

August 31, 2012

Hello World!

Have you ever felt insignificant and loved it? In my 20's when two or three o'clock in the morning rolled around, and for whatever reason sleep eluded me, I would race to the mountain. In college I owned a souped-up '56 Chevy Bel Air. I would climb in and rev the 350 horse power engine to burn rubber up a desolate road above Chico, California. After college I owned a Toyota 4x4. Locking the hubs and using Low-Low, I'd crawl up a steep and lonely hill above the San Fernando Valley in Southern California. After reaching the top in both locales I'd point the vehicle toward the lights of civilization and park.

Sitting in the quiet darkness I'd wonder if anyone was missing me. I thought of the millions of people who had lived and died. I knew none of them. I did not even know the names of my great-grandparents. They lived and have been forgotten. Would I be forgotten, too? Strangely, this thought did not bother me, but instead brought on a feeling of wonder.

I would then reach for the Robert Plant cassette or CD that contained the song Big Log. Placing it into the player I turned the volume to HIGH. Opening the door I would step out into the night. Climbing on the engine-warmed hood I would look to the stars. As the oversized speakers pulsed the hypnotic and sensual beats of the song's lonely melody through me, I would ask, "How many of you stars no longer exist but yet I still see your light?"

It was a silly question because there would be no answer, but I did receive understanding. It did not matter if I knew the names of the dead stars or any of the millions of people who came before me. Neither did it matter if anyone missed me. All that mattered was what was left afterward. Stars send out light that will travel for billions of years even after they cease to exist. When it reaches Earth we are all awed. People leave their glow in the way they treat others. The names and faces are forgotten, but the goodness, the caring, and the love leaves a legacy that continues.

Resting on the hood and absorbed in a song that has nothing to do with logs, I became smaller and smaller. I seemed to be insignificant but at the same time I was on top of the world. It would be okay if my name and face were forgotten with the passage of time because my heart was determined to leave an afterglow that would never die.

Now the highest I can reach is the top bunk in my cell, but I'm still listening to Robert Plant's Big Log. I do know people miss me and despite several major missteps I believe with God's guidance that I'm letting my growing light shine.

Thanks for checking in on me.

Cordially,

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Novel:

A Thundering Wind

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