

My Father, Clocks and a Gypsy

My father was a very innocent and naïve man. He assumed that because he was honest, everybody else was too. Living in a large apartment house, there were always unsolicited visitors, mostly gypsies waiting to strike at an opportune time. He was home by himself when the doorbell rang. There was a gypsy woman wanting to know if there was anything for sale in the apartment. Since the door to the room behind my father was open, she asked if the clock on the piano was for sale and asked to see it. Somehow, my father let her in the apartment and she took the clock saying she wanted to buy it. She said she would be right back with the money, but of course, she disappeared, never to be seen again. The clock was my brother's favorite clock and he actually cried when he found out what happened.