

A Special Invitation

By Natalie Lawson

My father was very strict about us staying close to home; therefore I still don't remember how it was that when I was invited to a friend's home for her birthday, I was allowed to participate in an overnight stay. We were in the second grade class together. Anne happened to live on a farm with horses. I never had seen a horse before except in pictures. The ride out to the farm in itself was just as fun. It was quite an experience for me to be around girlfriends without my parents. I felt so important and grown-up.

I was very shy. I thought there was something wrong with me because at the time, I was actually a first grader, but we were being taught by Mrs. Crys, the second grade teacher. Miss Sweet, the first grade teacher, refused to teach Spanish children. As you can see the invitation was a blessing that only I in my heart realized that I was just like everyone else. I truly believe the invitation was certainly a turning point in my young life.

Looking back I also remember how happy I was, three years later, when we moved to our own farm and lived happily ever after.