

I want to Go Home

The old homeplace is a fond memory. Remember its old-fashioned elements, a roaring fire in the fireplace, a hanging kettle of broth, and the warmth of family conversation? Whenever I visit an old farm house with its rustic wooden-boarded floors, high ceilings and a fireplace in every room, I get the feeling that this was the place where a great family shared its daily chores and meals; where little children helped to draw water from the well and feed the chickens while the father pushed a plow in the field. The farm schedule was demanding for every member of the family, and its yield depended upon hard work and resilience.

But in the evening the family gathered around the supper table where stories were shared. It was the place of bonding, without the distraction of television or the internet. The past possessed the intrinsic charm of its individual participants engaged in building an economy which demanded physical labor and hardship. They were the builders of the future. I wonder, if the children of the past could see how their labors resulted in towns becoming cities and the technological innovations of today, what would they think?

I am guessing that they were prefer the old way of working together with family rather than foregoing the company of friends and family by clicking "likes" on facebook or other media. Something to appreciate.