

The Good Girl

Oh she's so pretty, Claire thought, as she saw the beautiful blue robed woman leaning against the tree. Is she smiling at me? Daddy is crying and so is Grandma. Should I be crying too? But the lady is smiling at me.

“Daddy, daddy do you see her?”

“Shh Claire,” Daddy says, “the Minister is talking.

“Do you see her?”

“See who Claire?”

“The blue lady over there,” said Claire as she pointed toward a tree about 100 yards away.

“I don't see anyone over there Claire.”

How could Daddy not see her? The light around her was so bright that it was sending sparkling rainbows all over him and the brown box that everyone was looking at.

Maybe if I could get Daddy to get closer to her he'd see her, Claire thought. So she tugged on his hand again. “Daddy come with me so you can see her. Please? Please?”

“Claire,” Daddy's voice was much lower and stronger than before, “Maybe after we say good bye to Mommy, I'll go with you. OK?”

“But why do I have to say good bye to Mommy? Isn't she going to bring me to gymnastics tomorrow? I don't want to say good bye. I want to go see the pretty lady.”

And suddenly Claire broke away from Daddy and ran toward the lady in blue. “Mommy, mommy wait for me,” she cried. And the beautiful lady enveloped her in her arms and whispered in her ear, “Be a good girl Claire and go back to Daddy. Don't worry, you'll always be able to see me whenever you want. I'll never say goodbye.”

Daddy was saying, “Claire, come here baby,” as he picked me up off the ground and carried me back. I will be a good girl Mommy I promise, I silently said to the lady in blue, as I took the rose from my Daddy and placed it on the brown box.

Gwen Sibley