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## Treasure at Cobbs Creek

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On the first road  
as it dips before Cobbs Creek,  
Far back from this main passage  
And behind a building, white;  
A place sanctified by Sunday mornings  
and Wednesday nights  
A smattering of believers  
echoing the prayers of ancient texts  
and listening, so as to heed,  
the challenge of the modern preacher.  
Under the shade of moss-strewn oaks  
in the peaceful silence of the red-clay Mother

Lie the Fathers of my Father.

Known by many; remembered by few.  
Fathers who loved often and lived well  
giving self to cause and kin  
before yielding to the demands of time.

The private serenity oddly offset  
by the rush of passing travelers  
speeding to destinations close and far.  
I stand to ponder the lineage  
of namesakes I have never known.  
Their stories only briefly heard  
each word; each one a Jewell -  
held within the boundary of earths treasure chest  
waiting for Salvation to open the lid  
and release them completely  
from the last mortal bond.

Today the fifth son of those present  
Has come to visit and pay respects;  
To offer a prayer for all that has been  
And share a glimpse of what is to come.  
To remember.

Remembering?  
I have no privilege to remember  
So I sit and reflect  
Trying to know that which may have been;  
Pulling together scraps of stories long forgotten,  
trying to make a stained-glass portrait

out of haphazardly placed shards of glass  
not knowing what image may emerge  
yet confident that it will be beautiful whatsoever.  
I sit to know Dixie rising once again, if only in spirit.  
This time a merging of South and North  
To battle the unrelenting and merciless foe of time.  
A soft breeze blows rays of the January sun  
Shuffling through the woods  
Bringing hints of pulp and pine;  
Sea air not far off  
My childhood revisited in a moments consideration.

Returning to the task at hand  
I am filled with the gratification of seeing  
and knowing now, if only in thought,  
those whose name I carry –  
a gift I can only wish to pass on.

Alas.  
For as the fifth son stands his post  
To declare his place in a name well served  
He knows it dies with him.

Fleeting sorrow of this passing identity is short-lived  
And this vestige gives way to the joy of heritage,  
Found at a deeper level than a simple surname,  
For the legacy of blood-ties lives on.

Time runs short and the journey calls me forward.  
Should I pass this way again  
I will not hesitate  
For here is home, in a way.  
A home that holds a treasure of knowing.  
The Jewells found at Cobbs Creek.

*Deacon Tom Jewell*