

## Things I Miss the Most

01-08-1018 by Harry Zirkelbach  
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Those given longevity stand atop a pyramid of friends and acquaintances long gone. This morning all that's visible from that lofty perch, family faces and very recent acquaintance, plus that immense world of strangers.

I've mentioned this earlier, but on coming to Denver, I knew no one. And in those first months I met a horde of individuals, a few very well. In traipsing downtown on those busy streets, walking to avoid bumping into others, I was led by the mind-eye coordination. On rare instances, my recall shouted to this mind, "YOU KNOW THAT FACE" and sure enough, I'd glance to the reminded, be told that name if known, greet this recent acquaintance by name.

Perhaps we'd loiter moments and chat, reinforcing friendship.

I can still do that. Though today, name association with face is less effective. And I miss that the sense of growing Denver friendships begun those days, 70 years ago.

The higher you reach on the humanity pyramid, the more there is to be regretted, missed. Still, these is so much to give thanks for on the onset of each day, the sense of regret dominates nothing. It just exists.

As I've written, the Things Most Missed, is yes, adventures not taken. And having been given almost infinite travel by the military in the Navy and in retirement, small potatoes to me.

This reminder. Before marriage, I had joined the Heritage Book Club. One of 30,000 subscribers. These were Classic narratives of a past age. Twelve books a year. Beautifully printed. In a solid slip cover,

containing art, paintings on topic, by a living artist. Each subscriber had to take twelve books a year; any not desired, choose a previous publications. I remained a subscriber for more than ten years; quite a library.

There were times I did not read the book.  
The other day I decided to read one unread,  
Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame de Paris".

And to my surprise, the book contained a piece of my history. It was a copy of the Denver Police Radio Room dispatchers record of Incoming Calls. The very sheet we Denver Police Dispatcher's filled when answering any call for assistance; once completed, it was date stamped, a Police Car assigned; then at the completion of the Officers' inquiry on that scene, notation was made of the Officers comment. This form, not notation, was dated 24 Sept 1955, apparently near the time I had looked at Hugo's epic. Historically it is much more; six days before I resigned for the Denver Police Department to begin working for Jeppesen & Company at Stapleton Air Field.

A reminder from that unchangeable past, then age 34,  
zigging into another world.

And this reminder, I miss that young mind of those years.  
Fearing nothing, ceding security for the unknown.  
Having the approval of my soul mate.

Ah, to be young in spirit,  
carry that to to the apex of age, as all strive to accomplish.

Oh yes, Hugo's Hero in this book is the Cathedral,  
not The Hunchback nor his love, Esmeralda.  
Knew you'd like to know.