



As was so often the case, Weeda McVey had worked late and except for Mr. Drago, the principal, was the last staff member to leave the building. One-on-one counseling sessions had filled the day, pushing the record keeping and telephone contacts to after-school hours. Time wise, the day had been no different from yesterday or the day before. What had blasted the otherwise sameness was the bombshell Sonny Houston had dropped during sixth period. How could or should she deal with what she had been told? How could Cody Houston, Sonny's dad, a church elder and a very influential leader, have pulled off such a thing?

As she walked toward the parking area, she tried to filter out some of the confusion. Maybe she had fallen asleep and dreamed this wild tale. Glorious thought but only in fantasy! A few minutes later, she was jarred into reality when she noticed her gas gauge was on empty.

Immediately she headed for the closest service station - the Gulf - on Pendleton Street. As she was parking, a Buick LeSabre pulled in behind her. In the rear-view mirror, the driver looked like - was it who she thought it was? Almost as if by instinct, her head went down as though trying to retrieve an article from the floorboard. She could not risk coming face to face with Mr. Houston, not today. Though as a counselor she had been trained to conceal and stifle her reactions, she didn't think she was poker-faced enough to hide her thinking, much less her feelings.

Surely her eyes would belie her otherwise controlled tongue. She certainly did not want to strike up a conversation with the man so soon after what she had learned about him. Without further thought, she cranked up and sped away. Hopefully, she's have enough fuel to make it to the GP station on the road to Dellisville.

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Kyle Sanders closed his office at 6:30, relieved that the day was over. Now he could look forward to a quiet evening at Weeda's place. Every so often she opted to cook in lieu of the once-a-week dine out. He had been seeing her for about three months, and

their dating was becoming routine: dinner once a week, church on Sunday evening except when he was on call, and time together for special occasions. He wasn't sure where their relationship was headed, if anywhere, but he was certain of one thing: as of now he wanted it to continue.

At his Elm Street apartment, he had showered, shaved, and was donning a khaki outfit when the telephone rang. "Hi, Kyle, this is Weeda. I'm sorry. Something has come up, and I have to renege on my dinner offer. Nothing physical or personal, just some school 'pop ups' surfaced this afternoon. Hopefully, I'll be seeing you this weekend."

After she reassured him that school concerns were the basis for the cancellation, she hung up. A few minutes later he was scrounging around in the kitchen, trying to find something to satisfy his hunger and mollify his disappointment. He layered some cold cuts - ham, cheese, lettuce, tomato - into a sandwich and downed it with a glass of cold milk, then stretched out on the lounge expecting sleep to take over, but winding down came slowly. A semi-satisfied dissatisfaction prevailed, having mostly to do with Weeda's breaking the date. What, he wondered, had happened at Rushton Christian School that was so disruptive?

"Oh well", he said half aloud. "Who am I to complain about interruptions and cancellations?" In his thinking, that was to be expected in the life of a doctor. But it was not supposed to be so for school personnel. Their schedules were designed to be reasonable and predictable, or so he thought.

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Weeda couldn't sleep. Repeatedly, just as she was about to drift off, the thought of Sonny Houston's dilemma punctured her otherwise dozing consciousness and she was alert again.

"O Lord", she prayed, "help me to fall asleep and be unto me as You were to the Prophets of Old; give me a dream, informing me how to handle this situation, and if the dream is rendered in symbols, upon awaking, may I be given, as was Joseph, an interpretation of the dream. Thank You, Lord."