

Where I'm From

I am from a pile of snow recently shoveled off the rooftop that's become the summit for the basset hound to play 'King of the Mountain' upon with his human siblings and WIN the game.

I am from a 15' tall geodesic dome of triangular spaces created by steel bars with rust at the bolted connections, standing on the playground beckoning to the children who may feel daring enough to face the challenge of overcoming the fear of climbing to the highest possible height on the playground.

I am from a Zenith tv with 2 dial knobs and only 8 channels of live broadcasted content that ends at 10pm for most with another 72 channels of "electronic snow" that streamed endlessly regardless of time of day.

An "authentic mountain cabin" with exposed wood beams and a floating loft, floor-to-ceiling windows, blood-red spanish tile, and an extra room that's casually referred to as a "porch" even though it has no railing, no view, and only a small door that accesses the outdoors.

Iris plants lining a crumbling walkway that never bloom flowers because the tall pine trees drop their needles on the soil among the strong iris blades.

Choking in the acidic nature of the environment that's meant to be nurturing, but standing tall anyway, and refusing to shrink even if I cannot produce flowers from every bulb.

I am from broom skirts that get stored in a twist, instead of hung or folded and are colorful and unique, even amongst the collection of all the other long, twisted broom skirts on the top closet shelf.

A singular ceramic tile that bears the saying "I shall not grow old, I'll just grow" glued with too many layers which once were clear but now have turned a dark, dark yellow around the edges to guarantee it stays in place amongst the aged off-white tiles near the metal kitchen sink that's 20 years older than the dishwasher it accompanies.

From Grace and Dorothy and Mary and Karla.

I am from speaking loudly over a television show and turning up the tv volume so-as to hear over the jovial holiday family conversation...

and from telling each other our strong opinions of someone else's choices, hoping to have influence on the situation without directly involving ourselves...

from the silent treatment when we think others have said too much because saying what we really think might cause some real emotional damage that would be harder to face together instead.

I am from the non-practicing Catholic that feels the church pews 3 days of the year on remarkable holidays and the devoted Buddhist practices of silence with an intention to simply "BE" in the Oneness and hope to experience a glimpse of the FEEL of 'God's Nature.

I am from Alfred, Jerry, and Krill. Pacific, Green Valley, Meyers and Shen...

from Nestle Quik, Trix for Kids, Tang powder drink, and an herb-spiced meat spaghetti from scratch for dinner too.

From baptizing my children before all the family members had received birth announcements...

and from winning my wife as the prize in the county poker tournament...

a freeform dance to Lionel Richie's "Penny Lover" in the daycare talent show with Mom smiling so pure at her beautiful child's expression of joy and creative freedom that all the rest of the audience is drowned away just as blended colors fade into a background befitting a Monet.

I am from those moments when we climb to the top of the dome, surmounting the courage to get to new heights to be at the tallest place on the playground by answering the beckoning call because I feel daring to face the challenge and overcome the fear inside that tells me it could be scary or dangerous.