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Untitled Photo 3

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Later that afternoon the Director of Nursing notified the family of the incident, as well as the numerous other infractions that Wilson had committed during the last two months.

Son Georgie and daughter Bea, along with their children and spouses, made a pilgrimage to the nursing home that night with a dinner offering of barbecued chicken and a freshly baked apple pie. Forming a circle around him, they watched in silence as Wilson are their offering. Between bites, Wilson looked up and nodded with approval.

The next day the janitor chuckled to himself as he mopped the hallway outside Wilson’s room. “I really got to hand it to the ole boy,” he thought, He wrapped on Wilson’s door and went inside.

“Up for company, Wilson?”
Wilson was sitting on the edge of his bed, tapping his left foot laconically on the shiny floor.
“I understand you had company last night,” the janitor said.
Wilson nodded.
“A long time,” said the janitor.
“Too long,” whispered Wilson. Then he held out his hand and asked, “Where’s my Milky Way?”
The janitor dug the candy bar out of his pocket.
“No trouble,” he said, giving it to him. “You dig?”
“No trouble,” said Wilson, peeling off the wrapper.

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Promises

Long ago a child was born
Bringing a promise for all
To know we do not stand alone
That life is ours if only we ask
And live as we were shown

So many seem to have forgotten
The lessons taught that cost a life
Bringing darkness where one was light
Now the hope is replaced by despair
Brotherly love swallowed by hate

From the darkness a shadow is cast
A beam of light breaks through
To find a heart so full of love
Promises remembered by a young woman
For unto her a child is born

Siprián

Dedicated to Elvia
And her son, Evan

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