

# Waiting for Lucile

By Glenn Currier

The first thing is your smile.  
It comes from an open room  
where admittance is free  
windows are up,  
air is fresh and full of light.  
But this radiance this gregarious glow  
is not from outside.  
It comes from within  
from a peaceful place  
a lucid sapphire lake  
deep with a strong, sure soul.

The next thing is your gaze.  
Those eyes tell me to speak myself  
whatever and wherever that self is  
and surprisingly - right there in front of you  
my cup runs over and I know  
my voice is heard.

Your voice asks for more  
betrays a mind as open as that window  
willing, available, eager to learn  
and create possibilities.

In your inflection:  
enthusiasm and excitement  
like a parent  
whose child runs in  
proudly presenting a bouquet of wildflowers.

I see you in action  
greeting people, touching them,  
bending your ear  
to hear their pain or consternation  
to share their joy or jubilation.

They are touched  
because they see on your face  
a compassion  
straight from a soft warm place  
near to your heart.  
I see a leader whose compass points forward  
to the need, the desire, the hopes and the heart  
of the community.

And now that needle points forward still  
to new deeper horizons  
to places both familiar and never seen  
to golden sunrises and sunsets  
eager for your love and wisdom  
waiting for you Lucile,  
you kind and gentle woman.