

IN KIND

A Short Story

There is a certain kind of light cast by kerosene lanterns that forces people to gather close to one another. Compared to electric light, kerosene light is the light of deprivation. Yet, it yields closeness and warmth. In the evenings before bedtimes in the summers, we would gather round the kerosene lamp in her parlor and listen to Mom-Mom talk about the old days when she and Pop-Pop were raising my mother and Uncle Toby in what she called the Nether Regions. My mother would sit on the edge of the light, crocheting, which she did by habit, or with a book in her lap that she had lost interest in. Mom-Mom would have our chairs close to hers, and she would have us shucking corn or shelling peas or holding yarn as she rolled it. It always started with reminiscing.

Mother would say, "The Johnsons have sent another child to college this year. The youngest one. What's her name?"

"Well, ain't that somethin'," Mom-Mom exclaimed. "Can't get too many of our children into college."

"That's four out of four."

"The Johnsons are a good family."

"That's the truth."

"Of course, it wasn't always this easy. It took the whole town to send Etta Mae to school."

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"Who's Etta Mae," I asked.

"Before your time, back in Dunbarton. Anyway, she died before she could go."

"Didn't they send Willie Ford after that?"

"Yes, but he let us down, you know. Just couldn't bear the burden, I guess. Poor Willie."

"How did Etta Mae die?" I asked.

"Hit and run."

"They figured it was someone drunk just passin' through Dunbarton. They couldn't say for sure."

"But we knew, Mother."

"Knew what?"

"Who hit Etta Mae. Who deprived us of her success -- one more on the ladder."

"Well, it's best not spoken of. An old story."

"Tell us, please!" We'd say in a chorus.

"Just rumors and talk. Somethin' to pass around after a few drinks at a fish fry, or when people can't think of nothin' else to say and want to create some entertainment for themselves and some excitement. That's all."

"Mother, maybe they should hear the story. Maybe they should know what things were really like."

"Children in my day were kept innocent. Bad enough the world they had to live in. We tried to protect them from it and let them grow up happy."

"But how long can you keep them in the dark about things like this, Mother? Toby and I certainly knew what was going on."

It was a conversation they had had often, Mom-Mom and Mother, about how much we should know. But we knew a lot, because we snooped. We went through

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their things -- their keepsakes -- when they were out in the garden or away on church business. We knew, for example, that the Nether Region was Dunbarton, Virginia, where Mom-Mom and Pop-Pop had lived in a small house on the edge of town. The scrapbook had a picture of that house and of Mom-Mom in her white uniform and shoes, standing in the front yard.

Mom-Mom was a deaconess in the church, and she kept a garden for potatoes, onions, collards, kale, and tomatoes, and another just for beauty. Mother told us that Mrs. William Beauchamp Dunbarton herself had admired Mom-Mom's roses. "Hagar, you have a green thumb," Mrs. Dunbarton said once, and Mom-Mom had agreed to supply her with table roses for her parties and lunches, and that's what caused Mom-Mom to start her flower business, and that's what got Uncle Toby beat within an inch of his life delivering those flowers, and Mom-Mom and Pop-Pop had to send him north to Lancaster to stay with Mom-Mom's sister, Aunt Martha. They say that's why Uncle Toby grew so fond of beer and Limburger cheese and sauerkraut, because he was really raised up there. Anyway, Mom-Mom went back to just growing flowers for herself after that, although for a while she sold them for next to nothing to Mr. George Murdoch's shop, who took over Mrs. Dunbarton's parties and lunches as well.

Mr. Murdoch was upset when Mom-Mom couldn't supply him anymore. He even made a call on her, but she stood firm. But it turned out good for him, because he built his own hot houses and developed his own supplies and left Mom-Mom alone after that. We had found all this out one day when Uncle Toby had come to visit and was sitting with us while Mom-Mom and Mother went shopping. As soon as they left, Uncle Toby took all of the roses out of the vase on the table and dumped them into the trash can by the side of the house. He then took some shears and cut all the flowers off

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of all the bushes out front, with us helping him and enjoying the novelty of adult approved destruction.

"Why don't you like roses, Uncle Toby?"

"Roses broke my nose. Roses broke my leg. That's why I walk with this limp and couldn't get into the service. Roses ain't nothin' but evil flowers used for deception."

