



The talk of the towne

the talk of the towne is:

*a smash hit Broadway play
my beat-the-street IRA
my palatial home
my two weeks in Rome
my big screen TV
a steamy movie
a dinner to die for
the latest sport's score
and more and more and more
'til it's all such a bore*

Each new day brings an opportunity to get what I want out of life. And I'm unbelievably good at it.

got a problem with that?

Of course there is the issue of a social conscience. I guess. I mean, is it really right for me to be enjoying this wonderful stuff when so many others around the towne (and around the world) are toughing it out? Probably not. But what am I supposed to do about it? I have enough problems of my own. Look, the Big Apple is the Big Apple. At the core, everyone has to fend for themselves, okay?

straight talk

You're telling me that the world doesn't revolve around me and my on-again-off-again relationships? I dress to kill, take good care of myself, and feed my insatiable appetites. Then why am I always starving? My therapist said life just isn't for everyone, and then handed me a bill.

Well, how does a person become less obnoxious? Less hurtful? Stop the rage? Be more loving? More caring? There's a man you've got to meet who won't exploit your emotions or your pocketbook. But he's not exactly what I'd call tame.

Oy! not him!

People never expressed mild approval of him. It's been said that Jesus, the Jewish Messiah, produced mainly three effects on people: hatred, terror, or adoration. For

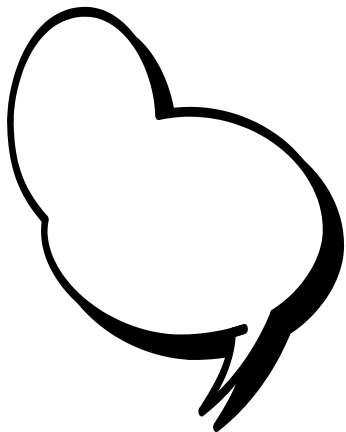
one thing, there's the straightforward way he talked to and sized up people, his incisiveness, and his often ironic style.

He said that if your first concern is to look after yourself, you'll never find yourself. But, if you forget about yourself and look to him, you'll find both yourself *and* him. Like a 2 for 1? Life, he once said, is not defined by what you have, even when you have a lot. Sorta like how Gershwin put it, "I've got plenty of nothing." Where I part company with Gershwin is over the second part: "and nothing's plenty for me." Sorry. I don't like having nothing.

Then again, this man has a certain something that none of us have!

no other man will do

When you read about Jesus you are struck by his full-bodied, immensely real personality—never appallingly arrogant, but absolutely real, uncannily truthful, and uncomfortably accurate about human nature. Nothing we say or do takes him by surprise.



He was the only man who never gave into temptation, yet he's also the only man who knows to the full extent what temptation is. He's the only complete realist, and he's the only complete idealist, and what's more, he's interested in you! Nu. What's there not to like?

talk it up!

Wanna pray? You have to start somewhere, you know. It's not just talk. No yada yada. And better talk straight to him. You don't like phonies? He doesn't either.

This is not easy for me. God, if you're up there. I know I've screwed up so many times that maybe even you lost count. For once, I'd like to take responsibility for my brazen actions, vile thoughts, and biting words. Thank you for sending your son Jesus. As incredible as it sounds, I believe he died for my sins. For starters, forgive me for trashing your name, and being contemptuous toward you. Why do you put up with my arrogance and abuse? Please make me into the kind of person you want me to be. I know I'll need your help if I am to survive in this concrete jungle and not degenerate into a heartless, selfish chozzier. Amen.