

A Tribute to the Kitchen Table

Jeanette Rhyan

The kitchen table...

sat in the middle of the kitchen,
used for eating meals,
or as an extra buffet table.

The kitchen table...

where my brothers and I did our homework,
Mom wrote letters,
and Dad kept track of cattle or crop prices in a little book.

The kitchen table...

surrounded by six yellow vinyl chairs,
where we all had our assigned eating places,
but always made room for relatives and friends.

The kitchen table...

where I relived last night's basketball game,
discussed going to band camp,
and told Dad I'd received my first speeding ticket.

The kitchen table...

where freshly baked cookies were placed to cool,
a space to decorate birthday cakes,
and vegetables were prepared for cooking or canning,

The kitchen table...

where anyone stopping by enjoyed a cup of coffee,
or homemade coffee cake,
or one of Mom's fresh cinnamon rolls.

The kitchen table...

where cards were played on Saturday night,
Monopoly games went on forever and ever,
and dominos were laid end to end.

The kitchen table...

where all major decisions were made,
the weather was discussed in depth,
and politics was avoided to keep the peace.

The kitchen table...

the heart of the kitchen,
the heart of the house,
and the heart of our family.