

MEET YOUR COMMUNITY, VOL. III

by Cindy Morrow, the Main Street Jogger



I met Faye a dozen miles or so north of Towne Lake, which is fitting since I stopped by to purchase eggs from the hens she keeps. She lives in a 150 year-old farmhouse on ten acres. I found her on the front porch in the shade of a huge American Elm visiting with a friend.

Her skin was golden brown, and she wore no make up. Her black hair, shimmered with natural highlights (grey), was braided and draped forward over one shoulder. Her smile made me think of a sun-warmed field of daisies. She wasn't striking, but she was beautiful.

She led me back to the hen house, explaining as she went how the hens weren't laying much — she had no eggs to sell me. I had asked about buying a hen or rooster, to kill and eat, and she pointed out the fattest ones. They were \$12 apiece.

I'd killed my own chickens before, but these were beautiful and much more alive and feathery than I remembered.

On the way back to the house, she expressed what a shame there weren't any eggs for me. "They make the best cakes. I just made a chocolate cake with four of them. There's nothing like the taste of a fresh-egg cake." She stopped at the back door to wipe her feet and asked me, "Would you like a piece?"

Well, what would you say?

She washed her hands then sliced a three-layer piece of made-from-scratch yellow cake with chocolate icing. As a Christian, I know God lives in my heart, but for the time it took me to finish that cake, He took up residence in my taste buds. Theologically indefensible, but still.

We sat on the porch and visited with her niece and 'grandbaby' as I ate. Faye lost a baby years ago then lost her sister — her niece's mother — so she is more mother to her than aunt.

I wish I could buy a dozen of whatever made me feel like I wanted to sit on the porch till I grew old and died, or at least till the sun set. But I had stuff to do. Important stuff I can't recall right now.

I wonder what Faye will think when I stop by one day, just to soak up the aroma of rest that sits like a cool mist over her and her home. I'd guess not much. I'm sure it happens all the time. Anyone who offers a stranger a seat in the shade and a slice of homemade cake served with warm hospitality that somehow cooled and refreshed, must not go begging for visitors.

And now you've met Faye.

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