

G-L-O-R-I-A

G-L-O-R-I-A!  Gloor-i-A 
"Hello, Gadberry"

That was our greeting at each Zoom meeting.
Endearing and respectful. Cheery and delightful.

Her late husband and I taught high school together for 11 years.
Joe was a compassionate and caring teacher, appreciated by his peers.

Growing to know her was a joy. Elementary education her employ.
Impeccable word sounds in Spanish. In English, the accent would vanish.

Poetry was her art. She enjoyed humor, did her part.
Her mind, more than sharp, her desire to learn everything, just a start.

Her perfect sonnet, one part of a successful marriage would make.
Written with Joe one evening on Woodlawn Lake.

*Do you remember not that long ago
the lighthouse in the middle of the lake
the many ducklings swimming to and fro
their leader a strong, dark, and handsome drake
a cloudless sky revealed a light blue dome
the verdant grass that covered as a rug
was Nature's way of pulling us back home
where family can share a lot of hugs
but think of clouds as Wordsworth painted them
with words instead of oil paints and brush
describing them as flowers on a stem
bringing everyone to a verbal hush
do you remember that long, long embrace
and all the kisses placed upon your face?*

So, "G-L-O-R-I-A-, ... til next time we meet, I await to hear "...Hello, Gadberry"