

Hope Well

(Dublin, Indiana)

Turn where the proud, two-story dairy barn stood until recently,
Before you get to the spot where the log meetinghouse once stood
The tiny, withered graves all that remain,
Back of the main road, behind the drying corn wall.

Pass the farms where members once resides
Close enough for midweek meetings,
A community now stretched across states
Tied by hidden bonds of love and memories.

Pull in at the ginkgo tree, its leaves fallen,
Next to the little, white, almost nameless building
With no belfry, bell or pastor,
On the corner where the schoolhouse once was.

Enter the walls soaked in warm embraces and loving thoughts
From generations of not-so-simple souls now past or gone,
Their spirituality lingering, invisible to the eye,
Well-hoped for but not seen --

Felt.

A note: By the way, this poem came about as a response to the difficulty one has in giving directions to Hopewell Meeting in Indiana, as well as the confusion over all the different Hopewells. It was once the center of the community, the oldest group of worshippers in the county, etc., but is now a community of interest.

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