One Glad Morning

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It’s still one of her favorite stories to tell. I imagine, the little girl was wearing one of those big, fluffy dresses, white, with shoulder pockets so tall they itched her ears. The milk white tights were dead in contrast to the white patent leather shoes shining from her little feet. They were going to Granddaddy’s church...again. Her brother sat abreast, almost picture-perfect in a little man’s suit. The kids called him Jimmy. When Mommy opened the back door, Jimmy looked up and whined, “We don’t want to see Jesus today,” his arm hung over the little girl’s shoulder. She did her part and shook her head “No.”