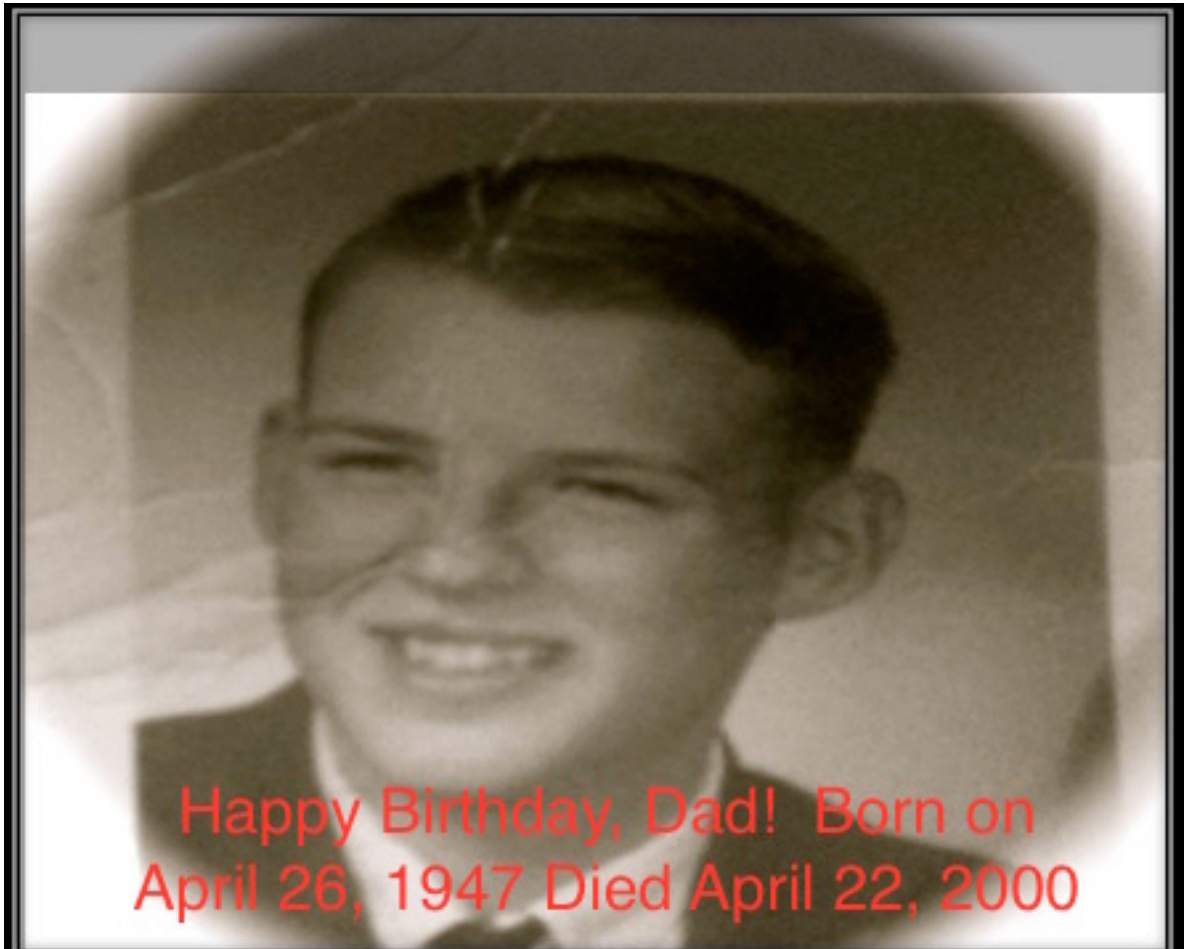


Time With My Father



Time with my Father June 16, 2013

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Time with my Father

January's would come, a time to see my
Father working the booth at the
Agricultural show, explaining the R&H products, following in his
own Father's footsteps. The booth, red background,
a sign showing the company, the
table covered with chrome alloy
combine parts, and books written
by my grandfather. The tableside exhibits
the chrome paperweight animals created by my uncle.
Best combine parts, my father
would say. Last forever, work the
land, save time and energy,
satisfaction guaranteed. Rounds he made there,
talking to everyone. His grandchildren would visit
name tags on hand,
looking forward to the special time
only grandpa could offer,
candy galore, treats
all around, free calendars, pens, pads,
but most of all, their grandfather.
What a day!
All the booth operators knew my father.
They knew my children.
They knew me.
The huge tractors, places to hide
engulfed their bodies, smiles wide.
When the day would end, coats on
gloves, too, dinner would end

our day. Just Like Home Buffet, all you
can eat, a treat.

Three days we would repeat,
until my dad would pack-up
for the next Ag Show scheduled. My
dad died, leaving a gap.

We still visit the Ag Show,
but January has never been the same.