

The harvest plenty
THE HAND OF TIME NEVER “STOPS”

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Think about its reality

The principle of vibration—

“Nothing rests: everything moves; everything vibrates.”

Death never ceases “to be”—

It is a gruesome reality but practical—

He was highly trained—but humble...

Errol Bruce Bathersfield...

To many “Bone Head” and to some “Kichwa Ya Mfupa”

Benevolent, humanistic; father, educator, cultural activist, promoter of events,
contributor, committed to his word...

In 1975 we were grounded—bonded...

He shared his experience and time with me...

And understood my “posture”

Though quick tempered, his balance and resilience were evident—

He was driven by action...doing things—

He was a promoter, but not political as he would say to some but I knew
differently—

He embraced and understood the dynamics of human worth in struggle and the
necessity of uplifting his community and people toward migrating, settling and
aiding them in pursuit of higher education...

With haste he would fund an event or caution you about his role, his resolve—

His spirituality and consciousness resonated in his actions—

He aided friends, family, and humanity in general and understood the working of
capital and human interaction—

He illuminated the “stars”

He loved life, living, sharing, helping and giving of self, unselfishly—

Time and time again...

Light, life, faith, love, strength—

I learned of my cousin’s demise about 10:35 pm Friday November 28, 2003, via a phone call from my sister Genevieve (Jean)

But I could not respond; she hung up—

I did not “flinch.”

I reflected and penned three historical facts:

On November 28, in 1960 novelist Richard Wright died and November 28 is the Independence Day for the Islamic Republic of Mauritania—

Also on November 28, 1961 Ernie Davis was the first African American to win the Heisman Trophy...

Since “Professor Bone” as I fondly called him embraced history and was an ardent American football fan, I found resolve and began to postulate—

He loved mathematics, excelled in the sciences and people, and reveled in details....

He was a humorist and prankster—

He used to say “Sir Patrick,” “You need to eat some meat and take a drink, Boy”, then laughed—

He understood clearly that events have repercussions and his world view and vision were reflected in seven virtues: Faith, hope, charity, strength, prudence, temperance, and justice...

As the ancestral tree blooms—

Immediate family, extended family, friends, neighbors, co-workers, well wishers, I advise you to embrace the ageless tradition of comforting each other and being hopeful for the strength to endure...

Be courageous

His footprints created a foundation for reflection...

Take a page

Do not despair...

Reflect/dawn

He who stood up

Was whisked off,

He who was whisked off stood up

The drum is silent

The torch is lit

When he who was whisked off stood up

The soldiers disappeared

The land is fertile

Flowers bloom

and

The womb opens

Dawn...