

The Pink Dress

There was this little girl sitting by herself in the park.

Everyone passed by her and never stopped to see why she looked so sad.

Dressed in a worn pink dress, barefoot and dirty, the girl just sat and watched the people go by.

She never tried to speak.

She never said a word.

Many people passed by her, but no one would stop.

The next day I decided to go back to the park in curiosity to see if the little girl would still be there.

Yes, she was there, right in the very spot where she was yesterday, and still with the same sad look in her eyes.

Today I was to make my own move and walk over to the little girl.

For as we all know, a park full of strange people is not a place for young children to play alone.

As I got closer I could see the back of the little girl's dress.

It was grotesquely shaped.

I figured that was the reason people just passed by and made no effort to speak to her.

Deformities are a low blow to our society and, heaven forbid if you make a step toward assisting someone who is different.

As I got closer, the little girl lowered her eyes slightly to avoid my intent stare.

As I approached her, I could see the shape of her back more clearly. She was grotesquely shaped in a humped over form.

I smiled to let her know it was OK; I was there to help, to talk. I sat down beside her and opened with a simple, "Hello."

The little girl acted shocked, and stammered a "hi"; after a long stare into my eyes.

I smiled and she shyly smiled back.

We talked until darkness fell and the park was completely empty.

I asked the girl why she was so sad.

The little girl looked at me with a sad face said, "Because, I'm different."

I immediately said, "That you are!"; and smiled.

The little girl acted even sadder and said, "I know."

"Little girl," I said, "you remind me of an angel, sweet and innocent."

She looked at me and smiled, then slowly she got to her feet and said, "Really?"

"Yes, you're like a little Guardian Angel sent to watch over all people walking by."

She nodded her head yes, and smiled.

With that she opened the back of her pink dress and allowed her wings to spread, then she said "I am."

"I'm your Guardian Angel," with a twinkle in her eye.

I was speechless -- sure I was seeing things.

She said, "For once you thought of someone other than yourself. My job here is done".

I got to my feet and said, "Wait, why did no one stop to help an angel?"

She looked at me, smiled, and said, "You're the only one that could see me," and then she was gone. And with that, my life was changed dramatically.

So, when you think you're all you have, remember, your angel is always watching over you.

