

My Friends From the Hill

By Bill Grimbol

I yearn now and then, to climb the steps up to the top of the Hill, but then I pause and reflect— I would need a crane. I have a Pillsbury Doughboy body these days, complete with a lack of good knees or hips, as well as swollen chubby feet. Still, I remember the climb, especially the satisfaction of the last step.

My memory, however, can fly, and will wing my cobwebbed soul back up to Higher Ground; which is how I still think of the Hill. My mind will stroll about locating favorite spots and faces, and revel in the magic that once was home for a quartet of years. I ponder these times and friendships and believe them to be carved out of a huge chunk of Grace. It all feels so blessedly free of conditions, judgements, or even vile mocking, and the mercy there is monumental.

Those volatile sixties were draped in great love and hope and a generous seeking after something good and genuine. I was being called to my best Self, and I did get an impression of just what that might look like. Higher Ground is where you locate your care, concern, compassion, and courage, those attributes which are the hallmark of the real good life. Four years spent walking this good soil gave me my spiritual footing— my very first scent of the Spirit.

I experienced Heaven come down to earth on the Hill. I did! I am wiser now and know the difference between nostalgia and Truth. (So much cynicism.) My friends from there remain steadfast and loyal and know me inside and out and seem to refuse to let me down. It is unforgettable, and thus eternal. I consider myself most fortunate indeed.