

THE GIFT

A primitive representation maybe,
this little oil painting on our wall.
But to me it is a special collection of symbols
expressed by a person I knew and loved.
Often she spoke about the subjects
she so late in life put on that canvas:
The path we travel beginning out of nowhere
going into somewhere;
The fence we build around our acquisitions and opinions,
determining our limits;
The tree of life whose branches are moved by the
wind, the spirit of our time and place;
The barn, the mark of shelter and sustenance;
The clouds that appear in a limitless sky,
exciting the imagination;
The distant mountains, the epitome of our
hope and yearning.
She did the best she could to express her values.
Her simple terms speak out to me.
Thank you, mama.

MEK



... on Earth, Peace, Goodwill toward men

PRESIDENT AND MRS. ROBERT E. KENNEDY
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1975