

So there you sit.
You've got nothing to do.
The lawn has been mowed.
The bills have been paid.
You've walked the dog.
You finally closed the "Big Deal" with "That Company" at work.
You got the 3% raise that keeps you nipping at inflation's heels.
You now get to walk around with the shiny collection plate at church.
You finally figured out 23 across in last week's TV Guide's crossword.
(turned out to be sire)

But...

Something is missing.

There seems to be an emptiness...

A nagging absence of something you need to fill...

And so...

You once again turn to Dr. Phil and Emeril Lagasse and Oprah Winfrey and Joe Scarborough and Nancy Grace and Simon Cowell and Glen Beck and Don Imus and Felicity Huffman and Peter Griffin and Stan Marsh and Dave Chappelle and Jorja Fox and Hermen Munster and Donald Trump and...

...it's still getting darker...



Rev. What's-His-Name?

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