There was nothing we could say to that. But when Mom-Mom came home and saw what we had done, tears sprang into her eyes and rolled down her cheeks, but she said nothing about it.

Uncle Toby left the day after that, and he never came to that house again. The roses came back though -- more of them than ever. Mom-Mom said, "You can't kill beauty," and let it go. It was years before I realized that our destruction had amounted to a good pruning that encouraged new buds. I remember mentioning this to Mom-Mom, who was really old then and who obviously still considered Uncle Toby's act painful. Mom-Mom's house was filled with rose perfume for as long as I could remember, but it reminded me forever after of Uncle Toby's distress.

That visit from Uncle Toby had filled in some missing information and stimulated our curiosity even more. We had pieced together a large part of the puzzle on our own from photographs, remarks by Mom-Mom, or brief answers to our nosy questions, which often brought a "cease-and-desist" stare from our mother, a warning that we shouldn't go any further, and newspaper clippings that we found in an old hatbox in the back of a hall closet.

The clippings were from the *Dunbarton Times*, a weekly paper, and from the *Dunbarton Free Voice*, our paper. Some of the clippings were advertisements -- some for Mr. Murdoch's flower shop. Some had to do with Mrs. Dunbarton's luncheons, and

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they usually had photographs of ladies seated around a table wearing hats and smiles. I couldn't figure out why Mom-Mom cared about those, unless it was because Mrs. Dunbarton was her employer for so many years. After a while, though, it dawned on me that every photograph had a display of roses in it. Mrs. Dunbarton, after Mr. Murdoch took over the roses, had hired Mom-Mom to work for her on the days she had these parties.

Mom-Mom was paid "in kind" with food left over from the parties. She sometimes also received cast-offs from the Dunbarton linen closet -- a beautiful damask tablecloth that had been stained, sheets, and some towels. Mom-Mom never commented on these, but Mother had told us about them once as she ripped the sheets into shreds to use as dust cloths. Her face was passive, but her hands snipping the sheets with long-edged silver scissors then tearing them along the snips reminded me of Uncle Toby. But this was after my Mom-Mom had passed on, of course. But Mother kept the damask tablecloth, from which Mom-Mom had managed to remove most of the stain. "She made it her own," my mother said. "Those people were so wasteful, so cavalier about giving up on things." Mother carefully ironed the tablecloth and folded it and stored it away for another day.

But that summer by the kerosene light we had never heard of Etta Mae, who had died just before she was due to go to college. This was a whole new and interesting part of the past. After we asked and asked about Etta Mae, Mom-Mom finally sighed and gave in.

"Etta Mae Stitts was one of two children of Reverend Elijah Mayhew Stitts, pastor at the Dunbarton Baptist Church -- the one Pop-Pop and your mother and Uncle Toby and I attended. Reverend Stitts had been the pastor for ten years, and he and his family were loved by the community. Now and then, I gathered, Reverend Stitts was even

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invited to tea at the Dunbarton house, and he always used the front door. Etta Mae Stitts and her brother, Elijah, Jr., were good students and participated in a lot of charity work for the church. Elijah, Jr. was a little wild though, being a minister's son. Still, he and Etta Mae weren't above delivering dinners sometimes when we were short-handed. After Etta Mae's death, Elijah, Jr. joined the army and went to Vietnam, where he was killed. But the Stitts family was poor like the rest of us. It was Reverend Stitts who brought up the problem to the Board of Deacons. His daughter had been accepted at a college, and she had received a scholarship too, but he and his wife just didn't have enough money to send her.

"I have never complained about the salary you pay me, but it occurs to me that if my daughter cannot afford to go to college even with a scholarship, so cannot your children. Now, we know that education is the first step on the ladder of success, and success is sure something we need to have some of, so I am asking you to think about setting up a fund for this purpose. Etta Mae needs \$500 for transportation and room and board and books. If we can raise this money this year, then we can do it next year for another one and then another.'

"The deacons liked the idea, so they passed it on to the deaconesses, who made it happen by raising the money. They collected money for dinners delivered to people's houses, and from cast-offs sold at rummage sales, and, of course, the deacons collected extra money on Sundays. They called the fund the Reverend Stitts College Fund at first, but he asked them to rename it the Etta Mae Stitts College Fund after she died. We sent four children to school on that money."

"Why only four?"

