

## Pushing a Name

13 February 2017 by Harry Zirkelbach  
Stars and Sun date 34697

Zirkelbach is my German family name.

Years ago I created (O-BACH) the abbreviated family name, so I could buy a vanity license plate, distinguish our auto.

A distant intent; to deter our children from  
driving that car to the wrong places,  
in the wrong manner.

The first positive result of this decision. I had gone to the Motor Vehicle Office on West Alameda, became part of the unsmiling horde awaiting their turn to talk to a service representative. To find any joy there, Denverites usually had to leave the building. On that day when called to pick up the plates, special made, by Prisoners at Canon City, the lady clerk studied the paperwork, looked me over carefully, and while completing the paperwork, her voice barely audible, gently said,  
“you, your imagination has made my day.”  
She looked up and smiled. I remember to this day.

Mickey Mussett is a Denver craftsman, maker of custom leather boots. His quality work provides enough customers to ever have him trying to catch up.

He does other custom leather work too. Mickey completed this **O-BACH** Journal cover Friday February 10; it was picked up Saturday morning, the 11th.

Years ago, Mickey adopted the trade name GHOST RIDER, a brand that appears on every item he makes. Recently he completed a pair of boots for Governor John Hickenlooper, much of that decoration suggested by the Governor's wife.  
Robin Pringle.

Last month Mickey Mussett was featured in the Denver Post. And to my surprise, the Post also recorded parts of that interview, carried snippets on line as part of the Post's blog.

And like so many who worked with their hands, the product for use by others, Mickey has met an army of characters, and from this is that wonder, a gifted,



natural story teller. And he has captured the persona of those individuals in their yarns. making their journey his, retold to the next persons he meets.

I initially met Mickey Mussett through the AA program.

This is the second leather cover Mickey made for my Journals. The earlier one, maybe seven years ago, served me well, until I left that Journal somewhere. Inside each Journal cover, my identification. Nevertheless, that Journal and cover were not recovered. In fact, five Journals have been casually left somewhere; each time I was unable to recall, retrace the earlier moments, that loss permanent.

Except. In one instance the finder was kind enough to call, arrange for my recovery of that Journal. It turned out that on the day of loss, I had gone to my car hands full, placed the Journal on the car roof, failed to recall that, drove away. In the 400 block Havana, the Journal had fallen onto the roadway. It was run over by several vehicles, some pages tire-marked, creased by the weigh, but the Journal intact otherwise. A gentleman passing, thought it valuable, stopped, picked it up, called me. Would not consider a reward.

Enough.

I hope to never again be a binder customer for this wonderful story teller.

