

The miracle worker

I was talking with a friend the other day and he mentioned the fact that he didn't believe in miracles. I think I have believed in miracles all my life. The birth of a child, to me, is a miracle. The germination of tiny seed to beautiful flower is a miracle.

But the biggest miracle of all is the way my wife gets ready for work each morning.

She has to be to work at nine in the morning. Nine o'clock in the morning is a very fair, reasonable time to get to work. But my wife makes it a trifle difficult because she doesn't get up until eight-thirty. I have pleaded with her a thousand times to get up earlier.

I keep picturing her being late for work getting fired, and then I will have to sell apples on some corner. My wife pats me on the head and tells me not to worry because she has the perfect system.

Her system starts off with three alarm clocks. Each clock is set at a different time. My wife has explained many times why she does this and I must be quite dense because I haven't seen the logic. It seems one clock is set right and this shows her what time it really is. Another clock is ten minutes slow and this shows her that she must hurry a little more. The last clock is fifteen minutes fast and this

shows that if she subtracts the first clock from the second clock...no...that's not it...let's see...if she gets up by the first clock then the second clock will tell her that the third clock is ten minutes slow if divided by the second clock and multiplied by the third clock. As I have said, I am not all that familiar with the way her system works, but she swears by it.

The fact remains that when she gets up she is not with it at all. She is numb with sleep and does not function very well.

Let me tell you about this morning. The three alarm clocks went off and

my wife staggered out of bed. She dashed into the dining room, drank a vase of dirty water, and said, "THIS ORANGE JUICE STINKS!" She ran into the bathroom and dropped her hair curlers in the commode. She brushed her teeth with a tub of gunk I had bought to soothe my ringworm, put lipstick on her eyes and dabbed a dash of mascara under each arm. She fed her living bra (she gives it milk and bread) and put on a pair of my jockey shorts.

I stood in the middle of the dining room, screaming, "HONEY...SLOW DOWN...YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING."

She ignored me. She brushed her hair with two quick strokes of her toothbrush and dashed into the dining room to give me my goodbye kiss. She still didn't know what she was doing because she kissed the dog instead, and then snarled, "Amos, your kisses are just awful." She then ran out of the house.

I stood there and watched my jockey shorts running down the road and I remember thinking how much nicer it would have been if my wife had remembered to wear a dress.

Yes, my friends, I believe in miracles. And my wife's strange actions each and every morning only

adds strength to my faith.

You see...my wife hasn't been late one single time in over twenty years of going to work.

And baby...THAT'S A MIRACLE.