

Letter to a Grandson

Both of my maternal grandparents died before I was born, so I have always felt that I missed much by not knowing them. I am named for my paternal grandfather. His name, of course, was Beecher Hunter.

From the earliest time I can remember, I relished the occasions to sit in his lap before a fireplace, or beside him in a rocking chair, to hear his stories about life in general and people he had known.

That's a reason I read with great interest the publication of a letter from C.R. Brown Sr. of New Brunswick, New Jersey, to his grandson. Some of the advice – perhaps not put the same way – was given to me by my grandfather. Here it is:

To My Grandson:

I have enjoyed a time gone forever. You are graduating into a time I would not understand. My gifts to you are thoughts from many:

- *Life is a journey, not a goal.*
- *Simplicity is the key to contentment.*
- *Wants and desires change from one day to another.*
- *You have only learned how to learn.*
- *If you dream it, you can do it.*
- *Experiences in life are priceless memories stored.*
- *Make each day count.*
- *Do all things well.*
- *When your plans are ruined, plan again.*
- *Failure is not the end; quitting is the end.*
- *Take time to play, have fun and laugh.*
- *Marry a happy family; the wife comes with them.*
- *Always be yourself.*
- *No success is greater than developing self-respect.*

Love and Godspeed,

Grandpop

Well said. These are jewels of instruction for all of us, but particularly for the young. Heed them.

– Beecher Hunter