

Outside, on the way back to the truck, I ran into Bob Kincade. He was a tall, slender man with glasses and a well-trimmed beard. He always seemed to have a jacket and tie on. I have known Bob for several years and as a good friend here in town. Surprisingly, he looked like the image one would have of a small town resident. He had a smile on his face and was always genuinely interested in your day.

"Drew, how are you?" He asked.

Trying to muster a pleasant smile I said, "Good, I guess. I am on my way out of town. I have a funeral to attend."

I really didn't want to get into whose funeral it was and I didn't feel like spending time in details. Not that I would mind sharing details with Bob, but I wanted to get an early start and not get mired in a long detailed discussion concerning the funeral.

With a worried look on his face he said, "Sorry to hear that. Is it someone in your family or maybe a close friend?"

I looked at him with a smile I had managed to muster and said, "Family member, but if you will excuse me, I need to get on the road. If it's all right with you, I will bring you up to speed when I get back in town."

As always he smiled that smile and said, "OK, my best to your family and we will talk when you return."

Relieved I said, "Great, good seeing you."

I got back into my pickup backed out and drove around the green and took a right on Route 2 and headed towards the on ramp to the Interstate in St. Johnsbury.