

THE GREY FOX

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After almost one year of grocery store work at the young age of twenty-five years, Flanders Nickels discovered a beautiful older woman who shopped there regularly. She looked to be fifty years old. No real woman ever looked as attractive as she that he had known of in his life. She was an irresistible grey fox, and he had to get to know her. Though he had never thought to ask out any of the customers of his store for a date before, this woman was different from any other customer he had waited on. She came in shopping every Friday morning at ten o'clock. And she had most comely long straight strands of grey, extending below her shoulders and with bangs across her forehead. Her eyebrows were abundant and black. Her eyes were a vivacious brown. And on her grey head always was a fetching straw hat. And she stood straight and tall and strong. And she was quite slender of physique. And she always wore an outfit that looked best on her—an outfit that Flanders thought would look great on any girl, but one which looked on her to be a very part of her beautiful self. This outfit was a long-sleeved grey plaid blouse and a grey denim ladies' vest with metal buttons buttoned up and a grey denim skirt with a yoke and with two flounces reaching down to below her knees and grey leather cowgirl's boots. Flanders had a crush on her outfit, but he had a major crush on the woman who wore this outfit. In his early chats with this woman, she confided to him her name to be "Miss Slate." Amen! She was not a "Mrs. Slate." She was a single woman then. In their later chats, she told him that she had four adopted daughters now grown up and moved out of the house. And in their most recent chat she told him that she was a born-again Christian. He was a born-again believer, too, and he told her that. This day was another Friday, his special day when Miss Slate would come shopping at his store. And in she came, ten o'clock. They chatted again, and she told him her first name this time—"Greystone." She already knew his name. This grey fox dressed in grey was called "Greystone Slate." Flanders Nickels had found the woman whom he wanted to become his especial girlfriend. Today must be the big day where he ask her the big question. He would ask her out for a date. Would she say something like, "No. I already have a man friend," and break his heart? Or would she say something like, "Yes. I'm not seeing anyone right now," and solve his loneliness with

wonderful female companionship? Flanders made sure to be at the register that Greystone came up to with her cart of groceries so that he could bag her groceries and carry them out to her car for her. This grocery store was a family grocery store here in 1987 that still offered all of its customers carry-out service. And Flanders was the head carryout man of this store. He and Greystone got to talking to each other again as he bagged up her order, and he already knew what he would say in his asking her out. He had never gone on a date before. But he planned on spending a lot of his little money on her for their date if she consented to go out with him. And he grew nervous. But he also grew excited. And as soon as they got out of the store with her grocery cart of bagged groceries he asked her the big question, “Greystone, could I treat you to a shrimp dinner at the Country Corner restaurant?”

And with no hesitation, she did confess, “I have no man friend right now.” And right after that she said, “Yes. I’d be glad to go out for dinner with you, Flanders.” And then she asked, “Could we make it tonight?”

And he looked up to Heaven and said, “Thank You, Lord. She said, ‘Yes.’” Then he said to her, “Yes, Greystone. Let’s go out for shrimp this very night.”

And she said, “I thank God that a younger man finds me still attractive.”

And that was how Flanders found himself a girlfriend who was twice his age.

That night he had his first date in his life. And he found in Miss Slate a classy older woman, down-to-earth and full of female gentleness. And she found in him a real gentleman, indeed a younger man half her age, and a real catch for any woman.

They sat at the booth eating shrimp and drinking cappuccino for two hours that evening. He had long been happy in his life with Christ as Saviour. But he had not seen his subtle loneliness inside until he found his beautiful grey fox as his companion here in this restaurant. And, not only was this first such date between the two of them a time that he would never forget, but, also, Greystone finished this date with a request, asking him, “Would you like a rendezvous with your silver fox tomorrow, Flanders?”

“Yes!” he said. “Where?”

“On one of the benches by the river between the two parks.”

“I know those benches, Greystone. We can meet there at one of the benches tomorrow at noon if that’s good with you.”

“It’s kind of romantic there.” And now Flanders had a rendezvous with a grey fox to daydream about for tomorrow.

That Saturday noon came and Flanders and Greystone saw each other coming together at the same bench from opposite directions at the same time. Greystone was once again pleasingly dressed in her grey denim cowgirl outfit and straw hat. And Flanders had on blue jeans and a short-sleeved summer shirt and black penny loafers with pennies in them and his black bucket hat, which he still called his “Jiffy hat,” from a brand name of such hats of days of ago. “Hi, girl,” he called out to her in affection.

