

Somebody Stole That

Why is it that mankind resists learning lessons? After the experience of those who have gone before us, even when known, fail to point us in a more positive direction? One of my recent experiences is a good case in point. From a very young age I lived in my wise old grandpa's house. It was close to the road south of Marshville, NY. When something could not be found grandpa would say "Now by ___ somebody came in from the road and stole that." The elusive item always turned up right where grandpa or I had last had it.

Going fast forward some 70 years or so, I come to the present. Often realizing I have far more than I really need I give something to someone I think should have it or sell it. Recently a steel box containing an unneeded power hand saw came to light. I will just put that in the back of my van and take it to a man in Fultonville who might be able to sell it for me. Doubtless I won't be able to get enough to even partially fill the gas tank on the beast that will carry it toward its new owner. There it sat far back by the rear door. That is it did for a few days. Then one day I looked back there and it was gone. I knew I had not removed it so I knew for the first time in my 82 years someone had stolen something from me. I reviewed the places where my always unlocked van had been parked. I'm sorry to say I told numerous people about my experience. Several days more went by before I unlocked my Dutch Barn to allow a friend to see some things. Guess what my gaze fell upon: the missing steel box and saw. I had asked a friend to put some horse related items from the truck to barn.

I did not take time to see what had been taken out. That darned box and saw went too. When I saw the box I thought of my very special grandpa so long ago. So like grandpa like grandson some people resist learning lessons.

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December 5, 2012