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## Country Philosopher

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### *Most beautiful moment*

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BY AMOS  
ARTHUR HOLMES

All of us have had those rare times when we experience the ultimate in happiness. I imagine I have been luckier than most because my life has been filled with beautiful moments.

I can remember my wedding day and how thrilled and excited I was. I remember that the birth of my daughters were occasions of magnificent joy.

The graduation of my daughters from high school and how I sat proud and weepy. Yes, I have many things I look back on that give my pleasant memories.

But my greatest thrill, my most beautiful hour, came at the end of World War Two... and I'd like to tell you about it.

In 1944, I was stationed at an Air Force base in Sioux Falls, South Dakota. One night I went to a dance and I met a young girl. We danced, and talked, and I fell madly, head-over-heels in love.

JoLoyce was shy. She was a listener instead of a talker. She had grown up on a farm in Minnesota and had a down-to-earth simplicity that was enchanting.

We would take long walks at night and I would hold her hand. The touch of her fingers held in mine was an almost unbearable rapture. When I said goodnight I would, in youthful innocence, kiss her tender lips. My knees would weaken, my heart would pound, and I would return to the base thanking God for allowing me to meet such a dear, sweet girl.

We had two short wonderful months together and we filled those months with love and laughter. We went fishing, dancing, but mostly we sat in a lovely little park and talked. There was so much to find out about each other.

And then my overseas orders arrived. When I left Sioux Falls, JoLoyce was waiting for me on the station platform. She was crying and I held her tightly in my arms. I told her how deeply I loved her and I promised to return as soon as the war was over. As my train pulled away we smiled at each other. But our hearts were breaking.

For sixteen months I lived in the remote jungles of New Guinea. The pain of loneliness was unbearable. There wasn't a moment in the day I didn't think of JoLoyce. When her letters arrived I would find a lonely spot and read them. Over and over I would



read those tender words of love.

The months passed slowly. The United States dropped the Atomic Bomb, Russia declared war on Japan... and then... it was all over. The long voyage home, where days were eternities, and then... after miles of trains and buses, I arrived in Sioux Falls at two o'clock in the morning. It was snowing and I walked into an all night cafe. I drank coffee and waited for dawn. The hours went creeping, second by second, and the wait was so terribly painful. And then the darkness turned to gray and gray to light... and it was dawn. I left the cafe and walked to the house where JoLoyce was staying. I walked up to the door and knocked. JoLoyce's landlady opened the door. She said, "You must be Amos."

"Yes," I smiled, "Is JoLoyce home?"

"She's still sleeping... come in... and I'll waken her."

I stood at the foot of the stairs as the

landlady went to waken my dear, precious heart. In a few moments the landlady came down the stairs, and said, "I told her she had a telegram. She'll be right down." And the landlady disappeared into the back of the house.

I stood in that hall and the world could have heard the pounding of my heart. And then JoLoyce came to the top of the stairs. She looked down and

saw me. I will never forget the look on her face. Thankfulness, happiness, serenity, and an almost blinding radiance of love. She came down the steps, slowly, and she was crying. She placed her head against my chest and I wrapped my arms around her. We stood there silently for long moments and felt the glorious warmth being generated by our affection for each other.

Well, that was my most beautiful moment. I shall never forget it. I shall always be thankful to God for giving me such a wonderful girl and such a magnificent love. On that night 30 years ago, as a young soldier returning home, I loved JoLoyce with every fiber of my heart.

And I still do.