Dad cemented an edge on the old brick fence. Ginger helped. She handed bricks to Dad. As Dad worked, he sang. He had a sweet, nice voice. Ginger sang right along with Dad.

After a bit, Dad said, “Ginger, we’re finished. I’ll stick this stuff in the garage while you get cleaned up. As Ginger went into her house, Dad sang “Home on the Range.” That was the song that Ginger’s third-grade chorus was practicing.
“Mom,” said Ginger, “Dad is singing a song that my chorus will do in our next school choral concert.”

Mom leaned out the window to hear what Dad was singing. Then she smiled. “Let me play an old CD for you, Ginger.”

Ginger sat next to Mom as music played. A child’s voice on the old CD sang “Home on the Range.” When it ended, Ginger said, “That voice is so sweet and nice! Can you play it again?”

Mom did and this time Ginger sang along with it. “You and the third grader on that old CD make a splendid duet,” said Mom.

“That’s a third grader singing on that old CD? What’s her name?” asked Ginger.

“It’s not a girl,” smiled Mom. “It’s a boy.”

“A boy!” said Ginger. “It sounds like a girl.”

“In third grade, boys’ and girls’ voices sound alike,” explained Mom. “In teen years, boys’ voices change. They get much deeper.”

“Who is that boy?” Ginger asked. “He sings so well.”

Just then, Dad came in. “That’s the boy,” Mom said.

“Dad!” cried Ginger.

“And he still sings so well,” added Mom.