

The Church Yard in St. Mary's City

Sun reflects on the water's skin as it moves toward the horizon painting the clouds around it
A salted breeze seasoned with a touch of oystered earth is gentle and yielding yet fills the trees
around me and moves the water to dance

Mom-mom is buried here
Side-by-Side with Pop-pop
They share a headstone in the shade of this old oak tree by the river

And I'm eight years old again and in that safe embrace of God's love that filled their kitchen

Pop-pop sitting at the glass table
Rocking heavily back in his swivel-chair
Mom-mom messing with some thing or other over by the sink that will inevitably turn into butter
and salt and the sweet savor of intention and abundance

Harry Kalas calling the Phillies game from the television set jammed into a crowded corner of a
counter in between and among little recipe boxes filled with coupons and stacks of ripped-out
newspaper and magazine pages yet to be pruned

And I am learning that I am loved through food and the profound experience of being allowed
into an intimate unrefined moment where they are as they are whether I am there or not

Pop-pop's round belly and broad chest
Mom-mom's gray hair peeking out from the roots

Me in the middle of it

A piece of stained glass hanging from the window by a little rubber suction cup
Let Go And Let God it says
The sun reaching through and around it highlighting the window panes in gentle sunset hues
And extending warm white rays of light to refract within the glass surface of the kitchen table

Everything flickering gently beneath the passing shadow of a ceiling fan