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“A Letter From Home”

**by
Tom Holbrook**

Hope this article finds everyone out there feeling good and right with the world.

You'll pardon me if I don't talk politics today... besides, I know there's a passel of you out there who don't always agree with my perspective on things in the news... what with me not being all that politically correct and all. With that in mind I'd like to share with you a note I received from my cousin Mortimer.

Mortimer and his wife 'Tildy, short for Matilda, don't live in town where most folks do and because of that they can't stay up to date on a lot that's goin' on in the world around him. In fact they live so far up one of the local hollers that he can't get any TV reception without tying the antenna to a huge kite and flying it way up above the hilltops, so he only hears about things on the windy days. Of course, with the new rage of mountain top windmills catchin' on even that source is in danger.

Here's his letter.

Dear Cuzzin Tom,

That I'd drop you a note and let you know how we all are doin' since it's been a month o' Sundays since we seen you and your missus. That wood brige over the crick has been shored up a mite with some timbers I cut so you can get over it now without gettin' your feet wet, or draggin' the bottom off your car. I figgered that was why you ain't been here for awhile.

I wanted you to know that your cousin Lucy our youngest daughter just turned 14 last week and we celebrated with a party at the house with cake 'n everything. We told her she was finely old enough to smoke at the dinner table in front of her kids... why, you'd think we'd told her she had won a new mule or somethin' she got so excited. She's also churned up because she just learned that the 8th grade is havin' a dance and she can go because they offer

a day care for all the girls who want to be close to their kids. I think that's kinda nice but Tildy's a little put out cuz' they never had anything like that when she was growin' up.

That you might want to here 'bout your cuzzin Henry's house done blowed up. Like a fool it seems he done lit a match while in the bathroom and the whole place just blowed up off the wheels. Don't know how many times I done warned him 'bout how dangerous what he did was. Thankly it didn't get there food supply cuz the icebox was on the porch and it weren't touched. They's goin' to stay at Aunt Martha's house til they can git a new house trucked in. Probly be 'nother month or so.

Some good news, Tildy only needs one more hole punched in her card and she'll be eligibul for a freebie at Tony's Tattoo Parlur down at the mouth of the holler. You know how patriotic she is, well she can't figger out if she wants another flag or maybe an eagle on her chest so that when she runs it'll look like its wings are a flappin'. I told her I thot the eagle would be reel purty.

Our youngest boy Dilford who's 18 come to us last week and told us he wanted to get hitched to his girlfriend Tessie. She's 18 to and a real sweet gal, but problum is when we checked at courthouse 'bout a license they told him it was against the law to marry your cuzzin' no matter how much you love em. Bout broke his heart. Did you know that was a law?

I gotta get gone but thot I'd pass on a fashun tip to Judy that Tildy larned down at the Hair Hut last week. The gals that run it told her with summer comin' on she would have to get a new hairdo cuz if she kept it like it was she would eethur get it clipped off by the ceilin fan or get it tangled

around the fly strip. She thought Judy would preeshate the reminder since it's even hotter where you live.

Take care and come see us when your in the nayborhood.

Your favrit cuzzin,

Mortimer

Okay folks... that's all for this time. Have a great week and remember...

"Don't sweat the petty things and don't pet the sweaty things."

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