

**From the Stacks**  
**By Julie Orf**  
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When I was a kid, Moma worked so hard to make Easter significant! There were no excuses for missing Easter services (actually, she did not tolerate any excuses on any given Sunday)! Moma would find just the right dresses for us girls, and the suit in a coordinating color for my brother. Daddy might get away with just a new tie. A trip to James Kahn would be the first step. She would look at socks and tell Miss Doris that she wanted a pair of socks with just a little pink on the lace. Miss Doris would usually locate them, and Mr. Sol would start showing off hats and gloves. Many times, we would try on numerous pairs of patent leather shoes in white or black for Easter. One spring, I wanted the red patent leather shoes with a T-strap at Don Perkey Shoes in Paragould. Moma said, "If you get those, then everybody's outfit will change." Yes, that year we all wore navy blue and red.

Moma had her Easter traditions, too. She would take a sewing needle and poke holes in both ends of many eggs. She would blow the egg yolk and white out of those tiny holes. After they were washed and air-dried, she would dye these eggs for an egg tree! Using pipe cleaners, she would hang the eggs from a small tree or bush in our front yard. For weeks before Easter, she would gather items for our Easter baskets. We always received a chocolate bunny, favorite candies, Bonnie Bell Lip Smackers for the girls, or a few Pepsi's for my brother. We got baby chicks one Easter! These sweet, tiny yellow fluffy birds would chirp and peek around their cage. Getting off the school bus and running inside to see my chicks one day, I was amazed that my chicks had changed colors. I now had a green chick and a blue chick. Amazingly, one chick was yellow with an orange and pink tail. My brother and Moma stood back and let me wonder. However, when I told Daddy about the change in my chicks, he calmly responded with "Are you sure?" We looked them over again and he said, "I think someone's pulling your leg!" Moma and my brother just laughed.

After attending church on Easter Sunday, Moma would prepare a special meal complete with a glazed ham, potato salad, Heavenly Hash, rolls, and carrot cake for a house full of family. Of course, most of this meal preparation took place on Saturday. We would hunt eggs for prizes that would possibly lead into a few of those dyed eggs hurled at each another. Sweet memories of Easter and then those rotten eggs would be found weeks later!

As a mom, I have tried to emulate some of my mother's fun and holiday magic. My sister, Carla, and I found a precious sleeveless button-in-the-back dress at Cracker Barrel one spring. Yes, I purchased that out of my budget Easter dress as I envisioned my older daughter with a pink bow in her hair, a little white purse, and white sandals.

This pastel patchwork with chenille bunny inspired Moma to get my boys baby blue polo shirts. I got khaki shorts because I knew what would happen to my boys in white ones. Our younger daughter wore a blue cotton dress with yellow and white flowers embroidered around the neck and puffy sleeves. The perfectly matched socks and white shoes were worn for about 30 minutes. After a beautiful Easter service, my family gathered at my sister's house. My husband, my brother, and two nephews hid eggs while those of us inside tried to keep the kids from "peering out the windows"! The shouts of "I found one!" and "Look here!" were only topped by someone finding an egg from last year. Thankfully, it was a plastic egg!

Easter memories are stirred up by the placing of Moma's tablecloth on my dining table now. The chocolate bunny wrapped in foil ready for an Easter basket reminds me of songs from Veggie Tales. And, big hair bows and pretty plaid shirts make me long for a little one to take to church again. The Southern tradition of wearing a new frock and hat, carrying a new purse, and pinning on a corsage may have gone wayside. Please take pictures, print them, and frame them to make you smile! Happy Easter!