



The Magnolia Pod

The magnolia's an important symbol to me,
It's funny how a single tree can be
Such a reminder, a signal, a tapestry.
Of how things were – what they used to be.

I'm at grandma's house, and I look my best,
My sister Ann's in her Easter dress,
Daddy's filming us walking down the sidewalk,
And we're off to church with no double talk.

Then back at home the smell gives a hunch
That we're having chicken fried up for lunch,
With mashed potatoes and brown cream gravy,
I'm already feeling a little bit lazy.

But YES - we're off to fish in the creek,
We don't have a boat 'cause it has a leak,
The electric worm digger comes out of the shed,
And under the magnolia, we find worms that have fled.

On the banks of the creek, I'm back under a magnolia,
Reflecting upon Earth Church's Louisiana portfolio,
For even at 10, I knew it was special,
A place of enjoyment far from the devil.

The ground is littered with the pods from the tree,
With red seeds extending like an offer to me,
A gift imparted from a brilliant white flower,
A special delivery containing great power.

Then I snag my lure on a limb in the water,

Grandpa makes me swim for it like an otter,
For I had to retrieve this serious investment,
An economics lesson for a Texas adolescent.

6 decades have passed since that Easter day,
My body now aches, and my hair is gray,
But the magnolia pod brings back my youth,
And scenes that bring tears, and that's the truth.

So welcome to Earth Church
Pull yourself up a pew
Say a prayer under a magnolia
And plant a seed for you.