ROBERT KIRBY

Cowed by thoughts of cows

R-1ert Kirby is trekking in coming. This is a reprint of an earlier column.

ill at a point to Ulmd my own business in church.
-Me often than not this,
-mes better sense than

while other people pretend to mind it for me. Last Sunday, my business consisted of pondering whether there were still some DingDongs at home in the fridge.

I'm thus occupied when a will if I was to work sign-up sheet came around in Priesthood meeting.

I was eupholistically thinking it was important. My role at that point is to b-er way to spend one's time. Wanting one's hams in church. Less talk; more walk.

-1:0:0-ents later the words "iFy-" caused my hair to turn gray and be recognized. If it is part of the gospel meetings. But right after that is cows.

Who plows what God was thinking when he created cows? He called it up to having a complete y bag of creation day, solethms suppose even deity's el Lited at once in a while at 4:00 a.m. Certainly explain Larry Erdmann.

of: thehosvelover a previous w-fare involving evil iboving, one of many testimonies have misplaced over the year. Sot medetliber halting. Frantic a’r el s my name. I reckoned the fate sign-up sheet failed, me! Milk a Miller claim that I was snowman atheist or possibly even a voodoo guy. Instead, I would have to face my fears.

On Tuesday, my wife drove a thoroughly embittered me down to LDS Welfare Square and dropped me off. With several other ward fools I trudged inside and felt the heavens part.

In a building clearly marked "DAIRY" there were no cows. The entire facility avoided even the very appearance of cow. The closest I saw were cheese and milk.

Pleased that God was back in his heaven, I spent the next four hours gladly loading pallets with 50-pound bags of Atmit.

Atmit sounds like the name of a Book of Mormon lawyer, but actually the Ethiopian word for "porridge." Or so they said. It could have been Inuit for "rat poison" for all we knew.

Being a journalist, I made them prove it. During a break we cooked up some Atmit and tried it. The first taste was OK, the second ratller less so. Third bordered on awful, and fourth - well, there wasn't O.Ie.

Atmit consists of oat flour, sugar, powder,ed milk and vitamins. It is an acquired taste, almost certainly acquired through starvation and not through a steady diet of Rostess products.

The porridge is being sent to Africa to bring starving children and the elderly back from the brink of death. So far some of them that they can only stomach a few tablespoons of Atmit per day.

We bagged and loaded 18,000 pounds of Atmit in four hours. All the while I could not shake the image of my granddaughter starving, nor the hope that if she were; some else would also set a-dear and indifference to load Atmit for her.

Sometimes it takes a brush with cows to remind us that other people's business is our business.

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