KEN NUGENT

Publisher

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Happy noly days

This is a holy week for Christians and Jews with solemn ceremonies in the churches and

synagogues of the world.

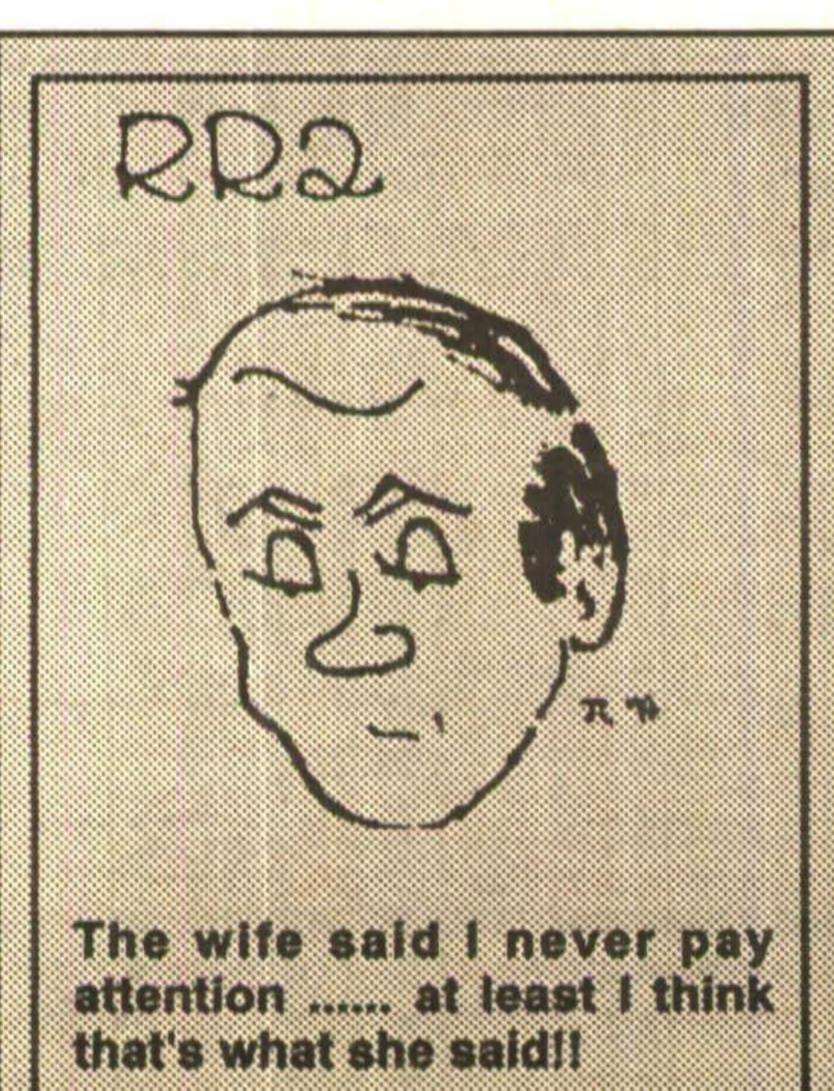
For the practising Christian, the week commemorates the passion and death of Jesus Christ. Good Friday and Easter are holy days culminating in the festival of Easter which commemorates the resurrection of Christ from the dead. It is both solemn and happy.

For the Jew, it is Passover, when the Hebrew children were spared from the sword of the avenging angel who slew the Egyptian firstborn. It is a time of family gatherings much like Christmas is for Christians. Families sit around the Seder table, savoring specially prepared dishes and listening to a recital of the tale of liberation from the book of Haggadah.

Both are festivals of hope and coincide with the arrival of Spring when new life emerges from its long winter's sleep. It is a time to sweep the doomsayers and gloomy forebodings under the rug.

It is above all, a spiritual time when the true meaning of man's existence on earth is pondered and material values can be set in their proper perspective.

