

"Doctor Zizmor Sees All!"
This Week At Judson Sunday School
(A Valentine's Day Special)

Hello Young Lovers, Wherever You Are.

So I was riding the 4 train to work this morning, a little after 7 - again, I say for emphasis, *in the blessed AM* - just minding my own business, when the couple seated across from me decided they could no longer wait to celebrate Valentine's Day and began to go at it. Right there on the 4 train, in front of God, the MTA and everybody, these two were rutting around, happy as a dog on a leg, cooing and nuzzling and giggling and slobbering all over each other, their hands moving about like someone trying to find the bathroom light switch in the middle of the night. Meanwhile, their fellow commuters were desperately trying to find something - *anything* - else to notice. Me, I was staring a hole through the Dr. Zizmor ad, reading and re-reading all about acne treatment and chemical peels, and thinking to myself, for all the glory in life that love may be, there is nothing more disgusting than having to watch it take place on your morning commute.

This e-mail was supposed to be about Sunday School business: the influx of all our new preschoolers, their curriculum needs, the need to hire more teachers, and Sunday School classroom space issues. But then I realized Valentine's Day will soon be upon us, and I began to wonder, what if all of you decide to take your cue from that randy couple on the 4 train and - how shall I put this - get jiggy with one another in the Biblical way? I'll tell you what would happen. Nine months later I'll be stuck writing even more curriculum for even more children; I'll be trolling NYU for even more Sunday School teachers; and because of a lack of space, at least one of our Sunday School classes will have to meet in the dog run across the street in Washington Square Park. Obviously, I cannot allow this to happen. This Valentine's Day, when you feel the mood beginning to strike, consider one of the following options instead:

* As you and your beloved are crawling into bed, think about who else is crawling in bed with you. That's right - BEDBUGS! Supposedly, New York City apartments are infested with them. What, you think you are immune just because you are in love? Please! You can probably feel them crawling on your skin even as you read this.

Better to get out of bed and take advantage of the Valentine's Day mattress sales before the stores close.

* Valentine's Day means many things: roses, chocolates, stupid movies, and only two months and a day until your taxes are due. Are you ready? Perhaps this would be a good time to sort out the deductions you already have before creating a new one.

* Write out your own personal "bucket list," listing all the things you plan to do before you kick the bucket. (Number one on your list should be "try not to waste my time watching inane movies like "The Bucket List.") Should your loins still be filled with ardor after completing your list, then please find yourself an actual bucket and gently place it over your head.

* Fill your Cialis bathtub with ice cold water.

* If all else fails, then please think of me.



That ought to be enough to put the kibosh on your smooth-as-Barry White moves.

Look people, I don't ask for much. A Grand Poobah's work is tough enough without you horndogs popping out even more preschoolers for me to have to deal with. So this Valentine's Day, have a heart, won't you, and give it a rest. Remember: God - and Doctor Zizmor - see all.

Andy

Grand Poobah In Charge of Stamping Out Lust