

We waited for days for the package to arrive by mail and it wasn't even Christmastime.

That Saturday in 1954 was exciting. The long wait ended the day before Easter. The package contained Easter dresses for my older sister and me. It was the first time in my life that I got something in the mail. Not only a letter, but a package was sent to me. Of course, the label had my parents' name, however the dresses were for us.

My sister furled her blue and white dress with a lace collar and then, with the dress in her arms, ran into the bedroom to "try it on". My dress was underneath more brown paper. I dug into the box and found the organdy material. I quickly pulled the garment from the packaging and held it up to my body. The smell of the fabric was a little dry, like the hot summer afternoon smell of a dandelion.

As my sister sauntered out of the "dressing room" as if she were Debbie Reynolds in a movie, I sashayed past her for my turn to dress up and play model.

"I love it, I love it," she yelled from the living room as I struggled into the yellow dress complete with puffy white flowers. The collar was yellow lace. I could not put my right arm into the short sleeve. The left arm was yet in its sleeve.

THE DRESS WAS TOO SMALL!

"This dress is too small," I yelled from the bedroom. There would be no sauntering on my part. There would be no time to go to town and purchase a new dress. There would be no Easter finery to wear to Sunday Mass the next morning.

That is when I made my first decision: There would be no more items ordered from a catalog!

For 66 years I held to my promise, that is until this Christmastime. I decided to order items for our grandchildren...online. "It will be okay", says my husband. "People get their items all of the time. There won't be a problem."

Well, still waiting! I had ordered four items the first week of December. Three of those items were delivered in time. So, I reordered. Still waiting!

Lana Russ