

## Old Photographs

*(for my grandson, Andrew)*

History is a wondrous unfolding  
of determination and random chance.  
My son and his wife named their son  
Andrew—because they liked the name,  
good reason enough. No genealogical  
searches, just a name they liked.

Four years later my mother gave me  
a box of old snapshots my father collected  
over his lifetime, among them  
a richly detailed image of a shop  
in Lake Preston, South Dakota in 1913.  
A smiling moustached man stands  
proudly behind the wooden counter  
against a shelf-lined wall  
bursting with clocks of every kind.  
This photo appears a professional job,  
crisp and alive with the minutiae  
of an early twentieth-century emporium  
for clocks and watches. I loved this  
old photo, all this splendid detail  
somehow caught by the unknown photographer,  
and we made copies for my family,  
my son too loving it for the history  
caught and held there for all time.

One day I asked Mother: *Do you have  
any idea why Dad kept the photograph  
of that South Dakota clock merchant?*

She said it was an uncle of my father's  
and she thought his name was Andrew Sorestad.

*Glen Sorestad*