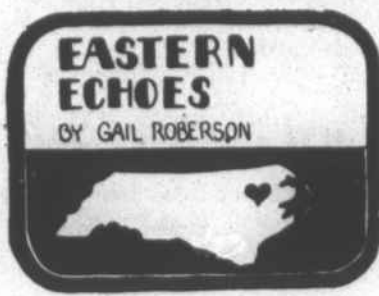


Perspective

Using "Sunday Best" all week

How many times do you go to your china cabinet for the crystal... on Mondays? How many times have you opened the door to your "good" living room on any day other than Sunday, or used those fancy pillow cases for anyone other than company? Are the shirts and dresses your family wears only for special occasions out of style before the threads are barely worn?

All of us have had practicality deeply embedded in us since childhood. We were taught to maintain certain things for "Sunday-best" for the sake of thriftiness and sensibility. There are few of us who revel in hours of ironing linen table napkins or starching lace tablecloths, and there are also times when dreams must wait. After all, babies will always drool, cats will always shed, expensive china will always be easily broken and clothes will always continue to snag, tear and soil. There will be plenty of times in life when plas-



tic makes much more sense than crystal.

But, I learned a valuable lesson about "Sunday-best" a while ago, and since that day I've practiced up a bit on using my "good" things more on Monday through Saturday. I went to an estate sale held shortly after the death of a woman I was acquainted with. Since I had been in her home many times, I almost decided against going to the sale; my reasoning being that everything she owned was completely worn or mismatched. I found, however, upon examination of her per-

sonal effects that day, that she had plenty of lovely things stashed away, yet from the way she lived, none of us had ever realized it.

Though she had six sets of fine crystal, I had never seen her drink from anything other than plastic. There were three full sets of beautiful china at the sale, though she had always eaten from melmac with the design faded off. Her expensive designer gowns and robes were still neatly in place in boxes, yet she had died in the hospital wearing the same shapeless, faded, cotton gown. The list of her beautiful, unused things was endless. When I saw them all, I remembered her saying once, "I've always loved fine things, but I just hate to mess them up."

Sooner or later you realize that there is nothing much you possess that isn't too good for daily use. Her estate sale taught me that lesson. I immediately came home and threw away all my tattered dish towels and took the new ones I'd been saving up for "Sunday" for my benefit Monday morning.

I stopped "saving" attractive blouses I liked and started wearing them the next day. I dug out the expensive scented soaps someone gave me and used one that very night.

I've stopped letting practicality always control the spirit which denies me the tiny pleasures of life. I no longer bring out the silver just for the holidays, but also when my first rose blooms, my last rose blooms, the cat made it through three months without a visit to the vet, the herbs have been weeded, and my husband is home for supper on time.

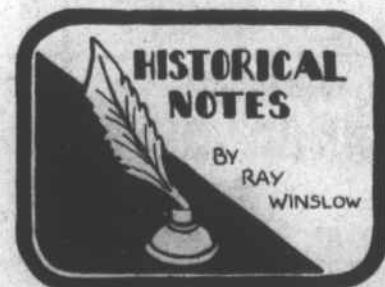
Take my advice and say goodbye once and for all to too much "Sunday-best." Rip the protective plastic off your lamp shades, take the tag off your new rod and reel, and light the candles that have almost melted from the heat of being stored. You no longer need a special reason to celebrate life. You were given that reason when you got up this morning.

So, when you have trouble getting accustomed to using "Sunday-best" all week, just do like me and try to remember the words of Kay Lyons: "Yesterday is a cancelled check; Tomorrow is a promissory note; Today is the only cash you have...so spend it wisely."

"Sunday-best" all week long has helped make my "todays" much more wisely spent.

Nicholson's wife was persecuted

Christopher Nicholson, son of Edmund and Elizabeth (Simson) Nicholson, was born about 1638; he may have been born in England before his parents' immigration to Massachusetts. In 1646 he inherited five pounds from George Pollard of Marblehead, Massachusetts. He followed his father's occupation of fisherman, joining Edmund's fishing expedition in the spring of 1660.



At Edmund's death in 1660 Massachusetts authorities invented a complaint against his widow and two eldest sons. Founded upon no evidence but stemming from the official prejudice against Quakers, the matter became an example of the lengths to which Massachusetts would go in persecuting Quakers. The incident was reported in 1661 in London as the "Tragedy of a woman of Marblehead near Salem and her two sons (viz.) Elizabeth Nicholson and Christopher and Joseph, whom you (the Massachusetts Bay authorities) without ground charged with the death of Edmund Nicholson, her husband, and their father, who was found dead in the sea; "Your rage soon grew high



June 22 - 28
National Housefly Week

Susan's law of ordinary happenings

By SUSAN HARRIS

I have recently penned "Susan's Laws of Ordinary Happenings". These are my observations on everyday circumstances, and I am sure at least some of them you have experienced.

