

ANGEL WINGS

A Dramatic Reading

by

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The last rays of the setting sun cast long shadows across the lawn, as a tall boy in khaki stepped out of the old farmhouse. Just outside the door he turned and put his arms around the bent shoulders of an old, old lady who vainly tried to restrain her tears.

“Now, now, Grandma, don’t look so sad. You aren’t going to let me see you cry, are you? Now come on, smile--that’s a good girl--Good-bye! Take good care of Dad and Shep,” then he turned to the gray-haired man who stood silent in the background.

“Good-bye, Dad.”

“Not yet, David, I’ll walk with you to the gate.”

Arm in arm they walked down the old path between the poplars. They did not speak until they reached the old gate facing the highway.

Then John laid an arm about David’s shoulders.

“Son--before you go I want to talk to you a little. You, perhaps, have wondered why I’ve never told you much about your mother. Somehow, I couldn’t. Of course you know she died when you were born. Well--at first--I thought I couldn’t go on. The years ahead seemed empty and useless without her--never to see her again--never to hear her voice--I wanted to go with her--but I couldn’t. You see, I had you. You needed me, so I stayed. I wanted to be more than a father to you--I tried to take your mother’s place--a little. I was kind of a failure on that--but I tried--”

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