



My grandmother was a genealogist and I can remember as a child, when traveling with her, stopping at every cemetery we passed along the way. She would study each marker and tomb writing fastidious notes on index cards or notepads with any information she could gather. Being young, I thought those romps through the graveyard were boring and maybe even a little weird.

They say everybody has a story to tell. As I reflect back on those romps through the graveyards, I can hear the markers and tombs calling out their stories into the silence that surrounded them. Markers and tombs have names and dates on them, and sometimes a word or two, but to the person whose tears drop gently over them, the marker is holy ground.

I never understood those stories from the graveyard until my tears poured over those I love who rest there. Then what one calls a story becomes a memory. The romps change into a stance and the “weirdness” disappears. The silence remains but one hears the story as the gentle breeze blows.

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