

# 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 than 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.