

Conversations With the Old Man of Kenner Final Chapter #7

This is the final chapter of conversations with the old man of Kenner. I warned you to have your hankies ready and you will see why shortly. Now the old man of Kenner had a dad who fought in WWII and came home and worked hard all his life to support two girls and two boys and his wife. One thing his dad liked to do when he got home from work was tell you his opinion on a subject and get you all riled up trying to prove why you disagreed with him. After you were all sweaty and everyone trying to talk louder than the other, he would start laughing and say, “I agree with you one hundred percent. Just wanted you to see there is always two sides to everything.”

So that brings me to the old man of Kenner and what makes him tick. After his dad died suddenly, the old man of Kenner would want to cheer up his mom and bring a smile back to her face. So he made up wild and crazy stories to get a rise out of her. Just like his old man used to do.

When his mom reached the age of ninety-three, she passed onto heaven. The old man of Kenner took care of her to the very end. We didn't hear any silly stories anymore for a good while. He spent his time reading the Bible, taking Baxter dog for long walks and swims by the Mississippi river like he always did. Old boy, Baxter loved to swim on the edge of the river. As you can see by the picture, he would come home all wet and dirty.

Finally, the old man of Kenner got back to his mischievous self and started sending texts and phone calls to me and his relatives with his silly stories again. You know, like the Bernie Sanders and Trump dna and how to control protesters discussed in previous chapters.

It was late one evening I got a text from the old man of Kenner. It was different. It was kind of sad and almost like a premonition or something. It said, "Here is something I came up with as I jogged on the treadmill today. Here goes, run, run, run up the mountain, walk, walk, walk up the mountain, push, push, push yourself up the mountain, cause at the top you will meet the mighty Lord most high. How peaceful, how beautiful is his valley on the other side. So every day struggle, struggle, struggle up that mountain so you can meet the Lord most high. How's that? Later gators."

The next day I tried to reach the old man of Kenner with no luck. Then the following day, his sister called asking if I had heard from him. She was worried and going to check on him. When she got there she called and said Baxter dog went for his usual swim on the edge of the Mississippi river as he had for over 14 years. This time he drowned. The old man of Kenner tried desperately to save him. The mighty Mississippi took Baxter's life.

Just about everyone who lives by the old Mississippi river knows or heard of someone who drowned, suicide jumped, or got injured on a ferry boat or ship. The river has plenty of stories to tell. The old man from Kenner was devastated. "This was his brother from another mother," to quote him.

Take a moment to wipe your tears. I have to.

Didn't hear any silliness from the old man of Kenner for quite a while after Baxter drowned. Don't you worry though. In a recent conversation, the old man of Kenner had donated a pint of blood for this sick little boy. He took iron and vitamins for two weeks to get his blood count up high enough to do that. He must have spent some time with the Lord, as I received a text from him soon after that. It said, "Pray to God who knows

no bounds, pray to Jesus who can change your life and the Holy Ghost from whom all blessings flow.”

What I hope you take from all of this is the old man of Kenner was a true blessing to his mom and friends and family and his dog Baxter. The good Lord wants us to love and serve each other on this earth. Whether it be making a hot cup of tea for someone, taking them for a walk, giving them a chuckle even if they think you are crazy, then you are doing the Lord's work.

Well, after sorting all this tragedy out with the Lord, a couple of days went by and then, the old man of Kenner was back to his old silly ways. He texted, “ when the moon is over Mercury and Saturn lines up with Jupiter, the wolves howl with delight and the coons dance the two step. “

Yesterday he called and said, “It was so windy day before yesterday, that one of those little people, midget had to put bricks in his pocket so he wouldn't be blown away.

But I digress

The End