

**MERCY, MERCY, MERCY**

Story excerpt from

**CHLORA'S LITTLE GOODY BOOK OF THE MONTH: November**

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Photography by Rice R. Jackson, III

\* indicates links in the online version, to be released soon on  
[www.gingergeyer.com](http://www.gingergeyer.com) )

*.....upon arrival at Chlora's Aunt & Uncle's farm, in the kitchen....*

You'd think a pie contest was coming up—  
there were all sorts of pies on the sideboard—  
pumpkin, pecan, cherry, mincemeat-to-be-avoided,  
and something with meringue as high as Chlora's lofty goals.  
It would be the perfect one to throw in somebody's face.

\* recipes

The rolling pin was finally out of commission,  
resting in a sprinkling of flour.



***Gilgamesh Repeating Himself***

2010, Ginger Henry Geyer

glazed porcelain, 24" x 3 1/2 " diameter

With 6 adaptations from Sumerian cuneiform roller seals

Each crust was pinched or poked or cut out  
into a different design. Chlora was tempted to stick  
a finger in every pie, but there was no need to court trouble  
at the beginning of the visit.



***Mercy, Mercy, Mercy***

2010, Ginger Henry Geyer

Glazed porcelain with white gold, 2 parts. Pie: 2 3/4" x 10 3/4" x 10 3/4"

Adaptation of Lucas Cranach's "Last Supper" from the Wittenburg Altarpiece

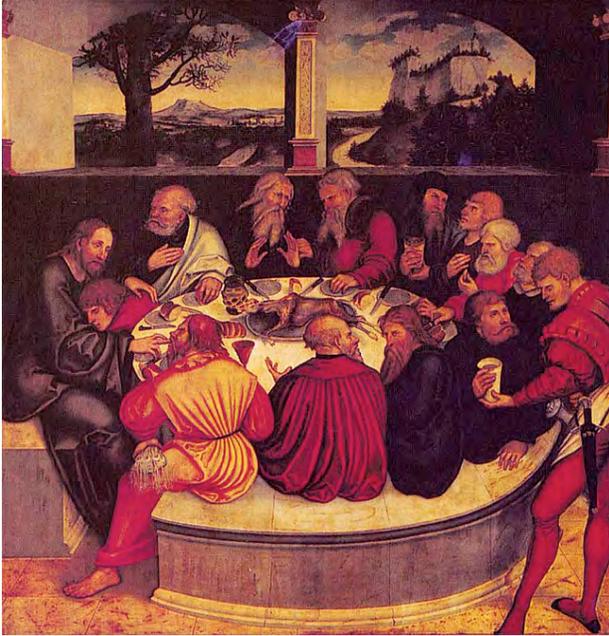
Mercy me, you're earlier than I thought and here I am  
in my apron. Aunt Helen had flour in her hair.

Here, try this warm one, it's cherry.

I didn't take time to weave a lattice crust,  
and it turned out sort of lumpy so we won't save it  
for the big dinner.

The pie was downright frumpy, like a bunch of  
Protestant reformers got a hold of it and pinched it  
with rules. Those guys started with good intentions  
but look what happened.

\* POP UP -Cranach



[Lucas Cranach the Elder, Last Supper from the Wittenburg Altarpiece](#)

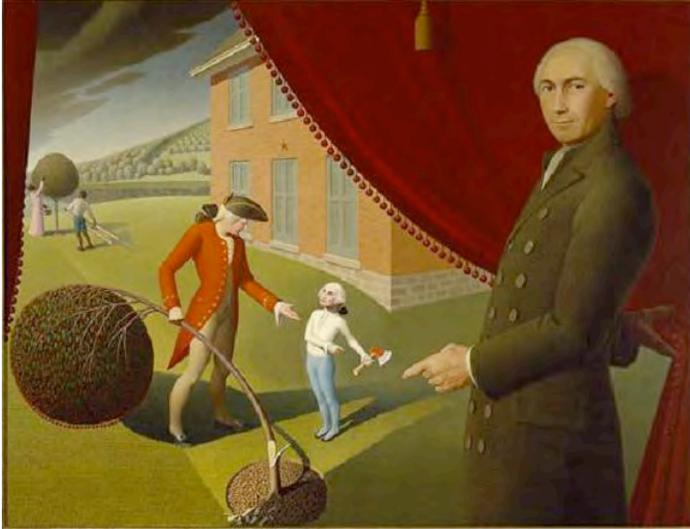
Aunt Helen handed Chlora her well-used Cutco slice & server

\*

and a hot pad, told her to be sure everybody got a fair slice of the pie. She made her cut the pieces and let her brother and sister choose first.

If Chlora didn't slice it exactly even,  
she would have to eat humble pie like when  
George Washington got caught chopping down the cherry tree.  
He couldn't lie if he tried,  
so his dad was merciful about the whole thing,  
even though it wasn't really true, but just some fable.  
He probably remembered that episode when he was old  
and had wooden dentures and bit down on a bing cherry seed.

POP UP -Wood, Parson



Grant Wood, Parson Weems' Fable, Amon Carter Museum



Detail from *Mercy, Mercy, Mercy* of Cutco Slice & Serve  
Adaptation of Grant Woods, "Parson Weems' Fable"

Chlora wondered if George Washington ever yearned for  
a bigger share of the pie, or if he worried about the missing piece,  
like when Jesus fed Judas a slice of bread at the table  
when they had their last Thanksgiving dinner  
which was supposed to be a peace meal,  
but then Judas ran off and betrayed him anyway.

Pie Jesu, as the song says, have mercy!

POP UP SONG,

Faure

Was George Washington at the first Thanksgiving dinner?  
Or maybe it was Thomas Jefferson, the one who cherry-picked  
verses for his own Bible, sort of like pundits do.

Chlora couldn't remember.

History was always more memorable  
if you had been there yourself.



Detail of hot pad, with Gabriel Faure's Requiem, on *Mercy, Mercy, Mercy*

Chlora cut skinny pieces of pie and while everybody got distracted by the dog, she put the cherry pie far back in the cupboard. She would hoard the rest of it for herself.

Uncle was looking at his Farmers Almanac  
which was predicting bad weather a year in advance.  
He offered them a Coke.  
No more Cokes! You kids will get gas!  
How bout milk with your pie? We're out at the moment.  
And since old Blessy went on to greener pastures  
I can't fetch you any fresh creamy cow's milk,  
so you'll just have to settle for some of that  
homosexualized milk from the store.  
Chlora said that was just fine with her and poured herself  
a big fine glass.

Chlora savored her slice of cheery cherry pie  
while Aunt Helen told of her widow friend  
who ate a piece of Mrs. Smith's frozen pie every single day  
for a year, in honor of her dead husband.  
Chlora wasn't sure how this honored her husband,  
but then a ritual is a ritual, and somehow they're important  
no matter who you are.

.....*Later, at Thanksgiving dinner.....*

They'd made it to dessert time with no skunks  
or political arguments, and the dessert parade began.

POP UP parade song from The  
Music Man



***Mercy, Mercy, Mercy***

Chlora brought out the cherry pie that  
she had hid in the cupboard the day before.  
What IS that missing piece ?  
Who gets to eat the humble pie?  
But they didn't speculate about it for long and  
and polished off the pie in no time flat.  
Humble pie had nothing to do with true humility.