"Because after that, civil rights took over, and all our money went for that. Dunbarton, Virginia, had fallen on hard times before that, though. After Etta Mae's

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death things just got worse. The Dunbarton house burned down, killing Mr. and Mrs. Dunbarton and their son, Willie Askew Dunbarton. There were no heirs in town, so the out-of-town relatives came in and liquidated everything. Lots of people lost their farms. Then the whole country erupted, and our little town seemed like a wasteland. A lot of the young men were drafted into the army, and a lot of them didn't come back."

Mom-Mom and Pop-Pop had moved to Philadelphia to be near Uncle Toby. Mom-Mom worked in a flower shop all the time after that, and she was happy not to have to take payment in kind like she did from Mrs. Dunbarton. Pop-Pop got a job at the post office. And that's where my mother finished high school. That's where she met my father, got married, and had us. But we knew all of that part of the history too well. It was the old days -- Mom-Mom and Pop-Pop's days -- that we wanted to know more about.

Nowadays, my children seem less engaged in the past and take their world for granted. But we hungered for these stories, as if we could not be free of the past or sure of our connection to it until we had consumed it and let it pass through us. One story Mom-Mom told that Mother chimed in on was about Mrs. Dunbarton's only child, Willie Askew Dunbarton, who was a total moron.

"But this was a truth that Mrs. Dunbarton could not accept," Mother noted.

"That boy was off by a good deal," Mom-Mom conceded politely. "He looked normal too, and he had inherited his father's good looks."

"That's what threw people off. That and the Dunbarton money. That boy could go anywhere and do anything, because he was a Dunbarton. That's just asking for trouble."

"But he was a nice boy -- polite and kind. He never made much trouble for us, and it would have been okay if his mother hadn't kept pushin' him beyond his ability."

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"All that boy really wanted to do was fish. He could have been happy fishing day in and day out. Daddy used to take him out and sit in the boat for hours with that boy. Then they'd come back to our house and clean the fish in the back yard because Mother wouldn't let them in the house."

"Fish belongs outside." Mom-Mom said.

"Oh, some of that fish was so good. They seasoned it with limes and fried it up crispy."

"And that boy would stay for dinner and have so much fun eatin' and playin' checkers with Toby. Then his mother would send a car for him, even though they were in walkin' distance. Everything was in those days, even the big white mansions on the other side of town."

"And Toby took him fishing in the summer when Daddy couldn't make it. We ate a lot of fish in those days." My mother sighed wistfully.

"Well, gradually, as he growed up, he stopped comin' round. Mrs. Dunbarton tried to introduce him into society. He cleaned up nice and looked good in those fancy suits, but those girls didn't take him seriously, money or no money. Those old families had enough craziness in them. They weren't goin' to take on stupidity too. He was at all the debutante balls one year, and they even took his picture for the paper."

"I saw him drivin' around in that yellow convertible now and then, but even that car wasn't enough to land him a serious partner. His mother used to complain about the girls in Dunbarton -- how they couldn't see an advantage when it stared them in the face."

"Wasn't there some scandal about a girl?" Mother prompted.

"Yes, that poor blond girl who lived near the tracks on their side. Her father, Jessup Rule, a really mean piece of humanity, tried to say that Willie had been with the

girl. But the Dunbartons squashed that one quickly. Rule was a drunk, and his daughter was considered trash too. People say they bought him off, but there was never a baby or anything to prove that poor Willie had been with her.

"But she wasn't trash. I knew that girl a little. She was a quiet, sweet girl. Poor though. Poorer than us, because her father spoiled whatever chances they had by becoming a drunk and gettin' in fights. Couldn't hold a job. Beat his wife. That girl was timid and ragged but sweet. But I never saw her with Willie. I remember once I felt so sorry for that girl that I gave her some of the clothes that Mrs. Dunbarton passed along to me. But she ran into that girl in one of her old shirtwaist dresses and told me never to pass on anything she had passed on to me.

"I think you'd be grateful to have these good things yourself,' she told me.

"I'd be grateful to have cash for my services,' I told her in return. Then she got that glassy look in her eyes, and her face turned stiff.

"I feed you and clothe you and even took your flowers until Murdoch came along. Isn't that enough?' And she turned and walked away in a huff.

