

When God said, "Let there be light." Who was he talking to?

You know the saying,
"What happens in Vegas, Stays in Vegas."
I saw a guy wearing a T-Shirt that said,
"What happens in Vegas, Stays in God's memory for all Eternity."

Depression Is The Face Of Your Reality

My Weekly Buzz



Online



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Mikey Bags aka The Prickly Cactus, Publisher

Wassup In Da Buzz:

Last time I wrote about The Woodstock Generation. By the way, I saw the Taking Woodstock movie and it was okay. Anyway, I got some interesting comments about that. Mostly were from that generation that had fond memories and good thoughts. Then I received an email from Scott Parker Mast, a local musician who participated in a 40th year Woodstock celebration at Red Rocks Amphitheater, here in Colorado. He wanted to know "exactly" the dates of the "Me" generation I was talking about. His one line question was wreaking of a challenge. So, I simply wrote back and said, "It's the one you belong to." Not really knowing anything about him. He then wrote and went on to challenge me on how could I lump a whole generation based on the acts of a few. I just asked him, "What stick got up your ass?" Well, he was feeling it and let me have it. It was my stick, "obviously," he said.

I decided to give him some detail. I got the feeling that he thought I was saying that my generation was better than his. I was merely stating the facts. The Woodstock Generation was all about Peace, Love and Rock n Roll. The facts were that the attendees at Woodstock 99' most certainly didn't care about the ideals we had. For whatever reason, they erupted into a violent mob. Did all of them react that way? Not likely. Were they all angry? I doubt it.

I explained to him that he was looking at me in the wrong way. He took offense that "his" generation were all a bunch of "dumb asses" as I referred to them. But they were acting like dumb asses. I told him that I was a person that was willing to see things as they are, not just from my own twisted perverted mind. If we were in the wrong, I would be willing to state it as such. He was very defensive and unwilling to listen to my reasoning. So, I called him a Dumb Ass and blocked his email.

Somewhat along these lines of older and younger generations I had an experience that made me see something. The fuel pump in my car died on me over the weekend. It was on a Saturday at 4 in the afternoon. The tow truck brought me to the only place open, which was a Firestone Car Care Center. As the driver was lifting the car, he noticed a screw in my tire. I told the service guy at Firestone to fix it. He calls me up and says that the tire couldn't be fixed, but I could buy a new tire for \$100. It didn't set right with me, so I told him to put on the spare. This morning, as I went looking for a place to have the tire fixed, I got a little worried that I would have the same problem. Somebody just trying to sell a tire. I see this older looking Tire and Wheel Alignment place and drive by. I turn around and pull into the parking area. I get out and see an older guy at the front desk. "Blah, Blah, Blah! Can you fix my tire?" "Sure thing," he says. As he is working, I tell him he is "Old School" and then tell him what the young guy at Firestone said about my tire not being able to be fixed. He laughed and said that's the way it is with the younger generation. My sentiments exactly. He fixed the flat. Put the tire on the rim again. Took off the spare and put back the regular tire and said, "That'll be \$15." Thank You Sir!

So, is it that this younger generation really has their heads up their asses? Not exactly. Sure those guys at Woodstock 99 were a bunch of dumb asses and this guy at Firestone was looking for an easy way out and trying to make a quick buck, but they will grow up as every generation has grown up. And as they do, they will come to appreciate how their money is being spent. Like at the Cigar store where I hang out, young guys come in and buy expensive cigars. I tell them to wait until they are married and have kids and a mortgage and car payments. We'll see how much you spend for a cigar then.

As we get older, we care for our possessions and how precious it is to be careful with our money. The younger generation thinks that we old guys have our heads up our asses, but one day the harsh reality will hit them as it has hit every generation before them: You get older and become "old school." And there will be some young person telling you that you are an old fart. This is Life!

My Weekly Buzz

The Incoherent Ramblings of A Man Unheeded: Me!

My neighbor who I wrote about a few weeks ago died of his cancer this past week. Patrick Swayze also died this week. I wasn't particularly a big fan of his. I didn't care for his always smug look and how when he danced, had that face on like it was the most important thing in the world. Who gives a crap? Actually, it used to bother me that he always looked 20 years younger than me and we were both the same age. I got to thinking and a couple of thoughts arose from his death. The first one is how we humans react to the death of a celebrity. People we admire through movies or music or whatever means they have come to fame or prominence.

