

Forgiveness

By Loweta Kimball

The King James version of the Bible teaches us to forgive our fellowman for doing wrong against us. And, when we do, we will feel better. "Forgive them for they know not what they do." But, what about those who know they know they are doing wrong? Do they get the same measure of forgiveness, 70 x 7?

As a teenager, we don't think about forgiving others since that time in our lives seems more emotional charged. We think some people are just mean and selfish.

My senior year in high school was both exciting and an eye-opener to forming friendship. A major event prior to graduation was the senior class Spring Dance. Everyone was to attend but not as couples.

Tradition was to have those students who took home economics prepare the refreshments and make the decorations as well as hand make some part of their wearing apparel. I earned an A grade in this discipline each semester so I was eager to show off my talents in each of these areas. The outfit I chose to make was a poodle skirt in the school colors, red and blue with an appliqued black and white poodle on the front. A two layer crinoline slip made the skirt twirl. The crocheted red pull-over sweater took the longest to make.

All were completed about three weeks prior to the event so I had plenty of time to practice my dancing, especially the Texas Hop which was the dance craze at the time. My friend Billy L. was sharp at those movements. Billy L. and I spent hours studying together and usually earned the highest grades in literature, social studies, and home economics. He also didn't seem to mind pushing me in my wheelchair on school outings.

My roommate, Jane didn't take her class work seriously and was usually late turning in assignments. I wasn't surprised when she said she would not attend the dance. And she made no outfit.

By the time the dance weekend arrived, I was too ill to go. Jane, on the other hand said she would go to the dance if she could wear my outfit. I was shocked at her asking but thought the only way my poodle skirt could be seen was if someone else wore it, so I said yes, but made her swear she wouldn't damage it. She couldn't wear the sweater because her bust was too big.

I didn't hear her leave or return but the following morning I found the poodle skirt hanging on a hook by the door instead of on a hanger. The skirt was quite wrinkled but no tears found so I pressed it out and stored in a box under my bed. The outfit was not appropriate we wear to the graduation ceremony.

I didn't see Jane or Billy L. in the days following the dance. Both seemed pre-occupied.

After graduation I went home to my parents. Mama marveled at the detail on the poodle skirt and my brother danced the Texas Hop with me. Somehow I didn't feel excited wearing the

outfit. I guess the thrill was gone!

So, back to the storage box.

Shortly before leaving for college I received a note from Jane announcing her engagement to Billy L. and inviting me to her bridal shower. The note said she was requesting intimate apparel. I sent her the poodle skirt!

Did I feel better? No! Have I forgiven? Well!