"I never went back to her house after that. I had no trouble finding housework from the other ladies in town, and they all paid in cash. I once overheard one of them talking to Mrs. Dunbarton on the phone. Mrs. Dunbarton had apparently called her to put in a bad word for me. 'Honestly, Mrs. Dunbarton, I can't believe what you're telling me. Everyone says she's the most trustworthy of all of them and never steals. Besides, Darling, we all know how cheap you are. You probably gave her the missing things yourself and forgot. You can never keep help because you insist on paying in kind. No, I don't mean to insult you, and I do know that you are the oldest family in town. But the truth is the truth, my dear.' I had to laugh when I heard that, but I was glad those other women weren't intimidated by her. They weren't willin' to sacrifice their

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help. I gave that woman's house an extra good cleanin' that day, although she never noticed."

"It was long after that that all the bad things started happening. Of course, the bad things started for me before that when we had to send Toby up north for his own safety. I missed my brother, and he was never really right after that." My mother said.

"Toby was all right, and it's the best thing that could have happened to him. He didn't like being separated from the family, but I tried to write to him every week and give him all the news from home. By the time Etta Mae was killed, he was workin' on the newspaper in Reading and goin' to school at night. He came back for her funeral, since he had known her in school, but we kept his visit quiet. He left the day after that, coming and going at night. A couple of years later, we moved to Philadelphia, where he had moved to work on one of our newspapers, so your mother could finish high school. But we always kept this house, and after a while we started comin' here in the summers, even though there is no electricity."

"What was Etta Mae's funeral like?" I asked.

"Just a plain funeral, child. Her parents were stricken and just clung to each other and Elijah, Jr. the whole time. They brought in a pastor from another church. I remember that the Dunbartons came and sat in the front, bargin' into the family's place like they were really concerned. When they went up to view the body, Willie started howling like a baby and had to be escorted out. He saw Toby standing next to me and stopped and said, 'Fishing,' and Toby just patted his hand and said, 'I'll see you later, Willie.' Mrs. Dunbarton didn't even give me a nod. She was one to hold a grudge. But at least they didn't come to the cemetery, and they didn't come to the supper afterwards neither. That was the last time I saw any of them. Her house burned down that night.

They said it was faulty wiring in the cellar, but I always thought it was the fault of some electrician whom she had paid in kind."

Mother laughed and so did Mom-Mom, but the irony was lost on us after all the stories we had heard about Mrs. Dunbarton. Still, to my childish mind, I thought that Mrs. Dunbarton's death in a conflagration probably of her own making was one of those poignant moments in life that make a big impression on the young because of their strong cause and effect component, but which one later learns to tread gingerly around after learning that the innocent also perish.

Those evenings by kerosene light are a deep and lasting memory from my childhood. We continued to piece together the details of life in Dunbarton as we grew, became adults, and raised children of our own. Eventually, we cousins pooled our resources, added on to Mom-Mom's house, and had it electrified. Our own family gatherings took place with full wattage, except on those occasions when we turned out the lights and lit lanterns to create a special atmosphere by which to watch horror shows on television or to read scary stories, which our children loved.

But sometimes, during those family summers, when I had a free moment, I slipped away from the others and strolled around Dunbarton, imagining the way it once was, communing with its ghosts. Mom-Mom's house was now located in the center of a growing town and stood modestly among larger houses built for new middle-class folk. What was once the other side of town full of white houses and shutters was now a bed-and-breakfast haven, full of antique shops and restaurants. But I had, on one trip, found the old cemetery in our part of town and Etta Mae Stitts's tombstone, which was covered with moss and bore only her name, her parental affiliations, and her dates. And it was a few years after that that the new residents decided to move the cemetery -- an act of blasphemy to some but expediency to others.

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After politics had taken its course and money had its say, they began digging up the graves to relocate them beyond the town. It was then that they found the other body.

Johnnie Fae Brown -- an old friend of my mother's -- was the one who sent me the clipping about the skeleton found on top of Etta Mae's casket. Johnnie Fae and I had met in the Dunbarton bookstore, which she owned and operated, and she had told me a lot more about the old days in Dunbarton. As the town had begun to come back from the edge of ruin, she had seen an opportunity and pounced. She owned two bed and breakfasts too. Whenever we were down with the children, and I ran out of reading material, I would walk to Johnnie Fae's store, buy a book that appealed to me and a few more for the children, and spent some time reading it in the cafe that Johnnie had opened next door. Two fellow book lovers could not help but become friends. Johnnie Fae knew I would be interested in this rare excitement, which was really of local interest only.

