Sunday Morning at St. Paul’s

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Abstract

The sunlight danced in the colored windows. It flooded the depths of the church. Jonathan Edward sat very very still between his mother and his great Aunt Julie...
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The sunlight danced in the colored windows.
It flooded the depths of the church.
Jonathan Edward sat very very still
  between his mother and his great Aunt Julie.

Jonathan Edward was seven years old.

He was impressed.

Everywhere he looked there were ferns.
Long delicate sprays of ferns.
The minister stood in a shaft of sunlight
  and told about the Holy Trinity.

There was the Father,
  the Son,
  and the Holy Ghost.

And the Son sat on the right hand of God the Father.
And the Holy Ghost sat on the left.

Jonathan Edward was impressed. Deeply

He looked up
  where the sunlight danced in the colored glass windows,
  And he pictured the Holy Trinity.

God sat on his golden throne
  And he had a beard like Pete the milkman.
  And at his feet were ferns,
  long delicate sprays of ferns.

On his right hand was the sun
  which was a great white ball of fire.

On his left sat the holey ghost
  who was covered by a white sheet
  that had two holes in it for his eyes.

—Sarane Thompson, H. Mgt. Jr.