

## Jewelry Should Never Be left in a Garden

The intentions of a person can be, and often are, mistaken. More mistaken than this thing called love that so many purport to know about, yet can never fully grasp the perimeters of its depth, its height or the breadth of the drag net it uses to keep humanity in a state of constant flux between strain and elation. And with all of love's doings and misdoings, we can muster up a grace to equalize its faults, but the intent of a person goes unacknowledged and discolored by another's imagination and half-information.

Until today. Today, we honor a woman whose intent has benefited many. We honor her in a way that recognizes the reality of the human spirit, subject to error and fault, and not the wild machinations of selfishness that expects perfection and abject obedience to a singular will. We recognize a woman who has remained dedicated in the face of surly opposition, far from perfect but a good deal closer than others dare to venture. She was never all things to all men, but she has remained something to a few, and to those she has been consistent.

Whether over a pot of gumbo, or a word of gossip, she is the same, never relenting on what she believes to be true; a trait instilled and passed on to her children and grandchildren. She has enjoyed sixty-five years of celebration and struggle, hope and disappointment, coupled with changes few of us could fathom, or imagine. We may not all agree with her, and that's okay, because we are all individuals following our own interpretations of life; however, we can all enjoy her company and see our human ways in her human ways.

Every one here has been influenced by Ruby Washington directly, or indirectly, especially if you find yourself saying, "I'm just saying..."