12-1-2000

Grace

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Grace
by Brian Blums

On that summer afternoon we took shelter beneath the heavy shade of Veda's back porch, shirtless and shoeless, laughing at Ty and Gy's growling bellies, hungry for Mr. Johnson and the rest of the men to return triumphant from that smoking rusty drum bearing a rack of barbecued ribs, luring our naken growing feet away from the house and out, out past the barren brown grass to the sweet gummy lawn resting below the bent branches and paper leaves of the ash tree, where we the children were allowed to eat so long as we shouted "Amen!" after Lincoln--Mr. Johnson's golden son soon catching a bus back to UCLA--gave us Grace. And we would. And we did. Before a crumb of flaxen cornbread or a single leaf of spicy mustard-greens had touched our glad lips, we the children looked at one another with confidential smiles and shouted "Amen!"