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Subject: Re: Regaining Momentum

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Tue, 24 Jul 2012 00:09:39 GMT

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Friday, September 21, Tracy Island; 1:30 PM

As the cargo plane came in for a landing, Jeff turned as he heard one of the golf carts approach. "Mother? What are you doing here?" he asked.

"I received an email from Marion that she had sent a package to me. It should be on this plane and I was too curious about what it contained to wait until it was brought inside. So I asked Kyrano to bring me down."

"She didn't give you any hints as to what might be in that package?"

"None whatsoever. Land sakes, some people can be mighty secretive." She looked at her son with a twinkle in her eye. "I wonder if it's something in the Kansas air, or water."

Jeff laughed, then turned as the plane taxied up. As the engines shut down, he walked over to the plane. "Afternoon, Ed. What do you have for us today?"

"Well, those computers you ordered came in. Then magazines, mostly. You do like to read about a wide variety of subjects, don't you?"

"Well, there are several people living here, and they all have their own interests," Jeff replied, as he took a bin from the pilot. "Oof, this is heavy, though."

"I'll take that, Dad."

Jeff glanced to his right and saw Virgil walking up to him, followed by Brains, an anti-gravity float behind them. "Gladly, son. Thank you," he replied, handing the bin over. As his second eldest son put the bin on the float, and the engineer went to get the computers, he turned back to the pilot. "What else?"

"A few personal letters, some legal looking ones - guess those would be for you from your business - and a couple of packages." Ed handed the items to him as he enumerated them. "Looks like someone ordered some new DVDs. And this one here is addressed to Mrs. Emily Tracy."

Jeff took the last package from him and said, "Hold on a minute." He walked over to the cart where his mother was waiting impatiently and handed it to her. Then he took another carton from the cart he drove to the airstrip, and walked back to the pilot. "Here's our outgoing mail. It's not as much as what you bring us, but..."

"But it's important to the sender - and the receiver, I know. Thanks, Mr. Tracy. I'll see that this gets to the post office as soon as I get back." Ed shut the hatch and headed back to the cockpit. "See you next week, sir. Take care of yourself."

"You too, Ed. Happy landings."

Jeff stepped back as the pilot started the engine, and watched as the plane taxied to the runway, then took off. Then he turned and started over to the carts, but stopped suddenly when he spotted his mother.

Something about the way she was sitting in the cart was different. She was looking down at the package in her lap, so he couldn't see her face.

"Mother! Are you all right? What's wrong?" He rushed over to her as Kyrano and Virgil, who had been sorting the mail, turned to look.

"Jeff, they've been found! They weren't lost! They weren't ruined! They've been found!"

"What's been found?"

She showed him the package. Inside were five framed eight by ten pictures. They were the ones that had hung on the living room wall in the Kansas farmhouse, behind the couch. The first one was of Emily and Grant on their wedding day; the next one was of the two of them with Jeff, when he was a baby. The third was of the three of them, taken when Jeff was in the Air Force. The fourth was of Jeff, Lucille and the five boys, when Alan was just a baby. The last one was taken on the day of Jeff's wedding to Dianne, with all of the family (except Emily, who'd been against the marriage at the start, and Grant, who had died some years earlier), including Dianne's three children, in the picture.

"These were the only copies I had of these pictures. They were never scanned into the computer." Tears began to trickle down her face, but her expression was one of relief and joy.

He slid in beside his mother and put his arm around her. "This is wonderful, Mom. But how?"

"I don't know." She leaned against his shoulder.

He searched the box, and found an envelope in the bottom. It had one word on it - "Emily". He started to hand it to her, saying, "Perhaps this will explain."

"You open it. I don't think I could read anything right now." Sitting up again, she sniffed, and took a tissue from her pocket, then blew her nose.

He smiled at her, then opened the envelope and took out a single sheet of paper. He scanned it, then read it aloud as Virgil and Kyrano moved closer.

Dear Emily,

You and I both know that strange things happen when tornados hit, but this took me by surprise. These pictures were blown thirty miles away, and landed in the front yard of a family whose house was untouched. At first, they didn't recognize the people in the photos, but when one of their kids was studying about the space program in school, he recognized Jeff, and they had the pictures sent to the farm.

The glass was cracked on all of them, and two of them had damage to the frames. But the pictures were totally intact! Amazing, isn't it?

Anyway, I took them into town and, as luck would have it, found a store that still sold the same frames, so I was able to replace the two that were damaged. And I got a good price on glass for all of them. So there you have it; all five of your favorite photos back, none the worse for having been in flight for goodness knows how long.

You tell that son of yours that he shouldn't even think of reimbursing me for the replacements I bought. If I'd wanted him to, I'd have sent him a bill. But I was glad to do this.

There was a lot of damage throughout the area, but people are starting to rebuild. There have been a few questions as to what you and Jeff want to do about the farm, but they were just questions of a social nature, not feelers. I told them you had too much on your minds, what with Dianne's accident and all, to give any thought to it, as far as I knew.

So there you have it. Something good coming out of a tragedy. By the way, how are Momma cat and her kittens doing? Please write me - or email me - when you get a chance, at least to let me know you got the package okay, and to tell me about the cats. I'm curious.

My best as always to the entire family.

Marion

Emily sniffed again, dabbed at her eyes with the tissue once more, and took the note from her son. "That Marion; what a treasure she is."

"Absolutely, Mom," he replied, as she handed the pictures to Virgil and Kyrano. They were joined by Brains, who had finally realized that something special was going on. "But I will send her a check for her trouble, no matter what she says."

"You'll do nothing of the sort, Jefferson Tracy!" Emily exclaimed. "She did what she did out of love, not duty!" A thoughtful expression showed on her face, and she smiled. "But a raise might be a good idea."

The three men chuckled. "Grandma, you are so right."

"And it's probably long overdue." Jeff then looked over at Kyrano, who smiled and shook his head.

"It is a good idea, Mr. Tracy. She deserves one, for all she does, not just for this. And if you're thinking the same about me, do not. I am very content with all you give me."

"Kyrano, you earn every penny, and more."

"But you have given me more. Far more than I ever could have dreamed of having. Think no more about it; all my present and future needs have been met, or will be, I am certain."

Virgil handed the pictures back to his grandmother, then put a hand on Kyrano's shoulder. "Of course they will. You are part of our family, and have been so for a long time. And soon, you will become more tied to us." He paused, then added, "I hope, though, that you don't expect me to call you 'Grandfather'. I'm not sure I could, after all these years."

"Fear not, Virgil. I do not expect that of you, or some of your brothers, unless they choose to do so. I would never force any of you to call me something; I shudder to think what Gordon might do if I did. I just hope that he doesn't decide to make me a target, once I become an 'official' family member."

"If he does, he'll have to deal with both Mother and Lisa. Hope I'm around to see that if it happens," chuckled Jeff.

Grins and chuckles greeted him as they all started back. Jeff went to his cart, and Virgil and Brains to the anti-grav float. As they walked away, they heard Kyrano ask, "Where do you plan to hang those pictures, Mrs. Tracy?"

Posted by hobbeth on September 3, 2008

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