

The Old Green Rocker  
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When I was growing up we had a big platform rocker covered in artificial green leather. We lived in a small house and the rocker was so big it took up almost the whole wall in the living room. We had one big heating vent in the middle of the hallway and in the winter we would pull that rocker as close to the vent as we could and warm up before school.

Music was an important part of my childhood. I learned to express anger, joy, love, disappointment and regret through music. That rocker and the songs sung in it reminded me of safety, peace and unfailing love.

Every afternoon at nap time mom would put me on one knee and my sister on the other and she would rock and sing to us until we both went to sleep. She'd sing as much of the old Broadman Hymnal as she could remember and throw in a little "Chattanooga Choo Choo" and "Mule Train."

My sister and I learned to harmonize with those hymns and even sang together in church as a duet and later in a quartet with our daughters. Mom especially liked Hank Williams so we learned "I Saw The Light," "Hey Good Lookin'", and "Your Cheatin' Heart."

That poor old rocker was nearly worn out by the time I grew up. It finally saw it's last day one Sunday afternoon. My dad was a very gentle man. He loved children, most animals and the Lord. He knew three songs, "Ain't Gonna Rain No More", "Old Joe Clark", and "What a Friend We Have In Jesus." But he hated cats! We always had a cat outside but we could never let it in the house. One day my sister accidently let the cat ,Friskie, in when she opened the back door to go out. My dad reached for the nearest thing he could throw at the cat and you guessed it. It was that big green rocker. I opened the door, the cat ran out, and the rocker was right behind the cat. Needless to say the cat was fine, but the rocker broke in

about six unfixable pieces. Not to mention the shattered storm door.

I remember sitting in that old rocker when our next door neighbor's little seven year old boy died of cancer. He was like a little brother to me. I was so upset I couldn't go to the funeral. But I set in that chair rocking as the funeral procession passed on the road beyond my back yard where I could see that hearse carrying that little casket.

I remember some good times too. When I went out for cheerleader in high school and got elected, I was so excited that I set down in that old chair and started rocking so fast and so hard that the chair flipped over and I went flying onto the floor. And the time my sister went to school to be a hairdresser and she came home the first day with orange hair. That time dad set down in the old rocker and just shook his head in denial.

Even though that rocker is gone, it lives on in my memories of me and sis wrapped in mom's arms, warm and safe singing "Amazing Grace.". I haven't forgotten you old friend. My thoughts have gone to you many times over the years. When I rocked my own children I closed my eyes and felt your strong arms around me. When my husband died I wished I had you to curl up in as you caught my tears in your old fake leather. As the world struggled with Covid and my friends began to get sick and some of them going on to be with the Lord I could have used you to snuggle in.

I believe with all my heart that God was in that chair, just rocking and waiting for when I needed Him.