

THE HERO

Looking through an old photo album I found a picture of him in his Sailor suit. A young man then. I was told he was only fifteen or sixteen when he entered the Nave. He had short hair and a smooth face. His hair was still dark and not even one wrinkle around his eye. I remember when I first saw the pictures of him I had asked who this movie star. I got a little chuckle from that. Now, no longer a young man he has lived a life that has been full of adventure. As I helped him clean out rental houses one afternoon he told me a story. This particular one was about a young boy who went off to war and came back a man. He told me of the adventures this boy had traveling, meeting all sorts of people discovering foreign lands and cultures. He had been to Korea, Japan, and the Middle East fighting wars and keeping the peace. All so far from his one street home town of Schell City Missouri. A Midwestern boy changed to a military man. Now as we sit in front of the TV and watch old westerns he catches a few winks of sleep. I look over to see a man who is known for his ability to bring life to any old machine that he touches. Now no longer a boy, white wispy hair and stubble's of red, brown and gray have taken over. The lines of time have covered him never to be mistaken for a young movie star. He will always be my hero.