On the day it came, I stuffed it into my bag as something that I thought would be of interest to Uncle Toby, whom I visited at his house every day. He was too old to take care of his house, so I had hired a service to do it. But I had to be there to let them in once a week and to supervise the work. The other times were to visit or to take Uncle Toby to the park, where I read to him or listened while he talked about old times. The park was nice this time of year with leaves turning and skittering along the concrete walks and a slight breeze blowing. I bundled him up and helped him into my van, stowing his wheel chair in the back. At the park, I unloaded his wheelchair and helped him into it and then found a bench in a partially sunny, partially shady area, gave him some pudding and chips to eat, and settled in myself. As we huddled in the scant sunlight, I took the clipping out of my bag and read it to Uncle Toby.

The body had been given over to a forensic pathologist, who determined that it was a white, male in his twenties. The article recapped the reason for moving the graves and gave Etta Mae's name and dates without many other details.

"Now how do you suppose a body got on top of Etta Mae's casket?" I asked just to make conversation.

"It's the worst thing I ever did," Uncle Toby said, spooning his pudding and eating his chips.

"What's that?"

"Putting Willie in there with Etta Mae."

I didn't think I had heard him correctly. "What?"

"I put Willie Dunbarton in with Etta Mae. Didn't think I had a choice at the time. But I've never let myself get so angry again. I was too young then. I should never have come back home. I just wanted to pay my respects to Etta Mae, that's all."

"What happened?" I asked, not really sure that I wanted to know.

"The funeral upset that boy -- seeing Etta Mae in her casket like that. He wasn't a smart boy, you know, but he knew what death was. And he was awful upset about Etta Mae's."

"How do you know this?"

"Because after the funeral supper, when I was walking back to the house, Mrs. Dunbarton stopped in her car and asked me if I would take Willie fishing. Damn, that woman had a lot of nerve! She had forgotten why I had had to leave town. But I agreed to do it. It was an old thing that I missed, fishing with Daddy or Willie and frying up the fish afterwards. So, I changed clothes at Mother's and went to pick up Willie. Mother thought I was out with friends, but she knew I'd be leaving that night."

"We got the old boat and went out on the lake for an hour or so, and that's when Willie told me how he had hit Etta Mae while driving back from seeing that girl near the tracks, his girlfriend -- that Rule girl. He started crying and saying he liked Etta Mae and carryin' on, so I took him home and told Mrs. Dunbarton that I knew what had happened, and that she should tell the sheriff. I was a fool to do that. I had been up north too long, gotten too cocky. In those days, we were still running if the cops tried to stop us, even up north. In the Nether World, you didn't even mention any wrong doings they committed.

"But I had forgotten, and Mrs. Dunbarton reminded me, 'Toby, you are not to mention this to anyone. Mr. Murdoch and I can arrange another lesson if necessary. The last one was for your mother. This one would be for you.' In fact, I was convinced that they would arrange such a lesson and that it would be deadly. The sheriff had supper with the Dunbarton's once a month, according to you mother's letters, and his wife went to all her parties. The sheriff disliked having to deal with us anyway and always turned us over to his deputies, who had no compunctions about beatings. So, I got out of there quickly. I was in a panic. If I had left town right then, everything would have been different. I went home and began packing without saying anything to anyone else. Mother looked relieved that I was leaving town, and Uncle Norman was taking a nap so he could share the driving. Mother made sure we had plenty of fried chicken and buttered bread and drinks for the trip, since there would be nowhere to stop on the way."

"I know."

"But something bothered me, so I slipped out on the pretext of saying good-bye to some friends, and I wandered back to the Dunbarton house under cover of dusk. I remember hiding behind that big tree in the front yard near the driveway, and that's

when I knew something was wrong. There was a glow in the house, sort of like kerosene light but bigger, brighter, almost like fire. Then I realized it was fire. But before I could move, I saw Willie coming down the steps, tearing at his hair and hugging himself and crying. I went over to him.

