

If I Was A Carpenter
This Week At Judson Sunday School
(9/2/10)

Greetings Judson Summer Campers!

To paraphrase the great Bob Dylan, "Summer days, summer nights are (almost) gone." What was your favorite moment? Could it have been:

* Steven Slater, the JetBlue flight attendant who Howard Beale-d it down the escape chute with a couple of cold ones, causing all of us to wonder, if only for a moment, where is my inflatable chute? Was this just the act of one more city wacko or the mythical hero standing up for the common man? Like any good religionist, I have to go with the myth.

* Naomi Campbell testifying at the Hague. Look, I've heard she likes to slap her assistants around a bit, but really, Naomi Campbell - war criminal?

* The new Shake Shack which opened August 6th on E. 86 Street, coincidentally, just three short blocks from my apartment. As a service to the rest of you, I visited the joint five times in the first two weeks. Heaven or hell? Only my waistline knows for sure.

* Eat, Burp, Pray "Dear God, I'll never eat that again." Okay, so it's a Friday night in June, I'm at the Ziegfeld Theater, waiting for "Inception" to begin (and you thought God was difficult to comprehend), when Julia Roberts comes bicycling across the giant screen and sailing into the arms of a certain swarthy gentleman. Now not to pick hairs, but in the book - yes, I read it, which just goes to show that when I'm preparing for a Kids' Day speech, I will read *anything*. As I was saying before I rudely interrupted myself, in the book, the great dilemma facing Ms. Gilbert is whether to give herself to a man who is considerably older than she is, some seventeen or eighteen years, if I remember correctly. (Speaking on behalf of considerably older gentlemen, a category I reluctantly find myself inhabiting these days, I say go for it.) But in the movie, the "considerably older gentleman" is none other than Javier Bardem. Look honeys, I am a single heterosexual male with

all the Neanderthal accoutrement that comes along with that, but even I know that if Javier Bardem comes calling, there is no dilemma - you answer the door.

As for me, I spent the summer as you might expect, trying to become more like Jesus - the *carpenter* that is, hammering down molding around the kitchen linoleum and building CD shelves. (As some of you know, I have *a lot* of CDs, hence the old joke, I heard they were a great retirement investment. Um, I may have misunderstood.) Here's what I learned from my summer carpentry experience:

- 1) Never use your brand new power saw in the kitchen. No matter how much plastic you put down, sawdust flies up, and you have no idea how difficult it is to get that stuff off the ceiling. Like all New Yorkers, you should only use your power saw to cut lumber on the fire escape.
- 2) Measure twice, cut once, but if your measurement is off by a quarter inch, it's Home Depot twice.
- 3) Hammering a nail - a fingernail, that is - can cause one to unleash a torrent of words not fit for public consumption - unless, of course, you are on the Judson Listserve. (By the way, you might want to keep your children away from the Listserve these days, where passion without common sense equals very bad manners.)

More than anything else, I learned that when it comes to carpentry, or anything else for that matter, I am no Jesus. Duh! (On the other hand, according to the myth, Jesus never had sex and I have, so there's that. Wait, did I word that correctly? It's no myth, I actually have had sex! And not to lord it over the Lord or anything, but more than once! (Okay, so you might want to keep your kids away from these e-mails as well.))

What, you were expecting Sunday School news? Well, here it is: We have one more Sunday of childcare this weekend before God horns in on all the fun. Classes begin Sunday, September 12th, and I'll be back next week with all the details.

Hoping your summer has been grand! See y'all soon!

Andy
Grand Poobah