



In a little brown town on top of a hill lived a girl named Maria. Maria's house was made of rugged brown stones. The goats in her yard had coarse brown hair. Maria's dress was scratchy, patchy, and very, very brown.

Brown was not Maria's favorite color.

Six days of the week, Maria awoke with the sun. The yellow rays warmed her as she brushed her brown hair and put on her dress and sturdy brown shoes.

After her breakfast of brown bread and goat cheese, Maria went out into the yard to milk the goats, feed the brown chickens, and fill her basket with brown speckled eggs.

But on Sundays, Maria hopped out of bed before the sun came peeking over the hills. Maria loved Sundays for one little reason and one big reason. The little reason was that on Sundays, Maria



got to wear a prized dress.
The fabric was snowy white,
but her mother had used
every color of thread in her
basket to trim the dress.
Bright bunches of roses,



bluebells, daisies, and lilies grew up the front and along the collar, their green leaves twisting around. Scarlet macaws and golden finches soared on the sleeves.



Maria loved that dress, and she loved her mother for the many days and nights she had spent bent over the dress, her silver needle flashing in the light.

The big reason Maria loved Sundays was that Sundays were for church, and church was a full day of songs and prayers and friends and colors—so many stunning colors. The windows in the church were stained glass, which means they were like

pretty paintings. When the sun shined into one of the windows, the whole church was filled with heavenly light.



