Chappy Chanukah, Chudsonettes!

Once again we’ve reached that time of year in which we employ what Samuel Coleridge might call, "the willing suspension of disbelief." But honestly, a person can only go so far before they say, hold the hokum! For instance:

*Miracle oil which lasts 8 days?* Yeah, I'll buy that.

*Santa Claus?* There seems to be one on every corner. Why not?

*A virgin birth?* Hey, I live in New York. I've seen stranger things than that.

But *Jane Seymour - artist/philosopher?*

http://www.friendsofjane.com/mer_openheart.html

Whaddayatakemefor, an idiot?

Look, I'm willing to concede that every kiss begins with Kay, but it seems as if every time I turn on my television, the vaseline-gelled image of Jane Seymour, paint brush in hand, is standing in front of a painting worthy of Room 135 of your local Holiday Inn, spouting this little Aristotelianism: "If your heart is open, love will always find its way in."

Yeah, well, so will telemarketers and Jehovah's Witnesses. And what's she hawking? It's a couple of hearts, which actually look more like one long snake. "If your heart is open to snakes ..."

Okay, I'll stop. But seriously, parents, when you talk with your children this holiday season, be honest: Hanukkah, Mary had a baby, the North Pole - absolutely. Jane Seymour - get real!

Andy

Grand Humbug