

TRIP OVER THE MOUNTAIN - ANYONE FOR SOME LIQUID?

One New Year's day many years ago (not the same year when Mother suggested I do something constructive with my hands), a neighbor called to tell Mother she had seen enough football and wondered if she and I would like to ride with her to their mountain home. She had forgotten to put some meat in the refrigerator and did not want it to spoil. Mother said yes right away because she, like the neighbor, had become bored with football.

That week-end it had snowed in the mountains and ice and snow covered the road. We had difficulty driving up the mountain because we had not put chains on the tires. We only got half way up the mountain when we started skidding but were thankful we could turn around and get to the bottom of the mountain safely. We shared our dilemma with some local folks and they offered their assistance. Before we got in their truck, the neighbor reminded Mother these were mountain people, very private, suspicious of everyone because they made their living making moonshine and it was better not to ask questions. There was not much conversation going up the mountain because the driver was being very careful trying to maneuver the winding road. When we reached the chalet and walked into the kitchen, we saw the meat sitting on the counter and we burst out laughing. That prized piece of meat, which almost cost us our lives when we came close to sliding off the side of the mountain, was no larger than a small square napkin.

I knew Mother was chomping at the bit for the return trip to the bottom of the mountain and figured by the time we got there she would know how to make moonshine. Sure enough, after getting into the truck with Mother sitting in the front seat and the neighbor and I in the back, we started down the winding road when all of a sudden Mother struck up a conversation with the driver. She not only got his name and that of his wife, their four children, the names and ages of their 9 grandchildren, where they went to church, but most importantly the ingredients for making moonshine. The driver was so taken with Mother that he offered her a jar of his prized liquid. Mother knew he was sincere, aware that he would be insulted if she declined his gift and prayed God would speak through her. She thanked the gentleman for his thoughtfulness but said she would have to decline because she was taking different medicines and was afraid it might have an adverse effect on her system. He understood and then took Mother by surprise when he said when she got off the medicine he would have a jar of liquid waiting for her. The adage, "God takes care of fools and little boys," was never more evident than the day when He saved three foolish women from going over the side of the mountain trying to salvage a piece of meat no bigger than a small napkin.