

Mount Vernon

By
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It had been a long day.
With tired feet, I entered the house
And turned on the news.
There it was, in living color,
My home church, collapsed on the ground,
Rafters askew, like thousands of toothpicks,
Boxed by wobbling walls,
Unable to stand erect.

Tears, stinging my eyes,
Dripped down my face,
As memories of Mama,
Spitting on a Kleenex
To wipe my face before Sunday school,
Rushed into my head.

Voices from my youth resounded:
“I baptize you in the name of the Father,
The Son, and the Holy Ghost, Amen.”
A new soldier, soaking wet,
Climbing the steps of the baptistery
To live for God.

The new church lies in crumbles,
But the old sanctuary remains standing,
Holding its place in the book of life.
Grass continues to grow
Through the splintered timbers,
Despite the devastation,
And those who come, feel the pain.

