

**“Homecoming: Easter 1944”, Oil
Marla Coleman**

It was Easter Day, 1944. Dad's big family had turned out for his homecoming. He had just been released from the Army Air Corps and was home for Easter for the first time in several years. I don't remember the day. I wish I did, but the pictures tell me all that matters. Granddaddy and Daddy had retreated to the front porch for a time of reconciliation and fellowship. No doubt they talked about Granddaddy's injury at the saw mill the year before. The women were in the kitchen doing the food prep, gossiping, and setting the table with a Southern feast. Daddy and his father, Haywood, were continuing a conversation begun long ago and left unfinished when the war came. It's not a big thing to take a photo at a family event. However, this photo is a picture of much, much more than a Sunday afternoon. It reminds me that I come from a good family, just good. No one was rich, and no one had a college degree. The gold of my family is that, no matter where the fractures were, the family wrapped itself in love. I feel profound gratitude for the family that came before I could ever understand the importance of what that means.