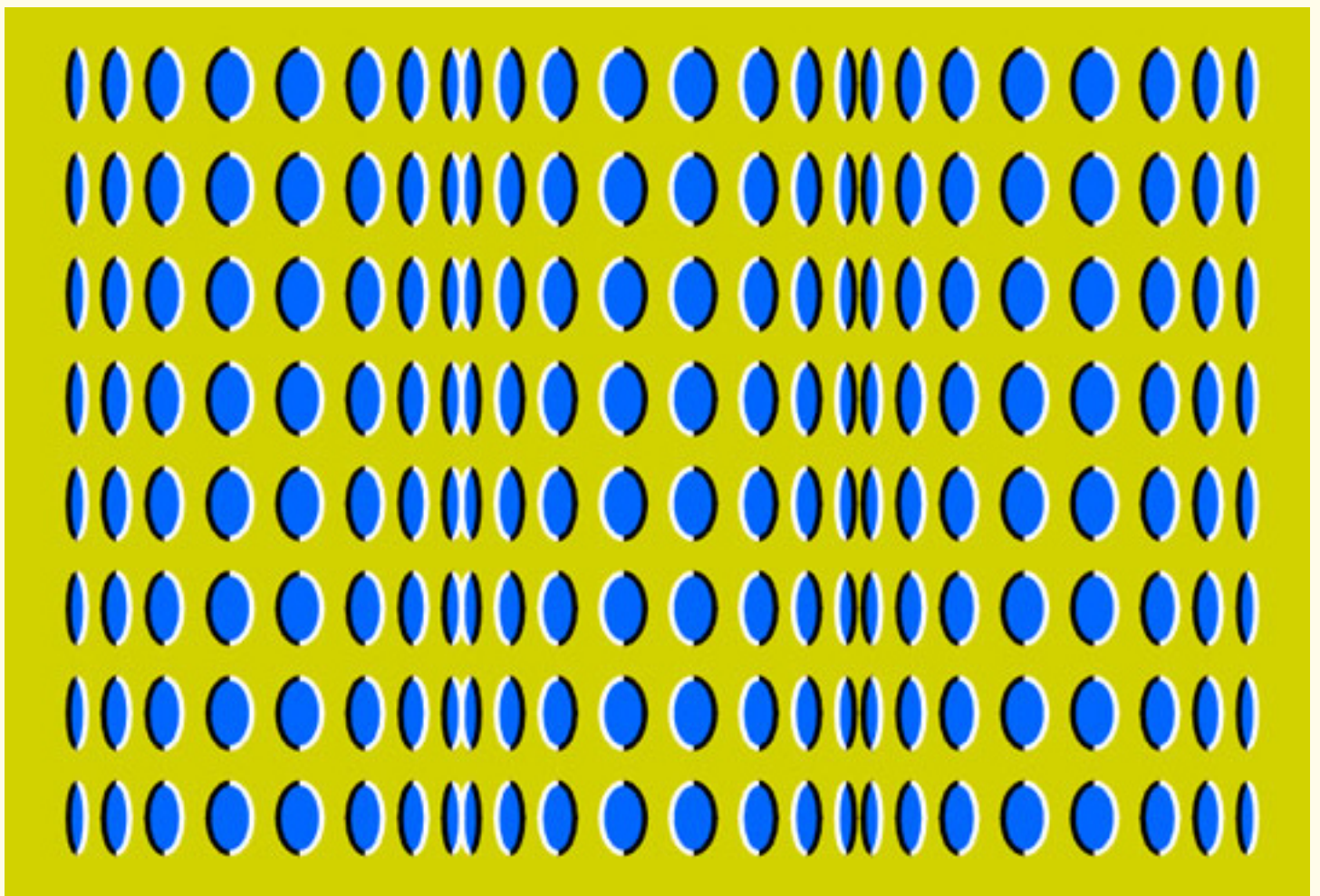
My first encounter with the death of a famous person was Mario Lanza. Who in the hell was Mario Lanza you ask? He was an Italian American tenor and Hollywood movie star who enjoyed success in the late 1940s and 1950s. Why did this affect me? My parents loved this guy. Especially my father, being Sicilian. It really didn't affect me so much because I was only 7 years old, but I saw the way my parents reacted. Somebody they admired left this planet. A few years later, President Kennedy was killed and again, I saw how the adults were really upset.

The first one that really bothered me was Freddie Prinze. Two years younger than me and one of the funniest guys I have ever seen. It was like a friend died. That same year Elvis died and for whatever reason, it didn't bother me as much, but the country was shaken. I'm sure there are a number people that will have a memory of Michael Jackson's death that will affect them in a similar manner.

