

“Who are You, Who am I, & Who are WE?”

Ep. 8, April 11, 2021

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Who are WE

Welcome to ‘Call to RESET’ ep. 8. Today is April 11th, 2021.

I am really still Dahni, though I am now missing my chin rug, that was somewhere among the facial hair look of Tom Selleck in the movie ‘Quiggley Down Under’, Frank Zappa and Kentucky Fried Chicken’s Colonel Sanders. It is finally getting warmer here and in anticipation of my face getting hot and itchy, I decided to shave off my beard before my face becomes tan. I did not want to risk leaving a white strip from my bottom lip about 2 ½” wide down to my chin.

Anyway, today ep. 8—

“Who are You, Who am I, & Who are WE?”

WE the People have become weakened by ignorance of the causes, which have made the present reality of “In Times of War the Law is Silent”, “The Law of Emergency”, has seemed to be perpetual. “Legal Fiction”, and “Government de Jure” (the present reality) has made our true government de jure suspended and inactive. WE the People have become weakened by apathy that we have no right or responsibility to RESET our Republic. WE need to build ourselves up!

This episode is number 8. The number 8 denote a new beginning. Ours begins today, right now. We need to build ourselves up for the strength to press our right and responsibility, to RESET our Republic.

To build rather than to tear down, here is another word—

“Edify verb (used with object), ed·i·fied, ed·i·fy·ing. to instruct or benefit, especially morally or spiritually; uplift: religious paintings that edify the viewer.”

Dictionary.com

Interesting that this dictionary definition uses the words morally or spiritually. But we are now undertaking in, the building of ourselves up, the edification, the strengthening of ourselves for our right and our responsibility, to do this for ourselves and for each other. It is the exercising of our right and our responsibility, to RESET our Republic.

Let us look at the origin of this word “edify”.

ORIGIN OF EDIFY

1300–50; Middle English edifiēn < Anglo-French, Old French edifier < Latin aedificāre to build, equivalent to aedi- (stem of aedes) house, temple + -ficāre-fy

Dictionary.com

Isn't this interesting, that the word “build” is used for a house or a temple?

We see the connection if I write in our responsibility to “build”, based upon a moral or spiritual people, for which our form of government is designed and no other. Remember what John Adams said—

“Our Constitution was made only for a moral and religious people. It is wholly inadequate to the government of any other.”

-John Adams-

The word “edifice” a noun, is associated or connected to the word “edify”. From ‘Thesaurus.com’ here is a sampling of other words or synonyms:

“Monument - Erection – Skyscraper - habitation (a place where we live) - A building - A house – Construction – Pile”

Thesaurus.com

Interesting word ***“pile”***, we will look at it a bit later, but to build something, we start from the bottom and work our way up.

Many of us, due to how government has been operating since 1861-1863 and continues to this day, have been made to become weak, overwhelmed, we have no strength, are ignorant, fearful and apathetic. We need to build ourselves up.

Many of us are at the bottom morally or spiritually and have no will to do what is right. We need to build ourselves up.

So building us up, like any construction or building or edifice, we need to build, from the bottom or the ground up. A great deal of this is a mindset. How we each will answer —

“Who are You, Who am I, & Who are WE”,

will determine how and what we build.

A building and all buildings begin with some type of material. From ancient times to the present time, materials were brought to the location by people-power, oxen carts, cattle and horse drawn wagons, by boat, rail, road and even by plane.

Materials could be stone, wood, other materials and for our purposes here, let us use bricks as an example of—

“Who are You, Who am I, & Who are WE?”

Remember the word “pile” as a synonym for “edifice (building)? Think of these building materials being delivered to the construction site as a pile of materials or in our case, a pile of bricks.”

In building ourselves up, we must first look to what it is NOT, to see what it IS or start with ‘the LESS’ to understand ‘the MORE’.

For you ‘Rock-N-Rollers’ of the 1960’s and 1970’s, there was at the time what was called, ‘The British Invasion’ of Rock bands coming out of mostly England. They also offered a new thing called, Rock Opera.

The British band ‘The Pretty Things’, entered the rock-and-roll history books in 1968 with what is generally acknowledged as the first rock opera, ‘S.F. Sorrow’. ‘Tommy’ by ‘The Who’ (also a British Band), was released on May 23rd, 1969. Then, the Number 3 Rock Opera was again, a British band named ‘Pink Floyd’ with ‘The Wall’ on November 23, 1979.

