

1. *The Unitarian Church on Livernois*

21 October 2020

Brief handoff with the ex today, following my monthly chiro adjustment—now *that's* a story for later, especially now hip deep in the season of covtardia,¹ with all the rotundo, snippy, old Karens watching and snitching on everyone, esp. businesses not taking masks and the other bizarro rules seriously—, Rosi's sweet, on time, lives a few miles away in same burb as the chiro, that would be Troy, Michigan. I'm giving her a flower pot, she's got a bag for her sister up in Okemos whom I visit more often than she does.

We mostly have the kind of post partum where we try to help each other.

My idea: we decide to meet in the lot of the still-Unitarian-but-heading-toward-a-terminally-upper-middle-class-suburban-white-guilt-denouement (a Black Lives Matter service on the marquis) big ol' barn style church where my brother was married... RIP, at a too-young 57. The betrothing ceremony would have been back in, what, the early 1980s?

Rosi and I, too, were married in a (different) Unitarian church, back in '75, what say? Seems a long time as the crow flies. But not when you consider the planet now has like a few billion years under its belt—a LOT of that span was *not at all interesting*, unless you're a rock or a paramecium in a protein's eye.

There's a ghost of humor alive at this spot. For back on the day, I was best man, and needed to get to the church ahead of time. Rose will tell you about it—like many women, she remembers *everything*, esp. exactly what I had done to royally perturb her in the hours leading up—but there *was* an Exceptionally Good Reason that she came along later in a separate car.

My girl was never a booze hound or even a booze puppy. Yet for some reason—and this boy *forgets* nearly everything (including key details of this story)—she starts sipping the spirits at home, probably Schnapps... or Harvey Wallbangers were an early favorite. Anyway, she probably shouldn't have been driving (tho the legal BAL limit was ~0.15 then), and she was quite *late*.

So there we were. [No Rose. Still “the show must go on.”] Here's where memory fails me. But I do think I was seated out in the pews... so I must have done my best man part, maybe family photos were now in progress? My brother and his new wife both look divine, the sets of parents, all extra spiffy!

Then BAM! BAM! BAM! ...at the FRONT of us and behind the backlit holy pulpit, with such stained glass and ornamentation as Unitarians feel comfortable. Don't think it was God. No, Ro couldn't find the entrance; she did find an inoperable door on the pulpit side of the barn. And was wailing on it!

What's protocol at a time like this? Well, you run out and stop the racket; it seemed like my responsibility, being it was likely my wife. Then you smile, wave, make it into an innocent mistake; she was clearheaded enough to make sincere apologies all around. A lot of attendees said it made the wedding. Probably not my bro's bride's side so much, but hey, that's what the open bar at receptions is for. ☺

¹ Covtardia (the 'mass-batshit-crazy disease') = gullible acceptance of the mainstream 'covid' official story that a meaningless positive test for an unidentified virus => an infection that will kill you [when 90% of the positives have no symptoms and a cheap, 99% cure(s) exists for serious symptoms mistakenly *called* 'covid'] so governments lock down, isolate, and mask *everyone* and bury businesses and livelihoods. [Full covtardia is taking it and liking it.]