



Gift from the Pacific

The rock on the counter next to the stove has been in my family for sixty years. Found on the beach by my father, given as a gift to my mother, a giant amber egg, smooth-birthing fossil from the sea. A fine center line, not quite a crack, umbilical to its creation. At our old house it was a paper weight, indispensable on my mother's messy desk. In our next house, on the windowsill, the mother lode among beach treasures—spiraling shells, sea glass, twists of ghostly driftwood. After my mother died, I wanted the rock—now dull with age. It weights in place the crooked lid of the copper pot I took from her kitchen. Her favorite pot, for oatmeal, for us on foggy mornings.

—Victoria Nagel Hauzy