Before we get to some of the lyrics, let us look to another British Band, ‘Jethro Tull. On March 3rd, 1972, they released the album, and title song, ‘Thick as a Brick.’

‘Thick as a Brick,’ has been used as a simile (figure of speech), in Great Britain for a lack of intelligence or stupidity among our species, from the mid-nineteenth century. The phrase is a variant of “***blockheads***” or “***wooden heads***” and even “***dumbbells***”.

These are not to be confused with what is meant here as you and I being bricks and together, WE the “***pile***” of bricks. Well, we are not useless bricks made to hide behind, or made for others to just use, like some of the words from Pink Floyd’s album in 1979, ‘The Wall!’”

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“All in all it's just another brick in the wall.”
“All in all you're just another brick in the wall.”
“All in all it was all just bricks in the wall.”
“All in all you were all just bricks in the wall.”

Excerpts from: ‘The Wall, By Pink Floyd © 1979

You and I are NOT just another “brick in the wall!” And did you catch the pronoun use? It never says we are all just bricks in the wall it says, ***“you were all just bricks in the wall.”*** No we are not! OK, maybe we were, but not anymore!

Bricks were used in ancient Egypt. Bricks were made of clay and sand from the riverbed of the Nile. They were sun-dried. To prevent the sun from making them brittle and easy to crack and break, straw was added to bind them together, make them dry faster in the sun and straw greatly increased their strength and durability. Egyptian homes, tombs, granaries and other buildings were made with these bricks. Some have portions still standing.

Even though firebrick has been around since around 3,500 BC, in South America, whole civilizations including large pyramids was made out of adobe bricks, millions of them. Adobe brick is made the same way— dried in the sun with straw or some other stubble to increase their strength. Some of these pyramids are mostly still intact and may even predate the bricks used in ancient Egypt. But these are not the bricks WE are made of.

Growing up, my older brother, our younger sister and I had the great advantages of living in a small town and had access to the country. We had one set of grandparents that were highly educated of one political persuasion and another set of grandparents of another political bent that only went to school for a short time, never even graduating from high school. But I have seen the requirements for the final exam for eighth grade students in rural Kansas in 1893. I seriously doubt that many lawyers today or other highly educated people would not understand many of the questions, let alone know the answers to pass the 8th grade in rural Kansas in 1893.

My mother’s parents were from larger families and farm families. Lack of formal education by no means meant they were not highly intelligent, as they were.

Our grandfather or Papa [paw-paw] as we called him did many things, but first and foremost, he was a farmer, part of what some call—“*the salt of the earth.*”

I have never met a farmer that could not do many things. We live across the road from one today way into his 80’s that can still out-work and out-think most people even in their twenties.

Our other grandfather was a highly educated man, but he also had a love for gardening. It was quite something to see and hear our grandfathers having great conversations and enjoying each other’s company because, they had a lot more in common than one would think. It’s not our differences, which unite us, but what we have in common.

When our Papa and Nanny (my brother could not pronounce Grandpa or Granny), first married, they lived with family for the first month. Then our Papa got a job with a brick company, located across a one-lane bridge, up a dusty gravel road, out in the country. They moved into a single floor, small, two-bedroom house, with a tiny living room and a kitchen with no inside bathroom or plumbing.

The house was right next to the brickyard office and was built for the night watchman. But he, Jack, bought a trailer and set it far away from the noise and dust. Here, our Papa and Nanny lived for quite awhile. Then at Nanny’s insistence, that house was moved on a sled, down the hill, set back away from the road and was set on a basement. The basement allowed our grandparents to park their car and there was a laundry area (wringer washer), for grandmother, a small room for storage and a bathroom with a tub and a toilet. The basement had no heat, just a small electric heater in the bathroom. Stairs were built and a door was fitted to one of the bedrooms for access.

A side porch was later added off of the kitchen. Stairs were built to get to the back where a chicken coop was built, using brick (red brick), from the brickyard of course. Our grandfather, before my time also had pigs. He had at least one cow as I have a picture of him sitting on one.

