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A White Courtship

"Look at those stars," said Peg, as she and Bob came out into the cold night air. "Did you ever see so many before? They all seem to be looking down at us."

"Yes," replied Bob, "they're out in swarms tonight. Must be a convention up there in the Milky Way."

"Snow, too," added Peg, as she stretched out her fingers to catch the falling flakes.

"Now we'll have a white Christmas," remarked Bob. "That's every youngster's dream, isn't it, Peg?" They had now reached Bob's car waiting for them at the curb. Peg paused momentarily.

"Every oldster's dream, too," answered Peg. "A white Christmas makes the day perfect. Fit's in with the picture of Christmas, and helps us to see singing angels in every falling snowflake. But Bob ..." She hesitated. And her face was serious now, as she looked up at the shining stars which even the myriad snowflakes could not obscure, "Bob, do you know what is even nicer than a white Christmas?"

"Well, you got me there, Peg." Bob replied, as he caught a serious look in her eyes.

"A white courtship," said Peg slowly. "That's the dream of every boy and girl, isn't it?"

"Yes, you're right, Peg," agreed Bob. "Every youth wants that, I think. It fits in with all his hopes and dreams of winning the loveliest and best girl in the world."

"A white Christmas makes the day perfect," said Peg. "A white courtship makes the wedding day perfect, too."

"Yes, it starts a couple off right," added Bob. "They need to erase no memories; and that must help to give them a running start on the road to happiness."

"Bob," said Peg slowly, "let's keep ours white." Then she added quickly, "It isn't you, Bob, that I fear. It's myself. I'm as much a mystery to myself as to anyone, right now. New emotions, new feelings, new hopes, new dreams -- all tangle in me now. But I want no single misstep. You'll help me, won't you, Bob?"

"Why Peg," said Bob, surprised, it's I who'll be needing help -- not you. You'll have to be the captain charting the course, or should I say, the quarterback calling the signals."

They stood silent... looking into each other's face.

"We'll help each other, then won't we, Bob?"

A lump was forming in Bob's throat. He clasped Peg's hand, and pressed it tenderly. Peg turned suddenly and gazed at the stars. Looking into her uplifted face, radiant, eager, and tremulous, Bob saw her eyes were moist -- and it wasn't from snowflakes.

"I'll not let you down, Peg," he whispered softly in her ear. "We'll keep it white, together... with God!"