

I saw a man walking. I saw a man walking down the road, and then I saw him again the next day. I saw the man walking day after day. I should elaborate; however, this was my thought each day as I drove to work. Most of my commute is just fields and woods until I reach town. Then, I started seeing this older gentleman walking the same path every day. He stood out to me. He was always dressed for the weather and carrying a blue cloth bag. It seemed like we were on the same schedule, which for me was usually running behind. I've been running late since the day I was born, unfortunately for my Mother, ten days late.

But was he? He never seemed in a hurry. He kept the same pace no matter what was going on around him. I could tell time had weathered his face, but he seemed to have a peaceful calm that canceled out the deep wrinkles that littered his skin. He carried himself as upright and proud as you would expect from a man of his age, which I didn't know exactly how many trips around the sun he had taken. I could take an educated guess however that he had taken quite a few.

I liked to think about where he was coming from and where he was going. I never had the opportunity to see his final destination, I just got a short glimpse of his journey. It seemed like his blue cloth bag always had a little something in it. I imagined he had gotten up in the morning, probably before the sun raised, and started his morning routine. Get out of bed, do his business and dress for the day. Start the coffee pot. Of course, no day could ever be started without a few cups of black coffee, and burnt buttered toast. The aromas of the two staple food groups would have permeated the air and clung tight to the upholstery of his home. Familiar smells of a productive life. He would get the ingredients out to make a baloney and cheese sandwich, and then some

sliced chicken for the other sandwich. He knew she wouldn't be able to handle the grease of the baloney, even though she would still try to take his sandwich. He'd pack it all up, fill up his thermos, full of yet again another cup of coffee, another thermos of water and lunch dishes. It all went into the blue bag, he'd tie his laces and off he went.

He was a man walking. Walking down the road. He watched the cars fly by no doubt several of them driving like the devil himself was chasing them. They must be running late. He wondered why they just didn't get up earlier and not have to rush to work. He thought about his years of working and being on someone else's time clock. Thank God he didn't have to do that anymore! His time left on Earth was truly his own now. He decided to give them grace. Their lives are considerably busier now than what his was when he was their age. As the thought crossed his mind he looked across the crosswalk and met the eyes of the young lady sitting in the little silver car. She smiled at him and he smiled back. He thought about his wife at her age. She didn't have to go out driving to work every morning just to make ends meet. She was able to care for the children while he provided a stable life for his family. He wished young couples could have the same life as he had back then. He made a connection that day, even if he hadn't realized it then. The light turned green and she drove away. He kept walking, someone was waiting on him and he couldn't let her down.

He was a man walking. Walking down the road to meet up with her. He finally crossed the long parking lot of the grocery store and went around the side where the trees met the asphalt. There she was, waiting for him. Her auburn hair looked like it sparkled in the sunlight. He sat down on the ground and got out the lunch he had packed. He pulled out his coffee and took a large swig of it, yeah that defiantly hit the

spot! Then he got out the dishes and poured the water into the bowl he packed, then the extra sandwich. Her tail began to wag and she trotted over to the man. She was there every day, she knew he would bring her lunch. She sat down close by and devoured her meal. She then tried to take a bite of his sandwich, but he knew her game. He dodged her attempt and just patted her head, moving the water bowl closer to her. Which she decided would do just fine, drinking her fill, giving him kisses and then trotting off into the trees no doubt to start her day. He wondered what her day would be like, full of adventures that would defiantly grow her appetite for the next day when they would meet again. He packed up his things and headed back home. He wasn't sure what he would do next, but at least he had some good books he could read while he figured it out.

I saw a man walking. Walking down the road, until I didn't. I saw that man for a few years, and then, he wasn't there. I assumed that the sands of time had just ran out for him and he was gone. I don't know for sure what his story was, but I'd like to imagine the one I thought up for him was his true story.