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Little two bedroom house owned by the Brickyard and Papa sitting on a Cow

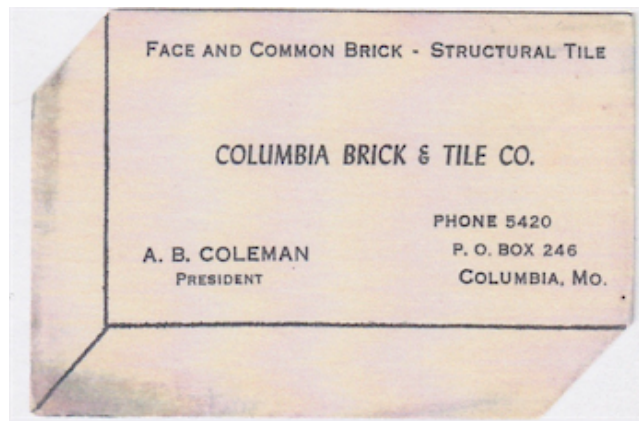
Papa had a garden here for as long as I can remember. He raised sweet corn on acres in the flatlands, near the rich supply of fertile soil from the Missouri River. He was after all, a farmer and later had a 100-acre farm he rented out. It was his dream to one-day build, a home there. But it was out in the middle of nowhere and it wasn't our Nanny's dream. And here in this little house they lived until our grandfather retired at age 65, sold their farm for 10 times what they paid for it and built their very first home.

Their first and only home they ever owned together was built with brick from the brickyard and many family members helped to lay that brick and put a roof on it. It was a beautiful home made exactly like they wanted and in an exclusive area where doctors and lawyers lived and even the elementary school was the first to ever have air-conditioning. My point is not to gloat or say how proud I am of my grandparents (though I am proud). I am just trying to show how skillful they were, how industrious and how much they believed in the future and how patient they were, in working long and like hell for years, until they got the return of their investment. That was then, but our society has become impatient and must have it now. WE need to build ourselves up!

W. E. Edwards established the Edwards Brick & Tile Company in 1896 in Columbia, Missouri. In 1930, the plant became the Edwards-Conley Brick and Tile Company, when Sanford Conley joined the firm. In 1945, Edwards sold his interest to A. Burnett Coleman (our Grandfather).

In 1947, the company's name was changed to Columbia Brick and Tile, following the death of Conley and the sale of his interest to Hart Robnett. At some point, our Grandfather was the President of Columbia Brick and Tile until perhaps, he was bought out in 1950. In 1950, Fred Kennedy and William Powell bought the plant. In 1966, Fred Kennedy died and his son Jack Kennedy continued the firm in partnership with Powell. Our grandfather remained the foreman until he retired.

Our grandfather never finished his schooling, but he was a highly educated man, a farmer, a bricklayer, and had many other self-developed skills, and rose to become president of the Brick Company he worked for. Papa and Nanny were both compassionate people and helped many others. Papa gave away a lot of the sweet corn and other produce that he grew.



Our Grandfather's Business Card from around 1947-1950

Later, Papa sold his interest in the Brick company and was no longer president, but he stayed on as the foreman, until the day he retired.

I loved my Papa and Nanny and loved to stay in their little cold, drafty house. They had no TV, just a big tall radio. Sound and imagination provided all the imagery needed.

I loved the brickyard and probably walked over much of its 100's of acres. It was a fascinating place for me.

Big equipment would dig out the shale or clay and put it onto trucks. This mined material would stay outside for about two days. Then, it would be picked up by front-end loaders and dumped onto a conveyor, which would take the raw material into the brick plant. Coal was located long ago and was used for fuel to fire the furnaces of the kilns and for general power.

The shale or clay pieces would move to the grinder and grind it into powder; then it was screened. Anything that did not pass through the screen went back for more grinding.

The powder was then mixed with water and other materials like iron oxide to turn it into red mud, the most popular color for centuries, then and still today. Each type of brick had its own recipe for ingredients, forming of shape and size, drying and firing in the kilns.

The mud was then pushed into an extruder. As it was forced inside the extruder, it was cut into about a nine-foot long slab called a “*slug*” This slug had three round steel rods (for holes in the brick), forced through the center of the clay or raw mud brick. These whole made it possible for the mortar to bind to the brick, decreased weight and actually strengthened each brick. Even our bones are hollow, but have incredible strength.

Next this “*slug*” passed onto the “*harp*” which was a wheel with tightly stretched strings, like piano strings. As the slug passed under the “*harp*” it would spin and slice and make the individual bricks.

