



Thank you for wanting to take part in my monthly short story. I hope you enjoy this moment of magic, imagination, and faith. Welcome to August's Story, photo from my gallery and a verse.

Nana's Table



One of Nana's granddaughters pulled into the driveway just as the sun dropped low enough to wrap the porch in golden warm sunbeams.

She hadn't called ahead. She never did anymore, not since she'd started making this drive whenever her chest got too tight to carry alone.

The screen door creaked before she even reached the steps.

"I wondered when you'd show up," Nana said. She always knew when one of the kids or grandkids was coming. She was already easing herself down into the chair she'd claimed for forty years. "Cut me some of those, would you? The ones by the fence."

She didn't ask which ones. She never had to.

She walked across the yard the way she had as a little girl, gathering handfuls of whatever was blooming, nothing arranged, nothing careful, just gathered, and came back to find the brown glass bottle already sitting in its spot on the table, waiting.

The burlap runner was still there, worn soft at the corners from years of weather; it had no business surviving. One of the lanterns leaned slightly crooked, dented from the summer one of the grands ran past it too fast to be careful... all elbows and no patience.

Nobody had ever fixed it. Nobody ever would. (Nana would not let them, it was a memory!)

She set the flowers in the bottle and sat on the bench by the table.

For a while, neither of them said anything. That was the thing about this table. It never rushed you. Nana straightened a stem, and watched the light move through the trees. She let the quiet do what quiet does.

"I don't know if I'm making the right choice," she finally said. The words came out smaller than she meant them to.

"About the job, or about him?"

She huffed a laugh despite herself. "Both, probably."

Nana nodded slowly, like she'd expected as much. "Right choices don't always feel steady when you're standing in the middle of them. They just feel true. Ask yourself which one that is, not which one is safest. Which one is true."

"What if I don't know the difference yet?"

"Then you sit here a while longer," Nana said, "and you let it come to you instead of chasing it."

So they sat.

Nana told the story about the summer the lantern got dented. The same story she'd heard a dozen times... and would happily hear a dozen more.

The way Nana told it always changed a little, always found some new small kindness in it she hadn't mentioned before. She talked about the job, about him, about the fears that she hadn't said out loud to anyone else.

Nana listened the way she always had, not fixing, not rushing to answer, just holding the shape of it until she could see it clearly herself.

By the time the fireflies started up over the grass, something in her chest had loosened. Not fixed. Not solved. Just loosened, the way it always did here.

"I still don't have the answer," she admitted.

"You don't need it tonight," Nana said, patting her hand. "You just needed to sit right here at the table for a little while longer."

Years from now, she knew this would be her porch. She would sit with her own son or daughter on this porch. She would hand future small fingers a pair of scissors and point toward the fence and watch them gather flowers with no idea yet why it mattered.

She pictured all of her cousins coming home for holidays with their children... all sitting at the table.

And the table would do for her what it had always done for everyone who ever sat there, quietly, without asking for thanks, exactly the way Nana said it would.

"It's just love," Nana said as she looked over at the last bit of the sun setting down behind the trees. "It's been doing miracles as long as we've been walking this earth."

They got up and gathered coffee cups and plates, there were always plates and coffee cups when you sat at Nana's table. Everyone gets up feeling full... Full of food and full of love.

Morning came quietly. The kind of country morning that invites you to sit outside as the sun wakes up and the flowers start to open and the smell of coffee fills the entire house.

Sitting at the table, coffee in hand, she knew this was the way life is supposed to feel. Life is supposed to feel full of love and having your Nana tell you, “Everything is going to be okay...”

And you know she is right.

Verse of the Month

1 Corinthians 16:14 "Let all that you do be done in love."

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