

A Stone and Some Dirt , by Jeff Morgan

There is a small Minnesota town, sometimes called a village, with a population of roughly 425, intersected north to south by US Highway 61. The town's name, Kellogg, is painted on a water tower prominently sitting off the highway. The Main Street going through town boasts a Kwik Trip, a post office, a Catholic and a Methodist Church, a couple of bars, two cafes, a local bank, and a town park with monuments to first responders and the military services. Every summer this rural farm town holds a Watermelon Festival (I saw my first one in 1971) with quite the parade, soap box derby, and a small carnival. At some point in the afternoon, a truck loaded with watermelons parks by the carnival and a few volunteers hand out free slices of watermelon to everyone. Across highway there is a cemetery where my wife tells me I am to rest for eternity following my cremation. Her family has 7 plots and one is reserved for her. We have agreed that my remains are to be buried in the same plot with her. That is a thing; one on top of the other. Presumably, because I'm six years older, I'll go first and she can choose to keep the urn with my ashes and have it buried on top of her casket when her time comes, or she can have me buried in the plot and removed to be replaced on top of her casket when she passes. A dark headstone has already been erected with both our names etched into it. A stone and some dirt. Together for eternity. Death will not "do us part."