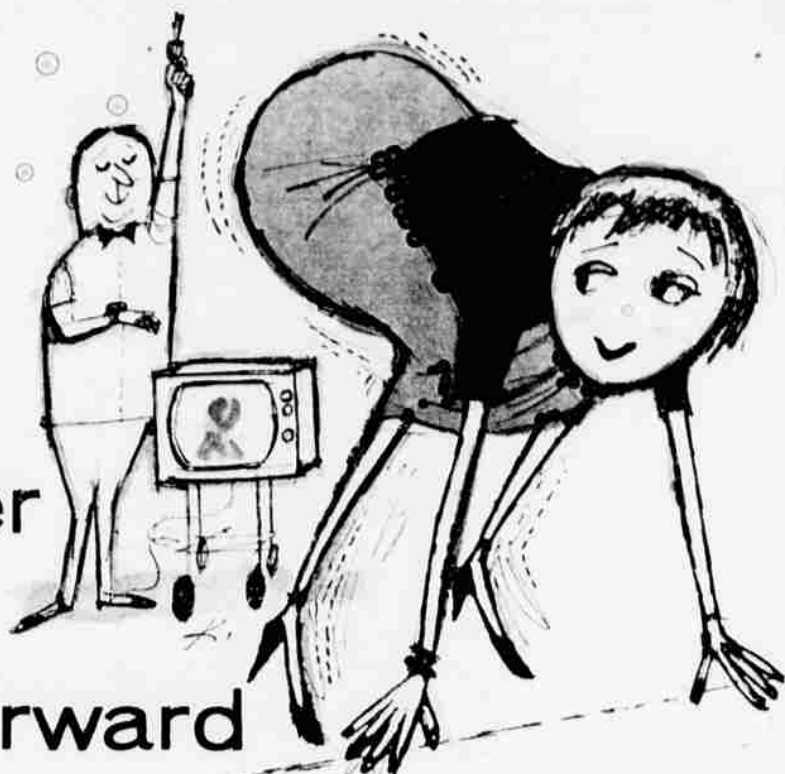


She Puts Her Best Pfft Forward



by Dick Emmons

Art by Ken Kenniston

YOU CAN GIVE mechanical gadgets all the credit you want for the speedy performance of household chores, but in my encyclopedia the real heroine is the modern, television-watching housewife—a complicated bit of machinery operating on D.C. (During Commercials).

At least that's the way I feel about my wife. I don't know what she does around the house all day long, but she's terribly busy during those one-minute commercials in the evening hours.

Watching a drama called "I Ducked a Dirk in the Dark" the other night, I was contentedly lighting my pipe when the first act closed and my wife blurred past me, putting out my match. "Gotta dampen the clothes, write a note to the milkman, call Evelyn, and make some popcorn!" she called over her shoulder.

She did, too. I heard her end of the conversation with Evelyn after she'd taken care of the clothes, milkman, and popcorn. I think it's worth repeating in its entirety. It went like this:

"Bridge Saturday. Here. Nine."

Click.

She was back just as the second act began. "Won't Evelyn be miffed?" I asked. "I mean, you can't be that abrupt with people, you know."

"She hung up on me," my wife said out of the corner of her mouth, her eyes glued to the screen. "She's watching this play, too."

On other occasions, I station myself midway between our living room and kitchen, calling out the progress of commercials to my whirling dervish. "Fifteen seconds gone," I sing out, bent tensely over the sweep hand on my watch.

"I've got your lunch for tomorrow made and wrapped. Now for washing the supper dishes!" she gasps.

"Thirty," I report.

"I'm on the silverware. Keep contact," she calls.

"You're doing nicely," I encourage. "Don't try to mop and wax the kitchen floor. You can do that between this show and 'There's No Tax on Murder.'"

"Check!"

"Fifty-five seconds!"

"Dishes done. Gangway!" she warns.

I flatten against the sideboard as my wife makes the turn around the table and, with a one-and-a-half gainer, is in her seat just as the action resumes.

It's not always this frenzied, of course. Once in a while, she merely sits where she is during the commercials and knits. Barring yarn snarls or a fit of sneezing, she can turn out a pair of mittens for our daughter, a handsome muffler for me, and get a good start on a set of golf club covers between programs.

I much prefer this to an earlier system in which she tried to knit and watch the screen at the same time. Some of the scarves she made in those days we use as extra comforters on cold nights. But most of them are too big.

My wife wisely saves the major jobs—the thorough weekly cleaning, the occasional wall-scrubbing, and that kind of thing—for those odd times when operating difficulties beyond our control interfere with the video reception, please stand by. One night when there was trouble along the coaxial cable, blotting out the picture for the better part of half an hour, we took advantage of the interruption to repaper the living room!

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The Gospel of St. John, for example, says: "...there are many other things which Jesus did which are not written in this book." And St. Paul said: "Stand fast; and hold the traditions which you have learned, whether by word or by our epistle" (2 Thessalonians 2:15).

Christianity began with the coming of Christ—not with the writing of the Bible. And Christ had established His Church... which St. Paul called "the pillar and mainstay of the truth"... long before any of the books of the New Testament had been written. The Savior did not command us to read anything, but He did command us to hear His Church.

This does not mean, of course, that the Bible is not extremely valuable. It does mean, though, that the Bible is not... and was not intended to be... the sole source of Christian teaching and belief. The Church had existed 1600 years, in fact, before the theory was advanced that the Bible should be the sole guide to Christian believers.

Early century Christians never saw the complete Bible. It was 400 years after Christ died before the books of the Bible were assembled into their present form. And it was 1400 years before printing was invented and the mass distribution of the Scriptures became possible. If Christ had intended the Bible to be the sole guide to



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Sparky says:

**Don't give fire
a place to start!**

