**Psalm for Olivia**

Olivia: meaning Olive Tree in Latin. The **olive** tree is a symbol peace, and resolution in the Bible, as the olive tree mentioned several times in the Old and New Testaments. The olive tree represents the Promised Land, a place of abundance and joy. For centuries, the olive tree has represented a symbol of hope, faith, and security for people around the world.

Oleeva, is how we say your name your name in the family. But your name is Olivia, which is Latin for olive tree. We know tree roots hang on to water, memories, people, and things like the

**O**ld lovers’ statute that you kept for fifty years. This statue began its journey with you when you were a young woman, who had her own apartment, decorated with album covers, while good music played in the background. The house infused with the scent of burning incense cones and sticks. A wicker chair to pose for single lady pictures before you went to the promised land of marriage,

**L**iving as a twice married woman. The first groom upon hearing the preacher say, you may salute your bride, raised his hand to his head a gave you a military salute then kissed you, to the awe and joy of everyone in your aunt’s living room. A wedding picture framed in the golden haze of time captured that day. Your second time around to a dapper Ray of light who covered all four corners of the dance floor with his bride.

**I**t came as a surprise when you announced your intent to journey into motherhood. But you made up your mind and dedicated yourself to a son and daughters. You provided a home, a place of abundance and joy, an olive tree for them to rely on. Next, you declared a

**V**acancy in Wisconsin, packed up, and moved on to promised lands in Florida and your birth state of Mississippi, but you eventually returned home to the winter lands of Wisconsin.

**I**gnited by curiosity you were always seeking a home in other places but eventually realized the home was inside of you when you were ready to move in.

**A**nother adventure awaits you; I know you have your cigarettes and a lighter in your pocket, and you are smoking as I read this poem. A chariot, a team of horses and purple fields await you. But more importantly, Olivia, I hope you claim your olive tree, your promised land, your abundant home.

Written by Michelle Caples(cousin)