As these raw bricks continued down the conveyor belt, workers on either side would manually stack the bricks on to carts with train wheels sitting on tracks. Bottom bricks were spaced apart to accommodate the two blades of a forklift, to go under the stack and pick them up later. Two stacks of bricks would be stacked side by side, the brake released and then they would move the carts to the dryer tunnels.

Once the tunnel is full of these connected carts (about ten carts), doors on either side of the tunnel would be closed. Warm moist air would be blown over the bricks to dry them for around 24 hours. Too little or not enough, the bricks inside would literally explode. Finally, the doors would be opened, an engine would connect to the carts and pull out the train. Next, forklifts would pick up each stack of bricks and take them to the kilns.

Kilns were large and round, built with bricks outside and firebrick on the inside and the roofs were round and made of cement. Tall tower-funraces rose where the heat/flames would be sent to the kilns.

When the kilns were filled with stacks of raw bricks, the entrance would be sealed.

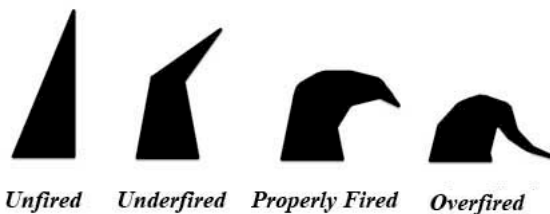
Coal fires would heat up the bricks to about 2,000° F. for 24 – 48 hours. A window was left in the now closed and sealed door to the kiln. It was purposefully planned to be at eyesight, so someone could view the brick as they were being fired inside.

The “someone” would often be my grandfather, who would check the kilns day and night at various times and he would record his notes and turn them in to the office. They often could make decisions based on this information, to alter temperature and time for the brick to fire, when to cool them, and etc..

I would sometimes go with my grandfather to check to kilns, when I stayed with Papa and Nanny. Papa would remove the brick from the opening and lift me up so I could see inside the kiln. On the ledge of the opening was a lump of clay about 3” wide and 1 1/2” high with three red cones with different numbers and letters stamped into them. These are called Pyrometric cones and are designed to bend or appear to melt at certain temperatures. They are used to determine the kiln’s interior temperature and when the brick were completely fired and done.



Pyrometric cones



Stages of the cones

When the bricks were done, the kilns were cooled, the entrance was removed and tow-trucks, tow-motors, or their other name, “fork-lifts”, were used to pickup each stack of bricks. The bottom bricks were removed and many of these went to the “**Brick Kitchen**”.

The rest of the bricks were placed on oak pallets and stacked about seven or eight stacks high. When ready for shipment, each stack of bricks would be covered with cardboard with the name of the brick company that made them, the date when fired and the name and type of brick. This was used to protect the brick from dust and dirt and was held in place by a metal band, strapped around the cardboard to hold it in place.

When ready for shipment, they would be loaded onto trucks and off they went to supply many homes, businesses, churches (our church too), streets and even the hospital that my brother, sister and I were all born in.

Did I say “**Brick Kitchen**” earlier? Yes I did. Bricks removed from the stacks while the fork-lifts had them raised and sent to the “**Brick Kitchen**”.

Oh, you might be wondering how the forks could hold the rest of the stacks and not fall down? This was due to how tightly they were stacked together in the first place. They were almost, almost like a solid block.

Well, once bricks found their way to the “**Brick Kitchen**”, they were each weighed. An average red brick weighs about 4 pounds. They were placed in big metal pots and filled with water to cover the bricks. After about 24 hrs, the bricks were weighed again. Bricks as much as they are like a solid piece of hardened glass, are porous (absorb water).

Acceptable brick must be able to absorb a specific amount of water. This is important because, moisture content allows the mortar that is trowled into those holes in the brick to bind together and the mortar joints to bind to each brick, top-bottom-and-side.

If accepted, they are put back in the pot, and on a stovetop, they are heated to boiling point until the water is all gone from the pot. Next, these dried bricks are put into a pan and placed into an oven and heated up until the bricks are completely dried. Then they are dropped onto a hard surface, from about one meter or a little over 3 feet and must not break to be acceptable.

Bricks are cost effective, hard, stable, strong and absorbent. They keep buildings cooler in the summer and and warmer in the cold months.

