

Written and read by H. Clay Daulton III, during his eulogy at the funeral on May 20, 2003.

The Jack Desmond I Saw

About 6 was I –
First memories in me – for then:

Hot, hot summer day,
Child's interest unspoiled, as
Completely alone he toiled,
With work's sweat, wet,
Quarter mile from water,
And grain dust covered,
Spoke a silent plenty, even then,
Of what he would never have said.

Now we of the present feel not of that time,
Our measures are soft, our feelings sublime,
That our lives touch hypocrisy, but never did his.
Believing we know work is a relative thought,
Forgetting or unknowing the investment *they* bought,
That we live now, airconditioned,
From the elements they fought.

Sun hot on tin and on us therefore more,
I-child watched with amazement,
Even then
At the strength of his core,
With hand brace and twist bit,
Not into lumber, but steel he bored;
Slowly, with patience staid,
Seeming forever to me,
As he calmly made
That hard steel
Get out of his way.

Another day sampled another day hot,
Harvest machine I rode, as child to look,
At iron men working, jobs not learned from a book,
Learned with intelligence,
Of mesh gears and power chains open,
And danger's avoidance by exercising due diligence,
Giant, lumbering machines,

Hypnotically swaying along.

The only respite just hung from a rail,
Large soiled canvas bag,
Leaking like the bodies it fed,
To keep itself cool for occasional avail,
The only thirst quencher,
For miles of contemplative fate.

Many days at the grainery,
This child saw his work,
At weighing and unloading,
At sacking and sewing,
And even bags throwing,
All unimaginable now, in a techie high world.

He worked there too, with brother and crew,
An aura of dust, hot fields of gold.
He fought old machines and economics new,
He fought frustration and the wills of others too bold.

Still in his 80's he worked when his body shouldn't bare,
But rewarded with it then as much as in youth;
And he sought to teach lineage, and historical truth,
Enjoying his family and the heritage we here share.

Ever kind, ever persistent and a heart of gold,
This man will be missed forever of old.

H. Clay Daulton
May 20, 2003