

Just Write

Gloucester County Library System

Logan Township Branch

Writers Group

Selections

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Freeholder Director, Robert M. Damminger | Freeholder Library Liaison, Lyman Barnes



Table of Contents

“Are you Morgan Fields?” by A. M. Ma`ruf

BEAUTIFUL FEET *by* Jane Harre

Out of the Pond by John Witkowski

Monday Morning Welcome! by Julie Knapp

5/23/2012

A Muhammad Ma`ruf. For *Just Write*

In Meeting Prompted Writing from 5.13.09.

Prompt: The officer asked, **“Are you Morgan Fields?”**

The police officer asked, “Are you Morgan Fields?” I answered, “Yes, but I may not be the Morgan Fields you are looking for”. “There are many people named Morgan Fields here. Some of them are men and some women! In fact this is a get-together of everyone in the country who has the name Morgan Fields”.

We had organized this get-together at the place we call “the Club”. Had spent months in preparation. Had been able to contact more than three hundred persons of that name in various parts of the country. They all agreed to find the time and spend the money to meet in Woodbury – just to celebrate our name. But during the evening some people drank too much and some of them got into a brawl.

We had to call the police.

That is how the officer ended up at the premises. I opened the door when he rang the door bell.

That is when he asked the question: “Are you Morgan Fields?”

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BEAUTIFUL FEET

Phew! Feet! Who wants to see them; who wants to smell them?

Jesus, however, spoke to his disciples about washing them. What are we to make of that? Have you ever washed any feet other than your own?

How many baby toes have I washed over half a century? Countless, though I counted them endless times. Each time there was the sweetness of their miniaturess—how perfect, how unbelievably small.

Adult feet are another matter entirely, and I have handled a few. The first time, however, that my heart became involved was in Jerusalem, outside the mosque which currently occupies the temple site. Instructed to remove our shoes before entering, I had no problem shedding my sneakers. Nearby, however, was one of the elders of our party. Shoe removal was a challenge for him as we stood in the courtyard. I saw, offered, and helped him out of his shoes. What I hadn't foreseen was the wash of joy and wonder which would come over me in the process. How privileged I felt as I knelt to my task.

Although I have forgotten much of what I saw and experienced during that enviable trip to the Holy Lands and Egypt, I remember well the feeling I experienced in my transcendent "Holy Land" moment.

Time passed and experiences followed; times of caring for a dying friend, kneeling before my aunt or my mother-in-law to put on their stockings and shoes, helping another stroke-impaired friend in the same way.

But, unknown to me, another very special moment lay ahead of me when a friend called, seemingly out of the blue, seeking help for a woman I had known only as my son's teacher some forty years past. The whole experience was made very curious to me, as this woman was remembered by me with no fondness. I had felt that she had disliked my son and our previous contact had been no pleasure to me.

On the very morning when I was told that she needed help, my prayer, in part, had been: "Let me see no fellow traveler in distress and pass by on the other side." Therefore, when I went to her home to see what was needed, I was prepared to do whatever was asked. I was asked, among other tasks, to help with her bath.

Before long, I found myself in the small space available in front of her bathroom sink, kneeling, as we worked together to accomplish her bath ritual (and ritual it was). Now, I had the completely unexpected chance to wash the feet, not of a stranger, but of someone for whom I had held resentment over many years.

Words can't describe the flood of love for God and His ways that came over me in this experience. Past prayers had many times been that I would not carry bitterness into my later years, having seen how absorbing and sad such a harboring in a life can be. Here, suddenly, was the moment of forgiveness and cleansing, replaced by delight and joy.

This woman was fully aware, and had complete recall of our past experiences, repeating to me just what she had said to my husband at a parent-teacher meeting, in her efforts to change our son's ways.

Now, during our times together, there were very pleasant conversations on many topics. My new friend frequently expressed her appreciation for me being available in her current need. Her home was beautifully appointed, with very exacting places and ways for everything. Soon, however, circumstances changed, and although there is some contact from time to time with my new-found friend, it is usually by phone.

Whose feet are next?

Out of the Pond

Some nightmares persist
Oh! What tis this?
A revisit of a desist?
But look a new twist.

The blank sheet was open for view
Similar to the visions within
Ethereal feelings not new
When did all this begin.

Later the urge grew strong
Wait the inner voice demeaned
Don't want to upset the throng.
We would give the beam.

Hear take this hand
It's the strongest near and far
It's here on this land.
Lifting you to the bar.

Whence taken from the abyss
Disappeared into the ethereal mist
No we don't know what we missed
We believe we are here that is the gist.

Having come to know the power beyond
Like a child we became to accept the bond.
Survived saved out of the pond.
Accepting our life wrapped as a sarong.

One day at a time
With each breath we take
Came to believe
Not alone but with Thee.
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Monday Morning Welcome!

by Julie Knapp

Welcome to my house!

Do walk up the path,

There is dog poop in the yard.

Please, won't you come right in?

Oh, but don't touch the door,

My 3 year old wipes boogies on it.

And, don't walk on the living room floor,

My dog uses that as his bathroom.

Do keep your shoes on while in the kitchen

Otherwise your socks are sure to blacken.

Need to wash your hands?

Please use the powder room sink,

The kitchen one is full.

But don't sit on that toilet,

My 5 year old has poor aim.

Oh, and I have paper towels here,

The hand towels are all dirty.

Please please have a seat on the sofa,

Let me take those Legos for you.

Can I offer you a drink?

Just give me a minute while I wash the glass.

Here's your drink,

I can't wait to sit – I've been cleaning all morning,

You should've seen what a mess it was!

Just Write

Meetings Held 2nd & 4th Wednesdays @

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