

Reflections on Moments and Giants



Good Morning!

It is 6:11 am on June 2, 2019. I heard Shadow barking signaling his desire to "visit the yard." I arose and offered my prayer of thanks for passage through the night into the beauty of the day and for all the blessings that have been bestowed on me and you.

As I entered the kitchen and turned on the light, Shadow rolled over on the mat, lifted his hind leg for his morning "scratch." The door is opened and off he goes. I toss his "greenie," his treat, somewhere on the floor in the kitchen knowing that he will find it. This morning ritual, which is repeated in some form by so many, signifies loves for this four-legged friend which he returns in a

multitude of ways that, in his "animalistic dogma," is satisfying to him.

Beginning the day with these elements of thanksgiving and kindness fills me with an emotion, and sometimes a song, that causes me to simply sit and reflect. This morning as I sat on the deck and in the gazebo that I built for my daughter, Lyn, I thought about her departure this week to live in Durham. Lyn returned home on December 24, 2016 with Multiple Myeloma. After some 28 months of treatment and recuperation at home she said; "daddy I am going to try and live on my own again." The "hash tag" on all of Feasta Taylor Reynolds' emails will not allow me to be saddened by her departure. For God has spoken.

Thirty plus days out from our 38th Annual Reunion my reflections this morning are also on the W. A. Pattillo School - my Moments and my Giants. The structure that I am sitting in would not be possible without the teaching and tutorage of Mr. George C. Matthewson who taught me that the education of the hands was as important as the education of the mind. From there I was able to horn in on certain skills that allowed me to constructively use my hands as well as my mind.

Memory takes me back to my first-grade teacher, Mrs. Patricia Ivey, and how she used to stoop to hug me. It gave me a feeling of assurance and belonging. I am mindful of my fifth-grade teacher, Mrs. Ruth Pattillo, who would stand in the doorway as we returned from the restroom and always had an encouraging word for me about what the future could hold if I studied hard.

Then there was Coach Charles M. England who allowed me, as an eighth grader, to play baseball and in a starting position, on his high school baseball team. It was something that he saw in me that gave me assurance and confidence. Oh my, there is Mrs. S. M. Thomas who in her own way, at times, could be harsh but always supportive. She asked this question the summer after my graduation; "Fred Wood, if I get you something at A&T would you go to college?" And she did, which set my sails. Ringing forever in my ears will be that forceful command from Coach Horace B. Hussey on the football field to "get low." Emblematically, it taught us that low was leverage and that we could use it not only to push an opponent out of position but a life problem out of existence as well.

My Moments and my Giants. No different, or more important, than your Moments and your Giants. Just reflections on a Sunday morning during a moment in time.

I certainly look forward to our 38th Annual Reunion where we all will celebrate the moments and recall giants who helped to bring us this far in the path of friendship that we have made.

Blessings,

Fred