



3-15-1992

Pilgrimage

Margie Cooke Porteus

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Recommended Citation

Porteus, Margie Cooke (1992) "Pilgrimage," *Westview*: Vol. 11 : Iss. 3 , Article 25.
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol11/iss3/25>

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INTER-RELATIONSHIPS

PILGRIMAGE

by Margie Cooke Porteus

After forty years I hadn't remembered

The wind,

The red earth,

The lush green along the creeks,

The movement and color of ripe wheat,

The straight, thin line of the horizon,

The wind breaks—trees leaning from prevailing winds.

Driving around the towns I was

Saddened by once beautiful homes, degraded,

Impressed by remodeled older homes, made beautiful,

Surprised by the number of new homes,

Excited by new buildings on campus at Southwestern.

It was rewarding to renew acquaintances

With cousins,

With friends,

With the congregation in the church

I had attended.

Browsing at a cemetery brought

Nostalgic family memories,

Vague pictures of long forgotten people and incidents,

Brought a renewed realization of my roots,

My mortality.■

MARGIE COOKE PORTEUS of Paonia, Colorado, says that there's nothing new for a blurb.