

May Day and Mother's Day and My 30



I didn't realize this was all happening while I wasn't looking...until they sent this photo of our clan...Jean and I together with all these descendants! Only one son, three grands and two great-grands are not here. You can count 6 of our great-grands. I only met the newest guy at this party.

Minutes earlier this bunch was scattered all over the place, all of us masked except the very youngest and all happily doing what kids do. Our chairs faced the whole back acre of Karen and Lynn's property so we felt like we were attending a grand entertainment.

It sometimes seems like these 90 years have all happened while I wasn't looking...the same with all these people...while I wasn't looking.

Linda sang a song at my 70th which was old age in my mind at the time...

*"When you were 20 did you think you'd be 70,
50 years married to your own true love...
Did you think your children would have your grandchildren,
That you'd watch them from babies growing up strong and well..."*

Linda updated that long ago song to sing at this party..

*"When you were 20, were you thinking of 90
70 years married to the girl who loves you
Of meeting great-grandbabies born during the lockdown,
Numbers 7 and 8 to add to the crew..."*

There's more to the song, but you get the idea. The picture is the story.

I notice my hand on Jean's arm. You cannot see our moist eyes
For the Moment....

Art Morgan, May 10, 2021

(Photo by Paul Pritchard...he and Mary adjunct family and colleagues for 50 years)