

*When my grandmother was in high school, she played tennis because, as she always tells me, she was just too little for those rough sports like volleyball. After school, she would practice tennis until dark. Her favorite thing about tennis is that you can play with someone, or just hit against a wall if you can't find anybody else to play.*

*She and her family lived about two blocks from the school. Of course, she played tennis in gym shorts, and whenever the sun went down, she would just walk right to her house. In those days it was still not a completely accepted thing for ladies to wear pants or shorts. "Those things were for boys," she always says. Whenever she would get home, if her dad was home, he would say to her, "If you can't put on more 'n that, then why don't ya jus' take it all off?"*

*He never was a mean man, just simple and to the point.*

In the early 1900's, women's clothing styles changed rapidly. Women began to wear looser, lighter clothing. For a few years around 1910, women wore hobble skirts. These skirts were so tight at the bottom that they could hardly walk. During World War I, clothing had become less formal. In the 1920's, women adopted the "boyish" look. Dresses were straight, unfitted, and about knee length. In the 1930's, some women began wearing slacks. Skirts became longer, and then shorter again in the 1940's. During World War II, many women working in the war industries wore slacks. Slacks soon became popular among other women as well.

People ask me almost everyday of my life, "Why don't you wear pants?" It's a simple, harmless question, but hard to answer. It gets annoying sometimes. Although I want them to notice, it is so difficult for me to explain. I feel bad knowing that the one thing that is my most obvious, silent witness to the world is usually the last thing I want to talk about. I can quote scripture, give historical evidence, explain personal conviction (and then lead into another Pentecostal belief without them noticing), but if they don't have that conviction, then they really can't completely understand. I feel like I'm wasting my time, or making them think that Pentecostals are freaks. I mean, I'm not ashamed of who I am, what I believe, or how I dress, but if God never puts that conviction on their heart, then no amount of reason can change that. I want to leave more of an impression on people than "the girl who wears skirts all the time." I just wish there was a simpler way to turn the answer to "why don't you wear pants?" into "Let me tell you about a Man named Jesus..."