Mildred Madalyn Johnson

Fernando Ortega

Mildred Madalyn Johnson
Born in the autumn of 1916
A shy, pretty girl from east Texas
Religious and restless
Humble and kind as a person could beShe 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 sideAnd 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 handAnd 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 goodbye
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

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