

FROM DUST TO DAWN

BY JOHN ADAIR

My Grandfather was my best friend growing up. We did everything together, doing chores, building and fixing things on the farm. Every time I was with him I learned things that were useful all my life.

One day when I was beginning to learn to drive, we went to town on a country road and I was driving, another car came zipping by and left us in a cloud of dust.

After the road cleared, my Grandfather made two memorable statements that I have never forgotten.

The first thing he said was, "Well he didn't take the road with him." Which meant that we could still keep on our journey to town regardless of the car ahead.

It was later in my life, when it dawned on me the significance of his second remark.

My Grandfather said, "We could go faster...but we have to stay with the car." The dusty road was a clear dawning.

I remember when our relatives from Kansas came for a visit. The minute Grandpa saw them drive up, he unhitched the team of horses from the plow and went to welcome them. They ended up spending their entire vacation on our farm.

Hospitality was Grandpa's nature. They didn't want to leave and he didn't want them to leave either. He would cry every time I left for any length of time; going to college or the service, he felt that he would never see me again. This was true with everyone he loved. He never wanted to see you go. I cried too when he left my life. Truly a man that lived beside the road and became a friend to man.