

# *Illegal, immoral or fattening*

There is a vast panorama of goodies in this world that lay succulent and beckoning and easily available. And each and every one of them are denied us by the constant finger-pointing of moralist, nutrition expert, sociologist, physician, and the deadliest of all...public opinion.

We see women that we want, chocolate eclairs we desire, and brandy that we need, and we are supposed to resist these temptations by simply holding up our will power.

Temptation is a monster kind of thing that wraps itself around you and pulls you in the direction of naughty, evil pleasures. Temptation is a living thing that takes many forms in its endeavor to tease and tantalize.

Resisting temptation doesn't leave us psychologically impaired. It doesn't leave us wringing our hands or babbling to ourselves in incoherent protest. In fact, temptation has no adverse affects because we simply do not resist. All we demand, in a moral sense, is that OTHERS resist. And this fills the world with a great deal of hypocrisy.

It isn't our inability to resist temptation that worries me but our constant reluctance to admit

## **Country Philosopher**

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our weakness. I have been tempted a million times and I can't remember too many times where my will power stayed my indulgence.

I hate excuses. I detest the fact that we can't own up to our failures. And I won't be guilty of such conduct. But there are things in my life, uniquely my own, that makes the resisting of temptation extremely difficult.

Let's take the female sex. I am almost addicted to short women and terribly addicted to tall women. I know that any association with these women would be wrong because I am a

married man. I could handle this temptation if it weren't for that odor seeping from my musk gland. Women are attracted to me like flies. I have looked temptation in the face, wrestled with it, and told at least five hundred women to get lost. And I feel good about that. But it is with great shame that I remember the sixteen thousand that stormed past my will power.

I have layers of fat and I am aware that this fat adds a great burden to my heart. And yet I can't resist a sweet. I don't like to make excuses for my weakness like many men do, but there is a

reason for my lack of strength when it comes to resisting goodies. There is a force, a terrible force, that MAKES me enter bakeries. And when I get inside a little voice says, "Amos, doesn't that Danish look good?" Now I'm not making excuses but I think I could do very well if it weren't for that voice.

Then there is the question of my drinking. I know that I could keep from drinking because I hate the taste of the stuff. But everytime I pass a bar a tiny serpent crawls up on my shoulder and whispers, "Wouldn't a cold beer taste good right about now." And if I resist the serpent says he will kill me.

So temptation keeps confronting me and I keep resisting. I do not make excuses when I fail. I keep trying to push away these forces of evil.

But when I have odors seeping from my musk glands...when little voices urge me on with fantastic logic...when serpents threaten me with bodily harm...then I must fight so much harder than other men.

And, baby, it just ain't all that easy.