

“Wawa Music”

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The Gadfly invites “local color” creative pieces of this sort. See other examples by clicking “local color” on the sidebar.

We are a divided country, they say. You wouldn't know that if you pass through the doors of my Wawa on Eighth Avenue during the morning rush. It's always a bit of a jam, but those narrow passageways are zones of perfect harmony filled with constant comments of gratuitous grace. If you listen you can hear shared humanity. I call it Wawa music. *You first . . . After you . . . Ooops, pardon me . . . Let me get that for you . . . I'll hold it! . . . Need help with that? . . . No rush . . . No trouble . . . No problem.* What! No problem? Think of that! No problem! No problem for a me to do something for a you, for you to do something for me. All it takes is someone holding a door for you – whether with arms beefy, skinny, smooth, wrinkled, shaved, hairy, flabby, sweaty, scarred, perfumed, black, brown, white, or tattooed – to restore faith in common bonds. And it happens to me every morning right there on Eighth Avenue.

Edward J. Gallagher

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The Gadfly wrote this on the double whammy day when Paul Manafort was found guilty and Michael Cohen pleaded guilty. And we feel ever more dangerously split after this past week. God save us.