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Benediction

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Benediction

By Maurice Kirby



*A Little Town—and
Memories That Mel-
low With the Years*

IT WAS a peaceful place, that little prairie town where I first lived. The long summer days were green and pleasant, and free of that hurrying and worrying which we call "progress." Friendly trees shaded the acres of lawn between happy, white houses gleaming in the sunlight. The quiet streets were flat and straight and seemed to run away and away as far as the eye could see, until they lost themselves in an eternity of dancing heat or a shimmering ocean of corn. The only sound was the drowsy hum of the fertile summer time, which is more felt than heard. Things happened slowly there, or not at all, and the game of life was not played for keeps, somehow.

And the church, resting its quiet bulk at the crossing of two tree-lined avenues, seemed the most tranquil and contented place in all the town. Its mellow bricks grew naturally from the grassy yard, and the fillets of ivy which clung beneath the overhanging eaves gave it a timeless serenity. There, on Sunday mornings, the Gregorian Chant floated gently through the Gothic windows to blend with the warm buzzing of the air, ever outward and away, until it finally became a mere shade of its own echo among the sibilant whispering of the corn.