"Mommy and Daddy are dead,' he kept saying. I tried to go in but the fire had spread. I didn't even understand how Willie had gotten out. I knew I had to find a phone, tell someone. I took Willie's hand and began running toward a neighbor's. Then I stopped. My sense came back to me. If I reported this fire, they would charge me with it. I knew that. Mother had been right to send me away. I realized she had done it for my own good. I decided to take Willie to our house. We could tell people he had wandered over. I look Willie around the back way I had come. The neighbors discovered the fire soon enough and the fire department arrived in time to put water on the ashes.

"Willie and I stuck to the back streets and alleys, but we had to cut across the cemetery to go to the house without being seen, and that's when it happened. A shot rang out, and Willie dropped in his tracks. I didn't know what had happened until Elijah Stitts, Jr. walked out of the shadows toward me, the shotgun still in his hands. I knew that shotgun. He had used it hunting possums and rabbits with his father. It hung by his side as he approached me.

"Lijah, why'd you do that?"

"He killed my sister."

"I know he did. But not on purpose."

"Doesn't matter. It was the only way to make him pay."

"Killin' him? And you a minister's son."

"Yeah,' he said, kind of pitifully. 'You got to help me bury him.'"

"I just stood there looking at him. He was so full of grief he looked completely unconcerned about what he had done.

"We'll put him in with Etta Mae. She won't care. She always kind of liked him."

"This ain't right."

"No, it ain't," he agreed. "But there is no justice in this town -- not for Etta Mae, not for Willie, and not for me. You know the Dunbartons won't pay, and neither would their son. They even refused to do right by that poor girl. I saw her father arguing with them on the front porch just this evening. They wouldn't even let him in the house, and he's like them."

"Not like them. Same color, but poor like us."

"I ain't got time to explore the depths of contradiction here, man. Get his legs."

"So, I helped Elijah, Jr. carry Willie to Etta Mae's plot, and we dumped him in and covered him over."

"Thanks, Toby," Elijah said, shaking my hand. "Now get out of here."

"I guess no one thought it was strange that Etta Mae's grave had been filled in. I left town with Uncle Norman right away, and a day later Elijah joined the army. His mother and father never knew who killed their daughter -- no one ever knew, although I told your mother later, and I think she told Mother. Mother wrote to me a week after I left Dunbarton to tell me that the Dunbarton house had burned to the ground with the Dunbartons and Willie inside. They found three bodies, so no one ever missed Willie. Elijah, Jr. died in Vietnam. His parents were left without any children or grandchildren. They left Dunbarton and returned to Ohio where they were from. Reverend Stitts and Mrs. Stitts were really big in the civil rights movement up there."

The story Toby had told me had left me stunned on that autumn day in the park in Philadelphia with the leaves falling around us and the sunlight fading just a little. After all these years, the pieces like the autumn leaves had fallen into place.

"But who was the third body?" I asked.

"I figured it was Jessup Rule. I guess he got angry and killed the Dunbartons and started the fire and got caught in it somehow."

"What about his daughter?"

"Never heard anything about her again, but I think her father was just using Willie's innocent attentions to try to get money out of the Dunbartons."

"Time to head back home," I said, putting the clipping away and bundling Uncle Toby in his blankets for the short ride back to my van.

"It's the worst thing I ever did," Uncle Toby kept repeating, as I pushed him along. "Do you think God can forgive something like that?"

I wasn't as religious as the old folks had been in Uncle Toby's generation. "It seems to me that God has a lot to answer for himself, Uncle Toby."

"Now don't be saying things like that, girl. He ain't responsible for what we do to each other. But he does judge us for it, because we're supposed to know what's right."

"Maybe."

"In the end people get what they give."

I said nothing. By that time, we were back at my van, and I helped Uncle Toby get buckled in and put his wheelchair in the back again. I paused only a moment, reflecting on how the fading light and the way the sun cast a glow from beneath the horizon seemed comforting.

I spent a little extra time with Uncle Toby once we got back to his house. I warmed up his sheets with extra care and made him a hot water bottle. I got him into bed and made sure he had his remote control and the evening paper and a thermos of warm soup and some crackers. Then I checked to make sure the flashlight by his bed worked and that he had a candle and some matches, just in case.

"Will I see you tomorrow?" Uncle Toby asked.

"Tomorrow and every day," I replied, as he expected and kissed him on the cheek.

Before I left, I lowered the lights, which were on rheostat, until they almost seemed like the deep light of the kerosene lamps that had drawn us all together in my grandmother's house on those summer evenings long ago.

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