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The Letter

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“Can you come home right now?” my husband asked. “What for? Are you all right? I’ve work to do.” “Something serious has happened. I’ll explain When you get home.” A letter had arrived, years after That traumatic birth. It was the shock I thought I’d never have on earth: to hear if he was living, Dead, or struggling on the street. First the letter From his counselor arrived. In terms discreet, She’d written how he’d searched for me for years. And now, after her call inquiring if I’d want to meet Him after all this time, his letter came, expressing fears, But gratitude—for birthing him; he’d been adopted By a loving home. He’d planned to offer help, He said, envisioning me on Fremont Street, Wild Turkey bottle in my hand, bonbons in my mouth. How could this be? I’d closed the books—I’d wanted to protect him From well-meaning, troubled relatives Who’d complicate his life. I didn’t know His mother and his own genetic code Would prompt his search. How did I feel? As if my molecules were separating, turning into light, Re-fusing to a star, transcending ordinary time. From that Rebirth I learned to breathe anew; sat down to write The most important letter of my life and his, And mailed it overnight. Two days from then he called. Again I was reborn, as was the dad he didn’t know I’d wed After a gunshot rearranged his troubled head and put us Back together on a road that circles and returns, With nothing left behind. Now, pictures floated Toward me, on my screen—four decades of his checkered life, Each focused on a phase I’d missed. I looked in mirrors Of myself, at images of family passed—unruly Locks of darkest hair, and eyes of darkest brown, the frame Of husband here and father gone. In him, both families Scot and English—were reborn, made gold in petri dish With godly Dutch Reformed, as only God can do. He gave us life, redeemed our past, and moved us Forward with this gift—our unplanned, unforgotten, Stunning child of God.