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The Day Auntie Lou Saw God Nin Andrews

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Nin Andrews

THE DAY AUNTIE LOU SAW GOD

It was a day like any other day. I'd been down at the pond, catching crawdads in a bucket, watching a chicken hawk circle overhead. Auntie Lou was in the orchard picking fruit. For lunch Ma served cold biscuits and stew. Auntie Lou told us she'd been out gathering the pickling pears when it happened. The voice of God came through. *Lou*, it said to her, *I'm calling home my faithful servant, Kary Sue Mason*. Auntie Lou looked up at the naked air, and saw angels flocking like crows, though to tell the honest truth, she said, she could hardly see for the light blazing. *Mark my words*, Auntie Lou sighed deeply, forking out her spoonfuls of tomato beef stew, *Miz Mason won't be long for this world*.

Dad kept chewing his food. Ma picked a daddy-longlegs off the magnolia blossoms and carried it outside. Neither paid Auntie Lou much heed. She always had a way of forecasting doom, knowing just who was dying which week. Said she could feel 'em like fish slipping between her palms.

A day or two after Miz Mason passed on, Auntie Lou and I sat out on the porch shucking corn and picking off earworms. I asked did she recollect what the angels wore, and if they played harps or dulcimers. But Lou said it looked like she wasn't one to glimpse God's minions up close, but it must be gobs of them up there, sort of like bees on the moon.