

A Sherlockian Toast (posted 2021-2-7)

A toast to Mary Watson  
by Richard Krisciunas  
before meeting of the John H. Watson Society  
on November 14, 2020

I have a vivid memory of the first time I ever saw my wife of 43 years as she walked across the law school library where I was studying. It was love at first sight.

In *The Sign of Four*, John Watson saw Mary Morstan for the first time at 221B and described her as “a blonde young lady, small, dainty, well gloved, and dressed in the most perfect taste. Her expression was sweet and amiable, and her large blue eyes were singularly spiritual and sympathetic.” He said, “I have never looked upon a face which gave a clearer promise of a refined and sensitive nature.”

What kind of a person was Mary Morstan Watson? Mary’s reaction to the story of the wild chase down the Thames is the best example. Watson said, “When I spoke of the dart which had narrowly missed us, she turned so white that I feared she was about to faint.” Mary’s first thought was how she had placed Holmes and Watson into danger.

After Watson opened the Agra treasure box and Mary found that it was empty, she was thankful because she found John Watson’s love more valuable.

After they wed, Mary was always supportive of her husband and never complained when the game was afoot and John or James had to help his friend, Sherlock, solve some mystery.

In the *Boscombe Valley* case, as he ate breakfast with Mary, Watson received a telegram from Holmes asking him to join Holmes for a couple days. Without missing a beat, her *immediate response* was, “What do you say, dear?” “Will you go?” When Watson hesitated, Mary told him another doctor could handle his cases. “I think that the change would do you good, and you are always so interested in Mr. Sherlock Holmes’ cases.”

In *Twisted Lip*, when an old schoolmate needed help finding her addict husband, she came straight to Mary Watson. Dr. Watson reflected, “Folk who were in grief came to my wife like birds to a lighthouse.” “That was always the way.”

Selfless. Supportive. Sensitive, sweet and sympathetic. Privately, with Watson’s experience of women which extended over many nations and three separate continents she was probably also sensuous and sexy. Would our Watson settle for anything less? Let’s raise our glasses to a special lady, Mary Morstan Watson.

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