

Turkey Tale (2013)

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Then there was the time that Charlie Schindler and I found the turkey beside the highway. It was a couple of weeks before Thanksgiving, when turkeys abound -- but are not usually sitting there beside a state highway.

We had driven to the top of Texas to a church meeting from our homes in Lubbock, and were driving back in the middle of a West Texas midnight, where there are more stars than anyplace else on earth; after all, it's Texas.

We stopped the old VW van to inspect him; and there he sat -- dazed a little, and unable to fly -- blown out of some rattly old turkey truck.

"What are we going to do?" asked Schindler.

I said, "We're going to tie up his legs with the ball of string I've got in my shaving kit, and take him home." "

Why do you have a ball of string in your shaving kit?" he asked, and I said, "I've never known until just now."

Well, we did just that, and he put up with it. We had quite a homecoming tale to tell, when we got back to Lubbock, and paroled him into the Schindler back yard, into an ex-dogpen.

He remained there the rest of the time before Thanksgiving, as a pampered and well-fed guest, and then became the center of attention on the dining room table.

And I've kept a ball of string in my shaving kit ever since.