Living a Purposeful Life

EXTRAORDINARY

STORY OF AN

ORDINARY PERSON
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Preface

This book is dedicated to my grandchild ..... Emily

My Child,

This is a compilation of my memories and stories of my struggles, successes, and failures.

As much as I wish to tell these stories to all of you while having dinner together or at bed time, I cannot do it because you are too young to comprehend the complexities of this journey we call life and I may not be here by the time you get old enough to understand it.

I am 70 years old. While I am still young at heart, I cannot ignore the fact that I have come to the age where the uncertainty of life increases manifold and you see death waiting for you around the corner. During these 70 years, I have had countless experiences — both good and bad. Like
every person, I made mistakes, learned lessons, and had my share of successes and failures at every stage of life. But, I have always had one thing that is not so common; a restless soul.

Some people may call it a curse, but I consider it as one of the greatest blessings of my life because it kept me going and helped me find the purpose of my life. Had I not have this restless soul, I might have wasted my life running after wealth and material possessions. It was because of this gift that an ordinary person has an extra-ordinary life story to tell.

I want to share my journey with you because I want you to live a purposeful life too and if my story can somehow help you in your journey, I will be really happy. Another reason that compelled me to write this book is that I want to leave something valuable for you – a gift that time cannot
affect or destroy and I cannot find anything more precious than my memories. No one will be able tell you about where and how I was raised as a little boy like you. With this book at your hands, you can find out what kind of a person your grandpa was and how he lived his life, if you want to. This is my story as I remember it. There might be a few mistakes in timelines because there is quite a lot to recall and this old mind isn’t as sharp now as it used to be.

I hope you will read this and maybe not make some of the mistakes I did. If my story will somehow inspires or motivates you to do something good, I will be very happy.

Before you start reading, I want to tell you a secret – I love you more than I love your father.

I first saw you when you were hardly one hour old. You had not even been weighed yet. I fell in love with you right
that minute. I still remember that moment – I had my old baseball cap on and I bent my head over so that the tip of the cap touched your forehead. From that time on, you and I have always played a game with my cap. I’m sure that bonded us together forever.

You are a wonderful kid and I wish that you get the best of everything in life. But, always remember that if you want to be successful in life, you will have to work for it. Hard work and belief in something greater than yourself will make it happen.

Love,

Your Old Grandpa Arthur
Chapter 1 – Early Life

It was somewhere around 4 p.m. on 2nd July, 1927 that I entered the world as the third child of the family. At that time, my parents were living in a small town in North Texas known as Archer City. I had an older sister named Sophie and an older brother named Alex.

My dad gave me an old fifty cent piece when I was born. I still have it. (I also gave you a Susan B. Anthony Silver Dollar and an old watch so that you will have something of mine to see, and through this, you and I will always be connected.)

My dad was an oil field mechanic and moved frequently from town to town following the work being done in the oil fields. I’m not sure how long we lived in Archer City, but I was quite young when for some reason my dad moved us
to Houston, Texas. He had bought a house there for my mom.

We lived on Vincent Street, not far from the Buffalo Bayonne. There was a vacant lot across the street from our house where my brother, who was about 14 years old, played baseball with a bunch of other boys. I only remember playing with one kid by the name of Tommy Watson who lived down the block. Those were the times when parents didn’t worry too much about their kids playing outside. In Houston, my mother gave birth to my sister Mildred.

My dad always liked big cars and we had a big old yellow Buick convertible in the back yard. I would play in it once in a while.
Dad was then working in another town for an oil company on their fleet of trucks. One day, he was working underneath a truck. When he crawled out, he didn’t see that the door was opened and he struck the back of his head on the corner of the door. The injury was greater than anyone thought at the time.

After some time, he developed a blood clot in the brain and he had a paralysis attack. His right side was paralyzed and he became unable to work.

This was the time when Great Depression was setting in. As a result, we lost our house and my parent’s relationship was also badly affected.

My mom’s mother lived on a farm with one of our first cousins, named Alton Blundell. She had helped raise him from a little child since his dad, Uncle Johnny, had died.
Mom got all of our belongings packed up to leave Houston. My mother’s brother, uncle Matt, came down with an old Model A Ford truck to pick us up.

After everything was loaded onto the truck, we drove away from our house in Houston and the last thing I can remember was my dad sitting on the front porch waving bye to us.

My mother, uncle, and two sisters were sitting at the front while my brother and I sat in the back on the top of the furniture. We were on our way to my grandma’s place in Thompsonville, Texas where we were to start a new life.

My grandmother had this 210 acre farm where she had two houses. She used to live in the big house whereas the small house was given to the hired helpers. We were not rich, but we were as happy as the richest kids could be.