

June 10, 2017 – Carnegie, PA

A cathedral starts as a single rock, a symphony a single note,  
love a single shared and honest instant that blossoms to another  
and another. And so a single Pennsylvania stone was planted  
in the earth, and like a flower sprouted frame and roof  
and painted pews, and in its sanctuary walls a lone viola note  
was coaxed from bow and string and grew to chords that swelled  
into a blessing that would take years to fully bloom.

And like the beginnings of that chapel and that timeless song,  
a shared life would grow from a simple seed planted  
by two strangers: a meal shared in Morgantown, the hush  
of the Monongahela filling in the silences and kindness  
of a first encounter. Like masons and composers, in time  
these two would match part-to-part in harmony – logic fit  
with feeling, the cerebral to the senses, the loves of history  
and song, of wilderness and home – until they knew  
that what they'd built was sound and true, and theirs alone.

And with that knowledge he drove south for hours  
through the mottled groves of West Virginia  
with further building on his mind, and in Saint Albans found  
a blessing and a diamond that would link her family circle  
once again. Then, soon after, at a fire tower high above  
the burnished autumn blaze, the breezy morning branches  
whispered lines of Bach as that banded diamond passed  
from hand to finger, from one generation to the next,  
and the promises to build began anew.

And now in that stony church on a June day, the blessing of that music  
finally comes to bloom, its voice a perfect lone viola woven  
with the wishes of all those passed and present, as man and wife  
embrace the building that awaits: kindness upon kindness, moment fit  
to honest moment, bound by ring and song  
and all the love that's still to come.

