

ONE BELL

AT RISE: Lights rise on TEDDY standing behind The Pulpit, the simple wooden coffin before it. Sunlight streaming in from one side, the SOUNDS of the sea crashing far below on the cliffs. Jimmy, Madge, Mim, Billy, and Rhonda are sitting in a pew in front of the coffin - more pews behind are suggested by the audience.

TEDDY

We are gathered here on The Rock to honor the life of Cap, a man from the past - born on The Rock at the end of the nineteenth century - his mother born here five years after President Lincoln was shot and six years before Custer's Last Stand. Cap had to go to sea as a cabin boy on a three-masted schooner. He eventually sailed up to New York as deckhand, where the shipping was better - going through the First World War as a sailor in the Merchant Marine, then marrying and raising three kids, as he rose to Captain on the water. When shipping slowed in the Great Depression, he painted houses and refinished floors by hand. Cap went through the Second World War as a captain of Liberty ships in the convoys - moving to Florida after the war, and continuing to serve as a skipper of freighters until he was forced to retire. Now, at his passing, the big moon under which he stood watch on those old wooden schooners has seen the footprints of man. My grandfather was a simple man - he lived how people here on The Rock lived for the last three centuries - never learned to drive, no phone, taught himself to read and write on the ships. He smoked cigars and pipes, watched only Friday night boxing on his small black and white TV, and listened only to Paul Harvey on his radio. He ate as if he were still on those sailing ships of long ago - slumgullion, johnnybread, and bread pudding for dessert. He drank lemonade with ice cubes from plastic cups, and took slugs of rum from a bottle he kept hidden in a cupboard. Cap had a saying: "If a thing's worth doing, it's worth doing right." - I reckon that's how he tried to live his life, and this is my eulogy for Cap...

(LIGHTS DIM on The Pulpit)

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- Crest of the Waves