

SURVIVOR'S NOTEBOOK

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Another Empty Chair

BOB MILLS, I believe, had a firm grip on life. He cruised merrily along at an advanced age and gave every indication that he was master of his fate. His wit and wisdom at a number of meals when we shared a table during three ajoy conventions inspired me, and I very much appreciated his cheerful outlook and his considerate nature. As certain as I am that Bob knew how to live, I am now just as certain that he also knew how to die. I will remember him fondly and I will miss him. --Hugh Singleton



IN PASSING...

Some consider life to be a journey; some think of it as a classroom, others as nothing more than an accident of nature. There are as many ideas as there are people and who can say that any one conception is right—or wrong? Could it not be that every concept is valid for every person who believes it? Do we haphazardly live and die without purpose, or is there some form of guidance that weaves our path like a thread on a loom, making us part of a fabric that is too immense for our minds to grasp? Whatever the

answer, we are a part of humanity and we will leave traces of our passage through this life.

Are we merely players, as Shakespeare wrote; actors who appear briefly and then vanish? Will the role we play be repeated time after time by different actors? Perhaps, as is said of history, our lives will repeat themselves unless they are meaningfully lived. I believe that every life has some effect on another life—and some lives affect countless others. It behooves us to think, now and then, of those wonderful people who left their influence on our life—and to look one more time at those who seemingly caused us grief; there may be a good lesson for us hidden in apparent disservice. --Hugh Singleton

Lonely Vigil

By
Hugh Singleton

A tombstone stands wearily
Before the slab below;
A lonely sentinel,
Unrelieved in summer heat
And winter cold,
Faithfully guarding an
Empty, long forsaken
Space where only
Bones remain to mark
The resting place of one
Whose vital presence
Once reached out to
Many who now are also
Marked with similar
Tombstones that stand
Silently in wind and rain,
Uncomplaining of the
Weather's inconstancy,
Yet undeniably sad and
Yearning for the touch
Of a living hand and
The voice of a kindly
Stranger to break the
Unrelenting quiet of
An unvisited grave.