Law Number One: Washing machines eat socks. From a purely mechanical point of view this would seem impossible. But anyone who has ever done laundry knows that it is true. If you are in doubt, go do your washing.

Count your socks carefully. Put them in the washer. Use any detergent you want—that is not a factor. When your clothes are dry, count your socks. One is missing, right? I told you so!

Law Number Two: The speed at which the car in front of you travels varies inversely with the amount of time you have to get where you're going.

If you doubt this adage, get up late one morning. Every sightseer around will hurry to ride in front of you. They will slow down for such landmarks as the state highway shop and the famous weigh station.

Leave ten minutes early to go somewhere and everyone becomes Speedy Gonzales. You end up not ten minutes early, but 15 minutes ahead of schedule. Then you're mad because you could have slept or jogged longer and enjoyed another cup of java.

Law Number Three: All children suffer from hearing loss.

Some children can hear positive answers, but negative responses are beyond their decibel levels. This theory is easily tested, especially if you are close to teen-agers, who seem to be exceptionally prone to the disorder.

Law Number Four: How messy you get while cooking depends on what you're wearing.

To test this hypothesis, put on your best dress. Next, cover your clothes with a junkie old bath-

robe. Now, begin to prepare spaghetti. You may want to wear the robe for five or ten minutes, then take it off for the same length of time. Continue to alternate as you cook your meal. When you are finished look at the robe, and then at your dress. You will note that your robe is clean as a whistle, but you have splashed the sauce in at least two places on the dress.

Law Number Five: Birds only fly over just-washed cars. This is absolute fact. I know that because I only wash my car two or three times a year and birds ALWAYS add their artwork to it as soon as it dries.

Law Number Six: Mothers tend to ask dumb questions.

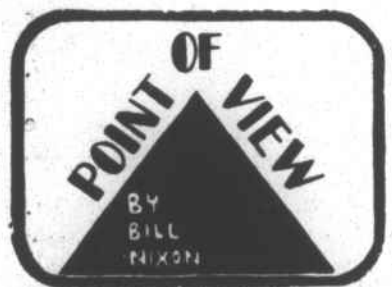
I'm as guilty as the next person. My children will misbehave and what do I ask? "Hey! Do you want a spanking?" or "Would you like to go to your room?" Ever heard a child answer yes? Nobody wants to be spanked or go to their room. If they say "No" you're going to do it anyway, so why ask?

Notice these things during the next week. You'll see what I mean!

I've enjoyed working with you as a reporter. This is my last by-line. By mutual agreement, I am leaving The Perquimans Weekly. See ya around! Sue.

Our futures are not guaranteed

Whether you were a fan or not, it's difficult not to be saddened and shocked by the unexpected death of former Maryland basketball superstar Len Bias. Thousands of fans enjoyed his court abilities during his years at Maryland. Only recently, area fans were amazed by his moves in exhibitions at local area schools.



At the age of 22, he is dead. He'll never again display the talent and abilities that God entrusted him with. For reasons we will never know, he is gone.

We are all impacted by death, especially when we lose someone close to us, or it comes totally unexpected. Even when life has been long, it is difficult to adjust or understand the loss.

There is a message in death for all of us. For all our feelings or greatness, of indestructibility, of immortality, our time will come. Few of us know when, where, or how.

Here was a young man with the world ahead of him. He probably would have been a great basketball player for years to come. He faced opportunities only a few ever have. You might say his future was guaranteed.

But it wasn't and neither is ours. We need to realize this and attempt to take each day as such, to make the most of every minute we have.

Many of us believe in life after this one. By doing so, we are able to accept the fact that our time in this world is limited, but greater rewards await us elsewhere. We don't know this for a fact, but it does make the realization of death easier to accept.

Let's suppose that this is the only life we will have. Once it is done, there is no more. There will

Pastors Needed.

We are looking for local ministers that are willing to share their faith from time to time with our readers. If you would be interested in writing a brief spiritual (350-400 word) anecdote or testimonial on an occasional basis for our church page, please let us know.

CALL:
The Perquimans Weekly
426-5728

Letter to the Editor

Editor
The Perquimans Weekly,

I'm recently living in Maury, N.C., but have had family living in Hertford, N.C. for the past fourteen years.

On May 30, 31, and June 1, their were nine youth from the Perquimans' area to participate in the Special Olympics. My brother and sister were two of the nine that represented Perquimans. I know for a fact that the people of Perquimans County would like very much to hear about what the youth is doing. I for one feel that they (the youth) should be noticed for a terrific job and participation that they (the youth) put into the Olympics.

Sincerely,
William Cohen
Box 215
Maury, N.C. 28554

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