

Morning Whispers

TALE OF TWO TIARAS: PART 2

Then next princess I saw had long blonde hair and was attired in a lovely outfit with an eye-catching sash and a “diamond” studded tiara. She was maybe eight or nine years old and appeared tired. Her tiara was a bit off centered but firmly attached to her pretty little head. When I read her title of Georgia Forestry, I mentioned that I was from Waycross and we had lots of pine trees. Then I asked the young princess if I could take her photo also.

Her mother gently coaxed her into a pose. I remarked that she seemed tired and was stunned when her mother responded, “She broke both her legs two years ago and has Cystic Fibrosis, so she had to learn to walk again.” I replied that I understood somewhat, with my husband having a stroke two years ago and having to relearn how to walk. The mother continued, “She is our miracle baby,” and repeated it so others in the group, including her precious daughter, could hear.

I could not help but mentally compare those two little girls. One was dark haired and so confident

in her high heels as if she could run in them. The other was a blonde beauty struggling with each step. Both girls fulfilling their duty; both following their mothers’ lead. I was reminded of how unfair life seems at times.

Why can’t every little girl be a picture-perfect princess, but life is not perfect and not always fair. Both girls were beautiful in their own way and represented their department of agriculture well.

I relearned a lesson that day. Both girls represented children everywhere, some perfect on the outside by the world’s standards, yet always perfect in God’s eyes. The novel, “The Tale of Two Cities” came to my mind. The childhood song, “God Loves All the Children of the World,” echoed in my heart reminding me we are all made in His image and for His Glory. All those princesses and queens are winners. We all are winners when we represent God, when He reigns in our hearts and in our lives, no matter our walk of life, be it a runway, a highway or a dirt road. Blessed be the name of the Lord.

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