

Memorial Day Memories

By Kenita Gibbins

Waking up to sunny spring weather put me in a blithesome mood. The happy noises from the High Line Canal were welcome background on Memorial Day. Neighbor Mary and I didn't hear the woodpecker who had been noisy for days. Then she flew out of the tree. Maybe we will get another glimpse on our way home. We decided to save our lives and walk through the complex. Some of the bicyclists scared us to death. One swerved around us without even putting his hands on the bars. There is a sign that reminds speeders people do walk on the canal.

Off the canal we heard someone playing Taps. It makes me sad when I hear the mournful tune. The trumpet sound penetrates my listening. It felt right for us to stop. Hearing the music made me think of my Daddy even more.

I will never forget, even though I had just turned five, Daddy served in the Navy during World War II. He was a pharmacist mate on board the US Jean Lafayette. The ship brought home the injured and the dead. I didn't know he held in his mind what he witnessed until I found some of his letters after becoming an adult. So many service people couldn't talk about their experiences. One letter sticks with me because a man asked the doctor and my Dad if he could be circumcised. His letter didn't mention if they performed the surgery.

The season of his return home was when the tulips bloomed. Springtime brings memories.