

THE WHISPER ON THE WINDS

By John F. Hall

I'm looking out the window at the branches of the maple trees being blown by the wind in my front yard. The temperature is expected to reach 85 degrees today. It's a nice sunny day for the 9th of May. My son, John came by the house and asked me to email one of his plumbing customers. They sold their house, and the buyers had a punch list that concerned two previous leaks. I then had to email the pharmacy at Fort Campbell, to get them to fill the new prescriptions called in by Dr. Daniel Butler. Yesterday, I put in the window air conditioner in the second floor landing. The cold air drops down the staircase to the first floor foyer. I put in a window air conditioner, Monday, in the room where I am writing this story.



Don Fogelberg wrote the song, "Whispers in the Wind." These are his lyrics: "Like a wraith she ambles aimlessly, through the mists along the shore. She wraps the foggy night around her, like a warming shawl, and leaves wildflowers at my door. She comes to me when she needs company, and weaves her web around my soul. She comes to me to free those wild, burning passion fires that she cannot control. And by morning light I know that she'll be gone, and then the lonely hours begin, and all she leaves behind to find her in the dawn are whispers in the wind. And in the flicker of the candle light, she takes comfort in my touch. And then she pulls away and leaves, before the candles die, or before she feels too much. And by the morning light I know that she'll be gone, and then the lonely hours begin. And all she leaves behind to find her in the dawn, are whispers in the wind."

When my 16 year old nephew, Dale Gardner died in a car accident, I gave the eulogy at his grave site service. He was more like a son to me, than a nephew. I quoted from John, Chapter 3, Verse 8: "The wind blows wherever it pleases. You hear its sound, but you cannot tell where it comes from or where it is going. So it is with everyone born of the Spirit." By keeping his memory alive, Dale lives. Sometimes, I wonder about all the people that once lived in my old house since it was built in 1861. The Dyers', the Jacksons', the Floods', the Calhoun' and the Oakley's once lived here. They all walked up and down the staircase. Their voices echoed off the walls.

Every time I step onto the front porch, there seems to be a breeze that comes up the hill. I've lived here for almost as long as I have been writing stories. When I sit on my front porch swing, I feel the invisible wind caressing my face, as it whispers around the maple trees in my front yard. Edwin Hatch and R. Jackson wrote a hymn called, "Breathe on Me Breath of God." These are their lyrics: "Breathe on me breath of God, fill with life anew, that I may love what Thou dost love, and do what Thou wouldst do. Breathe on me, breath of God, until my heart is pure, until with Thee I will one will, to do and to endure. Breathe on me, breath of God, till I am wholly Thine, till all of this earthly part of me glows with Thy fire divine. Breathe on me breath of God, so shall I never die, but live with Thee the perfect life of Thine eternity."

Going way back into my history, I remember going on a two-week vacation with my wife, Paula and my son, John. We stopped and camped near the city of Salina, Kansas. We pulled off Interstate 70 and stayed at the local KOA Campground. I had a Ford pick-up, and I was pulling a pop-up camper. The KOA had clean restrooms with showers. It had a small general store that sold camping supplies. I used a hand-crank to raise the pop-up camper. I pulled out the two-bed sleeper sides, and braced them. I extended the awning on the side of the camper, and supported it with two poles. I had owl shaped lights that I attached on the three sides of the awning. I put out three aluminum folding chairs. There is a camaraderie, a spirit of friendship, and a community with people that like to go and camp in campgrounds. Sitting outside of my camper, one memory that I never forgot was the constant wind blowing out of the west. I could hear the whisper of the winds blowing through the trees.

We continued our journey through Arizona and into California. Just before reaching the Mohave Desert, the thermostat in my truck's motor locked closed. I kept tools and antifreeze in the bed of the Ford truck for repairs. Once the truck motor cooled down, I removed the defective thermostat. I had gasket paper that I cut to make a new gasket. Driving across Death Valley, the ground temperature reached 105 degrees. When I was driving up a hill in the desert, the truck's temperature gauge indicator went into the red warning zone. When going down the hill, the truck's temperature gauge went back to the normal operating range. The truck did not have air conditioning. We just rolled all the windows down.

We drove to the Pacific Ocean near the Redwood National Park in northern California. I took a picture of my son, John standing on part of a redwood tree. We spent a day in the park. From there we drove to Oregon and into the Crater Lake National Park. The lake was formed out of the eruption of Mt. Mazama. The mountain collapsed and created a nearly 2,000-foot deep crater. The crater filled in with rain and snow melt. It resulted in one of the world's clearest bodies of water. I was amazed driving down a road in the park. It looked, like they had blasted through a ten-foot high snow drift. I was concerned that if one of the 10-foot high snow sides of the road should collapse, my truck and camper would be damaged. We did not stay long in the park, and we drove to Idaho.

David Ruis wrote the hymn, "There's A Wind A Blowing." These are his lyrics: There's a wind blowing all across the land, a fragrant breeze of heaven, blowing once again. Don't know where it comes from, don't know where it goes, but let it blow over me. Oh sweet wind come and blow over me. There's a rain pouring, showers from above. Mercy drops are coming, mercy drops of love. Turn your face to heaven, let the water pour, we'll let it pour over me. Oh sweet wind come and blow over me. There's a fire burning falling from the sky, awesome tongues of fire consuming you and I. Can you feel it burning? Burn the sacrifice, well let it burn over me. Oh sweet fire come and blow over me."

John Hurt said: "We're all just passing time and occupy our chair very briefly." The English actor, John Hurt died at the age of 77, from pancreatic cancer. Several years ago, my favorite cousin, Janet Howell called me on my cell phone. She said to me: "John, you

should know, I have pancreatic cancer.” It was such a shock to hear those words, because we talked a lot on the phone. Janet was more like a sister than a cousin. She was the first person that I began mailing my stories to. I valued her comments and her opinions about my stories. Four months after Janet's call to me, she died from that disease. I was blessed to have visited her before she died. Janet's life is now a Whisper on the winds.

John F. Hall

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