

## Keep On Moving

The old barn stood before John.

Dark and stormy, rustling leaves, and a gloom; a day that felt cursed to be human. Too lacking gear, yesterday it was summer, too lacking strength.

A chill ran through John. Since age 2 he had been told by Dad, "keep on movin' son, you don't wanna get cold." Keep on moving. No need for rest.

But he stopped. He stopped, a hundred or so paces from the door, looked up. The siding was years past needing repair. What little paint remained flew off like a horizontal snow. He couldn't help but be struck by how much smaller it looked.

The door of the barn heaved, seemed nearly to burst. The deep gray of the wood matched the sky. Both, for a moment, were one to John. Indistinguishable.

*He imagined that there wasn't any sun "over there." He always thought it rained.*

John blinked hard. A drop of rain ran into his eye.

"Nope! No cryin' here." No one saw.

John knew that this was a crossroads, a moment of life that becomes permanent, the item held on to, categorized, acted upon. He drew in breath, slow, monk-like. A great sorrow washed over him. He could never forget. No rain could be blamed for this tear.

But as he exhaled, a sturdy tranquility came over him. It was time to let it go. The years had taught him many things. To keep "in mind", to "remember fondly", to "admire", these were things to do. To "dote", that was not within John.

He drew another short breath and smiled, turned right and was off.

"Keep on moving."