

Marijuana Miracle.*

I'd had a tough week, full of white-privilege-retired-guy problems.

The pump on my swimming pool was broken and after calling around to multiple pool repair outfits, I couldn't get anyone to fix it. I was trying to get some sod installed in the backyard, but, same as with the pool, I could not get anyone to do the work at a reasonable price. I was still waiting for someone to deliver and install the oven that we'd bought at *Lowe's* in January. I had spent five days trying unsuccessfully, both on-line and in-store, to get my wife's cell phone transferred over to my plan. People were pissing me off.

The television in our living room was freezing up whenever I tried to watch my beloved *St. Louis Cardinals* lose another baseball game. My liquor store was out of my favorite bourbon. My golf game was a mess; I couldn't putt or chip for shit. My back was killing me.

My biggest problem was that I couldn't sleep. I'd never had a problem sleeping before, my kids talk of the many times I've fallen asleep during a rock concert, once during a *Trans-Siberian Orchestra* show. But I was having sleeping issues now, and the *Hannibal Lecter* CPAP mask that had been prescribed to cure the malady wasn't helping at all.

A couple friends suggested I try a marijuana gummy to help with the sleeping issue. I was skeptical. Although I grew up in the late '60's and 70's, I was not a big marijuana guy. I never bought the stuff. If a joint was being passed around at a party I'd take a drag, but grass never did anything for me, I'd rather have a beer. But after my tough week, why not give pot a try?

With the help of an unnamed accomplice, I had acquired some marijuana gummies on a recent trip to St. Louis. At the dispensary, a very helpful "doctor" suggested that taking one half of a particular type of gummy (*Wana Blueberry Sour*), would solve my sleeping problem. So on Thursday night last week, I went to bed, did not put on my CPAP mask, and instead, popped in and chewed up half a gummy.

I slept like a baby.

Most mornings, I wake up before dawn in a complete fog, stiff as a board, my back aching, grumpy as hell. Friday morning, the morning after the *Wana Blueberry Sour*, I woke up late, completely refreshed, with no back pain. I bounced out of bed like a puppy with his tail wagging, in a great mood. I was ready to tackle my day!

And what a day! Life was good. The flowers smelled wonderful, children were playing, girls were wearing their summer clothes, music was in the air. The world was full of love! "Some days you gotta dance" I told myself.

- My phone rang and it was a pool repair guy coming over to look at the pool. He arrived right away and fixed the pool fast, HE HAD THE PARTS IN HIS TRUCK!
- While I was talking to the pool guy, I noticed sod was being installed at my neighbors house. I walked over, showed the guy the work I wanted done, agreed to a price, and HE PUT DOWN THE SOD THAT AFTERNOON!
- Later the same day, Lowe's called and told me that they were on the way with the oven. They kept their word. AFTER FOUR MONTHS WE FINALLY HAD A WORKING OVEN!
- On my way to play golf (the weather was perfect), I stopped in a different cell phone store, and THEY TRANSFERRED MY WIFE'S CELL PHONE OVER TO MY PLAN IN LESS THAN TEN MINUTES!
- At the golf course, I chipped like a pro, putted lights out, and HAD MY BEST ROUND IN OVER A YEAR!
- To celebrate, I went by the liquor store and found that my FAVORITE BOURBON WAS NOT ONLY IN STOCK BUT ON SALE!
- I came home, made myself a drink, turned on the television to watch the Card's game. THE TV SET WORKED AND, AMAZINGLY, THE CARD'S WON!

It was a marijuana miracle.

I'm taking back my CPAP machine. Anyone know where I can get some more gummies in Texas?

That's all I'm sayin'

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* My wife tells me that these events may not have transpired exactly as portrayed. However, due to the gummy, this is exactly as I remember.