“Hi, my guy,” she called back in admiration.

“You’re looking beautiful again today, Greystone.”

“And you are as handsome now as always, Flanders.”

“After you, milady.” He extended his hands toward the bench.

“Thank you, kind sir.” And she sat down on the bench, and he sat down on the bench alongside of her.

Both took in the scenery of east De Pere here by this river. Greystone knew much about this place. Flanders knew all about this place. For some years he had been coming here to be alone with God in his daily Bible studies and his daily prayers. He loved to worship God in his quiet time with Him outside in the weather in the warm part of the year here in Wisconsin. It was great to live in a part of the world that had all four seasons here in the Midwest. Off to the left about two blocks was Wells Park. Off to the right about two blocks was Voyageur Park. Both of these parks were his most frequent places for himself to worship the Lord outdoors alone. In front of this bench and flowing from south to

north was the Fox River. In back of this bench and also running north and south were, first a pair of abandoned railroad tracks, then beyond that, Front Street, which joined the two parks. Though this street were right in the midst of this eastern portion of De Pere, it was a rarely-used road. Its parallel street, one block away, and beyond this little road, was Broadway Street, the main street in east De Pere. Looking to the left, Flanders could see the Claude-Allouez Bridge less than one block away. That bridge connected this eastern side of De Pere to the western side of De Pere. Also to this left was the Colonial Apartments, which Flanders believed to be the oldest building in De Pere. It was told him that this building was one hundred fifty years old. That meant that it had to have been here before De Pere was. Off to the right he could see the abandoned Osen Feed Mill that bordered Voyageur Park. And also to this right he saw a cement abutment along the river with strong iron braces with which boats could be tied up by the shore and also decorative wrought iron posts four feet tall with wrought iron chains connecting them in hanging arches. He and Greystone talked together of many things here on the bench for a long part of the afternoon. He talked about how he had always wished for a girlfriend in his lost life and never found one. And now he had a real girlfriend-in-the-Lord in his saved life now all of a sudden. She talked about her four adopted daughters. They were now all grown up and moved out of her house. The oldest now was twenty-eight. The second-oldest now was twenty-six. The third-oldest now was twenty-four. And the fourth-oldest now was twenty-two. She said that they sometimes liked to flirt with men. But they were all good well-behaved young women, she did say. She hoped that she had raised them well. But her great regret in life as a Christian mother to four adopted girls was that she could never convince them to repent and become born again believers. And she was worried sick quite justifiably about where the four were going in the life to come were they to die unsaved. She had come to the point in her witnessing life with them that she could witness to them no more, and that she had to leave them in God's hands for now on.

“Maybe God will speak to them more convincingly than I can, Flanders,” she said to him here on this bench.

To this he said, “God can still save them, Greystone. After all, He saved me, and He saved you.”

“Yes,” she said, comforted. “Jesus saves.”

Just then a young boy came up to where the two sat. And he said, “Here you are, Miss Slate. We all have been looking for you.”

“Who’s looking for me, Proffery?” asked Greystone.

“All of us kids back in the neighborhood, Miss Slate. Regal is sick.”

“My Regal is sick?”

“Yeah. Real sick. He just lies there and won’t move.”

“Flanders, I’ve got to get home to my Afghan Hound,” said Greystone.

“Definitely go to him, and I will be in prayer for him,” said Flanders. And just like that Greystone was gone for now. And Flanders prayed on this bench for her precious dog.

Lo, before he got too far into his prayer he felt a presence in front of him where he sat. He stopped his prayer and looked up. Behold, a pretty young woman in a two-piece swimsuit! She had on a tempting string bikini. It was all yellow. It had a triangle-cup two-piece swimsuit top and a side-tie two-piece swimsuit bottom. And she was a curvaceous blonde. She spoke now and asked, “Flanders Nickels?”

“I am he,” he said. “Who are you?”

“I am Courtney.”

“Do you know me? I do not know you.”

“I know you, Flanders. Everybody in town knows you. But you do not know me.”

“What brought you here?”

And yet she flirted, saying, “Gawking at a two-piece swimsuit girl, Flanders?”

He was caught looking at this string bikini girl dressed so sensually, and he said, “Yeah. I’m bad.”

“Would you like to go out with me and play Yahtzee on a picnic table at Voyageur Park down the road?”

“I would love to play Yahtzee with you, Courtney, but I am already on a date with a beautiful woman.”

