

The Facts of Life

Human nature is a varied and complex phenomena, and personality differences are as diverse as snow flakes or fingerprints. What one person considers right, another person considers wrong. What an optimistic person considers the ultimate in progress, the pessimist cowers behind the shadow of retrogression.

This remarkable truth is illuminated in many ways, but is most apparent in our individual concept of sexual right or wrong. There are some who believe sex should be open. That intermingling acrobatically is a very human desire and should be front-paged in every aspect of one's life. And there are others who gather up their sexual thoughts and frantically sweep them under the rug.

I have always believed that I am most progressive when it comes to sex. Hiding sexual matters is like denying the existence of oxygen, and blushing and stammering over facts of life are as poisonous as book burning. I have always believed that only the intellectually blind could find something dirty in an open discussion of sex.

But yesterday I found out I have been living a masquerade. I am a farce. A bona fide member of the two-faced, hypocrite class.

I was sipping my orange juice when I heard a knock at my door. When I answered I found a young woman standing at my threshold. She seemed distraught and em-

Country Philosopher

Amos Arthur Holmes



barrassed and I gently asked her into my living room. When we were seated, I said, "May I help you?"

"Yes" replied the woman, "I am so ashamed...coming here like this...but I desperately need your help. You see, my husband died three years ago and my seven year old son has never learned the facts of life. I find that I am quite unable to talk to him and I was wondering if you might do me the favor of enlightening my son."

"Why me?" I asked.

"Because you are a philosopher, and being a philosopher you must be fantastically brilliant."

Right then I should have told the woman that County Philosopher was simply a funny title to a humorous column. That I was actually a very stupid person and that my thinking would set philosophy back one hundred years. Instead, I looked tremendously thoughtful, and said, "My dear, you are stumbling along in an old-fashioned

world that could cause great damage to your son. There is nothing derogatory or sinful in frank discussion of sex with a child. Why not the truth of God's love, or nature's way...instead of letting your son learn sexual matters from the trash he picks out of the gutter? But, my dear young mother, if you can't bring yourself to talk to your son on this subject, I will be glad to do it for you."

The mother was overjoyed. She left my house with the promise that she would send her son to me immediately. I felt sorry for her. Just as I felt sorry for any parent who cringed from sexual conversation with their children.

A few minutes later there was a knock at my door and when I answered I found this cute seven year old boy standing there. I took the boy into the living room and we sat down.

"Son" I said, "Your mother wanted me to explain the facts of life to you."

"Yes sir" replied the boy.

The boy sat looking into my eyes and I was struck by the innocence I saw there. Why in the hell had I taken this job? What was I going to tell this sweet child? But then I asked myself if we were going to be weak and narrow. I shouted to myself, FOR GOODNESS SAKE...STAND UP AND BE A MAN.

"Son" I said, "There is this big bird called the Stork and he lives up around the North Pole. In fact he lives very close to Santa Claus. Now, when a mother and father want a child they just send a note to Mr. Stork and that fine bird brings them a baby. Sometimes he brings a boy and sometimes he brings a girl. He brings mostly boys because boys are better than girls. But sometimes he brings a girl because otherwise we wouldn't have anyone to do the dishes. And that, my little friend, is where babies come from."

We walked to the door and when the boy was outside he turned to me, with those innocent blue eyes, and said, "Thank you very much, Mr. Holmes."

"You're welcome" I replied.