

WANDA:

I'm having a bad hair day up under my hat. And I look around the church self-consciously and this little old lady catches my eye. She makes me think of the church I attended when I was a little girl. She has on a little gray wig and a hat. That's how the old ladies looked when I was a girl. You know, they had a hat, and a wig, then their hair under all that. That's a lot of layers. Like I say, my mind goes back to the Holy Trinity Pentecostal Church of God in Franklinton, North Carolina. There was preaching and sweating and shouting and speaking in tongues. There was always someone walking up to altar to get saved, like some girl who later on might end up pregnant. They preached about fear of God. If you don't this and that, you're going to hell. It was a small church that sat off a dirt road. Maybe had fifty members. In the summer, it was too hot inside the church to breathe. We fanned ourselves with programs or those hand fans with the piece of cardboard stapled to a stick. There was always a picture on one side of the fan, Dr. Martin Luther King or John F. Kennedy, and advertising for a funeral home on the other side.