

Hi Dad

Six years, after you eightieth birthday. And, just after moms passing, from this realm. I cannot even imagine the yearning, or loneliness of heart. After being married, for 58 years. Having seen volumes of history, witnessed in many a place, pass by.

The path of Ethos, Pathos, and Logos, you taught. While, trying to maintain a healthy balance. Did not go un-noticed. The practice of self-discipline, moderation, and resolve.

How, you taught this, by technique of enlightenment. Rather, than seeking to influence your fellow humankind. And, you always demonstrated, the difference between a need, and a want, and their priority.

Your humbleness of spirit, in service to another. Is beyond measure. As a tradesman, by choice. I learnt from you, that a person's mistakes, are your best teacher's. That the only assurance that I have. Is that, the piece of wood, stone, or metal cannot, vary from fact. By example you followed this practice. And that, you only must do something, to follow this process.

No matter how, I portray the truth, in my favour. I remember your advice, by various method of encouragement. That I should fix each mistake that I made. Then you pointed out, that I should help another, willing person. To fix their mistakes.

That I should be in service. Parting with my knowledge, and by demonstration. Progressing even further. In my own education, and self-development. To, become like a teacher, unto another. Guiding that willing person, into the same role. And that they, may teach the same. Only then, do I master my trade. And pay it forward. Creating a sustainable future.

Not always was this, shared by a family member. Yet, what worked for you and your wife conjointly. Maybe, did not appeal, or apply to another. And what you did, needed not their consent. Even their approval. Or, their points, or credits from society. Your self-confidence, and assurance of tenacity, was a beacon.

That darkness reveals the light. And gives it purpose. That both are, needed, for care, persistence, growth, and change. And that all adds, to the collective consciousness. That the march of time, does not allow, for a second opportunity.

Wherever, you found yourself, in your travels. You did not waver. And I hope, that your grandchildren, daily, benefit from the same. As will their children. In respect, in honour, in loyalty to a great master. Thank you.

By
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