

Essay Excerpt

Jennifer Ochstein

Prayer Walk

But wherever you go, go.

Charles Foster, *The Sacred Journey*

When I was a little kid, maybe seven or eight, I walked eighteen miles once. It is the stuff of our family legends. I've never done that as an adult. I, or rather we—my Mom, my older brother Ken, and I—walked to get away from my grandmother. We lived with Grandma on and off because my single mom often couldn't afford a place of her own.

My grandmother spent most of her time in her overstuffed La-Z Boy, watching television—televangelists and soap operas mostly. She smoked her Virginia Slims, whose butts were piled high in the ashtray on the table next to her chair so that its arms were littered with ashes. And there she remained, drinking her Folgers, cup after cup after cup.

To read the full essay, purchase Issue 2 of The Lindenwood Review.