As clean as cold water can get 'em

There's a story about a teenage grandson who decided to pay his grandfather a visit at his remote cabin in the woods.

The grandfather was delighted to have his grandson drop by, and he made them lunch.

As he served lunch, the grandson looked at his plate and said: "Grandpa, are these plates clean?"

The grandfather re-plied: "Yup, they're as clean as cold water can get Special to theifp.ca

So, the grandson enjoyed his lunch, and they carried on for the day, going for a walk in the woods, fishing from a nearby stream, before heading back to the house to eat the fish they caught.

As the grandfather cooked up the fish and served it on some plates, again the grandson looked at his

"Grandpa, are you sure these plates are clean?"

"Yesssiree," said the grandfather, "they're as clean as cold water can get 'em.'

Again, the teen sat down for dinner, and enjoyed the fish that they'd caught.

As the day wore on, it was time for the grandson to head for home.

The grandfather walked him to the front driveway, and as the teen backed his car around, the grandfather's dog trotted around the back of the car, tail wagging and heading toward the grandfather.

The grandfather saw the dog was close to his grandson's car, and shouted out to him: "Cold Water, you silly old cuss! Get out of the way of the car!"

I told that story to tell another. First of all, both The Sidekick and I love our dog, Hamish.

He's certainly part of the family, and spends a great deal of his day in the house if we're home. Otherwise, he's in the barn with the sheep, keeping an eye on things.

But as much as we love him, we aren't into having our dog lick our faces or give 'kisses'.

Last week, The Sidekick made lasagna for dinner. We served it on our

> plates and enjoyed it in front of the TV. Hamish was curled up on the floor as usual, and I remarked to The Sidekick that he was out of dog kibble.

Taking pity on Hamish sitting there with no food, I put my plate on the floor and called him over. We don't as a rule feed the dog on our dinner plates, so this was a major coup for

TED BROWN

Of course, he was delighted, polishing off the leftover lasagna bits on the plate with his tongue.

The Sidekick decided to follow suit and put her plate down.

Same thing, he licked it clean.

Once he'd finished the two plates, I picked them up and put them on the coffee table in front of us. Later, I gathered up the plates and cutlery, and took them out to the kitchen ready to put them in the dishwasher.

The casserole of lasagna was still sitting there, beckoning me to take another piece.

I succumbed to the siren call of the lasagna gods, and lifted myself another piece, and set it on my plate on the counter.

As I enjoyed my second helping, I looked at the other dinner plate sitting on the counter and asked myself: "Was I using my plate, or was it The Sidekick's plate?" Of course, it didn't matter, we share water bottles, etc.

But at that precise moment, The Sidekick came out and noticed I'd lifted a second serving of lasagna and, like me, she realized it didn't really matter which plate I'd used.

Until it occurred to us that we'd both let Hamish lick our plates ..

I put my half-finished second serving of lasagna down on the floor, and once again, Hamish happily cleaned up the plate.

And I tried desperately to not think about the other unsavoury things he's carried in his mouth.



Alex Mior/photo



Esquesing Historical Society

These photos look north-east up Mill Street, towards Main Street. The Legion is located on the right side of the picture. Date of Then Photo is 1987.



341 Guelph St., Unit 3 Georgetown 905.873.0236

www.buy-wise.ca info@buy-wise.ca awarded readers choice 26 times



