

# 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