

Uncle Ab From Abington — July 7, 1976

By Jim Jones

Well, our old friend Lindley Morgan passed on recently. Now, I don't mean old because Lindley had been on this earth for over 80 summers, or because we had known him for a long time, which we had not, but Lindley was the type of feller that after a visit or two, we felt we had known him for a long time. Lindley was a man of the soil, a true Ol' Hoosier Farmer, who had lived on and tilled the good Indiana Earth for over 60 years in the same place. His farmstead and fields were a model of fine farming--neat, clean, and well taken care of. The afternoon he passed away, we went out to the garden we have on his place --the one he had gardened on for 60 years and which he decided he and Hazel had become unable to garden again this year. We looked out over his ripening field of golden wheat and thought how proud he would have been of it. He liked the garden we had planted too, but only after an argument over the fact we planted the rows the short way (to take advantage of the sun) while he had always planted the long way. The argument ended when I told him it was more impressive to say we planted 21 rows of peas instead of three. He grudgingly agreed and we became good friends.

It is hard to write a few words in behalf of such a man because there is much to be said, but one just doesn't know how to say it all. Altho in poor health for several years, he was a fighter to the end. An hour or two spent talking to him of an evening was time well spent. He could tell many tales about early farming life and we learned much about the old ways of doing things. For years he and Hazel had tilled the place with horses and horse-drawn implements. This brought back memories of my grandfather who was an early blacksmith. Lindley's shop had a forge, anvil and other blacksmith tools indicating his care of his own horses and equipment. All were neatly put away and ready for use should the need arise. We often discussed the early threshing rings and other bits of early farm lore. Time well spent.

Our friend isn't with us any more in body, but his spirit will be with us always. The world is a better place because of his being here and we are proud to know him. Hazel will carry on in the old tradition and we admire her for this. We will continue to take care of Lindley's garden and hope we can do a job he will be proud of. No doubt we will know it if he doesn't approve, but we think we know what he would want done and will try to do it.

There must be a special place On Beyond for Ol Hoosier Farmers and Lindley will be among the best, reliving the Golden Days of yesteryear. We look forward to seeing him agin some day. Thank you, Lindley Morgan, for helping brighten our stay on this earth and for having the honor and privilege of knowing you.