

## A Stitch In Time

A tiny bird is flitting about on my lawn, chirping here and pecking there, beautifully oblivious to anything dangerous or complicated. I do not understand these things in nature that apparently navigate in only a constant peaceful pursuit. The mad flight of the butterfly, even the frantic scurrying of the lizard, is a planned safari that knows nothing of resistance or failure or embarrassment. And if things in nature are confronted by dire happenings, or frightening situations, they rise to the occasion with the tools of nature's protective shield. The bee has its sting, the armadillo its armour, the spider its poison. In all this spacious universe there is only one tiny bit of clay that goes unprotected and totally misunderstood.

Amos Arthur Holmes.

My dear friends, I have poured my heart out to you in countless essays. And because of this, because you know me intimately, I call on your understanding and sympathy for something that happened to me yesterday.

Am I a bull with the women? You might THINK so if you saw only truth in my writing. Am I Casanova and Bluebeard all rolled into one? I AM if you believe my written words. But my words are created from the

### Country Philosopher

Amos Arthur Holmes



heart of a humorist. From the mind of a fiction writer. I write of dreams and seldom of reality. In truth, I am an ugly, little man without looks or technique or charm. No woman on the face of this earth (outside of my wife) would have me as a gift. And EVERYBODY knows this.

So why would my wife, finding me in a rather strange and awkward (and I must say innocent) situation, immediately shout "infidelity" and go bounding from the house in a jealous rage?

Yesterday morning my wife had gone to the store and I had backed into a nail and torn my pants. While I stood looking at the huge hole in my trousers there was a knock at the door. I hobbled to the door, holding my ripped pants tightly in my hand, and greeted my neighbor, Thelma

Dunn. Thelma wanted to borrow a cup of r. She was overflowing magnificently in a blue bikini and it was this overflowing that made my wife hate Thelma Dunn with a passion. I went into the kitchen and got the cup of sugar and when I came back into the living room, Thelma said, "I see you have torn your pants."

"Yes" I nodded, "My very best pair."

"Take them off" said Thelma, "and I will mend them for you. It will only take a second."

If you are an innocent kind of person then you are an innocent kind of person. I didn't hesitate. I took my pants off and handed them to Thelma. That dear girl not only overflowed to perfection but she was swift and crafty with a needle. In two short minutes she had repaired the pants and handed them back to me. I was

trying to get my trousers over my left shoe, and juggling on one leg, when I lost my balance. I fell, with a heavy thud, against Thelma Dunn. Thelma went crashing to the floor and as she fell the top of her bikini got caught on the chair and was torn from her body. The pants that had tripped me went flying across the room and I fell on top of poor Thelma.

The front door opened and my wife walked in.

Thelma Dunn was wiggling frantically on the floor with me on top of her. The upper part of her bikini was on the piano stool and my pants were on the sofa across the room.

I propped myself up on both elbows and turned to my wife.

"Honey" I said, "You're not going to believe what just happened."

**—NOTICE—**

Send your letter to St.

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Letters must be signed: