

Sarah

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Sarah

It was a normal Sunday morning. “Normal” is getting up going to church and coming home. Little did I know that I was going to fall in love.

The entire Primary Unit had just gotten out of Sunday School and was sitting in a large room full of chairs.

We were waiting for the teacher to come in and lead us into the auditorium to listen to the pastor speak. I heard a voice near me say: “Hey dumbbell! Whatcha doing in my seat?” I paid no attention. I didn’t know she was talking to me. “Yo...” she started. I looked round and saw a girl with blond hair and a blue dress on.

“Yeah, what do you want?” I asked.

“Out of my seat, bozo!” she replied.

“No. Go fly a kite,” I said.

“Why you little ball of slime! You nerd!” she shouted.

“Shut up,” I said.

I heard a voice yell from the back of the room. “Yo, Keith.” I looked around. Kingston was telling from the back of the room. “Come here, he said. I got up and walked over to him.

“Yeah, what do you want?” I asked.

“Well?”

Before he could speak, Mrs. Kennedy came in and told us to sit down. I sat down beside Kingston. Mrs. Kennedy started to pick out a seating arrangement that would keep us quiet during church. It rarely ever worked. I, by luck, had to sit beside the girl I had the squabble with earlier. I got up and walked over to the line of kids. The girl was in front of me and Kingston was in back of me. I stood there waiting for about two minutes but she just sat there. “Come one hot stuff. Get in line.” She looked at me funny, smiled and got in line. Then she started to laugh. I whispered to Kingston. “Who is she?”

“Her name is Sarah. I don’t know her last name,” he replied.

“How do you know?” I asked.

“She lives with us at Christ’s Home,” he answered.

“Oh,” I said.

We filed out of the room to the auditorium. The rest of the day went uneventful.

The next Sunday I came out of the third grade class to see Sarah sitting in a chair in the back of the room all alone. I walked over and sat down beside her. She looked at me funny. "Hiya, hot shot!" I said.

"Hi," she replied. She seemed down.

"What's your name?" I asked.

"Sarah," she answered.

"I know that. What's your last name?" I asked.

Then I saw her study book. It was a second grader's book and they always have a person's full name on it. I tried to grab it and read the name but she was quicker. "No!" she yelled out as she stomped on my hand. I screamed. "Yeow!" Then she started to laugh. (she was a various humorous person. She liked to laugh a lot.) She kept laughing until the teacher came in. Mrs. Kennedy told us to line up. Again I got behind Sarah. We walked out and sat down in the auditorium. Then Sarah started getting fresh. She got real close and started to stroke my hand. I got a real warm feeling all over. She started tickling me and blowing in my ear. I did the same to her.

Twenty minutes later we filed out of the auditorium and Sarah and I were holding hands. No big deal now, but it was then. Doug and Steve started calling us names. I felt right at home with Sarah even with the name calling.

We were a bit rowdy when we entered the Primary Room, so the teacher split the boys and girls up. I got to sit behind Sarah. I got up close to her and whispered something into it that made her giggle. I sat back and looked at her dress. It had little pink flowers on white fabric. She had a band of white fabric tied around her waist. Kingston must have known what I was thinking because he leaned over and said "Go ahead. Untie it." I leaned forward and went to untie it, but I didn't get a chance to. Church let out and everyone could leave. I said goodbye to her and went home.

The next week I came out the third grade class and looked for Sarah but she wasn't around. "That's strange," I thought. I walked over to Kingston and asked: "Where's Sarah?"

"Uh, she left with her father sometime last week," he replied. "Oh," I said. I was heartbroken. I never saw her again. I miss her every now and then. I regret that I never found out her last name.