

Uncle Arnold's Faith

by Glenda Barrett

With twinkling blue eyes
and a mischievous grin, Arnold
was a real charmer. As his health
waned, he'd act a bit more unsteady
on his feet if a woman was nearby,
making them feel the need to give
him a helping hand. His eyes lit up
as they inquired about his health.
He was still loyal to his wife
of sixty years even though she was
in the nursing home because of dementia.
He'd drive his bright, red pickup eighty miles
per hour down the four-lane on his way
to visit her every day. He'd brag to me
about wrecking thirteen cars in his life.
It didn't matter that he was in his eighties,
he made not one but three gardens each year.
His doctor said one day to him, *Arnold,*
if you don't slow down, you're going
to fall over dead one of these days
in that garden. Alfred laughed and said,
That will suit me just fine, I'd just as soon
die there as anywhere I know.