



*John 11:25*  
*I am the resurrection and the life, he that believeth in me*  
*though he were dead, yet shall he live!*

Today the birds stopped singing and old men cried.  
Old men cry differently. No wailing, or sobbing and  
then finally relief. No, old men cry with low, soulful  
sounds like the deep-seated pain of a cancer eating away cell be cell.

Like the deaths of Lincoln and Kennedy and Princess  
Di, the wounded, rich, and poor alike were left joined  
in grief and barren desert.

And Now Brothers for Life struggle alone and  
together with the loss of our dearest Brother. The one  
that made us a family and worked the miracle of  
nurturing old men so that they might thrive and  
remain for ever young. Pawhair, Pawhair was our old  
friend Charlie holding your hand as you slipped away?  
Your graying ponytail and sockless feet fixed forever  
in your brothers' minds. When you come to get us one  
by one please do not show up in the old Tercel.

Well, now you can send out your monthly luncheon  
Announcements to Hughes, Nahlik, Martin, Hoffman  
and all the rest.

Rest in Peace, Pawhair and thanks for showing  
brothers how to love.

Frank Windler 58403

May, 2019