

SHE TOOK MY SEAT!

A lady took my seat in church a while back. It's not that important, really. She's a very nice lady, kind and considerate. A good friend in fact. There were several other seats available. I can sit anywhere. The people in our congregation are as friendly and caring as you will find any place in the world. A person should be comfortable sitting any place in the world. A person should be comfortable sitting any place. It's no big deal.

My seat is in the seventh row back from the front of the church. I'm sure she didn't intend to take my seat. She just wouldn't do that. Nor would anyone else in our fine church. It doesn't make that much difference.

My seat is on the end of the pew, on the north side, by the windows. On your left as you come into the sanctuary. I can rest my left arm on the end of the pew. It's a good seat. I would never raise a fuss about a seat.

I suppose she came early, and my seat appeared available. She probably didn't intend anything personal by taking my seat, but I would never raise a fuss about a seat, or hold a grudge.

There are several seats available on the south side. On your right as you come in. I could have taken one of those. Those people who sit over there are very nice. Over there on the south side. I know most of those people. I would be welcome there, on the south side.

Actually, it was about three months ago when she took my seat. I really don't know why she took it. I've never done anything to her. I've never taken her seat. I suppose I'll have to come an hour early now to get my seat. Either that or sit on the south side.

She really took it because it is one of the best seats in the house. That's why she took it. She had no business taking my seat. I wouldn't have been surprised if it had been a couple of other ladies in our church, who shall not remain unnamed....Donna Thege and Clarice Manstedt have been picking on me for a along time.

I'm not going to sit on the south side. That's for southsiders. I'm a northsider. I can just hear those southsiders if I sit over there. "What's she doing over here?" I'll tell you what she's doing over here. Some unscrupulous person took her seat, that's what. She took it because it's the best seat in the house. And I'm not going to church two hours early to get what is rightfully mine from the beginning.

This is the way great social injustices begin. Abusive people taking other people's seats in church. This is the way the seeds of revolution are sown. A person can only stand so much. Where is it going to end? If somebody doesn't stand up and be counted, nobody's seat will be safe. People will just sit any place they please. And the next thing they'll do is to take my parking place, too. World order will be in shambles.

I'm not going to take this lying down. I can't; the stakes are just too high. I think I'll go to the church board. Better still, I'll contact a good personal injury lawyer; a real shark. One who will go right for the throat. Even better, one who will go for the pocketbook.