

# 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'**

**###**

**\* 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.**