

Cheryl Wheeler

"Frequently Wrong But Never in Doubt"

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I remember when George used to come to our house
For a meeting of one of his clubs
He would often drive down
'Cause we lived close to town
Where the pulse of the big business was.

He belonged to the yacht club, the truckers, the
shriners
Though he had no boat and no rig
Still he'd eat roast beef dinners
And hob-nob with winners
And wait till he hit something big.

But before he could get that big fish on the line
They let everyone in and ruined the shrine
And he was easily riled and likely to shout
Frequently wrong but never in doubt.

His friends called him skippy
But he had no family
Till my mother's folks took him in
Just a short blond and wavy
Boy from the Navy
And he never left home again.

How he married Agnes oh I'll never know
She was gracious and gentle
And she loved him so
And he was grand in her eyes
When they would go out
And frequently wrong but never in doubt.

And I guess he had a big time
Sharing the secret symbol
With masters elect of the night
Down at the Boumi temple.

Well I guess he was crazy
I think he was lonely
My mother was his best friend
He hollered and cried

The day that she died
And I rarely saw him again.

And I guess I've forgotten since I was a kid
I don't know why we loved him I just know we did
And he was easily riled, likely to shout
Frequently wrong but never in doubt...

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