

Aug. 12, 2018

stay cool, Kansas

Hello, everybody! I hope your summer's going well and that you've managed to eke out a little peace of mind here and there.

One sure way to get my ire up is to turn on the news, although perhaps not for the same reason as you. As soon as my blood starts to boil, which is pretty quickly, I turn it off. I start to simmer, then to cool. *Ahhhh*.

We may have strongly different politics, strongly different opinions on the actions of those in power, but (At this point I *had* written that we should agree to disagree, but I think we've crossed that line. There is right, and there is wrong. We must start agreeing on where the Christian light is coming from, and where the darkness is standing in plain sight.)

Fortunately, I have found a few moments to celebrate life minus politics, even though some of those experiences have been a little weird. Here are just a few:

EXPERIENCE NUMBER ONE:

The other night I was eating green beans in a restaurant when I had a horrific realization. I stood up, knocking over my chair, and shouted, "THIS ISN'T A GREEN BEAN! IT'S A HUMAN TOE!"

I sat back down and realized, "Oh, wait. No, it's not; it's just a green bean."

The dinner rolls were delicious.

EXPERIENCE NUMBER TWO:

Last month, I was planting geraniums and discovered some ancient human bones in my backyard! I boxed them up and sent them into the Smithsonian Institute where a Dr. Linus Cranston promised to examine them. About two weeks later, I received a certified letter saying that after careful examination, he determined that the samples I sent consisted of two sticks and a rock. I noticed in his letter that he only used words of two syllables or less. He said how important it was for me to stay in school and do all my homework, which I appreciate, although I've been out of school for more than 35 years. He also sent me a dinosaur coloring book, which I appreciate.

EXPERIENCE NUMBER THREE:

Over the July 4 holiday, I was dining with several family members in Tulsa. One member was discussing his health food diet, in which he eats and drinks things that require visits to aisles in the supermarket that I didn't even know existed. Considering that my idea of diet consists of

getting two items at Taco Bell instead of three, the more he spoke, the more I began to feel like Jabba the Hutt.

Not wanting to be outdone, I announced that my new diet would consist only of re-purposed cardboard made out of oat curds. Several people around the table nodded their approval. After a dramatic pause, I added that I was strongly considering a diet made up entirely of grazing. Everyone erupted into applause.

EXPERIENCE NUMBER FOUR:

The other day, I came upon some old videos I made of our Labrador, Sarah. She died back in 2011 at age 12. In the video, she was sitting at a table on our back porch. She was holding a little drink with an umbrella. When she took a drink, her little finger on her paw raised up. How could I have missed this odd behavior? I took the video to our vet who conferred with her fellow vets. I could hear murmuring and finally saw the nodding of heads.

“Dave,” she said, “it appears Sarah had multiple personalities. We can see clearly in this video that she thinks she’s a French Poodle, probably named Fifi or Cleo. And see? In this segment here? She’s obviously taken on the characteristics of a St. Bernard. Note the exaggerated drool. Did she ever try to bring you brandy?”

I thought about it.... *YES!* There was that day, shoveling snow, when I stopped after having grown tired. There was Sarah with a pint bottle of Grand Marnier in her mouth! I wondered why I developed such a love for snow shoveling.

EXPERIENCE NUMBER FIVE:

Sometimes homilies come from unexpected places. The other night I was watching an old TV show on my small, 1970s era black and white TV next to my bed. I began dozing off and prepared to say my prayers. I closed my eyes and suddenly a voice came through the ether. It was the antithesis of all the upsetting news coverage, a wonderful lesson in a time where it is most desperately needed.

It said: “No moral, no message, no prophetic tract. Just a simple statement of fact: For civilization to survive, the human race has to remain civilized. Tonight’s very small exercise in logic from The Twilight Zone.”

Amen to that.