

Mother's Day at Safeway

I took Jean out for Mother's Day...that's a major exaggeration! We actually went where we always go on "off days." An off day for us means the three days we don't go downtown to the gym. So today we went to Safeway in west Corvallis.

She buys our breakfast sandwich...which we divide. Lots of protein and inexpensive. Less than \$1.50 each. I stand in the coffee line and buy a cup that we share. Not that we can't afford our own sandwich and coffee. We just don't want so much. They know my name and my order. I banter while they serve.

I always choose a table where we can face the check-out lines. If you are ever in a public place and get to choose between looking at your Facebook and looking at the faces of people I recommend looking at people.

Sundays are especially interesting to me...preachers wonder where all the people spend Sunday mornings. Those passing through the check-out lines during our coffee time could easily have filled several ordinary sized churches. Who else would think of that? There are quite a few couples, many children, not so many older people, quite a few singles.

It was an especially interesting day for watching all the flowers and balloons going out with the grocery carts. An unusual number of guys were hurrying through the self-checking lines. Very last minute. Some dad's came with the children...mom at home for a few minutes peace and quiet. Children seemed especially alive to the idea of what they were up to. Some of the dads picked up an extra cup of Starbucks to go with the flowers.

Lots of love in grocery carts...remembering, noticing, saying without words too often not spoken. In a few minutes wives, moms and grandmas will glow and smile and feel especially loved. The florist section will be almost barren by afternoon. Most of the balloons will be gone, except a few that got loose from little hands and floated upward and are stuck on the ceiling. Love on a stick, stuck to the ceiling.

People who go to church...are not much different from those who don't. When church lets out people will scatter, many to families that don't do church. There will be family gatherings and cards exchanged and mothers honored, just like those who were at Safeway this morning. Both groups deal with same commodity and reality. It's this thing called love. It's such a universal and powerful thing that some people equate God and love. The truth is that love is universal. Expression of love has cultural aspects but no person or religion owns a copyright.

Where ever love is honored and exchanged something sacred happens, whether from church or Safeway

I saw the joy building and can imagine some tears when a little red-headed boy presented his little fistful of flowers to his mother or grandma. I visualize the dad watching that "moment." unfold. Holy, holy, holy...

For the Moment...Art Morgan