

Betsy Morgenthaler

Another 15 years after that — October 10, 2009

Quite out of the blue and on a spur of the moment invitation, I found myself in Jackson for the weekend, the guest of friends. I couldn't come 'n go without saying hi at the least. Thus after Saturday lunch at Nora's Creekside I called, and Don answered. Just as soon as he heard I was in town for just over a day more, Don said, why sure come on by when you can.

I didn't yet realize that it was a Brunk family custom to pitch-in to amass a ready supply of firewood for 7 months of supplemental cabin heat, and my visit happily coincided. Every year in early October dependable son-power completed Don's log-splitting efforts. There had been an early snowfall the day before and arriving at the cabin with my friend-hosts, afforded a picture of almost unreal beauty, and that was before we knocked on the door. Inside, now that the work was done, Jo, Don and their boys were sitting easy in the rustic log chairs around the coffee table, the fireplace aglow. It was a sight from a novel-become-movie; a pastor and his grown boys, the evenly distributed attractiveness amongst the lanky frames, the healthy color of recent physicality, together back home. The impression remains, a love story distilled.