

Jet Trails

In the introduction to Stories of the Second Swordsman, I mentioned that my Dad used to ask me to tell him stories, and I hoped that he would now be able to “hear” the ones that I have written.

Recently, as I drove to work, I saw six bright jet trails highlighted by the morning sunrise. I remembered that Dad used to get so enthused about seeing this sort of thing (the shape of clouds, jet trails, “sun dogs”, etc.). A couple of days later I thought about how Dad wanted to hear stories, too, and thought of this as a sign that perhaps he understood.

I have also come to realize that I have a need to tell my son Zach stories to connect with him in a similar way. This need expands beyond him as well, to his children (my grandchildren). I can only hope that my stories are work remembering.

I keep writing, still with the goal of making people think.

“What comes into our minds when we think about God
is the most important thing about us.”

A.W. Tozer

© Copyright 2015, Heard Lowry.