Each night as Anne drifted slowly into sleep, she permitted herself to see the GANO grain elevator as a magnificent cathedral rising above a tiny European village. She saw the asphalt main street under rain, the pink and blue reflection of the only neon sign in town, how the headlights of Leon Welch’s Ford pickup became two luminous whales passing beneath the street’s surface, the great inland sea of Kansas. At the west end of the street, Bud Neely’s hardware store with its dream of No. 4 sandpaper and a bucket of semi-gloss. The Mobil station where elderly Mr. Andrews was robbed of thirty-seven dollars and closed the next day. Dwayne’s Good Times Tavern, where no one had ever dared to, and never would, enter the men’s restroom, where Mr. Andrews shot himself.

Her husband, Tom, lay in bed beside her, staring at the stars she had painted on the ceiling and listening to the litany of sighs from semis down-shifting along the highway. All those spaces between the stars. That was the romantic part. Those distant headlights, the stars themselves. That was just the sex part. When Tom reached over to hold her hand, she thought of him as a young man with his buddies working combine crews north as far as Canada, shirts off and deeply tanned in the photographs he sent home.

Last Sunday at All Souls over in Bethel, the priest’s sermon caused her to think of the resurrection, the mystery of it, and her difficulty trying to imagine it. But she loved the simple phrase, Jesus rose, because it made her think of Jesus as a man, and that made her think of Tom in the photographs. Oh, to fall in love with a man named Jesus Rose. Mrs. Jesus Rose.