

BUGGIN' OUT!

Newsletter

Applying Biblical Truth and Humor to the Struggle.

Conditions, Disorders and Other Stuff

My Doctor Just Never Understood

Daytime R.E.M. Upon entering a room, my lids begin to flutter, my pupils dilate and my eyeballs will move back and forth at lightening speed as they scope out who's there, if I'll like any of them, and where the men's' room is located.

Disobedient Limb Syndrome: As I tried explaining to my neurologist, I will be driving along innocently on my way to Vespers and all of a sudden it hits me. My brain will say to my arms, "Turn left into the church parking lot", but they stay locked on the steering wheel and head onward toward the adult theater. I command my left leg to apply pressure to the brake and it ignores me. In desperation, I send a signal to my right hand to pull up on the emergency brake. It starts to obey, but ends up cupping itself over my nose and rubbing downward over it to remove excess facial oils. The next thing I know, I'm in the theater parking lot wondering how I got there instead of church.

Mirage Vision: My P.C.P. simply stood staring at me for a good three minutes before he went to his office and wrote me a referral to an outpatient counselor. I was just trying to be honest when I explained to him how, while driving at night, my current "need" will influence my sight. If I am feeling insecure, distant stop signs will turn into handsome fatherly figures to take care of me. If I am feeling old, roadside trees appear as young 18 year olds who find me irresistible and if I am experiencing homoerotic desires, every bush, tree, traffic sign, lamppost, and hydrant become Oscar de la Hoyas. I am not alone on this. My friend Myrtle, who has been on a diet for the past six months, reports a similar phenomenon. If she's used up all her allowed carbs for the day, she sees every guard rail as a manicotti and once when she was craving protein, she drove straight toward what she saw as a golden arch in the distance (it turned out to be a weeping willow under a baseball diamond spotlight.)

Prodigalphobia: This was a recurrent fear that usually manifested itself sometime during the two-week period following a rebellion. I would get anxious, perspire heavily and display a nervous tic brought on by the

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irrational fear that I would someday be listed in the Guinness Book of World Records under the heading: Most times any individual has rededicated his life to Christ before he got it right.

Cozyitis: This is a mild condition that typically hits me at the holidays and goes back into remission after Valentine's Day. Although the A.P.A. has yet to classify cozyitis, it is a neurosis that afflicts the lonely, the single, and those separated from loved ones. The underlying cause of cozyitis in 99 percent of cases is the need to create the ambiance of a cozy, stable family life which will provide security and comfort in difficult times. Symptoms of cozyitis include lighting oil lamps, burning incense, rainy day stops at Boston Market, playing Christmas CDs out of season, wearing oversized sweats, and reading cookbooks with pictures. Individuals with more advanced cozyitis have been known to turn on the air-conditioner to justify covering themselves with cozy woolen throws, and/or boil Worcester sauce to fill the house with that "pot roast in momma's oven" aroma. I am one of these individuals.

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