Yarn Spinning

It seems that in the autumn of our years we become more aware of our heredity; that is, occasionally recognizing or realizing a likeness about ourselves to family members who’ve gone before us. You know what I mean—genes passed to us from our elders that make us do things, say things, or look like them. So many things…. Oh, I’m not ashamed at all. I’m proud to be like them, except for some of those “ailment” genes that I feel sometimes in my back and bones. But, as they say, you got to take some bad with all that good. So, I’m proud, for I had and still have a lot of blood kin who were and are mighty fine people.

Nowadays, I find myself recollecting my folks more than I used to. Sometimes…when I’m brushing my teeth or shaving, I look in the mirror and glimpse an image of one them. A memory invades my thoughts, and my heart burns and skips a beat. Bet things like that happen to you sometimes.

A long time ago, our kin frequently gathered for one reason or another. And after the fried chicken, homemade ice cream, and other good stuff, if any left, had been put away, we’d gather on the front porch to sit around and “swap stories.” My granddad, Pa, who was also granddad to more than a dozen cousins, was a master yarn spinner. He and others of us would pull-up rockers or sit on something near the edge of porch to get comfortable so we could enjoy the entertainment. Pa would always start with a new yarn…about the time he hold-up or camped-out just down a Texas draw from a gang of horse rustlers, or when he had climbed up the only tree left standing after a stampede. I recall that right in the most exciting part of the yarn, he would purposely pause just to cause a stir. That was Pa! He was like that, and that trait was among so many things that made him so dear to us.

Yes, long ago that was, but most of his stories linger like fresh flowers in my memories. Frequently, his image in my face reflected by that mirror triggers something inside, and I’ve come to believe that among the genes he passed on to me (and my cousin Charles) was the one that creates a need for yarn spinning. So, to fill that need, though I don’t have an audience to tell like he had, I’ve written yarns—but a little different from his. Passion, Shadows, and Time has now been published and available on Amazon. It’s in the romance genre, but called “speculative historical fiction,” and my next yarn is planned to be Clouded Memories. These happy ending stories are not about me, family, or living amongst Southern magnolias, but predicated on something I do believe in—“Whatever is has already been, and what will be has been before, and God will call the past to account.” (Ecclesiastes 3:15) Ω