

There was a tense silence in the pirogue. Charmaine, stern faced and jaw set, paddled in the back. Boudreaux sat miserably in the middle seat hanging his head. Their little granddaughter, Marie, sat on the bow seat smiling back at her Paw-paw.

“Maw-maw’s mad at ya ain’t she?”, Marie asked Boudreaux.

“Yeah”, Boudreaux replied without lifting his head.

“She’s mad at ya cause ya went ta sleep in church, aint she?”, Marie asked.

“Yeah”, Boudreaux replied still not lifting his head.

“She ain’t mad at me cause I stayed awake the whole time”, Marie proudly announced.

“Dats good”, Boudreaux mumbled.

“Paw-paw, did God make you?”, Marie asked.

“Yeah, God made me”, Boudreaux replied.

“Paw-paw, did God make me too?”, Marie asked

“Yeah, God made you too”, Boudreaux replied.

Marie looked at Boudreaux’s callused, wrinkled, and blotched hands - then at her own soft, round, pink hands and announced, “Paw-paw, He’s gittin better at it”.

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