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Assunta and a Bag of Food

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ASSUNTA AND A BAG OF FOOD

This thought crossed my mind this morning around 7:30 a.m. “God has a great way of telling me that sometimes I can be asshole.”

Assunta, the old woman of 97 who had fourteen children, (that’s right, 14!) just walked by my door. It is 7:30 a.m. I was sitting on the steps having my morning espresso with a cigarette. It is a cloudy day. One of the few we’ve had and I was feeling blue as usual. Feeling sorry for myself, feeling old, my legs are sore from walking up a steep hill yesterday at the bi-weekly street market with Lucia.

Assunta, all dressed in black, carried her cane in one hand and a bag in the other. The bag contained food. Assunta stopped to show me what she had and to say that the bag was for “una vecchia”, an old lady, who wasn’t feeling well and couldn’t cook for herself. The “una vecchia” was probably years younger than Assunta herself.

As I watched her walk up the incline of my via with her cane in one hand and the bag weighing her down in the other, I laughed and thought, “God has a great way of telling me that sometimes I can be asshole.”

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