

A Sherlockian Toast (posted 2020-10-31)

A Toast to Dr. John H. Watson
(As delivered by Sherlock Holmes)

The Sons of the Copper Beeches – 30 October 2020

Zoom

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When I was asked to give this toast, my first thought was what can be said about Dr. John Watson that hasn't already been said? But seeing as this social convention is needed, I shall tell you what Watson means to me.

Watson, is my flatmate. And even though his declarations about my experiments happening in our living space are annoying and obtuse, he still knows when to let me sit in silence and do my thinking without his incessant prattling.

He's always willing to go on an adventure with me, his wives never getting in the way. He chronicles my adventures, noticing everything, except the glaringly obvious. And as any good writer, he listens to my helpful critiques.

He is a sounding board and assistant on my cases. I may have to explain things slowly sometimes, but Watson always gets there. I never cease to amaze him.

And he always comes armed, even when I don't tell him to. Which comes in handy often. Although, he was reluctant to allow me to hold his gun for some time. I don't know why he was hesitant. Sergeant Coventry was able to retrieve it with a grappling-hook from the depths. Eventually.

No matter what, he is there when I need him. Even if he didn't show up at Baker Street until TWO DAYS AFTER CHRISTMAS. He is still my friend. And he enjoyed the goose chase.

So let's raise a glass to my flatmate, my chronicler, not luminous, but a conductor of light. To my best friend, Dr. John H. Watson.

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