

ROBERT KIRBY

Cowed by thoughts of cows

Robert Kirby is trekking in coming. This is a reprint of an earlier column.

At a point to I had my own business in church. More often than not this makes better sense than

Some while other people presume to mind for me. Last Sunday, my business consisted of pondering whether there were still some Ding Dongs at home in the field.

Jesus thus occupied when a while for work sign-up sheet came around in Priesthood meeting.

It is educationally important. My first point it seems a better way to spend one's time than pressing one's hams in church. Less talk; more walk.

It is later the words "it's" caused my hair to stand and be recognized. If that part of the gospel that has more than any other meetings. But right after that it is cows. Who plows what God was thinking when he created the world. Talk it up to having a complete day of recreation, so he thought suppose even death is needed to once in a while at would almost certainly explain Larry Erdmann.

of the gospel over a previous welfare involving. Evolving, one of many testimonies have misplaced over the year. Sottmedeliberhater. Frantic a tempo av my name. Fuckfro the. Fate sign-up sheet failed. Miller claim that I was an 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 edged 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 rather less so. Third bordered on awful and forth - well, there wasn't O.I.e.

Atmit consists of oat flour, sugar, powdered 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 gone are 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 do I hope that, if she were; someone else would also set a deaf and indifference to load Atmit for her.

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

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