

Wilderness House Literary Review 5/2

G David Schwartz
Resolution

I have, after careful thought and consideration -- possibly the last I shall use, ever -- made my New Years resolution.

I promise that, in the up-coming year, I shall be more belligerent and short-tempered than I have been in previous years. I have made a random survey and know that in days gone by I have often thought to be angry but have either caught my temper or withheld my tongue with the thought that those with whom I was angry were idiots, and it just does not pay to get angry at idiots. This year, I promise to get more angry, earlier in the day, and allow each angry session to last longer.

I promise to be more diligent pursuing my own self-interest. I promise to be inconsiderate and persnickety at every opportunity. I promise to snap at the children, demand their silence, refuse to allow them any movement around the house, and in general require that my little ones not act like little ones.

I promise I will stare at the television in an effort to forget there is a world outside this room which might elicit my interest or concern. I promise that if they interrupt my favorite program with news up-dates I will threaten the reporter with his or her life, and if they ever again interrupt Janet Leigh in the middle of a sentence for a stupid commercial, I will throw something -- a couch, perhaps -- right through the screen. I swear, this year I will be, if not strong enough, then angry enough, to lift couches and throw them.

I promise to give dirty looks to every passer-by as if they were to blame for commercial interruptions which cause a man to lose his television, or wars which cause a nation to lose its privileges of good sense. I promise to grimace and show no concern for what strangers may think of either my face or my demeanor. I promise to curse more often, and louder, and to insistently shout that other people should just shut the hell up!

I promise to hold the newspaper in front of my face and say, "Uh huh" to family members who talk to me, even though I have no interests in what they are saying, and even if I did, I cannot hear them through the wax in my ears. I promise to grumble about more things, to grump at every opportunity, and to grinch whenever anything even looks like it might get in my way, or would upset me if I let it. Furthermore, I promise I WILL let it, encourage it, despise it, beat it, stuff it into baskets, and cart it to the curb. I promise it will not matter to me whether this is a paper sheet which is blown in my face and starts to wrestle with me like Satan's army, or one of my very own children. Out to the curb!, that will be my motto this year.

I resolve to eat anything and everything which appeals to me. I swear I will pack myself full of chocolates and cakes, pies and ice cream, and any other form of junk food now known or ever known to humanity. I confirm that I will eat artichokes by the bushels full, peanut brittle by the cartload, potato chips dipped in wonderfully hot spicy sauce guarantee to singe your kneecaps. In short, I promise to eat anything which enters my purview and catches my fancy. To eat anything! I promise to eat both

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consciously and unconsciously, when hungry and especially when not hungry.

In this upcoming year, I promise to be more invigorated yet less inclined to do anything. I promise to sit in my favorite chair and wheeze for breath and curse the world. I promise, just for spite, to develop an annoying habit with my fingers -- possibly biting my nails, or rubbing my fingernails repeatedly to polish them -- further promising to perform the habit until I annoy everyone in the family, including myself.

By Gum, I have determined that this year I shall become eminently successful at something!

And to insure my fidelity of purpose, my courageous persistence, and my indefatigable abilities I take one more step designed to insure my success at becoming a pest to all I now know or shall meet: I will quite smoking!

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