

SHORT BEDS and NARROW COVERS

by Charles O. Walker

You spend about 1/3 of your life in bed!
Beds are important for your welfare and comfort.

There are all kinds of beds: short, tall, narrow, wide, twin, three-quarter, regular, queen, king, fold-away, roll-away, hide away, trunnel, carriage, spool, poster and canopy. They have mattresses that are soft, medium, hard, postipedic, whatever. Feather beds are about gone!

However, nothing is more uncomfortable than a bed too short. Either your neck is twisted; your back is bent; or your knees are buckled.

Betty Anne and I have some friends from seminary days. They are J. R. and Hallene Huddlestun and their daughter Joy. They live in Waleska and J. R. is pastor of the Heritage Baptist Fellowship. Joy is organist of our church and goes with me each Sunday to Grandview Nursing Center. She plays and signs and I preach.

One Sunday I told her about this sermon "Short Beds and Narrow Covers". Joy said, "You should use the story about Mom and Daddy when we were in Ireland."

The story goes like this:

It was 1989. They arrived in Ireland from England. The weather was awful. It was raining. They temperature was below freezing. It was sleeting.

To say J. R. is thrifty is a gross understatement. He is plain cheap.

He had made reservations in an inexpensive Bed and Breakfast. The cost for three was \$13.00. After walking to the place in the sleet, they were shown to their quarters. It was a basement room with three twin beds and hot and cold water. However, the hot water was non-existent.

The beds were twin size, narrow and short. The sheets and blankets were square – four feet square! You could cover from your feet to your waist, or from your shoulders to your knees. There was no way to cover yourself completely.

It was cold – bitterly cold in the room.

All three got into their narrow beds.

About the time all were asleep, J. R. yelled: "Something bit me!"

Joy replied: "It is too cold for anything to be alive. We may not make it through the night!"

But, all of them got up out of their beds. They found the light and turned it on. They pulled the covers off J. R.'s bed. Naturally, the sort sheet did not go but 2/3rds on the mattress.

It was discovered the mattress was filled with horse hair. There was a hole in the mattress. Stiff horse hair was sticking out of the hole. This was what bit J. R.

"I'm not going to sleep here."

So, he took his sheets and cover and joined Hallene in her narrow twin bed. It sagged in the middle. They spooned together and went to sleep.

But that is not the end of the story.

Continued on next page

Continued from page 12

About 3:00 am Joy was awakened by a loud pounding noise. She woke and realized J. R. was snoring so loudly, the noise sounded like a freight train. The people on the floor above were pounding on their floor trying to get J. R. to wake up and stop the noise. Joy woke him up and peace prevailed for a while.

Then when morning came, J. R. and Hallene were stuck in the beds and Joy had to pull them out of the narrow bed with the short covers.

From the book, *Observations From the Side of the Road*, by Charles O. Walker, Copyright ©1999. Used with permission. First published in the *Pickens County Progress*.
