



“First Communion” (Photo: Pinterest)

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for this day, Carole.”

First Communion

Theodore Jerome Cohen

“**Y**ou can’t imagine how I’ve been waiting for this day, Carole.”
“I know, Mary, our household has been in turmoil for weeks, what with getting Samantha to church for rehearsal, to a fitting for her dress—”

“I know. I didn’t think we were going to make it either. I had to run over to my mother’s and pick up *her* communion dress, rush Elise to my seamstress for a fitting, and then, hurry to the church gift shop for a new Bible. There just never seems to be enough hours in the day, what with work, having to run the house . . . well, you know, you have a job, too.”

“I know. And my Jim doesn’t have a clue. He comes home from the office, eats dinner, and watches sports on television like he has nothing better to do, while I’m breaking my back making sure everything goes as planned. Meanwhile, I’ve also had to deal with a little dust up between Samantha and her erstwhile friend, Heather.”

“Oh, what’s that about?”

“Darned if I know. One day they’re friends, and the next, I’m finding all kinds of nasty notes from Heather in Samantha’s backpack. I even got an e-mail from Reverend Lee, asking me to have a word with Samantha.”

“Well, Carole, for everyone’s sake, I sure hope they can keep it together during the ceremony!”