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COMMUNION

by

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Communion was in progress in the First Methodist Church. The soft gleam of the candles in tall standards, the sheen of the silver service, the purity of the snowy linens were conducive to meditation and retrospect. Mrs. Whitney had been served and was sitting in her accustomed pew on the north side of the church. Mrs. Jenkins was quietly awaiting her time at the altar in her regular place on the south side.

While the organ played softly, Mrs. Whitney allowed her thoughts to wander to other communicants around her.

"There sits Elizabeth Jenkins awaiting her turn," she thought. "Well, she needs to go to the altar and ask forgiveness for that remark she made about my little grandchild the other day. I haven't spoken to her since, and I simply ignored her when I came into church this morning. But we have been friends for a long time. I miss her in so many ways."

The organ music flowed on endlessly making a background for the soft tread of moving feet, the tiny clink of glasses, the quiet, reverent voice of the minister as

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he offered the sacrament.

"I wonder if Sally really was naughty that day at Sunday School. Mrs. Simpson told me what Elizabeth Jenkins said, but never did say what Sally did. She's always carrying tales. And maybe Elizabeth had plenty of reason to say what she did. I think I'll make it a point to see her after church and see if we can be friends again." Mrs. Whitney, having made her decision, waited somewhat impatiently until the benediction was given.

On her way across the front of the church, she almost ran into Mrs. Jenkins who was hurrying toward her.

"Helen, please forgive me for that remark I made about Sally. I really didn't mean a word of it. I don't know what possessed me to say such a thing about as lovely a child as your Sally." Mrs. Jenkins took Mrs. Whitney's outstretched hand.

"Elizabeth, I was just coming over to tell you that I am sure you had good reason to say what you did. Really, Sally is almost getting out of hand. I tell her mother so every day, but you know these modern mothers. They haven't much control over their children. Come home with me to dinner today. I have a new d  ssert I want you to try."

"Oh, Helen, I'd love to. I was going to eat dinner up town all alone, and that's no way to eat Sunday dinner."

The two friends went up the aisle together arm in arm. They turned to look back at the damask covered altar where the candles still glowed.

"This is always such a beautiful service. Somehow it gets your thoughts clear about a lot of things," Helen said.