

He Who Would Valiant Be



Good morning, y'all. It's raining in the mountains. Not the gully washers we've started getting used to, but a gentle Spring like rain, like we used to get. It does seem to me that the extremes predicted by the folks who warned of global warming are taking place. It seems like the rains are further apart, but more violent when they get here. Could be my memory though, it is subject to having some disk errors every now and then.

Speaking of disk errors reminds me of the security system we had put in back in the Summer to catch our peeping Tom. Mr. B.A. Ware, formerly of Number One, was making himself a general nuisance by peeping in folks windows. I had [security cameras installed](#) around the park here at [TackyToo](#) so that I could get conclusive proof of B.A.'s perversion. I needed to be able to confront him with the evidence when I evicted him. Even though B.A. is gone, the security system lives on. Those cameras just keep recording 24x7, rain or shine. Ain't technology wonderful?

Anyway, while I've been confined to the Rec room the last few weeks because of our inclement weather, I've had the opportunity to scan through the security tapes on a daily basis. Lest you think that's weird, I'm just filling the time that the big screen in the Rec room is tuned to Oprah. It's kind of a dead spot in the day anyway, if you know what I mean.

Well, lo and behold, the cameras have revealed more goings on in the wee hours of the night than just the 'possums turning over the trash. I have caught the Right Reverend Dale E. Bread sneaking into Ms. Anita Goodman's trailer the last three nights at about 2AM. The camera's datetime stamp shows him leaving at about 3AM. I think we have established a new meaning for "The Sweet Hour of Prayer".

Now, I try not to meddle too much in other folks' business. Ms. Goodman has had a number of gentleman callers over the years. As long as they're not shooting off guns or chasing each other naked around the park, I can turn a blind eye to whatever goes on behind closed doors. I mean as long as there's not a line in front of the trailer with

fellows holding a number, I figure Ms. Goodman's love life is her business. The Right Reverend Dale E. Bread, on the other hand, does not get the same absolution. He's got a wife and seven children. He is supposed to be a pillar of the community, a totem of morality for the folks in our neck of the woods. Not to mention the fact that he owes me back rent as a result of his last extra marital dalliance.

There is a phrase that you can't teach an old dog a new trick. How do we teach this "*old dog*" how to forget this particular trick? I haven't mentioned my discovery yet to Mulva. She's already got way too much on her plate dealing with [The Full Gospel Original Church of God](#). Finding out that the Right Reverend is up to his old ways again, and so soon after his last debacle, might put Mulva in the bed for a week. I'll have to figure out how we can channel some of this for good. I do have a parole hearing coming up this week, and it wouldn't hurt to have some character witnesses from the clergy. There may be a silver lining here after all.

I was doing all of this background processing while watching this week's telecast of [The Full Gospel Original Church of God](#) on Channel 66 from Blairsville. The sermon was on "Envy", and the Reverend Helen Handbasket gave a good one. Not as good as "Gluttony", or "Lust", but still right up there. It did cause me to wonder if any of my feelings towards the Right Reverend Dale E. Bread were envious in nature. I mean, he truly is the poster child for an "*old dog*". He makes his living selling something that can never be returned, and apparently only puts in about eight hours a week doing it. The balance of his week is spent "ministering" to the congregation. In particular, the more fetching female members. I suspect one could be envious of the Right Reverend, if you could get past that whole morality thing.

I have to admit, that morality thing has been my burden for as long as I can remember.