



*Hey, Sweet Pea!*

*It's time to enjoy a cup of tea, sit back, and relax while I tell you an Easter story from 1976. I've been around a few more decades than that, but who's counting?*

*This story involves a small girl aptly nicknamed Little Girl after the Archie Bunker show.*

*Like I mentioned, it was Easter, and like every other child, she was eager to get up and start the egg-hunting process. They had spent the evening before coloring eggs—this was way before everyone started using plastic eggs, so you needed to prepare the day before. You would hard-boil the eggs, color them, and hope that you didn't stain your hands! Little Girl's favorite color was yellow, so her grandmother made sure there were plenty of bright, sunshine-yellow eggs.*

*After church, they allowed Little Girl to start hunting for eggs. She grabbed a basket, and the search began. But let's be honest—she wasn't really looking for the eggs. She was looking for the chocolate bunny. That was the tradition, after all. Every year, there would be a chocolate bunny just for her—one she didn't have to share with anyone. Sounds like perfection, right?*

*Her grandmother shouted out the back door, "You better find all 24 of those eggs because nobody wants to be smellin' rotten eggs come summer!"*

*She searched inside and outside, finding almost all of the eggs. They were everywhere—in the bushes, in the lampstand, tucked away in a jacket, in a couch cushion, and even in a shoe! But where was the bunny? Well, that particular year, they hid it in the grandfather clock! She wasn't allowed to touch the chains or even open the clock. Oh, what a sense of humor they had! Little Girl stared at the glass until someone took pity on her and let her have the coveted bunny.*

*Little Girl actually ended up needing help to find a couple more eggs. Thankfully, they remembered where they had hidden all of them. Now, we all know those eggs were used to make deviled eggs. I've never seen a child sit down and just eat a plain boiled egg, but make it a deviled egg? That's a completely different story!*

*Her mom, Jeanie, said, "You cannot eat that bunny until after supper. I'm onto you, and I know you've been sneaking some of those jelly beans. You're gonna get sick, and you need to stop." When Jeanie spoke, you learned quickly not to argue.*

*During this time, a relative dropped by—her name was Edna. Little Girl couldn't say her name properly and always called her Eddna (pronounced Ed-da-na). It was cute when she was little, not so much when she was a teen. Edna wanted to take her to get an Easter basket and told her on the way to the store that she could have any-sized Easter basket her heart desired. Edna was crazy about kids, and she considered Little Girl to be a grandbaby.*

*The basket Little Girl chose had jelly beans, chalk, Play-Doh, a bubble wand, and—let's not forget—another chocolate bunny.*

*On the way home, Edna told her she could have some candy. After all, no one was there to tell her no, and no one would know. Sounds nice, right?*

*Once they got home, it was time to put dinner on the table. It was a smorgasbord, to say the least—sugar-cured ham, scalloped potatoes, green beans, deviled eggs, cornbread (honestly, I never did like her cornbread), and chocolate cake for dessert. We had a choice of sweet tea, Pepsi, or milk. You know my preference by now.*

*During dinner, Little Girl gulped down her Pepsi and then completely lost all her food at the table. You have never seen adults move so fast—this lady here included! Of course, Jeanie immediately knew that Little Girl had eaten way too many jelly beans, but before she could start the lecture, Edna jumped up and said, "You know what? I'm just gonna take this child and get her cleaned up." She knew well enough to get out of Dodge. Not only would the child be in trouble, but so would the adult!*

*The next Easter, in case you're curious, was completely uneventful.*

*Until next time!*

*June Kate*

