

THAT'S WHAT I DID IN HIGH SCHOOL

He pointed to the image projected on the huge screen in the front of the hall.
“Look at those knockers,” he exclaimed!
Only problem was, he was a Catholic priest home on leave from the missions.
And me? An embarrassed 14-year-old high school seminarian.
Jaysus!

“Mumbles” we called him.
With his funny shoes and awkward stride.
Could barely understand a word he said.
Tortured by the Communists – feet frozen, tongue cut off.
We were – ahhm – a bit “insensitive”, I suppose you could say.

World history? ... crazy as a loon. Tortured, too, though I don't know how.
An exorcist ... China was full of demons in those days, he said.
Had the burned remains of a prayer book to prove it.
He invited us to his room to see ... I was one of the brave who went.
And, no, thank you, not a pedophile – just mad, a bit, crazy as a loon.

My Latin teacher – fluent in Chinese.
Loved to curse the natives – who, assuming he knew no Chinese, cursed him first.
What gusto in his laugh when he described the looks on their faces as he skinned them
alive in words they most assuredly COULD understand.
NATIVE SODOMITES!

Yeah, that's what I did in high school.
Four years of Latin, two of Homeric Greek.
Gregorian chant, chapel, prayer and work - no TV or radio, only infrequent visitors.
Brothers working the farm – harvest and slaughter.
French nuns cooking the ... ah ... strangest stuff some times.

A monastic life. Ancient. Withdrawn. Solitary.
Yeah, that's what I did in high school.
Jaysus!

And you?