Looking around she said, “I don’t see any beautiful woman with you, Flanders.”

“She had to quick go home and tend to her sick dog.”

“Oh, I heard that one before.”

“You did? What do you mean?”

“That’s the oldest trick in the book, Flanders.”

“I didn’t know.”

“Don’t you get out much?”

“Today was my first date in my life.”

“Flanders, you don’t know women very well.”

“My special girlfriend would not lie to me.”

“Run away with me and let’s shake some dice, Flanders.” And the two-piece swimsuit girl shook her hips before him erotically. And he was aroused.

But he remembered the spell that his grey fox cast on him, and he said, “I cannot go out with you, Courtney, and play Yahtzee. I refuse to cheat on my wonderful Greystone Slate.”

“Greystone? That sounds like an old woman’s name.”

“She’s fifty and beautiful.”

“Well I’m twenty-eight, and I’m young and desirable.”

“You are, Courtney, but Greystone is more attractive than you, and I am more desirous of her than I am of you.”

“You would pick a woman old enough to be your mother over me who is about your own age?”

“Uh huh, Courtney. You are no Miss Slate. And I’m not sorry about that. And I remain faithful to my new girlfriend.”

“Yahtzee is always more fun if a two-piece swimsuit girl like myself were to spice it up a little bit with her body, Flanders.”

“Be gone, Courtney,” he said in firm command to this temptress.

And she left, saying to herself, “This man is no fun for you, Courtney.”

And Flanders was left alone with his thoughts. He was thinking about Greystone and her Afghan Hound Regal. And he prayed for the both of them as he sat there alone on the bench.

After his prayer was done, lo, another string bikini woman came up to him, again a two-piece swimsuit girl with a triangle-cup top and a side-tie bottom. But this young woman was a redhead, and her two-piece swimsuit was red. And she was provocatively dressed to stir up any red-blooded American man. And Flanders did like what he saw. And he took a good long look at her.

“Do you like what you see, Flanders?” this woman asked him in a sultry tone.

“I do, miss.”

“My name is Madeleine. I know you from the store.”

“Pleased to meet you, Madeleine. I cannot stay and talk. I have a woman coming back to join me on my date. She had to go away. But she will come back.”

“Too bad she is coming back. You and I could have some fun.”

“Fun? With a two-piece swimsuit girl?”

“Yeah! Wouldn’t you want some fun with a twenty-six-year-girl like myself?”

“I do not trust the kind of fun you might think of with what you have on.”

“Oh, but I don’t have to have this on for long.”

“See? There!”

“Well if you don’t want some real fun with me, would you settle for a date with me at Dairy Queen?”

“No. I already have a date, Madeleine.”

“We can share a chocolate ice cream cone and see where it goes between us from there.”

“I do not want to go out with you. I already have the most beautiful woman I ever saw for real as my girlfriend.”

“But does she have a body like mine?”

“Yeah. She does. I ask you to go away.”

“Before I go, could you at least tell me who this woman is that makes you so unapproachable to a two-piece swimsuit girl like myself?”

“It is my precious Greystone Slate.”

“I know her. She’s an old maid.”

“Old maid or not, she’s everything that you are not.”

“She’s so proper that no man will ‘have her,’ if you know what I mean.”

“I do not want to ‘have her’ as you put it. I want a good and decent companion in my life, and she is the one for me.”

“She’s no fun, Flanders. She’s one of those believers out there. All she thinks about is Christ. She will never let herself go with a guy the way I do with my guys.”

“That’s good, very good, Madeleine. It is written, ‘Ye adulterers and adulteresses, know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God? Whosoever therefore will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God.’ James 4:4.”

“I have to tell you, Flanders, ‘You are a rock in Christ.’”

“Yes?”

“You are faithful and true to your woman.”

“Yes?”

“And no woman can tempt you to sin.”

“Yes?”

“And you are a real man of God.”

“Thank you, Madeleine.”

“And I give up with you. You find a string bikini girl less desirable than you do a woman who always dresses appropriately and modestly.”

“My Greystone Slate is pretty and sexy.”

And with a disgruntled huff, the young two-piece swimsuit woman walked away. And Flanders longed for his grey fox to come back and be with him again. And he lifted up Regal to God in prayer some more.