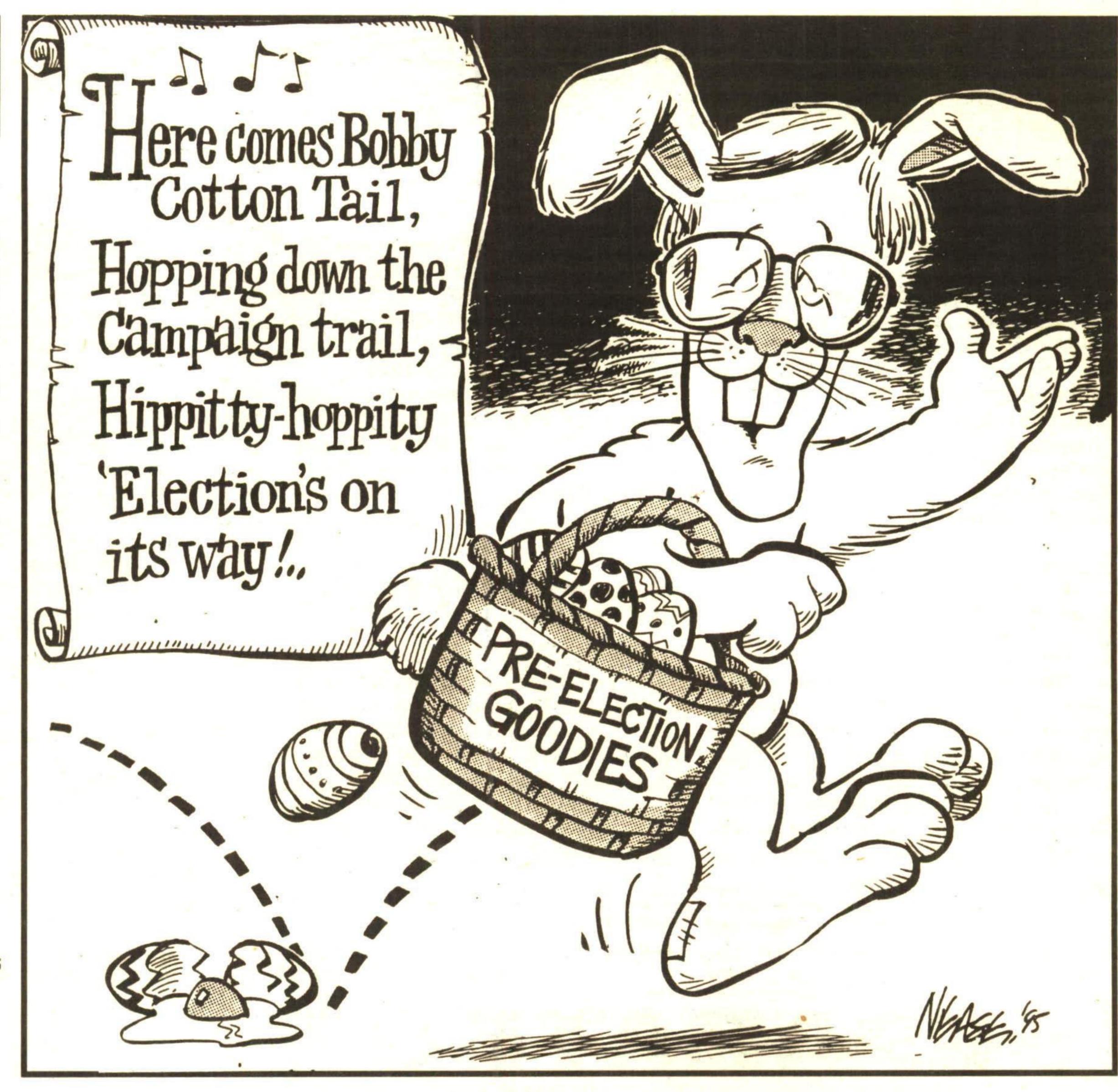
To all who celebrate and value the traditions of both festivals, we offer our wishes for a happy and rewarding holiday.



Did you know?

Have you ever wondered why Easter occurs on a different day every year? According to Webster's New World Dictionary. Easter is held on the first Sunday after the date of the first full moon that occurs on or after March 21.

Passover is celebrated for eight (or seven) days beginning on the 14th of Nisan (the seventh month of the Jewish year) and commemorating the deliverance of the ancient Hebrews from slavery in Egypt.



They called him 'Ol' Grey'

We acquired a new chesterfield last weekend, as On our farm, we had the old one was worn.

And clawed.

You see, Pounce, the family feline, has the occasional urge to sharpen her claws on furniture. A practice I threaten will end in death if she isn't careful.

