

Humor Me

By Ronald P. Culberson

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“Looking Back to the Future”

How many New Year’s resolutions have you broken already? I’m up to eleven but it’s still early. If you’re like me, and I know I am, you spend a significant amount of time carefully crafting a list of goals that are not only grammatically correct but have specific measurable details. Here are a few from my list:

1. Eat five fruits and vegetables each day. Note to self: Strawberry cheesecake and zucchini bread don’t count.
2. Exercise once every quarter. Make sure to inform wife after each completion.
3. Watch less T.V. except for sports and the eleven shows we record on TiVo.
4. Get a doctorate in aerospace engineering. Make sure to inform wife after completion.

Unfortunately, our lists get discarded by Groundhog Day and we experience the letdown of “pre-failure” which is far more demeaning than regular failure. So rather than focus on what I won’t do this year, I’ve sought to learn from the failures of last year. I think Freud would be proud of me.

Here’s what I learned in 2005...

Read the Fine Print

If you take a vacation between Christmas and New Year’s and you make your flight reservation six months in advance to get the cheap non-refundable fare, I suggest you check your flight times before going to the airport. Otherwise, you might find, as spelled out in the fine print on the back of *our* ticket, that the airline has moved your departure time back three hours forcing you to ENJOY 15 HOURS OF QUALITY “FAMILY TIME” DRIVING BACK FROM MIAMI IN THE ONLY RENTAL CAR AVAILABLE (SEE “SUB COMPACT”).

Take the Bad with the Good

I love having a new car. I love the smell, the smooth ride and trying to figure out how to work the DVD/CD/Radio/GPS/Bluetooth/NuclearReactor/JamesBond audio system. But I hate buying a new car. I hate the fake “dealer invoice” price, the way the salesman has to check with his mother after each offer I make and the extended warranty scam which implies that the car may spontaneously combust after 10,000 miles. Next time I buy a car, I’m going to strap explosives to my chest, not shower for a week and put limburger cheese in each shoe. I figure that way, they’ll take the first offer I make.

Take One Day at a Time

This year, I broke a rib, tore a hamstring, discovered I have sciatica (which I thought was reserved for those over 70) and spent way more time in the hemorrhoidal ointment section of the pharmacy. This is a condition the experts call premature antiyoungitis. But no matter what hurts or how old I feel, I think the best motto in life is “Live each day as if it was your last”.....because one day you’ll be right!

Accept Shortcomings

For a 45 year old, I think I’m pretty hip. I listen to contemporary music; I love Napoleon Dynamite; I ride a Harley Davidson; And I’m immature sporting an emotional age of about 16. The problem is that I act younger than I am. And even though I can moonwalk, imitate a turkey with precise accuracy and make funny noises with my hand in my armpit, my 14-year-old daughter is *not* impressed. I now realize that the older I get, I’m at greater risk for *hip* problems.

Things Are Not Always as They Appear

This year, I made a startling discover. It appears that deciduous trees are actually disguised alien birth pods. I realized this when I raked the leaves off my yard. By doing so, I apparently disturbed the reproductive pollen located on the surface of the leaves because the very next day, the yard was covered with new leaves in the exact same spots. I think the leaves may also have something to do with my missing socks.

Read the Fine Print More Carefully

You should heed the warning on polyester pants that says “Only Use a Cool Iron” And if you ignore the warning, since most of us have never used a cool iron, make sure the hot iron has a Teflon coating on it. And by the way, melted polyester will ruin a hotel iron.

God Has a Sense of Humor

I’ve learned that God has a sense of humor. Why else would the prescription for my distance vision make it impossible for me to see things close up? What’s even funnier is that now, I can’t read the fine print.

I hope your failures give you as much comfort as mine give me. Until next time, just humor me.

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Ron Culberson, MSW, CSP, CPAE is a speaker, humorist, and author of four books including Do it Well. Make it Fun. The Key to Success in Life, Death, and Almost Everything in Between. His mission is to change the workplace culture so that organizations are more productive and staff are more content. He shows people how to have more FUN while preserving the integrity of the work they do and the lives they lead. For more information, visit www.RonCulberson.com.