

March 10, 2019

Duane and Jimmy: the story of the

The Lion and the Lamb

Every now and then, the world becomes such a troubled place, filled with so much sadness and tragedy, that we must take a moment to do some serious contemplating regarding what we are called to do to bring about positive change.

But in the mean time, here's a column void of any seriousness whatsoever.

And lo, it came to pass that the lion lay down with the lamb, until the lamb heard the lion's tummy rumble and took the first bus out of town.

It wasn't only the idea of being eaten; the two species had little in common. Not only was the lion a carnivore, he was a Libertarian — or a unitarian; the lamb wasn't sure which. Regardless, the lion told the lamb he had to choose — it was his way or mutton.

"I'd better get out of here," thought the lamb, unwilling to take chances. "I'd hate to be served as a main course. *All that basting ...* . Who wants to go to the life-after feeling all sticky? And besides, garnish makes me look fat."

And lo, the lamb boarded the 2:15 out of town, wherein he looked forward to the welcome of family and friends upon his return home.

Unfortunately, that was not to be.

"We knew this *'going to live among the lions'* thing was a bad idea!" his mother said to him upon his arrival as she tweaked his nose. "Oh, sure, the brochures make it look all, *'reading to little lion cubs and teaching them life skills.'* Didn't it occur to you that one of their life skills is how to prepare lamb kabobs?"

"But Mother," said Jimmy (for that was the lamb's name), rubbing his sore nose, "we all must make an effort, for only in endeavoring to achieve oneness with our enemies can we discover that twoness is naught, unless we carry the oneness and divide by Oh, maybe you're right. Perhaps if I was better at math...."

"And to think," his mother said, "you could have been a juicer at your Uncle Emil's 'Olive Emporium' like your cousin, Orville. Leave me now; I must prepare the spinach lasagna — a favorite of your father — for I'm sure he will be in a foul mood."

Meanwhile, Duane, for that was the lion's name, was awaking to find that Jimmy, for whom Duane had offered a guest room in his apartment, was gone.

"Hey," he said. "Where's Jimmy? He just disappeared! No note or anything! Gosh, I wonder if I said something to offend him, or if someone ate him for a late night snack?"

"I told you that the *'It's my way or mutton'* joke wasn't funny!" Duane's wife, Doris, said unto her husband. "I told you when we took him in: 'Lambs are very sensitive.' They don't like to be reminded that they're delicious — especially on a pita with tomatoes, onions and cucumber sauce."

"Mmmmm. Yes. And oregano ... Lions and lambs have been at odds for eons and are finally beginning to have relationships that don't include a spatula, and here I go and run him off," Duane said, lowering his head in shame. "I must go out among the lambs and find Jimmy and apologize."

"Fine. Just change your shirt. You've got mustard stains."

So off Duane went, in search of his friend. Knowing he would stand out among the lambs, he wore thick glasses with a fake nose and mustache.

"Has anyone here seen Jimmy?" he asked a group of young lambs standing by a barber pole.

"Oh!" screamed one of the lambs, sheepishly. "For a moment I thought you were a lion, that is until I saw your mustache and glasses. You'll find Jimmy over at the Olive Emporium. He's taken a job as an apprentice depitomizer."

Duane pushed open the door of the shop and peered around the room. There were olives of every shape, size and color, including a bin for olives shaped like the nostrils of famous celebrities, for which many a lamb had blown a lot of money.

"Um ... *Jimmy?*" Duane uttered, looking around. A few seconds later a lamb dressed in an apron and safety goggles and carrying an industrial drill pushed through a rear door.

"Can I help you, sir?" Jimmy asked, and Duane took off his disguise. "Duane! Did you come to eat me because I would not become a Libertarian?"

Duane just stared, puzzled.

"Um ... *unitarian?*" the lamb asked. "Librarian? ...Proletarian? ...Bulgarian? ..."

"What? *No,*" Duane said, shaking his head. "The word I used was '*vegetarian!*' It was a joke! ... Get it? ... vegetarian?"

And they both laughed until their stomachs hurt and Duane had to seek medical attention.

Discussion Questions:

- 1) Why did Jimmy leave Duane's home without speaking to Duane first? How would you have handled the situation, knowing that he is the cook and you are the Hamburger Helper?
- 2) If Jimmy's father was in a fowl mood when he arrived home, why didn't Jimmy's mother serve him chicken?
- 3) If two trains are traveling toward one another, with 120 miles in between them, while train A is traveling 30 mph and train B is traveling 60 mph, how long will it be until they collide?
- 4) Does anyone know where I can get a really good cup of coffee?
- 5) What does this story have to do with Lent? (If you think of anything, please call Dave at 620-227-1519, so he can tell the bishop.) Or, if you just had a chuckle, that's okay too.