



Pains Of A Young Boy

You know I got to thinking about the different pains folks go through in life and how some have put up with them all their living days. I for one have had and still have some on going ones, one in particular was the day that my old Dad found me a new home and dropped me off.

It was a scary time for a five or six year old not knowing what laid ahead, or for that matter what was even happening to him, as when we left that day I thought I was just going to market on a normal trip.

I will always remember that day, fear, anger, hate all came into play, I was left alone with these strange folks. All that I could see was that my old Dad didn't want me any more and I hated him and loved him for what he was doing to me. I remember running after him down the lane-way trying to catch the truck, hollering at him to come back, but of course it wasn't to be.

The old couple that was taking me in, thinking back, felt as bad as I did, as Laura had tears in her eyes too. Reg the man of the house had taken off his old hat and was kneeling down by me and was trying to assure me that things would be alright. Finally Laura put her soft old arms around me and well, I kind of just sunk right into her.

She held me for a few minutes talking so softly saying, "Don't you worry, things will work out, you will see."

For a few weeks I really didn't want anything to do with these strange new folks but the more days that went by, the more I started to realize that

these folks really did want me and was doing everything in their power to show me. I finally dropped my defenses and just let life move on.

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I never heard from my Dad till years later and I must say at that time in my life, I never wanted to see him again. I just couldn't figure in my young mind why he would do such a thing.

Well more time passed and I made a few friends, not to many though as they were far an in between, living so far back in the country. I did make some good critter friends though in the early days of moving there and I got to say they helped me a lot. Seemed to me that they knew exactly how I felt and I would sit for hours talking to them. I know, sounds kind of crazy but that was the way it was.

Later on I met old Grey Wolf who had a cottage aways back of our property and over the years we became real good friends. One day we got to talking about my Dad and I told him how much I hated him and how mad I was at him.

"I never want to see him for the rest of my life," I told him. Well he listened for a bit then he said, "Boy, come over here, I want to tell you a story that my old Grandfather passed down to me, I think it might help you. He was an old Cherokee and in my mind back then, he knew all in life. The story has been handed down for years and goes something like this."

Two Wolves

"A fight is going on inside me," he said to the boy. "It is a terrible fight and it is between two wolves.

One is evil - he is anger, envy, sorrow, regret, greed, arrogance, self-pity, guilt, resentment, inferiority, lies, false pride, superiority, fear, and ego."

He continued, "The other is good - he is joy, peace, love, hope, serenity, humility, kindness, benevolence, empathy, generosity, truth, compassion, and faith.

The same fight is going on inside you - and inside every other person, too."

The grandson thought about it for a minute and then asked his grandfather,

"Which wolf will win?"

The old Cherokee simply replied, "The one you feed."

I got to say from that day forward I never forgot that story and over time came to forgive my old Dad, reason being, that at that time in his life he was doing what was the best for me.

So there you have it, a wee bit of some pain in a young boys life and how he came to accept it and move on through the journey of life.