



10-18-2017 by Harry Zirkelbach
Stars and Sun date 34906

Since retiring, Barbara and I have downsized our home twice, each time offering our children possessions not needed in the newer digs. In most cases these items are not missed, for in visiting the home of the seven living in Denver, we are reminded of that earlier time, through their use of our furnishings and art. Those two moves were made when our grandchildren were young and the furnishings useful.

Those distributions were made without rancor from our children. As we prepare for the inevitable, we have made arrangement for the distribution of the remnants of our estate. We cleared our thoughts with each to continue their friendship with one another.

Besides by now there isn't all that much remaining of relative value.
But pieces of nostalgia are everywhere.

Still, these are our nostalgia, not that of the children. As an example, they are included in every one of the sixty plus Photo Albums that clutter our bedroom wall. Albums looked at, when writing about walking through the superstructure of the Sydney Australia bridge, if only to find I had taken no photograph of that segment of unusual adventure.

But every page there, passing time with family and friend has faces essential to the event shown, Yes, some of the children will want the albums broken; just their memories. That change will not be by Barbara and me,
And it will not change those moments.

In raising nine healthy children to adulthood, we tended to gather quality things for immediate and potential use. Items resisting destruction in the rough-house of daily life, looking good after years of misuse. Pieces when not useful to them, boxed and given to charity for others to enjoy.

Even today much remains to enjoy, perhaps looked at one last time.
Ah, that one great benefit to a long life, the joy of nostalgia.

Like the pieces of a Campaign for Congress by a candidate we thought the most qualified we ever supported. He was Dave Thomas of Boulder. How about that; a candidate with two first name, easily recalled, for good or bad. We walked the streets, knocked on doors, enjoyed phone calls in his behalf, but to our surprise he loses, walks away from political life, returning to his profitable law practice. A loss to the community then, and us, even today when we look at memorabilia from a second place finish so many years ago. Trinket we can't toss.

Then there is our book cases. Volumes stored there or in a closet, the printed Classics of the Heritage Book Club, issued monthly, 1950-60s members taking the twelve printed early - if one not wanted pick any substitute from the past library of publications.

These are handsome books, all issued with a Box Jacket, only the spine visible, with Title, Author's name. Most read by me on receipt, never adding a ink spot to any, all pages still pristine.

Favorites re-read, like Homer's two tales of Ulysses and his friends, wonderful poetry, by an unimaginable creative mind 400 years B.C. Read and wonder; how well educated his contemporaries must have been, to read, understand, enjoy his tales.

Those epics and most of the others have not been read by my children. It is unlikely there will be a squabble over who gets any of these Dickens, Thackeray, Twain, Dostoyevski, Lewis Carroll, and Madison-Monroe-Jay's Federalist; this latter a piece I re-read with every constitutional question. Jackets of these neither gather dust nor age.

One last feature of these books.

With each a Sandglass, detailing the author, his work, this book, its printer, binder, artist who decorated with original art, the cover designer, the myriad things that go into the publishing any book, the contributor of each credited by name. Just reading a Sandglass, compels the potential reader to open the book to page One immediately, immerse themselves into another Literary Classic.

Maybe a grandchild will be tempted.

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