Monologue narrated by Grandma Morpeth

Charles called again this morning. He rang from Buladelah and then from Wauchope to tell us he was on his way. The third time the phone rang we were forbidden to answer it. I knew it was Charles; I saw him in my mind, driving along the dirt road in his shining silver car, his golden hair blowing in the wind. My first-born son – so different from his tough, big-boned brothers. I know I shouldn’t have favourites but not a day goes by when I don’t long to see him.

My husband is a good man. The crops are abundant and the cows are far. We work hard and read the Bible every day. We are Pentecostals and believe all that is written in the Book and when Samuel says that Charles has practised abominations and we will be infected by the plague he carries, I know he must be right, but my heart tells me that God made Charles, and so he must be a good man. God forgives sinners, so why cannot we forgive Charles and welcome him into our hearts? Samuel wants Charles to change his sinful ways but I know he cannot do this.

Charles was always different from his brothers – he was always a rebel and although he didn’t argue with his father, I could tell by the anger in his eyes while Samuel read from the Book in the evenings that he questioned the word of the Lord. But I could not speak of it because we are women and we don’t speak our minds. I knew he was different in other ways too – the books he read that he kept hidden from his father. Books of poetry he got from the library. These are not the kinds of books Pentecostals read.

I know Samuel grieves for Charles; I see his eyes mist over and hear his voice become gruff with emotion when he speaks of him. I know that Amy will be down by the fence in the far paddock, waiting for Charles to drive up in his silver car. I want to go down and wait with her. I want to tell Charles that whoever, he is he is still my son and I will always love him.

But I must stay here in the house with Samuel.