Then a third two-piece swimsuit young lady came up to him—again the same such style of string bikini—but this one brown. And she was a brown-haired brunette, pretty, young, and showing much of herself in her skimpy apparel. She took one look at him, cocked her head to the side and smiled at him, and ran her hands down across her swimsuit cups in a flagrant flirt right at him. His eyes opened wide in a start. He had not expected this. But it did please him as a guy. But he was now on guard. This was the third time that a skimpy two-piece swimsuit woman had come to him and acted like this. And he thought to be accosted by a seductress. Then she said to him, “I bet that you would just love to do with me as I have just done with myself, Flanders Nickels.”

“I would, miss, but I already have a girlfriend.”

“The popular bagger of the town grocery store deserves two girlfriends—not just one girlfriend.”

“I am a one-woman type of fellow. And I am a Christian.”

“Who is this woman?”

“That’s my new girlfriend Greystone Slate. Don’t tell me that you know her, too.”

“I know her. She’s so righteous. I would bet that she’s a virgin.”

“That is a good thing for a woman who never married.”

“She’s so old-fashioned that she cannot go and let herself have fun as I do.”

“I’m abstinent, too. And I am proud of it.”

“I could change that for you if you let me.”

“No thank you. I never married, either, and I have thereby no right to go and corrupt my body that way.”

“My name is ‘Veronica.’ I’m twenty-four years old. I don’t know how many times that I went and did it with my boyfriends.”

“Well this boyfriend is already taken. He is taken by a moral and abstinent woman of God.”

“Did you say that you are a born-again believer?”

“Very much so, Veronica. And with me right now you are barking up the wrong tree.”

“I heard this Greystone Slate say that she keeps her body pure for the Holy Spirit, because her body is what she calls ‘the temple of the Holy Ghost.’”

“All born-again Christians are indwelt by this Holy Spirit of God. I, too, belong to God in my body and in my soul and in my spirit.”

“That woman is so old-fashioned, that I feel sorry for her.”

“I feel sorry for you that you live so wanton a life. It will come back against you if you die in your sins and you stand before Jesus at the Great White Throne Judgment.”

“As Cyndi Lauper sings, ‘Girls just want to have fun,’ Flanders.”

“As your conscience tells you, Veronica, there is fun that pleases God and there is fun that pleases Satan.”

“I don’t like talking with you, Flanders. You’re positively square. You don’t even want my body.”

“I already have God. Why would I want your body?”

“Don’t you want me any, Flanders?”

“A little, yes. A lot, no. As for my Greystone, do I want her a little? Not just a little. Do I want her a lot? Yes, a lot. What is a two-piece swimsuit girl compared to a grey fox all duded up in gray denim?”

“I lose a handsome guy to a woman old enough to be my own mother,” said Veronica with a spit upon the ground.

“Don’t spit in the name of Greystone,” said Flanders in rebuke.

“I refuse to acknowledge this lady with old women’s hair.”

“You may go away now like my two previous bikini girls. I suspect a trick.”

Giving in to the virtuous and faithful boyfriend of this grey fox, this brown two-piece swimsuit girl also gave up on Flanders and walked away in contempt.

And Flanders Nickels longed for his Godly and good Greystone to come back for him. And he began to stop worrying for her Afghan Hound and began to worry for Greystone herself.

Then, just as he suspected, another skimpy two-piece swimsuit girl came up to him. She was a brunette with black hair wearing a black string bikini just like the previous three in their unique colors.

Before this girl could speak, Flanders said in suspicions, “Young Miss, why do I sense collusion here?”

Feigning simplicity, this girl asked, “Collusion, Flanders?”

“Yeah. Four strange women barely dressed who already know me somehow all come up to me to proposition me and to try to make me cheat on my special new grey fox of a girlfriend. Why is that?”

“I know Greystone. She told me that she had a date with you today. I just thought that you needed to hear what I know about this woman you are so crazy for.”

“You know this Greystone, too, then?”

“Uh huh. She is my next-door neighbor. She has an Afghan Hound that she loves as God Himself.”

“Then you know Regal.”

“I do, Flanders. I know Regal too well.”

“What do you mean by that?”

“Regal has driven away many boyfriends out of her life. The dog gets violently jealous.”

“How long have you known the two of them?”

“I am twenty-two years old, and I have known them for a couple years.”

“You have?”

“Let me introduce myself, Flanders. My name is Penelope, and I know the dark side to your new girlfriend.”

“Penelope, if you have the same kind of testimony as a girl like the previous three girls who came up to introduce themselves to me just now, then I won’t believe a word you say about the Christian woman who has become mine today.”

“To sum up my life, Flanders, I live for sex.”

