

The Ring

A box containing a finger ring lies on the table before me. I have treasured it because it belonged to a special friend – Russell Getman. Through much of my life, I am sure that material possessions have been more important to me than they should have been. Without doubt, others beside me regard their possessions as a link with those who have gone before us. Sometimes, the question is how to avoid breaking that link with yesterday. One way is to pass those possessions on to just the right people. I well remember Russell wearing this ring and I am sure that it was very personal and precious to him. Let me tell you how I came to have it.



One day, long after Russell and Nellie had passed away, I was out at the old Stone Arabia Reformed Church. Both Eleanor and Florence Getman were there. It was June 3rd and I mentioned that it was my birthday. The sisters very abruptly left. I wondered if I had said or done something to offend them. In a very few minutes, they returned. They approached me and said “We have something here that was our father’s. We are sure there is no one he would rather have it than you.” They handed the box and ring to me. He too had been born in the month of June (June 29, 1889). We spent some happy hours together. Russell first introduced me to the Stone Arabia Dutch Barn in the early 1960s when little attention was paid to them. His barn, his forbearers, and his ancestral farm were special to him.

The sisters lived to see the great things Marc and Judy had done to preserve their life-long home. That which I had connected to the old farm has been returned to it, bit by bit. On this day, Russell’s birth stone ring will return to his birth place also.

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