

“ . . . a time to weep . . . ”

Ecclesiastes 3

Our little neighborhood gang tired of Cowboys and Indians. We had played Restaurant, exchanging Fool's Gold from the arroyos near our home for cold biscuits from the kitchen and carrots and tomatoes from the garden. Having no shade near the woodpile where we into logs seats, we could not play School.

Huddled beneath purple-blossomed Chinaberry trees, someone asked, “What's in the hen house?”

My sister ventured in among the perches and nests and soon returned with an egg. We huddled around the egg like students in a surgical theater, while Valura, our leader, broke it open. Having a second toe longer than her great toe, her mother had instructed her, was a sign she was destined to be the boss in her family.

The contents of the egg spread over the ground in the center of our circle. We leaned in, staring, when suddenly, a wrenching, sulfuric odor hit us. We leaped back, grabbed our noses, and made awful faces. After we recovered, we decided what lay before us were the earthly remains of an unborn chick. Without question, it deserved a proper burial.

Funerals were a mainstay of the social life of our village, so we knew what to do. I brought the Diamond matchbox from our kitchen for a coffin, and Bobby got Papa's shovel from the toolshed. Along the way, Helen gathered tiny white and purple wildflowers. Valura led us, proceeding single file like a desert caravan, across the grass to the alley behind the barn on a hot July afternoon.

The ground in the alley was dry and hard, so each of us took a turn with the shovel, whose handle reached above our heads. The minute the hole was deep enough, we placed the matchbox in the grave and made a mound over it using the excavated dirt.

Helen placed her bouquet in the center and bound two sticks together with stems of Johnson grass to form a cross at one end of the grave. We formed a circle and bowed our heads. I said the only prayer I knew:

“Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
And if I die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.”

We sang heartily. “In the sweet by and by . . .” We knew eventually, all must die, but with any luck, we’ll meet again “on that beautiful shore.”



We turned to head for the nearest shade when someone said, “No one has cried.” That stopped us. We had forgotten this essential element. So, we got back into a circle and began trying to cry. But tears on demand didn’t come naturally to any of us. So, we agreed to go around the circle, each one slapping the person on their right until someone cried. It’s hard to slap a friend, so the slaps were more like pats.

Forgetting that Valura, older and taller than me, was on my left, in frustration I shouted, “If we’re gonna do it, do it and get it over with.”

Valura’s arm shot through the air like lightning from a cloudless sky. Her hand blazed a trail across my face and left my jaw stinging. Someone finally cried, and I ran to the house to tell on Valura for hitting me.