

Sitting with Jesus with L.H. Sigourney, October 2026 by Sara Kumar

“How beautiful the Sabbath morn, amid
The quietness of nature. Spreading trees,
And the simplicity of rural life
Best harmonize with its divine intent[.]”
~L.H. Sigourney from “Sabbath Morning.”

I love rural life, but I need to live near the city,
not far from Dallas, and here is a photograph,
from yesterday, October 6, 2026,
in Frisco, Texas.



I went to Leonard, Texas with my mother
on a weekday in May of 2024,
just before closing time,
and let's prepare so lovingly
for Advent, sweet sisters.

Leonard is to the northeast of Frisco,
where I live and write poetry
and do systems engineering.

I'm also a playwright,
and I enjoy thinking about pendulums,
like the one at Griffith Park in Los Angeles
that moves so beautifully.

Leonard was not known to me for awhile,
but there was an antique shop in Leonard,
that was being advertised on Facebook
called the St. James Collectables and Gifts shop,
just in that way.

On that day, in May of 2024, I found this book,
there at that antique gift shop,
written some time ago,
by the poet, Mrs. L.H. Sigourney,

and I've looked up her name on Britannica online. Mrs. Lydia Huntley Sigourney was known as the "Sweet Singer of Hartford," and she worked as an educator, in Connecticut, during the early nineteenth century.

Here are two photographs of the book, "Select Poems of Mrs. L. H. Sigourney," that was published by Edward C. Biddle in 1842 in Philadelphia.





After marrying Charles Sigourney in 1819, Lydia Huntley devoted much time to writing, eventually publishing some 67 books and many articles over the course of her career.

It's Wednesday afternoon here in Frisco, and I'll look briefly at the first poem, entitled "Sabbath Morning."

I'd like to pray on Sunday mornings, there's a beautiful Black Catholic Church in South Dallas, named St. Anthony Catholic Parish.

A poem is a kind of literature with form, that helps the reader see a journey.

Mrs. Sigourney mused with God
about the beautiful Sabbath morn,
like Duke Senior mused in Shakespeare's
"As You Like It," about the countryside of Arden.

There were, perhaps, unpleasant images in both
authors' minds
"pompous cities" and
the "flow unceasing thro' their crowded streets."

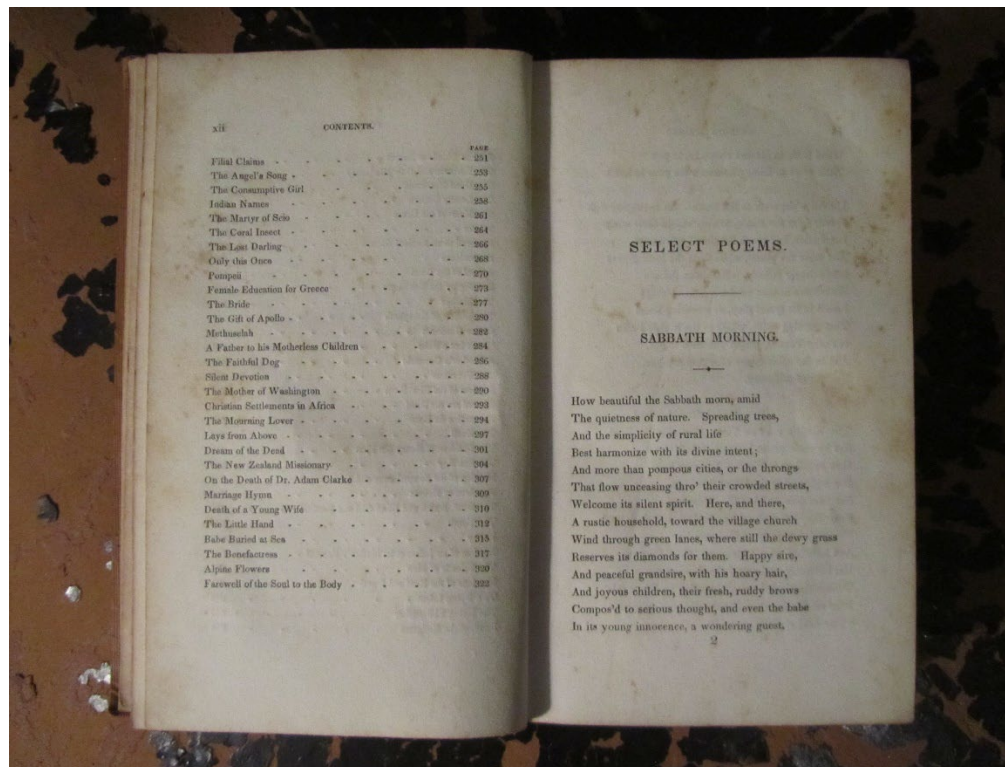
I'm hearing Alabanza,
and I'm dreaming about Manhattan,
and how do we, as writers, show something
that is unpleasant, in our memory?

And it was a gardening hoe, and peculiar it was
That was in the woman's hand,
As she watered the grass, beside a bird.
And this bird, near Columbus Circle,
Tried to kill another bird nearby.

I need to live, said the bird, nearby,
Who had a red feather, and who loved
To feel the damp grass under his feet.

And the bird, who saw this red feather,
 Heard the sounds of traffic, and he felt calm again.
 And more birds came to this patch of grass,
 Near Columbus Circle, to drink the water,
 And to feel the damp grass under their feet.

And the bird with the red feather was safe,
 And he was happy again.



Jacques in Shakespeare's play was not depicted
 as being complimentary about the schoolboy
 on his way to school,

but Mrs. Sigourney wrote of
the "joyous children," whom she described as
"Compos'd to serious thought."

How, sweet sisters, do children wonder
about pendulums, so lovely

Also, a baby in her mind is a "wondering guest,"
and let all babies have warm homes with guud food,

I wonder how many babies there will be in the pews
at the Divine Liturgy this weekend.

Let me repeat this line of hers, if I may:
"Heaven whispereth to the Earth."

And the winds unfold and touch the oceans
and the plants that move,
Alabanza.

But Mrs. Sigourney admonished, in a way,
the temporary fate of St. Paul,
a man who was imprisoned at Patmos.
Why did he suffer so, when he loved so much?

Oh dear Lord, please save me from pain,
this afternoon.

Mrs. Sigourney continued her poem
with a praise of true virtue,
and she mused with God on "His words /
Who on this day despoil'd the conquering grave."

She ended her poem with hopeful words,
and she saw a man freed, leaping up,
and putting on glorious garments.
Oh dear Lord, please save me from despair,
this afternoon.

Here is a photograph of me standing,
in the antique store, later that summer,
when we returned in August of 2024.



Sara Kumar has a B.S. in Electrical Engineering from Rice University and an M.A. in Faith and Culture from the University of St. Thomas. Sara is currently serving as a teaching artist for The Rhapsody

Theatre in Frisco, Texas. She has written, helped organize, acted, read, and composed music in many differing artistic events over the years.

Sara especially loves responding with contemporary pieces to Shakespeare's pieces and writing about ancient and new intersections of culture, faith, science, and reason. She is editing and writing a play piece, these days, about Andrew Johnson's family life and his politicking and about the family and political lives of Black American entrepreneurs during the Reconstruction era in America.

And let there be peace and freedom, now, for all,
St. James and Jesus, pray for us.