

St. Francis de Sales Parish

All glory comes from daring to begin.

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EVERY once in a while, instinct takes over, and all the primal knowledge and wisdom surface from deep in the essential human being. Within a flash, the ability to stalk, and wait motionless and patiently, and pouncing erupt in a primitive exercise of Darwinian survival of the fittest. One thing about the human brain is its capability to quickly surmise a situation, and as necessity is the mother of invention (some claim that it is laziness that helps), a keen hunter is able to easily devise a tool or weapon out of the most local and mundane of materials.

I found myself in such a situation last week, and though I am able to keep that Neanderthal beast at bay within, and exude an air of poise and control, sometimes nature gives way to nurture. I found myself confronting a wily and devious enemy, intent on taking over my territory. There are many aspects of my life where people are welcome, but when it comes to my food caches, might makes right.

Now sometimes when we are at war, we may have to give up a battle or two in order to win the war. Such was the case. I arrived home to find my kitchen invaded by unwelcome guests, and I'm not talking about my brother. Carefully I crept up on the perpetrators, fairly silently and unnoticed. I did a reconnoitering of the war arena to find the best direction to attack to ensure that I couldn't be outflanked. I looked for anything that I could find that would help me gain the upper hand and bring this confrontation to a swift and victorious end.

It seemed that the odds were at least even, maybe because of my superior brain power stalked a bit in my favour. I found a weapon that would work great, a fresh tea towel, and when the end is dipped with a bit of water to increase the mass, when swung with power and speed, it becomes a lethal force. I know this from experience, because it seems every year, for about a week toward the end of summer, the enemy amasses its forces to launch an assault on my bowl of fruit. But it seems that just as you swat these pesky little fruit flies and figure you have them all, then one or two more show up, and when you return at the end of the day, these two have grown into another substantial force to be reckoned with.

Suffice it to say, no amount of camouflage, or airborne darting around, can protect them for long, so with stealth, and patience and persistence, be it known that for the battle of the summer of 2008, victory is mine!

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