



# The Long Road To Nowhere

All good tales usually begin with 'once upon a time'. Not this one. My life began just that way - what seems so long ago but not so far away. I had dreams and aspirations and hope for each new day.

You could say that's what got me out of bed every morning; the glimmer of hope that this would be the day. The day that I would finally stop dreamin' and start doin'. The day I would say, "I am a man who knows what he wants and now I'm just going to take it for myself.

Every morning as the sun would begin to rise the rooster would crow 'til I would finally roll out of bed. Grabbing my clothes I stumble to the bathroom to dress and splash some cold water on my face before heading to the kitchen to brew the coffee and fix myself some breakfast.


After cleaning up the dishes I walk outside for a dose of fresh air and look around at all I have. Mom and Dad have been gone for what, at times, seems ages. The old place seems quiet and not quite the same anymore.

While working in the field about seven years ago Dad had a heart attack. Everyone kept telling him to take it easy and let me and a hired hands do the heavy work. But, Dad he was half mule. He would tell us that he'd been working with land since he learned to walk and he would work it 'til the day he died. He was right.

Mom never did stop grieving Dad. They knew each other all their lives and fell in love as kids. She joined him a year and a half ago.

My two younger sisters made it back for the funerals. They have lives of their own. Each are married with six kids between them and living in different parts of the country. I stayed on at home to keep everything going. I mean, after all I didn't have much choice. Granddad bought the place when he and Grandma were married.

The hired hands are already working and getting the daily chores done. I have three of them now. Had to let the rest go a while back. It wasn't the money. There was just not enough work for all of them to do. So I kept the three that had been here the longest.



I don't rightly know exactly what happened this morning. Maybe it was watching the neighbor's dog run up and down the road. Maybe it was something in the way the breeze blew off the field. Whatever it was it got me into that old clunker of a pickup and heading toward town.

I parked the pickup and walked into the office to talk to the lawyer man behind the desk. I asked him to write up the papers. I signed them and shook his hand. When I got home I called my sisters and told them I am selling the old home place and everything in it. They took their mementos after mom died. All of the money will be split and given to the three hired hands till they can find another job.

Once upon a time I had dreams and aspirations and hope. I got them back again and everything else I want can fit into one little bag. I pulled the atlas to find the place where I wanted to go. Nowhere came to mind. So I shook off the dust from the farm to make room for the dust of the road. There is a long road behind me now, but I look ahead. In front there's an even longer road to nowhere. Today is the day!!

November 17, 2007