

The Pewtersmith

Lost to many but not to some.

As many a hand touches a piece of pewter one feels its smooth cool surface and weight.

As many an eye takes in the beauty of its form and loses themselves as they gaze deep into its reflective lustre.

There and in its content, its worth may end for many, but begin for others.

As my hand touches a piece of pewter, I feel a thousand hands, touch back.

Hear so many thoughts as hours spent and into each piece pride had went.

My mind sees what my eyes miss, the labour and journey of a thousand lives, whose knowledge lay in the hands that made this sole piece.

The countless many to be made, for royalty and common, and yet not one more important than the other, why?

Each was held to the standard of pride; of all that had been, to those who are.

Under each master craftsman nary a piece of pewter escapes, the eye, touch or pride.

Pride that gives honour back to the thousands of masters that guide this master's hand through every piece, their pride lay as the hands of a brother softly on the master's shoulders, in support of every piece; they peer over the shoulder and smile.

As it becomes a family heirloom around which generational traditions grow, stories are told and food consumed.

An honoured vessel for sacrament through many faiths.

That is where the true worth of each product of pewter lies.

Tom Eichhorn – 10/7/2011