

Addendum to Jacob Sorensen's Patriarchal Blessing

Hugo Olaiz

I don't know, Jake,
why Dad asked me to drive you there,
but I did hear every word Brother Allen said,
and here's a few he skipped:

Our Heavenly Father
is pleased with your social media presence—
the Instagram pics, the YouTube skits,
and that new app with the name I can't remember.

God saw your TikToks, Jake,
you doing the Dolphin Dance with the drama crew—
how you shook your butt and laughed.
And God laughed, too.

Jake, there are some things the patriarch promised
that will never come to pass:
no mission,
no bride kneeling across the altar,
no children born under the covenant,
and it will be exactly as God intended it.

For you, Jake,
not slacks but tights, not prayers but yoga,
not the Book of Mormon but a Sondheim score.

And even though the patriarch said “Ephraim,”
the Spirit moves me, Jake, to declare your true tribe:
the one that, when Charlton Heston climbed Mount Sinai,
was hired to choreograph the dance.

They say that when God closes a door
a window is opened,
but I’m telling you, brother, with my gift of prophecy:
For you, a limo, a red carpet,
a golden gate waiting,
and no gatekeeper.

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