

Our Mary

It's your fault we get possessive
and think you belong only to us SAGE folks.
Fifteen years working in the most trafficked space
on campus, handy for us to interrupt,
like all you have to do is take care of us.
Diligent and prompt, you solve all our SAGE problems.
Cheerful. Inviting.

Our Mary, you're not just ours.
Event planner and conference organizer
all across campus: finding classrooms and tools;
supervising brochure design, printing, and mailing.
Energetic. Creative. Hard working.
Charismatic humanitarian in the world.
Busy lady, you're everybody's Mary.

And yet, you get personal with us.
Need a ride to a medical appointment?
You offer to drive. Can't make a commitment
to host an excursion? You leave your office
and come with us on the bus. Sitting alone
waiting a turn? Beautiful lady in your delicate skirt,
black and white print, you come by
and sit on the ground with me:
How is your son doing? How is your garden?
Our Mary, friend, with us one by one, listening.

Caring helper, your bubbly laugh
and gracious spirit infects us all with zest and joy.
Our Mary, as Shakespeare says in King Henry the 6th,
"In thy face, we see the map of honor and truth."

Alice Bolstridge
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with SAGE Steering Committee