

Hi, Fred Nelson for Community Comment,

*Sixty*

Let me tell you a story of two young people who met over ~~thirty~~ *Sixty* four years ago: They met at the home of a married couple, mutual friends who thought it time to try some match making. A pleasant evening was spent playing a board game, good conversation and refreshments. She seemed to like him and he felt the same about her. As the evening came to a close, he offered to drive her home, which he did. He offered, more out of politeness than anything else, as he was catching a flu bug. By the time they arrived at her front door, he was so ill that he could not even get out of the car to open her door. She got out and said a quick 'good night' while he promised to call her when he felt better. A few days later, he did call her and asked her out on a date, which she accepted. One date followed another. They liked each other's company, he especially liked her candor. Never had he heard a woman who could honestly express her feelings with such grace and style. This like and respect for one another kept growing, laying the ground work for an endless love affair. She was not only a physical beauty but also a person of interior beauty, a wonderful combination. About a year later, a marriage proposal followed at, of all places, an area called Confusion Hill. Needless to say, there was nothing confusing about the offer and acceptance of the proposal. The love affair resulted in marriage about a year later. Four beautiful children followed with all four imbued with their mother's wonderful qualities. He was always employed but there were some lean financial times in the first ten years but no complaints from her. She was too busy raising the children, teaching them to be honest, upright kids. One of her last phrases spoken was "All I ever wanted was good kids". Grand children and great grandchildren followed each one as beautiful and as special as the other. All were Grandma's favorites. Over the years, her love and her interests did not diminish, in fact they grew stronger. When he would whisper "I love you", her reply was always "I love you more". Now that I have read this little love story, you may ask 'What is so special about this story?' My answer to you is "It is special because it happened to me". My wife Rita passed from this earth on January twenty sixth, two thousand and sixteen. She was the most beautiful person I have ever known, or ever will know. I miss her deeply. At the conclusion of the graveside service, on a cool, clear morning, I looked up as I heard a familiar sound. There, as if planned, was a fly over of a large formation of geese, one of Rita's favorite birds. She would have loved it.

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