The Old Man and The Sea

The old man sat at the bench and looked out to sea. At this time of year it was warm enough, just about, and sunny enough to do so. So that is what he did. His thoughts turned to his wife and son out there, who had perished at sea, along with all too many friends. Volunteers, like himself, on the lifeboat. They were still remembered, still talked about, and still grieved over by their families.
He was still here, telling their stories. That was what he had to do.
To remind people of them, of the sacrifice they had made. And so it was often-times, in the evenings, he would retell the stories of the sea, the violent sea, the cruel sea.
Travelling inland to towns and cities , and occasionally village halls, where they needed informing, where they needed educating.
He would talk about how proud he was that his only grandson had recently joined the lifeboat crew. Keeping their family tradition alive for yet another generation. Serving their community. Saving people from incident, accident, and all too often, their own stupidity. People who thought they knew best, but the sea didn't care what they thought.
That wouldn't stop the lifeboat crew from launching. A shout was a shout. When the call for help came, they would always answer.
But for now he would just bask in the warmth of the spring sun, and enjoy the sight of the calm waters in front of him.

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