

Deadly currency

Every major holiday I go to the graveyard where my mother is buried and put a bouquet of flowers by her tombstone, seems like I do not take enough time otherwise to honor her. It's more a gesture of missing in a mortal subjective way than actual grieving and I know that. But it gives me some tranquility to meditate over material questions. One of them this particular holiday was the loss of my social security number. It took off into a forest of binary processing. Boy, are you naked without that or what. I tried all government nooks and institutions without any help to grasp. I felt lost in the translation from bureaucracy and without any visible answer in the horizon. Speaking of lost personal numbers my friend John Conner always had an odd opinion and awkward views about everything. So do you know what his answer was...? He told me:

"Two things are certain in life, death an' taxes until that day. Ya' see Stan, global governments are now instructin' their tax departments to set up a division for refunds paid from beyond the grave based on a new discovery."

I just looked at him trying to imitate a wet Oliver Hardy as good as I could.

"In the valley of shadows they have now set up several ATM machines based on a purgatorial franchise."

Before I could open my mouth he continues:

"Most funeral homes haven't yet installed a beyond death slip that da deceased can bring with them to the other side an' easily pay bills with while they're walkin' in the valley of death. The slips are inserted in a special laminate an' made for both crematoriums an' traditional burial procedures. It can withstand heat up to 3000 degrees Celsius which is convenient because if the path is not going as planned the slip is still good."

I have to explain something to you dear reader. You see, my friend John Conner was almost cremated himself. He ended up at the hospital morgue in the afternoon after a minor surgery the same morning and scared several saints out of the night nurse after asking her for a glass of water. He got so annoyed by her constantly screaming he walked up to the cafeteria for a beverage. There he discovered he was still in the hospital gown and could not pay for his soda. He found his way to the main entrance and hailed a cab to take him home. So you understand, every time he starts talking like this my eyes are bugging-out like I have a thyroid problem. I simply do not know when he is joking, trying to cheer me up or just making a statement based on his opinion. Like the other day when we argued about the Eternal Truth and how to search and accumulate knowledge about The Universal It. He said:

"Yeah, I know were The Truth is. It lies at the bottom in the whiskey bottle. When yo' get there yo' only speaking it."

And you should here him go off on his favorite subject – Extra-terrestrial activities.

"A green thumb is actually an expression from aliens standin' around doin' notin'."

He might be right on that one though. So anyhow, I say goodbye to my mother's tombstone and start to walk away. While I slowly walking to the exit of the graveyard it struck me how nice it really is here with all the flowers and the groomed lawn. People can live in abandoned neighborhoods but gets an eternal rest in a neat place, all well dressed and washed. I guess when we reverse that the world will be a better place for the living ones. I actually know that for a fact. Oh, but don't get me wrong. Not that there is something wrong with a beautiful resting place but the different efforts qualify for some serious discussion by intellectual giants. Speaking of which, I bumped in to John Conner at a happy hour at the Flying Pig's sports bar later that day. He is having his regular two pitchers by the pool table where he is ruling. I went up to him and said:

"King of the stick an' lookin' like the que ball. How's my bald man doin'?" He replies:

"Stan. Z'up buddy?"

"I spent the afternoon greetin' my mom's grave an' reflecting' on the religions who put us in a beautiful resting place. This day has been all about beliefs." I said.

While drinking from his pitcher he grabs my sleeve and I know something important has surfaced in his mind.

"Like the mountain of belief, ya' know the one Mohammed talks about. All them priests tell you' to climb up on their side, the only side they can see. So yo' need nails, hooks or ropes. Some tell ya' to get the pointy hammer's and spikes on ya' shoes. They can give ya'll specific directions to reach the top. But no one has eve' been there; they don't know what it's like...! I bet the white bearded eremite dat lives up there; the one that has all da answers, think this is hilarious."

By all means he is right on that one too. In my next column I will tell you more about the opinions of my friend John Conner.

Your man in the zone
Stanley Mintras