

Grandma's Cellar..... By Pastor Ken Gibson

For the Easter Vigil this year, those who were in attendance, heard me share the following poem. Many have asked for a copy of that poem so I offer it here for my article in this addition of Grace for Today. I dedicate it to the memory of my Grandmother and all the grandmothers who were saints on earth who are now saints in God's heavenly kingdom.

Grandmas Cellar

By

Pastor Ken Gibson

The door to get into the cellar was outside past the garden in her yard.
It was a special door that was held fast by at least one large limestone block.
You had to move the stone whenever you had to go down into that dark cavern.

It was a dark, moist, mostly wet place that had THREE sump pumps,
Each pump took turns trying to keep the Mighty Mississippi River from seeping through the dirt floor and limestone walls.
Grandmas cellar was on Elm Street in Sabula Iowa, "Iowa's Island City", which is truly an island surrounded by the mighty rivers waters.

It was a dark, moist, most times wet place, but there was joy down therein. For along the walls were shelves and shelves full of canned goodness placed there by Grandma over her years.
Much of the love stored down therein was forgotten it seemed.

But there were Pickles, Peaches, and Pears;
Jellies, Jams, Green Beans,
tomatoes whole, tomatoes juiced and even some old canned beef.
All of it sitting there in the dark wet cavern waiting for someone to grab them and bring them up from below and to be served at a great feast.

I loved to be told to fetch something from that cellar.
"Butchie; go fetch some peaches I need to make a pie";
would always put a sparkle in my eye.

Today I have only the memories of that dark, mostly wet place
and the faint remembrance of her calling my name.
It seems I so want to once again go find that cellar door, and find the joy stored therein,

maybe there is something I forgot to get last I was down.

Ah, but today is Easter Vigil and I recall the story that He too, was once laying in a cold dark,
probably moist place,

waiting to be gathered and taken to a feast.

And I cling to the reality that the heavy stone,
once used to seal the door,

HAS been removed and together now they feast,

my grandmother and HE, along with all the other Saints who once used to BE;

in a cold dark mostly wet place that no longer holds the joy once contained therein.

For He is Risen! He is Risen! He is Risen!

And that truth, truly puts a sparkle in my eye!