



OK, when I was a kid I enjoyed roaming about the neighborhood and amassing a shopping bag of candy. And when my own kids were little I enjoyed escorting them on their candy-collection expeditions.

But with a just a week to go before this annual event, my neighborhood is decorated with ghosts hanging from trees, bones sticking out of graves in front yards, headless forms hanging from basketball hoops, giant spiders crawling over rooftops and lines of tombstones along driveways.

Some people think this is fun and clever. But I think it is just plain creepy. I don't mind a jack-o-lantern or two, but I really think there is something wrong with people who surround their homes with bloodied zombie manikins.

As a great option to the images from the mind of Edgar Allen Poe, I offer the picture accompanying this short comment. It is the pumpkin carved from my friend Katelyn Moroney, consecrated woman of Regnum Christi, missionary and, obviously, artist. I'll take a missionary pumpkin over a ghoul any day.