

Granddaddy's Pig Barn

We boy-cousins played pitch and catch here, where Grandmother's house once stood. Granddaddy's pungent pig barn sat prudently downhill and sometimes downwind. Grace said, festive Sundays' after-church dinners nourished our bodies and believers' souls. We were poor, but rich. We were all together, here, a full lifetime ago.



Town center Knoxville, Missouri

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