

Gotta go stir the red beans

Oh what a precious soul
that girl next door, Jackie Kroll
her father Max and mother Gin
and Mike - to *our* family were like kin.

Fondly I recall the crawfish bisque
oh what a luscious savory dish
labored over without a gripe
without charge or fret or hype.

Gin and Max taught her well
for she drew from that crawfish shell
the best etoufee in all of the south
and stirred those red beans to delight your mouth.

I'll remember her in that kitchen
cooking was almost like her religion
like a prayer she toiled without fuss
and we knew it was done just for us.

Oh! how she gave us our daily bread
the support and caring in what she said
nourished us beyond the table
to do more than we thought we were able.

She also had another wondrous feature:
serving others, she was a gifted teacher,
and she sewed the pieces of our lives together
into a quilt fit for all kinds of weather.

Hers was the heart of a Tiger through and through
she seemed fearless, was graceful, and true
she was in *our* world a very loyal fan
and when we were down she helped us to stand.

She didn't boast of her walk with the divine
but her *devotion* was truly a Christian sign
sermons and lessons she sometimes told
and they became yeast baked into our souls.

I bow to you, Jackie and honor your name
maybe you didn't have status or fame
but I stand here now out loud to attest
as a human person you were one of the best.

I can hardly believe you're gone from this life
you mother and friend, you loyal wife
but when I think you're fully gone and disappeared
I need to recall your precious soul that's still here.



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