



Volume 17, Number 29

July 20—To be announced

July 27—Lanny Monroe

August 3 - Larry Stanford - something with Toyota **Please note that we will meet at Roscoe's today only**

August 10—Judy Glenn

August 17—rett Marlal

August 24—Patrick Poindexter

August 31—Joe Caldwell

Different is not always better, but better is always different

The lad called Bilroy packed his new diploma among his meager belongings and left the dormitory. With many sad glances over his shoulder, Bilroy went out into the world. He wandered for many days until he came upon a great crowd. The crowd was in fact a long, wide line of men and women with anxious expressions. Even as he looked on, mouth agape, the line grew. There was continual commotion—pushing and shoving. The lad jumped in, elbows out. After standing a long while, he tried to strike up a conversation with those around him. "Where does the line lead?" he asked the woman just ahead of him. "Shhh," she hissed. But when she looked into his innocent face, she added softly, "I don't know where it goes."

"I know," said the man in front of her. "It goes to the grand mansion on the hill. Look, you can see it on the horizon. It is the house of the privileged few. Someday I will dwell there."

This news pleased Bilroy. He was glad to have found the right line so soon after leaving the dormitory. He waited. Alas, the lad waited and waited but the line did not seem to move. "What do you do here to pass the time?" Bilroy asked the man.

"Worry," he said. "We worry about who might crowd into line and about keeping our suits pressed and our breath fresh...just in case."

"I'm not certain I can stand that," the lad said, his brow furrowed.

"Just stand awhile...you'll get used to it," the man replied. "Besides, we should get a new story soon."

"A story?"

"When they let someone enter the mansion, the word will travel back to us. It will come on as a wave. You'll see. And you will take heart. The stories are so inspiring! We often weep at their telling."

So Bilroy waited, although he shifted and stretched and recklessness traveled where his blood should have. He was most discouraged. New people were getting behind him and thus the line seemed to move, but did it? He could not be certain.

At last he could wait no longer and his legs carried him away. As he left the line those who saw him do so shook their heads and felt sorry for him. Some even made jokes at his expense.

As Bilroy wandered along, many in line gave him evil looks. Some called him names. Others advised him: "Get back in line before it is too late." He noticed that as he moved forward along the line, the people were older and older. Finally, over gray heads, he saw the rusty gates to the mansion. Those near the gates gave counsel to those behind them. All of the gray heads nodded seriously.

Bilroy let despair into his hopeful heart: "What a long trip!" he mused, holding his head. "One step a year makes a city block a lifelong journey!" he cried to the jaybirds in the trees.

The jays voiced their own complaints and flew off. With nothing else to do, he followed their direction, walking along the fence.

He had been walking awhile when he saw the end of the fence come in view. It stopped near the back door of the mansion. There he found the door open. His heart leaping into his throat, he walked inside.

"Welcome!" a dozen voices said in unison. "Come in, come in," they were all saying, offering him beverages and chairs.

He sat. "Welcome home!" one said, shaking the lad's hand.

"I can stay?" asked Bilroy.

"Of course. You've arrived."

"But what about those in line?"

"They will wait."

The moral?

You can't be different by being the same.

The second moral?

Bilroy was There!

This fable brought to you by yr obs't sv't Bilroy Caruth, who believes in happy endings.