

FIFTY LONG YEARS

By Robert Fitt

It's a full 50 years since a slip-knot was tied that caused Connie and Dewey to stand side by side for better or worser or richer or poorer, in health and in sickness he'll love and adore her. Just think of it—50 long years—punctuated by chuckles, and laughter and tears. Years that were pleasant, years that were not. Years that were 'so so' and some that were less so. But the years you'll remember, that really were fabulous, get better and better until they're fantabulous.

Years crept by, at times, like a turtle in tar, who couldn't, or wouldn't (at least), creep that far; and yet years sped on and they kept shooting by, and scurried excitedly up through the sky like a bullet, or more like a big butterfly that swoops over meadows, and over the ground, up over the mountains beyond every sound, and just keeps on keeping and leaping and swirling until the whole universe seems to be whirling. So high that I heard an athiest swear that there's just no denying that heaven's up there.

And heaven it is; although sometimes it's not. When all good intentions are somehow forgot; they irritate, bother and seem to offend until gentle words bring their tiff to an end. Or sometimes it's like an inveterate snorer that snores up a racket like never before; his puffing and snoring near set off a riot; then the sound that is drowned soon becomes very quiet.

But conflicts are few, and compassion's so fair that it's wonderful, bunderful, just to be there. The reward of their smiles, and their sweet tender kisses, salve wounds of defeat and brings sweet tender blisses. It's really so grand, that, through gladness and tears, we're sure it will last at least 50 more years.