

THIRTY-FOUR YEARS AT TRINITY: IN THE ROWS

Ploughshares lean against the barn door's coarse-grained planks,
And cascades of rain had long since soaked the pleased earth.

Of this same stocked soil, devoid of stone and once blanketed
And dazed by heavy sun, planting had always been readied –

Now full harvest was almost complete. It's near resting time.
We've learned much from Jamie's farming, here and far:

Of the difference between a good man and a grand one, we
Can now surely see them coming: For grand men must be

First in line, measure their ties for correctness, and constantly
Count their time; they speak first, are regularly certain

Of their public bid and ask, and convey the world by whom
They know. But of the good which we'd wager Jamie is one,

He can hold a mustard seed and envision a kingdom;
He feels the newly born in a fading, octogenarian pulse

And knows change is not bought, but rather it is shaped.
He makes possible those things others eschew or expulse

And reforms a land to smooth its corners and jagged spite.
There's a long passage from the very beginning, and only

He who has tilled in the rows, scratched clotted sod, and
Pruned by dirt-drenched hand can savor yield or stand.

J. CHESTER JOHNSON



for a world of good

THE REV. DR. JAMES H. COOPER, RECTOR
THE REV. CANON ANNE MALLONEE, VICAR

