

FIVE MINUTES WITH TOM MOOTY

(Column Number 2143)

"Howd Dat Happen?"

Since I haven't worn a wristwatch in several years (something about being "too magnetic" or some crazy thing), I have to keep an almost constant check on my cell-phone clock ("remember when phones helped you make telephone calls and - well, I guess that's about all they did).

I have to keep a constant time-check because they keep changing stuff - and they never ask me if they can change the stuff.

For instance, somehow and at sometime in the very distant past, they decided to "save some daylight" and changed the time; and then they changed the date we are all supposed to change our time (except for those rebellious types that refuse to change their time up and down, forward and backward) on certain dates and days of the calendar.

But, somehow, they (Congress, in cahoots with the Judicial and Executive branches of the Government of these here United States - or maybe just some nameless tenured bureaucrat in some tenured office somewhere along Constitution Avenue in Washington, D.C.) passed a rule, a law, a regulation, an ordinance, or maybe even an executive order that the date when we move our clocks forward in the Spring and backward in the Fall would be moved forward in the Spring and backward in the Fall to yet another (earlier and later) date; and so, it happens this year on this weekend - Sunday, November 7 at precisely 2:00 in the morning.

Don't forget it - and everybody get up at 2:00 in the morning and move your clocks backward so you can gain that hour of sleep that you lost by getting up at 2:00 in the morning. Then you can be grumpy all day long at church; and take it out on the preacher.

When "Miss 'Nita" and I went to the Southern Baptist Convention in Phoenix, Arizona, after we learned to change the clock in our rather new car, we had a wonderful time of turning the clock forward and backward.

We left home and drove right square into the next time zone. Ok, turn the clock back one hour, gain one hour; making good time in the Central Daylight Saving Time Zone, driving west; all is well!

Drive on across the fruited plain into New Mexico; and look for that little mark on the blacktop where "Mountain Daylight Saving Time" begins and turn 'er back again. Going good, making good time, gained another hour; all is well!

Get to the Arizona state line and - guess what? They are in the Mountain Time Zone; but they do not observe the time change; and so their clocks are set the same as Pacific Daylight Saving Time during the glorious months of Daylight Saving Time.

Confused? Keep up, now, it gets better. That's three hours difference now; and we are still not even there yet. That worked ok, going out there, I loved all that extra time; but it is tough on the flip flop; and I 'purt near wore my watch stem out cranking it up and down, forward and backward (that's probably why I can't wear it anymore, it is worn out). I would have been bonkers if I had still been using my car clock because I kept forgetting how to change it.

But - moving right along - someone figured out that we should do that madness; and so, we do that madness (except for those rebellious types - no wait a minute, those rebellious types in Arizona, Hawaii, and some counties in Indiana might have the right idea after all, in their refusal to change).

That brings us up to a few years ago; when someone figured out that "Easter" should be observed on March 23 that year; but "Passover" (which is always at or near the same date) didn't come until April 20 (that's a month apart for those of you who haven't figured that out yet).

Now, come on! Who made that motion? Howd dat happen? The Jewish "Holy Day" ("holiday) of "Passover" was established first; and they have it pretty well down to a science as to when it should occur; but someone made a motion, passed an ordinance, well, you know . . .!

Now, to quote someone (whose name I have forgotten down through the years of cranking my clocks up and down, forward and backward) - anyway to quote

someone: "therein lies the rub". (I'm not really certain how that expression got started; but I have been wanting to use it in a column; so - "therein lies the rub").

Anyway! It also happened that the annual celebration of "Saint Patrick's Day" (he was a holy man, you know; hence the title, "Saint"); which is most always observed by dying the water in the river green and drinking green beer in your local watering hole; it seems that some calendarly-challenged calendar expert said, "Oops" a little too late and allowed the annual green beer-drinking holiday to fall right smack inside "Holy Week" - beginning with "Palm Sunday" and ending with "Easter Sunday".

Oops! And "therein lies the rub". The same thing happened in either 1940 or 1941. I wonder how they handled it back then; when "Holy Week" really meant something to most Americans!

Ok, they might move Thanksgiving and Easter around on the calendar; but, if I am not mistaken, Christmas comes on December 25 of this year; and we can all celebrate the Birth of Jesus The Christ at that time. I hope you are on board with that celebration; because had He not been born; man, what a mess the old sinful world would have been in!