

Sometimes It's a Gesture

By Andrea Mason © 2011

Sometimes it's a gesture.
Or the flicker of an expression
across the face of your grandchild
that brings to mind the same look
your Grandmother gave you
when she had mischief on her mind.

Or, it's a sound.
The cracking of a falling tree branch
that evokes the smack of the plastic bat
as it connects with the wiffle ball.
And it is a warm summer evening.
You are a child
running in the streets with your friends,
because there is no school tomorrow.
There is only tonight.

Or it's a smell.
The pungent sweetness
of winter's first navel orange.
And you are five,
marveling at the tiny segments hidden within.
Your fingers are sticky with juice
as you hand half of the Crayola-colored fruit to your best friend.

Or it's a taste.
The fresh earthy green of parsley
that brings you back to your Aunt's holiday table
on a fine spring evening,
when everyone is dressed in their Passover-best.
And all eyes are on you
as you asked the whys and hows of this special night.

They are the building blocks that make us who we are.
They are the images within our very being.
They cannot be uploaded or emailed.
They are our memories.
They come unbidden and catch us unawares.
Some sweet.
Some painful.
And some filled with the laughter and joy
that bridges the "now"
with the "I remember when..."

I light the chalice this morning
in celebration of the individual and collective memories
that make us who we are; and make us a Community.