



Excerpt from Chapter 6 of: *Wings of Grace* (sequel to *Promises Beyond Jordan*)

A novel by Vanessa Davis Griggs

The doorbell rang. Maurice looked at Theresa's stomach. "Sit tight, I'll get it."

Theresa got up and walked with him. "Like you'd know who it is if they told you."

Maurice looked out the side window and shrugged. It was a woman but too dark out for him to see well. "Who's there?" Maurice said as he flipped on the outside light.

"I'm looking for Lena Patterson, please."

"And who may I tell her is asking?" Maurice said as he watched Theresa peek out.

The visitor hesitated. "Elaine. Tell her, Elaine."

Theresa got a look at the woman and hurriedly started for the kitchen. "Mama!" she whispered. "Mama! It's that woman! At the front door. Asking for you. You remember, the one who came here about two weeks ago but wouldn't leave her name?"

"Did she say who she is this time?" Lena dried her hands on a dishtowel.

Maurice walked into the kitchen. "Lena, somebody named Elaine is here to see you."

"Elaine?" Lena looked at the ceiling as she thought out loud. "Elaine? Elaine?"

"You want me to see what she wants?" Maurice asked.

“No. I’ll see.”

Theresa started walking in step with Lena. “I’ll go with you.”

“I haven’t a clue who Elaine is. Maybe she’s a salesperson or something.”

Lena went to the door and opened it. “Yes? May I help you?”

“Lena?” Elaine looked at her and smiled. “Lena, it’s so wonderful to see you.”

Lena looked at her closer. She felt as though she might have seen this person somewhere before years ago. But for the life of her, she couldn’t place when or where.

“May I come in?”

Lena was hesitant at first. But Maurice was there, and the woman seemed harmless.

“I suppose. For a minute. Actually, we were just finishing up supper.”

Elaine came inside and looked around, then back at Lena who was practically being shadowed by Theresa. Neither Lena nor Theresa offered her a seat.

“I suppose you’re wondering why I’m here.”

“You say that as though I should know you,” Lena said, still studying her face.

Elaine let out a tiny chuckle. “And you’re acting as though you don’t.” Elaine walked closer to Lena. “My name is Elaine Robertson.”

Lena smiled. “Elaine Robertson? Still not tickling a familiar ivory tune for me.”

“What about Memory?”

“Oh my memory is fine, thank you very much.”

Elaine reached out and touched Lena’s hand. “Dearie, *my* name is Memory; Memory Elaine Patterson Kane Stone Robertson. Married three times, and the man I’m with now is not my husband.” She smiled. “Memory was my given name, although I go by my middle name of Elaine.”

Theresa looked at a solemn Lena for an explanation. “Mama, who is she?”

Elaine smiled at Theresa. “Why, dearie. I’m Lena’s mother. So I guess that would officially make me...your grandmother.” She extended her hand to a frozen Theresa.

Maurice looked at Theresa. Theresa looked at Lena. And Lena stared hard at Elaine. Definitely no love lost or found at the present time between them.