“Then I will not believe you about what you have to say about the decent and moral woman whose boyfriend I am.”

“When I left her this afternoon, she was holding that Regal in her arms and crying over him and saying to him, ‘Don’t leave me, Regal. You are more important to me than any boyfriend.’”

“She did not say that, Penelope.”

“You were not there, Flanders. But I was.”

“I believe in Greystone and in her faithfulness. But I disbelieve you and what you speak.”

“Face reality, O Christian man. Your Greystone Slate has by now forgotten all about you.”

“Did she?”

“I’m sorry. That’s just the way she is.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yeah. Too bad for you that you did not find out about her before she stole your heart like that.”

“Did she really forget me for a dog?”

“I won’t forget you, though, Flanders. I will never give up a night with you for all of the dogs in the world.”

“A ha! You want me for a wild night of promiscuity, Penelope. As the Bible says, ‘Be sure your sin will find you out!’” And he said, “You lie about my good woman, and now I see right through you!”

And he stood up now from the bench and he gave her a look in her eye that scared her in fear of God Himself. And this black two-piece swimsuit girl fled from him as fast as she could.

And Flanders knew that right now, with Regal dead or with Regal sick, that his grey fox was thinking of him with a longing to come back to him on their bench by the river once again. And he sat back down on their bench and waited patiently in the Lord for her to come back, his prayers fixed on her Afghan Hound’s recovery.

Then along came Greystone and who could only be her Regal on a leash. And she was beaming in gladness upon seeing Flanders again. “Sorry I kept you waiting, Flanders. He’s okay now.”

“Is everything all right with him?”

“Uh huh. He just happened to eat too much. He’s all right now.”

“Who fed him too much food?” Flanders sensed subterfuge at the expense of Greystone.

“The good news is that he’s not sick anymore. Are you, boy?” She kissed him on the head.

“Come up to me, handsome Regal.” And Flanders proffered his hands and arms. And the Afghan Hound gave himself to Flanders to be petted profusely. “What a dog, girl. He looks like a royal kind of dog.”

“One could say that he looks like a regal kind of dog. Wouldn’t you say, boyfriend?”

“Regal,” he said, understanding the play on words. And Regal barked in reply to his name. And the two laughed in fondness for this clever Afghan Hound. “At least he is well now.”

“To answer your question, Flanders, I have no idea what he ate and how much or how he got it. The veterinarian said to give him some exercise right now so that he can digest it and feel well again.”

Then Flanders said, “I had four visitors come to me while I sat on this bench as I prayed for you, Greystone.”

“You did? Did you tell them about the Gospel?”

“To tell the truth I had not thought about that.”

“You ought to have told them about Jesus.”

“You’re right. But they seemed far from wanting to get saved.”

“What did they want?”

“Well, they wanted me.”

“They wanted you?”

“They were four young women in tempting two-piece swimsuits. They came one-by-one, one after another. As I said, for some reason, Greystone, they wanted me.”

“You mean they solicited you for immorality?”

“Crazy kind of thing to happen to a guy just sitting on a bench alone here in a town like this.”

“They sound like little hussies. Were you able to get rid of them?”

“I told them that I already had a girlfriend of my own—you--and then they finally gave up and went away.”

“I did not know that our nice little city had floozies running around like that.”

“And they knew me, Greystone, and they knew you.”

“Did they now?”

“And not only that, but they knew Regal here, too.”

“Did they then?”

“Uh huh.”

A moment of pondering came upon Greystone's comely visage. Then she asked, "Were those young women named 'Courtney' and 'Madeleine' and 'Veronica' and 'Penelope?'"

"Why, yes."

"Those are my four daughters."

"They are your daughters?"

"My four adopted daughters."

"What were they doing trying to get me to be unfaithful to you?"

"Those young women are up to their tricks again, Flanders."

"They're wanton young nymphs, Greystone."

"Why, now they just like women of Belial."

Just then along came back the four two-piece swimsuit girls all together. The four took one look at them and called out in surprise, "Mom."

"Girls," said Miss Slate.

"What are you doing here?" asked one girl.

"What are you doing back so soon?" asked another girl.

"I thought that Regal was sick," said another girl.

"You should be with Regal. He needs his mistress right now," said another girl.

"How do you girls know that he was sick?" asked Greystone.

The two-piece swimsuit girls looked upon one another and would not look at their mom.

And then they said a lame, "The neighborhood kids told us."

"No. You told the neighborhood kids," declared the grey fox.

