

As I walked away, Oneeda waved bye, then began pushing her way through the crowd toward the diva. Shirley Dawkins came out of nowhere and grabbed hold of Oneeda's skirt, using her for interference. They inched their way through the crowd. I stopped to watch.

Shirley was a shrimp of a thing. Her red eyes and dark circles suggested she'd been crying for days. Shirley was on her way to meet the woman who'd shot and killed her husband. I wasn't about to miss this.

I lost sight of them, so I did what I had to—I stood on a chair.

She broke away from Oneeda and stumbled into the movie star's arms. Shirley straightened up and delivered a wallop across Ivey's left cheek. The crowd hushed. Two women kept Shirley from crumpling to the floor.

Unfazed, Tully Ivey placed a palm on her cheek. "How thoughtful of you, my dear. I do believe I missed an application of rouge this morning. Right here. Would you gentlemen take a portrait of me? I'd like to see if the color on both sides matches now." She exhibited her best camera pose. The photographers ate it up.

When the flashbulbs stopped, she looked at Shirley. "Darling, you must be the wife. I am deeply sorry for what happened. But, dear, it was an accident."

Shirley twirled and lurched back through the crowd. People helped her to the outside ring of on-lookers. Oneeda grabbed her and they left through the kitchen's back door.

I met them outside. Oneeda was holding Shirley up, keeping her from falling to the ground.

"Oh, Shirley, I am so sorry," I said. "Oneeda, how can I help?"

"I'm going to take her home. I'll stay with her. We'll be all right. Catch up with you tomorrow."

Shirley wouldn't stop sobbing. Looking up to the sky and back to the ground, she kept asking, "Why? Why was Andrew there, Lord?"

On the white rock road, Ivy's black sedan serpented between the granite headstones, home to hundreds of Calvary's long forgotten.