

Volume 29 Number 2 Arts Issue 2000

Article 5

December 2000

## Sacrament of Grace

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## **Recommended Citation**

Dengler, Mary (2000) "Sacrament of Grace," Pro Rege: Vol. 29: No. 2, 7. Available at: https://digitalcollections.dordt.edu/pro\_rege/vol29/iss2/5

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## **Sacrament of Grace**

Mary Dengler

I climbed the Rocky Mount, North Carolina, mulberry tree alone, in the white softness of my summer dress, my hair catching twigs along the way. Perched on a branch among the birds and tiny bugs, while my father preached at the Rocky Mount Baptist Church, I feasted happily on the sweet red berries, losing consciousness that I'd been strictly forbidden to participate un-baptized in the sacrament or climb to pick the wild fruit. Scratched and spattered with the sweet red juice, I descended to the cooling darkness as the Communion cups clinked from hand to pew. Walking home in the Sunday evening summer dusk, I passed "Amazing Grace" As it floated over me from the open stained-glass windows. I knew I would be punished and those berries would never lose their power.

Published in the University of Nevada Interim, Spring 1995