Flanders and Greystone looked at each other. Yes. Indeed these two-piece swimsuit temptresses had overfed Regal in order to get their mom away from Flanders so that they could go after him as their boyfriend. But he was too fond of the grey fox for her pretty face and for her comely build

to respond to the string bikini girls' advances. And Miss Slate well knew of Flanders's impeccable fidelity to her by his very Christian character.

And Greystone said a most grave utterance, "You girls make me to regret you."

A little sentence, only seven words, but a declarative that hit home with the four young women. And they were convicted of their sins and of their lost standing with the holy God and of their need for Christ.

And right now they each said a repentant and penitent, "I'm sorry, Mom."

And their mom said, "I forgive you."

The next day, Flanders and Greystone went out on a date to her Baptist church. He admired Baptist churches for their sound doctrine and fundamental stand for righteousness and good fellowship among the flocks. He and Greystone sat next to each other in the front row. And Flanders looked behind him and saw a little auditorium with a big group. All the pews of this little church were filled up, and groups of parishioners were standing to the left and to the right and behind the pews, and there was no more room to sit back there. It looked as if there was seating for fifty, but that nearly seventy-five had come. Only the middle aisle was open. This church was truly alive for Christ. And all the flock was quiet now in honor of the sermon about to begin. And then the church door opened with a sound of old creaking, and in came four more.

Behold, four two-piece swimsuit women coming into a Baptist church service! All the flock began to chatter. All were taken by surprise.

Flanders greeted them from the front pew, "Courtney. Madeleine. Veronica. Penelope."

And they replied, "Flanders. Mom."

And Greystone spoke and said, "The church is no place for string bikini women to come and worship. This is the house of God. This is not the beach."

But Flanders stood up for them, and he said, "Greystone, they each have a soul that Jesus died for."

“Please, Mom,” begged her daughters in entreaty. They truly did want to come to church and worship. Flanders could see this in their faces. He had seen this same humbleness in their faces when their mom had reprimanded them with that injunction yesterday at the bench by the river. And he saw this same wisdom about these four women’s sincerity now in their mom’s countenance.

And Greystone relented and said, “All right.”

Not having any place to sit and now standing in front of the first row, the four two-piece swimsuit girls then went ahead to sit down single-file upon the carpet right below and in front of the pulpit. And now the pastor spoke to them, saying, “Young ladies, welcome to Tradition Baptist Church.”

And the daughters of Miss Slate answered respectfully, saying, “Thank you, sir,” and bowed their heads before this venerable man of God and said no more where they sat. And all was respectfully quiet again here in the little auditorium.

The pastor then changed his prepared sermon for an impromptu sermon for the cause of these four first-time visitors. As a home missionary, this minister served God most of all as a soul-winner. And this day, as in other such days when he saw new people in his church who had never come before, this pastor with a burden for lost souls began to preach a spontaneous salvation message. If they had come to church lost today, maybe they would leave church saved today if they heard the Gospel in today’s message. And Pastor preached the whole plan of salvation. And he made quite simple how to become a born-again Christian. And when the sermon was done, he said to his flock here, “Now if any of you out here have any doubts of where you are going in the life to come, just repeat after me this prayer in the thoughts of your heart, and you will be saved from your sins.” And Pastor went on to recite this sinners’ prayer out loud to any soul searching for truth. In this prayer, one simply reached out to God and asked for the free gift of eternal life that only God could give. Flanders sneaked a look at the daughters of Greystone. Yes! Their lips were silently praying line-by-line after the pastor and

were truly seeking this free gift of everlasting life that only God could give. He sneaked a look at his grey fox. She was watching the same thing.

After this, the pastor dismissed his flock from today's service. And right away the daughters and Greystone stood up and came up to each other and hugged each other in joy and rejoicing in the four's new so great salvation. And the five were completely reconciled. And four two-piece swimsuit girls were now true born-again believers like their mom and like Flanders. Then the grey fox turned to Flanders. And she said, "You were right, boyfriend. Thank you for caring for them and for me."

Just then the girls called forth in the spirit of gladness, "Come here, Regal."

And in came the Afghan Hound. And all the church admired and petted this big dog.

And Flanders and his grey fox of a cowgirl came up to each other and they hugged, and then they kissed.

"We never did that before, Flanders," said Greystone in sweet affection.

"Yes. And we will do that again, Greystone," said Flanders, returning her affection.

And Flanders and his grey fox hugged again, and Flanders and his grey fox kissed again.