The new sofa arrived and Pounce stared at it, eyeing the arms, thinking how satisfying it would be to render it to ribbons with a few swipes of the old claws.

As my parents dropped by to view the new sofa, the conversation turned to cats, and their names.

Pounce was already named when she arrived at our house, and for obvious reasons, she pretty well lives up to it.

Before her, we had a Merlin, a Chum and my personal favorite, Buttons, who lived to the ripe old age of 24 years.

It occurred to me how much character some cat's names have.

My co-workers admitted to owning felines with unique Howard, (who is affectionately referred to as "How the Cat," or just plain Howie,) as well as another feline in the household called Windsor, (an interesting name, considering the fact Windsor is a she.)

Another co-worker said she had a cat called Spot as a child (isn't that name usually reserved for dogs?) and another called Piglet.

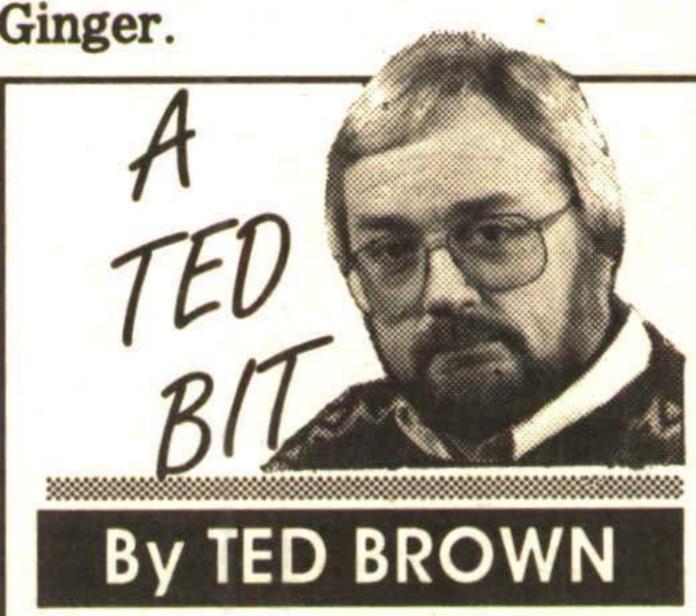
She also mentioned Tigger of Winnie the Pooh fame while my sister once had one named Snowflake. (Snowflake

was pure black.)

hundreds of cats, with names like Rosella, Sam, Tuffy, Toby and one we named Charlie, (but later changed to Charlene, after "Charlie" gave birth to kittens.)

And speaking of kittens, an old mother cat called Janie, once gave birth to her litter in our crib in an upstairs bedroom.

But my dad's stories topped them all when he discussed cats of his childhood days, citing such original names as Whitey, Blackie, Yellow, Goldie and Ginger.



I wonder what they did when they ran out of colors?

And Dad always talks about his uncle's cat, Sore names. One has a cat named Paw, who used to curl up in the kitchen wood stove oven.

But there was one all time family favorite.

They called him Ol' Grey. Ol' Grey was one of those special cats my dad and my grandfather took a particular liking to, making allowances for him all the time.

Ol' Grey was a cat legends emerge from, having more than his share of lives.

Dad's favorite story centers around the time Ol' Grey went missing.

My grandfather was concerned, and searched the fence rows and fields behind the house, in hopes of finding

But no luck.

Eventually, like the Prodigal Son, Ol' Grey did return home, but was missing all the toes on his left front foot, except for one.

They think he may have been caught in a trap.

Regardless, my grandfather was delighted Ol' Grey had returned, and the cat once again took his place in the household, minus those

Dad still laughs as he remembers Ol' Grey's annoying little habit.

You see, before he disappeared and lost those toes, he begged from my grandfather while eating at the kitchen table. Ol' Grey would reach up under the table, and put his paws on his leg, waiting for his treat, which my grandfather slipped under the table.

But when Ol' Grey returned, he had one single solitary toe, with an equally solitary claw protruding

from it.

Anyway, the first time Ol' Grey pulled his cutsy begging act after returning from his adventure, my grandfather nearly went through the roof. It seems Ol' Grey's single, unprotected claw was somewhat of a weapon.

And that sharp claw penetrated his leg like a darning needle.

Anyway, cats come and go, but I can truthfully say Ol' Grey left his mark in the Brown family history.

And probably in my grandfather's leg as well.