

Serendipity – What a Pleasant Surprise

By Dennis Payton Knight

Serendipity, a pleasant word meaning a pleasant discovery, does not get enough use in our language. I learned it the first time I heard a radio disk jockey introduce a song by a new group called the Serendipity Singers back in the sixties. I checked the dictionary and enjoyed a *serendipitous* moment when I learned what it means.

Just like the word itself, our English language is filled with serendipity, and that's what this piece is about, so read along and enjoy the surprises. In composing it, I will try to exercise elegance or neatness of literary style, *concinnity*. If I should *divagate*, clobber me and I'll get back on track. Or if you sneeze when reading my stuff, don't blame me, because I am no *sternutator* either.

And don't be a *gobemouche*, believing everything you read. If you think I am hoodwinking or bamboozling, clobber me. I am not a *snollygoster*, I have principles.

Learning new words is a hallmark of a *deipnosophist* who is skilled, even *luculent* in the art of conversation at the dinner table, and surely you wish to be one of those, don't you? Language is not *nugacity*, my friends, it is serious stuff. I am *possident*, not so much of a good vocabulary, but of access to dictionaries on my computer. I am a keen *netizen* of all things internet and, I am not too *erubescenscent* to say so.

You may characterize my compositional skills as being *effable*, describable in words, and to that I say right on. I believe the art of writing should be *eurhythmic*, a harmonious proportion of the easy and complex. I like it to be *sesquipedalian*, filled to the brim with fifty-dollar words. It is probably my own goofy *mumpsimus*, but I continue to adhere to that notion even though my English teacher said it is a ridiculous tradition. Who cares, she was a *criticaster* anyway, always grading as a critic, never for pleasure, a *wowser*, and so I never *pothered* engaging in *logomachy*, arguing about words.

If I am successful, and this manuscript results in enough pages to deem it a scholarly *tome*, I shall engage the services of a topnotch *colporteur* to purvey it on-line and in bookstores to *bibliopoles* across the country. Of course, I shall have to give it a *eucaastrophe*, so the reader can arrive at the happy ending and sleep happily. Just like I did when I finished the Goldilocks story.

And if, on the other hand, you think this is but an essay, *thistledown*, *unfructuous* and of little value, that it is an *argle-bargle* of meaningless writing, that it is circuitous and *anfractuious*, then I say you have fallen into the detested habit of *floccinaucinihilipilification*.

Aha! Got you with that one, didn't I? So, be *zetetic* and look it up. I'm not ordinarily one to *previs* the future, but I'm willing to stake a *flutter* that you will learn something.

Call it *serendipity*.