The Empire State Building in New York City, NY, was the tallest building in the world, for about 41 years since it was built in 1931. It is 1,250 feet tall and has 102 stories. 3,000 workers completed the building's construction in record time: one year and 45 days, including Sundays and holidays.

The Empire State Building along with other materials, used 10 million bricks. In 1945, a B-25 bomber on its way to Newark Airport in New Jersey crashed into the 79th floor of the Empire State Building. Amazingly, the building suffered only minor damage. The Empire State Building is designed to serve as a lightning rod for the surrounding area. It is struck by lightning about 100 times per year.

Well, Dahni, that's quite a story, but what does this have to do with—

“Who are You, Who am I, & Who are WE?”

What do bricks have to do with You, Me and WE the People? WE are bricks!

It is time to get out our unabridged dictionary and look up *figures of speech*. A figure of speech or as I sometime call them a F.O.S. is a legitimate and grammatical usage of words that are truer to truth than a literal statement of fact. If the ground is dry, that's an example of a literal statement. But if we were to read or say that the ground is *thirsty*, that is a figure of speech. It paints a visual image that it has not rained in a long, long time, so much so, it would seem like even the ground has cracked lips, its throat is dry, and is shriveling up (is dehydrated), for lack of water.

The ancient and highly logical Greeks catalogued as many as 225 different figures of speech. 212 of these are used in the Bible, with sometimes as many as 40 varieties under one figure. Remember figures of speech in the Bible. It will come up again, in episodes ahead.

Doctoral candidates for their Ph.D. in English, only know about 40 of these figures. Most of us recognize only two if not by name, by their meaning. One is *simile* and the other is a *metaphor*. An example of a simile is usually seen with the word *“like”*— He is *like* a brick or She is *like* a brick. A metaphor is set apart by the word *“is”*— He *is* an eagle or She *is* an eagle. Both of these figures of speech emphasize and magnify the literal characteristic of speech.

We have seen these before— “In times of War the Law is Silent” is a metaphor. So are “The Law of Emergency”, “Legal Fiction” and “Government de Facto (suspends and makes inactive), Government de Jure. What is literal is, we have not returned to ordinary occasions, and public safety does NOT require these things to continue!

You are a brick, I am a brick and WE are bricks! This is the figure of speech, called a metaphor. WE are of the red-blooded-earth. We are fired in the furnace of experience and adversity and through the storms of life with fierce thunder and terrible lightening. WE are tested strong. WE are stable, efficient, cost effective, abundant, similar and yet each unique. WE are industrious. WE are patient. We are absorbent— able to keep cool heads and keep the heat of passion and bind to one another. WE believe in the future. WE are wise in knowing we are stronger together than separate. WE are beautiful! WE build from the ground up. Each of US is equally important and necessary to the building that we are building together. The mortar that binds us together is our Constitution. This WE have authored and ordained, to serve us and bound it to us, WE the People!

And above all of these, WE are each—

***“...endowed with certain unalienable rights that among these are:
Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness.”***

Where have WE ever heard those words before? WE need to write these upon our tongues and rehearse them in our mirrored souls. WE need to edify and build ourselves up.

WE need to remove the whitewash concealing who WE are. WE need to reveal our inherent strength and natural beauty. To this day, red brick are the most popular in color. The name Adam means “red earth.” WE are all descendants of the first man and woman, Adam and Eve. We have common blood!

WE are all, red bricks. WE need to edify, build each other and ourselves up. WE need to RESET our Republic.

In closing, I want to share a couple of really unique pictures which illustrate our “brickness”, figuratively speaking.

Brick sculpture is an ancient art. The following are examples of a current sculptor, right here in the U.S.A. These are entirely made out of brick and mortar. The sculptor is Brad Spencer of Reidsville, NC.



“Life is an Open Book” by Brad Spencer

“Life is an Open Book” can be seen in downtown Charlotte, NC. Our lives should be like an “open book!”

How about us WE the People depicted as eagles, eagles of brick and mortar?

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“Eagle” by Brad Spencer

This “Eagle” can be seen at East Forsyth High School, in Winston-Salem, NC.

For more information on the sculptor, see:

<http://www.bradspencersculptor.com/Site/Home.html>

Next time WE will discover in episode 9—

“What is RESET?”

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Until WE meet again, have a wonderful day!

Dahni
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“Who are You, Who am I, & Who are WE?” Ep. 8, April 11, 2021
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