

Pepé Le Pew

by Rev. Joe Dirt - Tuesday, November 02, 2010

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Most of my adult life I have engaged in some sort of regular physical activity. The motivation derives from an effort to keep my weight somewhat in check and maintain a level of health. Plus I just plain feel better when I am exercising. This activity has taken various forms over the years, jogging, extended walks, bicycling, or lap swimming.

When my children were younger I mostly jogged. I would come in from jogging, especially in the warmer months, very sweaty. If a child was around I would ask them if they wanted a hug. Of course, they did not, and I would start chasing them saying, "I need a hug." I would never actual catch them, but it was a fun little game (at least for me) that we played.

Our house in Arkansas was just a block or two from the fields of a large farm. My ex had a habit of taking a walk in the evenings down a dirt road that ran through these fields towards the farm house a mile and half away. She almost always took our dachshund with her. It was not uncommon for her to pick up another dog or two as she walked.

Occasionally one or both of the kids would join her. On this particularly evening my daughter went with her on her walk. It was along about dark thirty as they say in that neck of the woods. Not quite dark yet, but the light of day has definitely faded away.



One house on the edge of the fields had 3 dogs that had to make their presence known. They often came out to bark or to sniff the dachshund. On this night a critter joined the group next to my daughter. She reached down to pet it, thinking it was a dog from the house. She was jolted from this belief when she was sprayed by the skunk that had been walking along side them.

That ended the walk and they returned to the house so that my daughter could shed her clothes and attempt to wash the odor off. She spies me in the yard and runs up to me proclaiming that she wants a hug. I start to do so when I suddenly get a good whiff of her. Now I am the one running away while she gives chase saying, "I need a hug."

Fortunately for her , the skunk did not hit her full on. It was only a "glancing blow". A good bath rid the smell from her body, but her clothes had to be trashed.

It is funny how things with children come back to you.

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