

"The Call That Began an Uncomfortable Conversation"

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by Rebecca Enney

Last Wednesday Uncle Floyd made a difficult phone call. This whole thing going on about how Kat attacked Gator while at Downattheriver and the missing back door key (!) needs to be resolved. So, Uncle Floyd finally found Kat's mother's name, Natasha Doolittle. And he called her on the phone last Wednesday. They made plans to meet at the Cornerstone Coffee Shop for Wednesday evening. But Natasha never showed up. And she never called Uncle Floyd to let him know why.

So, Uncle Floyd called her again on Friday. But Natasha was not sure she could come that night. So, they planned to meet on Saturday morning at the Cornerstone. Actually, I was there with Trinity on the Run and I saw them talking in the little hallway across from the elevator where the side exit is.

To say the least, she was not very pleasant! Here she is! Natasha Doolittle.



Uncle Floyd explained the whole incident about how Gator had skipped church on that Sunday it snowed so pretty and how Gator threw some little stones and then threw a big rock at a bump of snow under a tree. The bump turned out to be Kat! And Kat was angry and jumped on Gator and clawed Gator's underbelly and Gator needed stitches at the Emergency Room! By the way, they are much improved by now!

Natalie responded by saying, in defense of her son, "Please remember, my son was asleep and suddenly startled awake when a humongous boulder landed on him! And I believe he carried your "son" all the way to your house!" She has a nasty disposition . . .

And, as if all that was not uncomfortable enough, Uncle Floyd still needs to tell Natasha Doolittle about his suspicion that Kat might have the key to their back door. As you can imagine, this was a very difficult conversation.

"I reckon I thank your son Kat for carrying Gator home that morning. That was a kind act." And Uncle Floyd paused and then said: "The key to our back door is missing and Gator believes that Kat might know about that."

"My son is NOT a thief!" hissed Natasha.

"I reckon you might ask him if he remembers where he placed the key after he locked our back door that day."

Natasha hissed once more, curved her tail into the air while loudly clicking her high heels on the floor as she abruptly left the coffee shop!

Sometimes God calls us to have difficult conversations. And as hard as they might be, He also calls us to do so with kindness and strength. It would be so easy to shout and hiss at Natasha. Only a very

STRONG person can have the difficult conversation and remain calm and kind. Good job Uncle
Floyd!! THE END