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Successful Sleeper; Failure in the Kitchen

THE IDLE AMERICAN

Superstitions ‘Bunked’....

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I have never been a superstitious person---not until the recent Friday the Thirteenth.

Truth is, I’ve chuckled at others who won’t walk under ladders, change routes when black cats crossed their trails or wear the same unwashed “lucky” garments to extend sports victory strings.

Sad memories of my mid-morning calamity remain tender. But, tears dried, I am looking for an old telephone book. I'm thinking its yellow pages might list an organization for superstitious people. I'll join ASAP....

The day started well. I'd scored a 99 on the CPAP mask that my cardiologist said might extend my life. For the first three weeks, scores were in the 70s and 80s (much like my college transcript). They said if I'd work harder on mask placement, the hissing sound that kept me awake would go away, and it did.

Having taken on kitchen duties a while back, I decided to concoct a festive smoothie for my wife and me.

Truth to tell, it would give me a chance to use my Blendtec™ blender, an appliance purchased at an estate auction earlier this year for a mere \$80. I outbid four others who also recognized this king of blenders. Sure enough, it turned out to be "like new," as the auctioneer claimed. Sadly, it no longer is.....

Let me start at the beginning. For the super special smoothie, I tossed in more-than-called-for ingredients, doubling the recipe of chia and flax seeds, even if toothpicks would be required later. I used "globs" of premium yogurt and pure vanilla extract.

Then, I spotted a half bowl of Cool Whip with an expiration date in the previous week.

Just as I was "globbing" a tablespoon of whipped cream into the blender, the phone rang. I hurried to answer before Voice Mail took over, leaving the "glob-filled" spoon in the jar....

It was my brother, Fred, beginning with seasonal greetings to introduce a 10-minute conversation about our infirmities. (He, too, is now in his 80s.)

I returned to the kitchen, giving no thought to gravity laws. The spoon had sunk to the bottom of the 90-oz. jar that contained four pounds of ingredients.

For the next sixteen seconds--enough for two successful bull-riders--the gates of Hades prevailed. When I hit the "start" button, it sounded like bulls in a china shop. (Could those hard-frozen bananas be challenging my blender?)....

During the first eight seconds, the smoothie--gushing like a worn-out fireplug--coated the counter to the breakfast table 15 feet away. The pinkish liquid drenched everything in its path, including the latest edition of *Texas Monthly*. I was unable to reach the on-off button, but eight seconds later, dislodged the power cord with a yardstick.

One petite cup of the precious drink remained in the jar. I strained it, fearful of ingesting a plastic chard. Tears drained into the cup from which I sipped reverently, as if participating in Holy Communion.

I prayed for strength, patience and the ability to take on a massive clean-up that would extend into the afternoon. I fear that dried residue inside drawers and in crevices might be discovered indefinitely.....

My defense mechanism took over. Why couldn't Blendtec™ use metal jars? Why did my brother call at 10 a.m., knowing that he might rouse me from my slumber? Why did I go well above the "fill-to-here" line? Why did I stupidly leave a spoon in the jar? Alas, not my brother, not my sister, but it's me, oh Lord, standing in the need of prayer.

I asked Fred to refrain from calling next Christmas; he could send a card instead.

But, there's a silver lining! I found a like-new replacement jar on eBay for just \$80, the LAST ONE, delivered free! If it works, I'll still come out ahead. If it doesn't, maybe I'll go crying to Blendtec™. I'll also ask if they might like to buy parts remaining from a broken jar....

Dr. Newbury, longtime university president, continues to speak and write. The Idle American, begun in 2003, is one of the nation's longest-running syndicated humor columns. Contact: 817-447-3872. Email: newbury@speakerdoc.com. Website: www.speakerdoc.com.