I have this odd fascination with the death of people. Every year there is always a list that is published of the celebrities that have died. My morbid curiosity is aroused and I have to go through every listing to see if there is someone I liked. Through this curiosity, I found a website that will let you know when someone dies if you subscribe. The URL is: <http://CelebrityDeathBeeper.com> Just click on it and it will take you there. Usually though, by the time you get an email from them, you have already heard about it.

The other thought that occurred to me about Patrick Swayze's death is: Where is he now? As I wrote earlier in the year, my sister died and I think about where she is. Some people don't believe in a hereafter. Some people think that when you die, that's it. You're done. I believe that there is something else. A journey to a final place. When I wrote about my sisters death, I mentioned that I was curious to experience that journey. To meet God and kind of find out what this life was all about. I wonder; will God be upset with me because I hate the way most people drive or that people talk in movie theaters and check messages during a movie and all I want to do is grab their phones and smash them on the floor. Will he be happy with me because I helped a blind guy get into the public bathroom. Or maybe be upset with me because I left him in there. I just don't know.

So, Patrick Swayze, wherever you are; Have a nice journey and we'll do lunch when I get there. Your treat.



My Weekly Buzz

“I Believe Everything Happens For A Reason” This is a quote most often stated by women. At least to my recollection it is. Of things that annoy me on this planet, this is right up there. First of all the Laws of Physics conclude that this statement is true. For every action, there is an equal and opposite reaction. Thank you, Sir Isaac Newton. So, why do so many people (mostly women) say this?

In the times I have heard this utterance, it was most associated with how the ways of life have a purpose. That somehow the reason for something happening is related to God having a hand in it all and that it will all work out for good. A child dies and someone will say, **“I believe everything happens for a reason.”** Well, the reason that the child died was the result of injuries sustained in a car accident in which the driver was drunk. Honestly, what good comes from a child dying and what “good reason” can replace the loss of a child? Any reason is just a justification for finding a glimmer of hope in a terrible situation.

My thinking is that people don't want to deal with truth. So, they make up for it by quoting this stupid saying. It eases their pain. Life Sucks. This is not me being negative, it is me being realistic. For the most part, life does suck and it is hard. How a person deals with this hardship is what makes a person happy or not. Coming up with a saying to make you feel better seems all false to me. But we humans like to lie to ourselves. It makes us feel better if we lie. May I remind you of the lies you tell your children about Santa Claus to make them believe in something that doesn't exist. When you don't want to deal with the truth of life and can't find or understand the reason for something happening you say, **“everything happens for a reason.”** Of course it does, but not for the reason you want it to which is to justify your pain.

But what can you do? Because if you deal with truth, you will have to not tell your children about Santy Claus and do you really want to do that? I didn't think so. So, go your merry way and find your “reasons” for something happening.

I was a salesman once (weren't we all) and there was this other sales guy who would always lie to customers. Most of the sales team were pretty honest and we would ask this guy why he felt the need to lie. He didn't know any other way. It was inconceivable to him to be able to be honest. How could he make any sales if he was honest, he thought. Well, I made more sales than he did and I was honest. The lie was so great in him that he couldn't see the truth. My point is seek the truth and you won't have to find a reason for why everything happens.

Bet You Didn't Know:

- * The average pencil holds enough graphite to draw a line about 35 miles long or to write roughly 45,000 words. History does not record anyone testing this statistic.
- * During World War I, enough metal was salvaged from corset stays to build two warships.
- * Americans receive roughly 100 billion pieces of junk mail each year
- * In 1943 Swiss chemist Albert Hoffman inadvertently absorbed a small quantity of lysergic acid through his fingertips and experienced “dizziness . . . visual distortions . . . [a] desire to laugh.” The age of LSD had begun.
- * A large popcorn with butter at the movies can pack 1,600 calories. Diet cola won't help.
- * If your parents didn't have children, it likely that you won't either.
- * The first report of Aliens occurred in 1957, when Antonio Villas Boas, a Brazilian farmer, reported that he was abducted by barking aliens who covered him in gel and mated with him.
- * Paper money originated in China in the year 910.
- * Albert Einstein among other creative geniuses acquired a reputation for promiscuity based on the theory that suggests that male geniuses are unusually endowed with an enthusiasm for risk taking, which is testosterone-linked.
- * If you grew up watching TV in B & W, your dreams will be that way. Kids today dream in Color.
- * And once and for all: your flushing toilet does not spin counterclockwise north of the equator and clockwise south of it.

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