

Mildred Madalyn Johnson

Fernando Ortega

A shy, pretty girl from East Texas
Religious and restless
Humble and kind as a person could be

She loved to sing in the choir
Loud and inspired
Her head tilted down, keeping time

Or tell stories with friends after supper
Ignoring the hour
A calico cat fast asleep at her side

And she loved to drive
Her big red car
Though she couldn't see over
The hood very far
She'd back out the driveway
And point that thing down the road
We'd say, Lord, there she goes

Her hair was silver and messy
She walked in a hurry
Worried about wasting the day

Some nights she sat at her dresser
Composing long letters
Falling asleep with a pen in her hand

And she loved to drive
Her big red car
A scarf round her shoulders
Her foot to the floor
Down to the grocery
She'd wave good-bye
And we'd pray
Lord, bring her back safe.

And she loved to drive
Her big red car
Though she couldn't see over
The hood very far
She'd back out the driveway
And point that thing down the road
We'd say, Lord, there she goes

Mildred Madalyn Johnson
Marvelous woman
I was so lucky
To call her my friend