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Serendipity in Blue

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Tailored suits line the closet of the double wide as Sunday morning rush comes to a close. The bow tie threatens my neck as he bends down to straighten it before we leave for church.

My father has just finished explaining to me that I could not go out with Amanda because I was only twelve and shouldn’t lose my innocence so early. My jaw clenches as his hand brushes my face when he finishes.

Just one more day, and we can all go back to Mom’s.

He ushers us down the hallway that creaks and smells of old linoleum. Outside, the treehouse looks disheveled in the morning fog as the 1990 Jeep Cherokee fails to start again.

“Let’s all pray,” my father says, putting his head down onto the cracked steering wheel that reeks of old grease and cigarettes.

My siblings and I bow our heads in succession and chant in unison to the wonderful creator of all things to make this ancient vehicle start. It does.

That’s the power of prayer. It’s definitely not just that it is cold and the engine needed to heat up.

The ride to church is characterized by the Farfield Four singing acapella Christian blues that my father beeps and bops to all the way while my three-year-old brother, Andrew, sticks his finger into his nose and then onto my face, laughing hysterically as I gag. Mackenzie, my little sister, got shotgun today, which is typical for Daddy’s little girl.