

Resolved:

I have decided to make some changes in my life. I am going to start now and without delay. This is the season for resolving and resolved I am. I shall embark immediately on the following life-chores and I invite any of you out there to join me. Here's to 2010!

First; I'm going to start worrying about 2012. All my life I have been watching everyone else have all the fun with the 'end of the world'. Other folks have been absorbed in the various scenarios while I have smugly quoted research and counseled common sense. Remember Y2K? The folks who owned this farm before us bought a large gas powered generator and installed it in a shed just off the front porch. It was to be put into operation at the moment that everything else fell off the grid. That's the kind of anxiety I have been missing. That's exactly the sort of cosmic angst that I will begin to allow myself. No more standing off to the side, by the bleachers, at the school dance. No sir, not for me, not any more. It's my turn and I will worry with the best of them. If the world does end in 2012 think how foolish I would feel, as tidal waves inundate Westby, if I hadn't been worrying about it all along. Bring on the Maalox.

Second; I am going to join the masses (or is it messes) of Americans who are absolutely certain that President Obama is marching us directly into a Marxian dystopia. I will sign up for the Tea Party circuit and tour this land in my Truth About Taxes minivan. I will attend rallies coast to coast. I will be that nut you see on TV with a Dachau poster screaming with delight every time Michele Bachmann tells us what being really, really American is all about. I will have an awesome autograph book and by this time next year I will have collected Sarah and Rush and Glenn and Sean and Lou and maybe even the Joes, the Plumber and the Lieberman. I will march against the oppressive hand of federal regulation and taxation. I will demand drastic cuts in the boondoggle of federally funded entitlements for every Tom, Dick and Mary.

Third; I will apply for Social Security.

Fourth; I am going to start buying our groceries only at the major chain stores and only from the middle few aisles in those stores. I am sick and tired of treating my body as if it were a whining child of privilege. Enough with all the noise about organic this and local that. Local shmocal. I will commence filling up on modified, engineered, artificially sweetened and flavored, processed, heavily advertized food-like substances. They will have catchy names like 'Lunchables' and will be made possible by our friends at Monsanto and ADM. They will have a shelf life akin to Styrofoam and will be as fresh sitting in my pantry as they have been sitting at Wal-Mart. If I do stray into the produce section at the Safeway I will make it a point to buy only the things that have been shipped the farthest. I want the ratio of petroleum burned to fiber ingested to be as high as possible. I want to know that air freight, ocean vessels and tractor-trailers were used to bring me my pear in January and my tangerine in March.

And finally I shall drive a Hummer. That's right, a Hummer. No holier than thou, oh so responsible, dainty little Prius for me. I'm going over to the other side and going big. I have considered the largest Dodge and Ford trucks. I have tested the Chevy Suburban. I've even taken the Escalade for a spin. Each of them is marvelously wasteful in its own way but none of them measures up to my Hummer in terms of its overall incorrectness. Just sitting curbside this vehicle is an affront to everything green and progressive. It is the most completely self centered thing ever to perch atop four wheels. The globe gets a little warmer just by saying the word 'Hummer'. It's cars like these that keep oil wars in our future. This is the kind of ride where you can just hear the people thinking as you cruise by, "There goes an idiot."

Wow, how about it? That's quite a list. It won't be easy preparing for the end of the world while touring against taxes, joining the ranks of the socially secured, learning to live on Twinkies and warming our planet. I'd better get started if I want to accomplish even half of my goals. It's a good thing that I've already started smoking again. At least there's one thing I can cross off my list.