

## Vanity of Vanities, All is Vanity

08-01-2016 by Harry Zirkelbach

Stars and Sun date 34500

"Vanity of Vanities, all is Vanity." This reading at Sunday's Catholic Mass 31 July 2016, is the second Line of Ecclesiastes.

It provides thought for all, under any circumstance.

That very day the Denver Post noted the death of a good friend, Franklin Lankford. This detail "Service Mon. 12 PM Crown Hill Chapel". No vanity.

Did not apply for this gentle retiree of the Navy Reserve, pilot, FAA Controller, Realtor. He and his wife's only child, a Freshman at Colorado University climbing the Flatirons, fell and was killed; his mother dying a short time later. Frank had no other family that I knew.

I'm reminded of four other men I worked with who created a small empire in Denver, Elrey, Wayne, Ken, Bill. They worked closely for 20 years, ever extending the reach of this company. They too are dead. And except one, they will remain unheralded tomorrow as they are today. Those three toiled to make the name of the fourth a household name in aviation. And were successful. The remembered is known to all who fly into and from Denver International Airport for that Terminal bears these large letters

# jeppesen

I believe none of the four were vain.

Yet on this Colorado Day, I choose to write on vanity of vanities.

Few care that Solomon lived five centuries before the Greek enlightenment around Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle; yet the world read Solomon's writings, quote his lines endlessly; the Greeks' life and lines are found in text books, seldom in daily dialogue.

Which brings this narrative to a conclusion, with this recent quote,

"Never have so many owed so much to so few"

Of course I have his double inference.

First, when our pieces are chosen to appear monthly in the Windsor Life they enter the residents' life as friend and neighbor. six or seven informing three thousand.

Second, when through the kindness and toil of Dennis Knight, we give each piece to Dennis for inclusion in **wg-wg**. One caring for the others. There our stories are available to any with the curiosity to type **wg-wg**, click on any of the twenty or so current listings, or the ever growing list of former scribes. Then pick and choose between these author's contributions.

As I have mentioned, I maintain a list of 100 tales I wish to tell, often just marry the suggested theme into a story on that list. We write for those living here, for family and friend, and hopefully for a generation to come, that they will feel a friendship for the "giants" who helped us hobble through the trials, vanities, victories, defeats, that all must face as they cram a lifetime into that mark on their tombstone, the **DASH** between the year of birth, then year of death.

That **DASH**, all the days of a life, contains the stories we read weekly to one another in the proscribed hour of honorable listening, ego and vanity set aside.

This week I am completing a family genealogy branch of the Luttmer tree. Our branch, the 6th sub-set to Book 128, begins with Barbara whose mother was a Litmer, an English spelling of the German, when the first Luttmer settling in Cincinnati, Ohio. Who knows; any Luttmer relative looking at a familiar name on **wg-wg** may choose to look at one of your contributions.

I apologize if you think I'm hinting at your vanity too  
You too Jepp.