

**TWO DAYS**  
**by Dennis Winkleblack**  
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Yesterday I sat on Daddy's grave. I hadn't planned to. I just did. Sixty years ago my world crashed. I learned death – when Daddy died.

Yesterday I sat on Daddy's grave. I remember the day at the cemetery: cold, wind, mother's scratchy coat as she held me close.

Yesterday I sat on Daddy's grave. There, I was surprised to see my church. Through the wintry leaf-barren trees. My first church. The church where Mother took me. The little Methodist church. On the hill.

Hadn't I noticed it since Daddy's dying day? Winter visits to Missouri since have been rare; cemetery visits rarer. Or maybe, older, I see differently.

Today I showed my son his grandpa's grave. We didn't sit; just looked. Pondering. Wondering.

Today I showed my son his grandpa's grave. He'd only heard tales. I added more. Not all good. But he should know.

Today I showed my son his grandpa's grave. And the church. With its cross, he observed. On a hill. Not far away.

Yesterday I sat on Daddy's grave. Today I showed my son his grandpa's grave. And the church. With its cross. On a hill. Not far away.

Two things changed my life forever when I was seven. My Daddy's death. And the church. With its cross. On a hill. Not far away.

My son is witness.