{enclose http://dev.ksco.got.net/podcasts/2007-06-30.mp3} The following is a KSCO commentary. Here is Kay Zwerling: Many people, and memories, and things, are keepers. The unknown person who wrote the following is surely a member of my generation, and surely is also a keeper. I grew up with practical parents who had been frightened by The Great Depression in the 1930s. A mother, God love her, who washed aluminum foil after she cooked in it, then re-used it. She was the original recycle queen before they had a name for it. A father who was happier getting old shoes fixed than buying new ones. Their marriage was good. Their dreams focused. Their best friends lived barely a wave away. I can see them now, Dad in his trousers, T-shirt and hat, and Mom in a house dress, lawnmower in one hand and dish towel in the other. It was the time for fixing things, a curtain rod, the kitchen radio, screen door, the oven door, the hem in a dress, things we keep. It was a way of life, and sometimes it made me crazy. All that repairing, eating, renewing -- I wanted just once to be wasteful. Waste meant affluence. Throwing things away meant you knew there would always be more. But, then my father died, and on that clear Fall night in the warmth of the hospital room, I was struck with the pain of learning that sometimes there isn't anymore. Sometimes what we care about most gets all used up, and goes away, never to return. So, while we have it, it's best we love it, and care for it, and fix it when it's broken, and heal it when it's sick. This is true for marriage, and old cars, and children with bad report cards, and dogs and cats with bad hips, and aging parents and grandparents. We keep them because they're worth it, because we are worth it. Some things we keep, like a best friend that moved away, or a classmate we grew up with. There are just some things that make life important, like people we know who are special, and so we keep them close. I received this from someone who thinks that I'm a keeper, so I sent it to people I think of in the same way. Now it's your turn to send this to those people who are keepers in your life. Send it back to the person who sent it to you, if they too are a keeper. Good friends are like stars -- you don't always see them, but you know they're always there. Keep them close. This one is called Awesome Senior -- the story is told by a government employee who allegedly witnessed a recent interaction between an elderly woman and an anti-war protester in a metro station in Washington DC. There was a protester on the train platform handing out pamphlets on the evils of America. I politely declined to take one. An elderly woman was behind me getting off an escalator, and a young 20-ish female protester offered her a pamphlet which she politely declined. The young woman put her hand on the old woman's shoulder, and in a very soft voice said Lady, don't you care about the children in Iraq? The old woman looked up at her and said Honey, my father died in France during World War II. I lost my husband in Korea, and a son in Viet Nam. All three died so that you could have the right to stand here and badmouth our Country. If you touch me again, I'll stick this umbrella up your (beep) and open it. God bless America. Thanks Dennis.For KSCO and KOMY, this is Kay Zwerling. Copyright 2007