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Treasure at Cobbs Creek

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Treasure at Cobbs Creek

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On the first road
as it dips before Cobbs Creek,
Far back from this main passage
And behind a building, white;
A place sanctified by Sunday mornings
and Wednesday nights
A smattering of believers
echoing the prayers of ancient texts
and listening, so as to heed,
the challenge of the modern preacher.
Under the shade of moss-strewn oaks
in the peaceful silence of the red-clay Mother

Lie the Fathers of my Father.

Known by many; remembered by few.
Fathers who loved often and lived well
giving self to cause and kin
before yielding to the demands of time.

The private serenity oddly offset
by the rush of passing travelers
speeding to destinations close and far.
I stand to ponder the lineage
of namesakes I have never known.
Their stories only briefly heard
each word; each one a Jewell -
held within the boundary of earths treasure chest
waiting for Salvation to open the lid
and release them completely
from the last mortal bond.

Today the fifth son of those present
Has come to visit and pay respects;
To offer a prayer for all that has been
And share a glimpse of what is to come.
To remember.

Remembering?
I have no privilege to remember
So I sit and reflect
Trying to know that which may have been;
Pulling together scraps of stories long forgotten,
trying to make a stained-glass portrait

out of haphazardly placed shards of glass
not knowing what image may emerge
yet confident that it will be beautiful whatsoever.
I sit to know Dixie rising once again, if only in spirit.
This time a merging of South and North
To battle the unrelenting and merciless foe of time.
A soft breeze blows rays of the January sun
Shuffling through the woods
Bringing hints of pulp and pine;
Sea air not far off
My childhood revisited in a moments consideration.

Returning to the task at hand
I am filled with the gratification of seeing
and knowing now, if only in thought,
those whose name I carry –
a gift I can only wish to pass on.

Alas.
For as the fifth son stands his post
To declare his place in a name well served
He knows it dies with him.

Fleeting sorrow of this passing identity is short-lived
And this vestige gives way to the joy of heritage,
Found at a deeper level than a simple surname,
For the legacy of blood-ties lives on.

Time runs short and the journey calls me forward.
Should I pass this way again
I will not hesitate
For here is home, in a way.
A home that holds a treasure of knowing.
The Jewells found at Cobbs Creek.

Deacon Tom Jewell