

I'd Make an Awful Statue

By Eydie McDaniel

For a few reasons, I'd make an awful statue. I can't often sit still. A choice to meditate almost always precedes slumber.

I sit in back at church because I'm likely to be writing. Anytime I sit my hands move. Papers need arranging. Dogs need petting. I suppose I just happen to be a naturally tactile person.

Furthermore, although I love to serve, I don't think anybody would make a statue of me. Statues usually represent those with a lot of power. I think of myself as playing a part in the greater power of love. Saying yes to an internal tug to do a kindness, say a kindness, or turn on kind ears somehow moves me to the light. When I prayerfully proceed to obey that call I feel good. I don't need to be honored by any statue for that.

Statues imitate humans but lack most human qualities. Their smile remains frozen whether or not they like that smile. They can't wipe any bird poop or cobwebs off those lips. They're stuck in the same outfit 24/7, year after year. Even if their eyes look down at it, they can't pick up clutter on the grass.

Here comes a statue moment from childhood: I was about eight years old when I traveled with my parents to South Dakota. By the time we got our tent pitched and ate supper, it was dark. We could not wait till morning, so we loaded up the old Plymouth to go see the four presidents carved in stone. In the rain we stood. It was grand to finally see them in person all lit up by flood lights. Their hair had a darker shade, because it was wet, so did their cheeks and chins. Teddy's glasses were wet. But water could not reach all the surfaces. Quickly I announced, "Look Mama, Abe Lincoln has a runny nose."

Those powerful fellows had no arms to reach for a hanky. But living humans do. Our lips curl, our eyes dance, our ears receive music, laughter and, Uggah bugga, sound clutter.

Oh, that word again, ok, ok, here it comes. I would like to have the habit of preventing clutter. Over recent years I've cleared a proud lot of clutter. But a few small sorting piles still oppress my view. I'm not a statue so I don't have that excuse.

I'll never be as much like a statue as you all manage to be on Monday mornings in the Aspen Room. If perchance I've achieved sitting that still and it's my turn, please wake me up.