

DOORS

03-09-2015 by Harry Zirkelbach

In 64 years of marriage Barbara and I have been key-holders for five doors. One will be the third corner of these ramblings.

Three doors stand out in memory.

The first impressive building I encountered was without doors.

The Navy escorted me to Hawaii via Aircraft Carrier, spring 1945. The inordinate wonders I encountered there, were trifles to the welcome hand extended by those natives. Their life centered on warm days, pleasant nights, and soil productivity.

And this small other wonder, to me. The building in mind was without doors. The near-downtown Honolulu Catholic Church, next to, what else, a white sandy beach, the blue Pacific.

The Church did have sides, roll-up bamboo pieces, where on the day in mention, the bamboo curtains were rolled up providing this unique see-thru cathedral, open to the prevailing wind, that day a mild off-shore breeze. None attending had dressed for other than a casual conversation with eternity.

Then there is a second door in memory. This is from childhood. That home on the hill shared with mom, Dad and my sister Pat.

That nest had a front and back door.

The only lockable door, the front door, seldom used or locked. When our family would be away for a considerable time, the back door was hooked inside. We left by the front, which was locked with a skeleton key. All neighbors had that same security.

The door locked, our parents left the key under the mat or on a nail over the door.

Our third door worthy of mention is here at Windsor Gardens. There is little to differentiate this door from any of the other 2600 entries to the Condominiums here. It is special because it shares a common feature with all. For at that entry there is a door mat, with the word WELCOME.

This greeting is a low-down reminder that the two of us, our visitors, and all living here, are blessed to be at home in Windsor Gardens, share adventure with other seniors.

The entry door designates security; and entry to the place where most eat, sleep, share love, age, exchange stories, recount today's blessings, and prepare for tomorrow.

PS I have this image of that mystical fourth door, that, entered only once, to Eternity.
But enough,
I have already described it.

