# WEEPING FOR THE SCARECROW

As you may have heard by now, friend of this blog, and our friend at Firedoglake, John Chandley, aka “Scarecrow”, has died. Let the record reflect that I am freaking tired of being on the memorial duty. Seriously tired. If you are a participant in the discussion at this blog, or a related friend thereto, quit dying. Please. Enough.

John Chandley was a man. He stood firm and resolute on his own, in spite of being known probably to you only for blogging at Firedoglake under the pseudonym of “Scarecrow”. But Scarecrow was much more that that; never a merely a straw creature, but one who definitively stood firm for that which was righteous in the income inequality wars:

> Scarecrow on a wooden cross Blackbird in the barn
> Four hundred empty acres that used to be my farm
> I grew up like my daddy did My grandpa cleared this land
> When I was five I walked the fence while grandpa held my hand
>
> Rain on the scarecrow Blood on the plow
> This land fed a nation This land made me proud
> And Son I’m just sorry there’s no legacy for you now
> Rain on the scarecrow Blood on the plow
> Rain on the scarecrow Blood on the plow
>
> The crops we grew last summer weren’t enough to pay the loans
> Couldn’t buy the seed to plant this spring and the Farmers Bank foreclosed
>
> Called my old friend Schepman up to auction off the land
> He said John it’s just my job and I hope you understand

> Hey calling it your job ol’ hoss sure
> don’t make it right
> But if you want me to I’ll say a prayer
> for your soul tonight

“Like a scarecrow in the rain”. Aren’t we all. That is the meter of life, and it is transient. Funny thing was, the real John Chandley, at least so far as I even knew him, was not transient in the least; but came out of the Berkeley swamps, cool and slow, like John Chandley’s friend and colleague at the time at Berkeley (John/Scarecrow was present at Berkeley in the moment), Mario Savio, with a backbeat hard to master.

The musical imagery here is mine; I am not sure what would be the preferred cocktail de jour of John. Before I leave, let me offer up one more paean of my own to the life of the one, and only, Mr. John “Scarecrow” Chandley”:

> The world’s goin’ crazy and
> Nobody gives a damn anymore.
> And they’re breakin’ off relationships
> and
> Leavin’ on sailin’ ships for far and
> distant shores.
> You’re my brother,
> Though I didn’t know you yesterday.
> I’m your brother.
> Together we can find a way.

Scarecrow would have, by every right that I knew him, been trepidatious in regards for our future; yet hopeful for the success and greatness that may await us all.

It is hard to tell where we all go in the living, much less where we go beyond. But never let it be said this blog does not care about the voices who were its friends and colleagues. And certainly not tonight.

RIP John “Scarecrow” Chandley.