



## PIE-EYED

The lovely lady who helps me keep my apartment tidy is named Hallelujah Smith, although I call her Halley. She is from Ghana, jovial, thoroughly thorough, and Christian in a nice way.

I often buy a cherry pie at the farmer's market on my weekly visit. It is my custom to share a piece of pie with the redoubtable Halley. Recently I promised her that next weekend I would buy a pie for her family. However I did not go to the market, and did not buy a pie.

Sunday my friend Elliot surprised me with a small cherry pie from an uptown bakery. I devoured it in one gulp, disposing of the aluminum pie pan in the kitchen garbage can. It was no Farmer's Market pie.

That night, before I fell asleep, my mind played hide and seek in the overture of my dreams. Suddenly at midnight it dawned on me! Would Halley see the empty pie tin when she takes out the trash, and assume I purchased a pie for myself only and selfishly ate it?

Panicked, I jumped out of bed, dressed quickly, and flew down the block with the smoking gun, and threw it into the corner trash.

Back in bed, still fraught with guilt, I began to wonder: What if somehow Halley happened to spot the plastic bag containing the cherry stained evidence as she passes the corner trash on the way to my house?

Would my rouse be revealed by her slouthing of crumbs found on the kitchen counter?

How could I feel so guilty over a crime I had not committed? So here I was covering up a lie that I never told by lying about something that never happened by telling another lie. Would confessing to a priest of a non-lie be a mortal or a venial sin?

Should I risk getting up early the next morning to buy a duplicate pie from the pie shoppe to cover up my pie-lie?

Oh what a tangled web we weave, when first we practice to not deceive.