

POSITIVE ENERGY!

That's what I think of when I think of Duwain. That's how I saw him as a neighbor and friend in the 1970 s and 80s, when he and his family lived a mile east of us here, on top of the divide. He had moved here from the big city (Ft. Worth) to help his father run the small family farm. His father Victor had had a heart attack but survived, and he needed help on a daily basis if the farm was going to be taken care of. Duwain was the oldest son and - naturally- the one who felt he would do what needed to be done.

So here they were, all of a sudden, Duwain and Cynthia, and three little girls. A small old farm house, the infamous party line telephone, old equipment, a farm in typical "next-year country." There was (and still is) always next year, if this year's crop did not measure up to expectations...But looking at Duwain, there was no hesitation, no lack of faith, in tackling the challenge.

This bank cashier from Ft. Worth was smart, thoughtful, unafraid, and certainly excited over the challenge of becoming a farmer in his family's tradition. Positive energy at work! Constantly thinking how things around him might work better, and then going ahead full steam.

A creative expansion was built on to the house (a story in itself, this venture), some better equipment acquired, added income provided through extra custom farming. And just at the right time for this all-over-the-country enterprise of baling hay, CB radios helped with the needed communication. " This is Balerman, calling Mama Bear," we would hear him call on our common channel, followed by the next thing that needed to be done to make things work.

His positive energy was truly infectious to those around him, and there was a great balance of talk and action. When Duwain was around, you knew something would be accomplished, or had just been accomplished. In the latter case, he would proudly show you what had been done, but all this without bragging. And then— time to tackle something else. "Gotta Go," cousin Steve often called him. And off he would would go. It was so natural for him to make things work, whether for himself or for others.

He would apply himself completely to whatever he saw that needed to be done, and he would do it with what always seemed a “joyful heart.” And on one hand, we will miss that, but on the other, we could just choose to live our lives in that same way.

Thank you, Duwain, for showing us how!

Written by and read at Duwain’s visitation by Ilse Williams

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In Memorium to Robert Duwain Sauer {8/7/1941-1/7/2019}

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