

December 25, 2009

To my dearest Linked In Facespacing Tweeters and other social networkers I haven't seen in years or have never met, on this, the Eve of Christmas,

The cliché of every holiday season is that the year seems to have flown by, but more than any other fusion of days and months previous to these most recent, I can say that of 2009 with great conviction. Though perhaps we can attribute the subsequent comparison of time passage to my viewing of "The Curious Case of Benjamin Button," the story of a man's entire life apparently told in real time. If you have time to see it, and have not yet, I highly recommend you start scheduling more events into your day planner.

As short as it was perceived, I was able to take advantage of the time by challenging myself, by taking the road less traveled, the rocky road, if you will . . . the Mississippi mud pie, the pecan praline, the cherry vanilla. I stood up against complacency and dormancy and sitting down in order to achieve the dream that I, ever since I was a little tyke, had been ignoring instead of nurturing – that was the dream of finding a dream for which I could follow.

And then it hit me . . . as spring came in like a lion, grazed like a cow, ate like a pelican, made a mess like a chimpanzee, and slept like a lemur, I experienced a life-changing moment that snuck up on me like Tareq and Michael Salahi at a restricted, state-sponsored dinner. Upon hearing music on the oldies radio station originally played during my college years, I was emotionally stunned, albeit temporarily. *Oldies*, from the 90s! I came to the realization that I needed to live more . . . and hence, started listening to Top 40 fare instead.

Also, it forced my acknowledgment of how much knowledge I had left at my alma mater unlearned in a brown paper bag on the floor of the student union's computer lab. So I decided to return to graduate school where I worked diligently on my thesis attempting to posit the difference between Jonathan Rhys Meyers and Jonathan Rhys-Davies. Sadly, I could not and had to settle for a less-than-stellar mark; that is, the difference between Mark Ruffalo and Mark McGrath.

The amended project didn't fare much better in the grading department as I earned an "F" for the semester, a seemingly wasted opportunity for me, but fortuitously had my tuition refunded to me thanks to the government's "Cash for Flunkers" program.

Having been bailed out and with renewed vim and/or vigor, I looked to recharge the creative lithium ion batteries of my soul by traveling. Scouring brochures, I sought someplace tropical eventually settling on a wonderful cruise to Antarctica where I would be able to swim with the polar bears. Flying into balmy Greenland, we set sail from there.

It was upon my return, during my scheduled change over at JFK, when excitement overtook boredom as our plane overshot the runway and ended up in the Hudson River. Fortunately, we landed safely among Somali pirates positioned in the waterway who accompanied us back to shore. They then accompanied our valuables back to Somalia.

Realizing my keys were among the products pilfered by the pirates, I had to break into my own home which was quite embarrassing, if not as much for the crowd that had gathered around the scene, but also for the officers called in to investigate; though, not half as embarrassing as the eventual recognition that I was in the wrong house.

The sires of serendipity certainly were not on my side that day as the home happened to be owned by an acquaintance of the president who beckoned me to attend a well-advertised visit to clear the air. Not the president of the U.S., mind you, but rather of the Department of Unapologetic Mentally Asinine Stupid Spokepersons (or D.U.M.A.S.S.). So though I wasn't meeting Obama, I did have a lovely sit down with Carrie Prejean.

However, it wasn't all faux pas and pas de deux or even pas de trois for me. As the autumn foliage sparkled with brilliance, I attended one of the infamous tea party meetings and I must say, though the scones were a little dry, the tea (a jasmine oolong steeped to perfection) more than made up for the rancor occurring around me.

The urgency of the subject drew me to the event as much as did the roster on the dais. Holding the attentions of the attendees were such charismatic political personalities as former Senator John Edwards to former New York Governor Elliot Spitzer to South Carolina Governor Mark Sanford (just back from a "summit" in Argentina) to Senator John Ensign of Nevada, with a keynote address by none other than Bubba Clinton himself, all speaking on protecting the sanctity of marriage.

To top it off, Tiger Woods manned a little table outside the conference hall where he hosted a signing of his new book, "I'm not Perfect: Learning when to Text and When Not To."

So in anticipation of welcoming in the new decade a year before the formulators of our Gregorian calendar meant for it to be welcomed, let me wish to all of you that the 3-iron of happiness smack you in the kisser forcing you to slam your Cadillac Escalade into the fire hydrant of good fortune.

Yours comedically,

Andy Wasif