

## Divine Intervention

*By Sheila Johnson*

Barely thirty-six months, there she lay peeking at the man in the moon underneath the colorful paisley quilt fashioned by Grandma's hands.

She listened to the white noise of crickets that blocked out the dark noise of household quarrels. There she lay barely thirty-six months.

Trying to match not-yet-perfect words with the language of bright stars against the night sky, she lay giggling at morning memories made with big brother much older than thirty-six months.

Dancing with the shadows of the maple tree just outside of her window, she happily moved embodying the image of her mother, the demeanor of her father, and thirty-six months of homemade dysfunction.

Unknowing the dangers of this world, not fearing fly nor lion, thirty-six months of innocence created stories far longer than her years.

Her silent energy worked well beyond a thirty-six month-old's bedtime curfew tiring her mind and her body.

Carelessly, she drifted into a slumber filled with earthly and heavenly dreams as God tucked in thirty-six months of pure joy.

This was my earliest memory of God at thirty-six months old.