

MOTHER:

Hello Preacher, This is Mrs. Watson. Benny's mama.

Oh, fair to middlin'. How are you? Good.

Preacher, I'm worried about my boy, Benny.

Well, he is. Benny's just a precious, precious sweet little thang, but...well, there's something, well, there's somethin' off. He just don't seem like other normal little boys.

Well, he likes to play with his sister's dolls. He don't care a lick about trucks or guns or knives.

No sir. And the other day, I was visitin' Dixie Van Blarkum next door. She lives in our mobile home park, number eight, has a real nice doublewide. Enyway. When I got back from visiting Dixie, Benny was ... well my son was ... he was wearing that turquoise dress I wore last Easter service, the matching hat, had lipstick on and was singing in the mirror with a hairbrush to some disco *song* ...

It was real loud. And he didn't seem all that embarrassed when I caught him. So, I'm worried. He's off. Not quite right. Not in a retarded way, but...in a sissy way. Preacher, what should I do?

Uh-huh (*Opens Bible, reads.*)

Proverbs 22:6 - "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

Okay, Preach. I can't thank you enough. Alright. Good-bye