

# Here's the Church

*Kathy Evans*

While the organist pumped  
"Let Us All Press on in the Work of the Lord,"  
and the chorister flapped her arms  
like a whooping crane, and some sat there  
on the second row as straight as poles  
for the welfare beans, we sat  
folding embroidered hankies, rolling  
the corners, making two babies in a linen cradle,  
rocking them from our fingertips, and playing  
"Here's the church, and here's the steeple.  
Open the doors, and here's all the people."

While infants cooed and were jiggled,  
while babies bawled and were carried out  
or put over the shoulder for a blasphemous  
burp, while children squirmed and wriggled,  
and the old men in the high priests quorum  
snored over the din of the sacrament hymn;  
while the high councilman in severe tones  
went on and on about chastity, charity,  
and the three degrees, we sat there  
in our Sunday dresses, first nylons, and new  
pumps, whispering the names of the deacons  
we'd date: Butch Fulkerson and Brent Parhduhn,  
Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John.

I always felt we were inside a plane, strapped  
down together by an invisible safety belt.  
Some would bail out into oblivion, others  
stay right on course, and a few, not only called  
but chosen, would fly directly into the blue  
runway lights of paradise. And what of us,  
we two, who remained seated under the No Smoking  
sign? We, who counted our sins as the good shepherd  
counts his sheep; we, who stared  
at the deacons much too long? Where would we  
land? Stewardesses or ministering angels?  
Wives of the priesthood bearers? Mothers  
of all those spirit children, waiting  
like the hankie babies we held in our hands?

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