

### Maybe I was right

**By Jo McCormick**

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WOW!! 2012. I'm pretty sure that way back in 1956 as I graduated from Central City High School I never once thought about 56 years and 185 or so miles west down highway 30.

As I do cogitate on such now I realize I have been a Perkins Countian for most of the historical designated years; 1962, 1987, and now 2012; again-WOW!!

All that was to let you know for this month's Cogitation narrative I am adding a smattering of history to my Golden Ours memory. After all, we are entering a historical Perkins County year, 2012.

Do you like jigsaw puzzles? Do you like history? In this column the two merge. Mable, a resident of Golden Ours, was a champion puzzler of the jigsaw variety. At one time I had the number '67' recorded as the puzzles she had completed. They were not the wimpy 250 or 500 piece variety, but generally the 1,000 piece jobs.

Before the last remodel of Golden Ours to accommodate Park Ridge we had a wall in the east entryway "papered" with some of her "special" works. She was proud of her work. So now we tie history into this story because it is a historical year for Perkins County, our 125th year of existence.

Mable and I always had a special relationship, but her pride and my creative side almost caused a rift between us.

She had completed a beautiful "Last Supper" puzzle that we had planned for the dining room—the one prior to the "now" dining room. There was a perfect sized wall for it to dominate.

We sealed the puzzle as we did all of her works that she deemed "special." I thought it needed more of an attention grabbing background than the painted plaster wall.

More history: my father-in-law had torn down the outhouse behind their house and piled up the debris for disposal. Outhouses are history, are they not? All rough and ragged, with jagged edges and no saw marks—it was perfect. I nabbed it up, cleaned it up and dosed it with lots of varathane (to seal in all the bugs and such.) Oh, by the way, it was a side-wall piece, not a seat.

I took it to work and showed Mable, who was a bit skeptical, but did okay it for use. So far, so good. My plan was to rough up the edges of the puzzle to compliment the background and vice-a-versa. Skepticism turned into outrage from Mable when she heard of my plan to "burn" the edges of the puzzle.

Since it was the "Last Supper" she even intimated it might constitute a sin of which she wanted "NO" part of; certainly did not want to watch. I used a blow torch to sear and scorch those edges, almost losing control once but never, ever did I let her know that.

When finished and mounted on the recycled board and a final coat of varathane applied to all, it was great. She got the cocky little grin on her face that she always had when she knew she

'might' have been wrong but was not going to say so.

More history—more remodel—new dining room—new decorative scheme—no puzzle. Thank God Mable was only aware that it was in storage. I, myself, was pretty miffed because I did not know where it was either. I certainly would have rescued it and carted it to our house if I thought it had been discarded. I later was informed it was hanging in a hospital hallway. I did see it many times on my many trips through the “brown door” at the west end of Golden Ours to see Jerry in the hospital. He spent quite a lot of time there off-and-on.

I always thought to myself, 'Mable is proud to know it is here.' I can just see her cocky little smile, perhaps saying, “maybe you were right!”

Bye-Bye for now. Jo