

Jan. 13, 2019

Prayer for the year ahead

A holiday form letter

Dear _____,

We're sending out our Christmas greetings a little bit late this year. Dave and Charlene hope that you and _____ and all the little (including children and/or pets) _____ had a holy Christmas and a very happy New Year celebration. Welcome 2019!

Please know that you, _____, are in our hearts, and that we think of you often. How is/are _____? We hope he/she/they is/are well. We think of him/her/them often.

Health related issues highlighted our year, some serious, some not, some weird, some super gross, some totally uninteresting, all of which are included in detail below.

To catch you up, my cousin Doug was finally released from a correctional facility last January after serving seven years for performing dental work without a license. Or any experience in dentistry. "Ith a travethty!" said one victim upon his release. "He should get the firing thquad!" The victim testified at Doug's parole hearing, but her testimony was dismissed when it was discovered that she was Cheryl, Doug's wife.

Speaking of wives, you may remember that my wife had her big toe accidentally severed during Father Ted Stoecklein's Ash Wednesday homily. Father Ted felt terrible, but he couldn't have known his machete would veer off during his mid-homily juggling act.

Well, the toe has grown back! We always thought that regenerating digits was something you only find among reptiles and earth worms. Turns out, humans share many traits with reptiles! In fact, our doctor told us that he slithered as an infant. We thought that was neat.

By the way, my wife's toe grew back in the shape of Alfred Hitchcock, which the doctor said is more common than not. Sometimes when I get home from work, she holds up her foot and says, "Goot eeeeevening," which is equal parts hilarious and disturbing.

In non-health related news, Dave (due to his rugged good looks and affinity for bougainvillea's) briefly became the newest spokesman for Boscowitz's Cattleman Saddle and Salad. Their motto is, "As you might be aware, there's no other place where you can enjoy a delicious salad while picking out saddle-wear or other farm-related leather goods as you enjoy a delicious salad, more so than at Cattleman Saddle and Salad, where you can do both together at the same time." Moments before his first official function, Charlene mentioned to Mr. Boscowitz that his motto was a tad redundant, and he had us both ejected from the premises.

Charlene felt bad, so to lighten our mood, she bought matching Post-it Note dispensers for our Post-it Note dispenser collection, which is currently on loan to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. It can be found in their Post-it Note Dispenser wing and runs through March 23.

Have you heard that 99 percent of cattle ranchers are vegetarians? We haven't. Please boycott Boscowitz's Cattleman Saddle and Salad.

More medical news. At our Thanksgiving dinner, Dave suffered a very curious psychological affliction. During dinner, he suddenly and inexplicably demanded to be called "Turtledove the Wonder Boy" from now on.

We contacted Dave's best friend, Dr. Albeck, who is a Professor of Brain Thinking at Colorado University in Denver. He told Dave to take a couple of Tums, and within an hour he was back to his old self! Dr. Albeck told us that Dave had experienced Temporary Altered Personality Disorder brought on by gas, or TAPDBOGB.

According to Dr. Albeck, there have been several studies performed, some having to do with that very subject.

As the new year gets underway, our prayer for you is that 2019 will be less weird than 2018. We should all pray hard for this.

We should pray for all those struggling with emotional, health, financial, and/or familial issues.

We must pray that *all people* on earth will be afforded the same chances to experience the peace and good will that our Loving Lord promises us through His birth and His incredible sacrifice.

And don't forget to pray for less weirdness. Amen.