

FINAL WORD

By: [Jeff Girod](#)

The California Supreme Court voted to uphold the ban on same-sex marriage and I, for one, can finally sleep soundly knowing a rabid pack of gays won't break in and try to forcibly marry me or any member of my family.

That's the logic you'll get from most gay marriage opponents: "Well, if we let men marry men and women marry women, *where does it end?*"

There. It will end right there: Humans marrying humans.

Nobody is going to marry a dog, or the Easter Bunny or a microwave oven (as if you could get a microwave to commit to marriage for more than thirty seconds or, at the very most, three minutes on defrost).

Gay-marriage opponents will also say (these gay marriage opponents, they never let up): *But letting homosexuals get married sullies the holy bond of marriage.*

Yeah right. Your Aunt Gladys dancing the Macarena and leading the conga line at your wedding reception has done more to harm marriage than gays have.

And I don't know if you noticed, but the holy bond of matrimony has already been sullied more times than a Tijuana donkey show.

Elizabeth Taylor has been married EIGHT TIMES. Britney Spears once got married in Vegas for 55 HOURS or roughly as long as it would take Britney to spell "matrimony." ABC and the Fox networks have created billion-dollar empires filming vapid, near-total strangers getting hitched just so they can get on the cover of *US Weekly* and write a couple's cookbook.

Regardless of what your religion is, a marriage is only as sacred as the two people exchanging the vows. I've seen big church wedding go down in flames before the caterer got paid and I've seen couples stay together for decades after getting married by a drive-thru Elvis impersonator (the old, fat version; the young, skinny Elvis was working the Keno table).

Straight or gay, these days marriage needs all the supporters it can get. More than 40 percent of all marriages in the United States wind up in divorce court and more than 60 percent of American kids grow up without at least one of their biological parents.



Regardless of who gets to kiss whom and who gets to toss the bouquet, anytime two people want to dream the impossible dream and publicly make the commitment to spend their lives together, it should be celebrated like an astronaut blasting off into space.

The idea of living with the same person for the rest of your life is slightly less terrifying than bobbing for apples in a piranha tank. I've been married to a beautiful woman for more than six years, but if she loses the TV remote one more time or I trip over another heel in the hallway, I'm either going to fake my death or start plotting hers.

Marriage is hard enough without a group of angry protesters shouting you down because they were born one way and you were born another. And it's a little too convenient to believe that marriage should only be between a man and a woman because you just happened to be born a heterosexual. That's like saying you believe only guys dressed in purple and gold should be able to dunk basketballs because you're a Lakers fan.

Outlawing gay marriage equates to little more than legalized bigotry. It's 90 percent of Americans dictating how the other ten percent has to live. It's no different than separate drinking fountains for blacks and whites in the South. Go ask someone over 75 how proud they feel about that rule now, hmm?

If you really think about it, the whole idea of a wedding is, well, kind of gay, like it's been ripped straight from an episode of *Queer Eye for the Straight Guy*.

There are flowers, everyone is dressed in white, grown men are fretting over what bow tie clashes with which cummerbund. And during what was supposedly the happiest day of my life, I was more concerned with marching in time with a harpist. A harpist!

Letting gays get married is the right thing to do. And if you believe it's a sin, that's fine, too. Nobody expects you to bring a gift.

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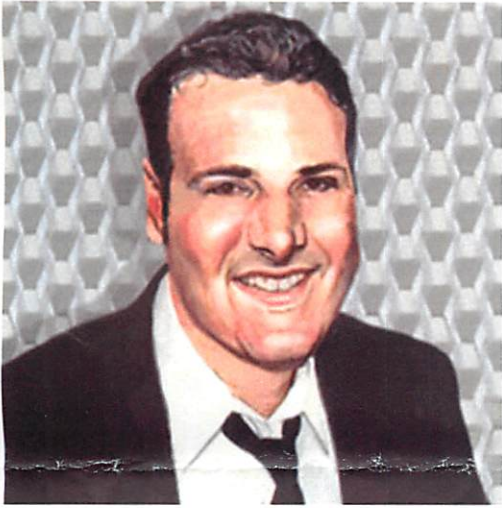
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Politicians tax things. That's how we know they're politicians. (Well, that and the sex scandals, favors for money and near-constant lying, but it's a short column so let's stick to the tax stuff.)

The truth is most of us don't know how taxes work because, well, taxes involve percentages and we're not very good at math:

Sally has 12 apples. If she gives Johnny one apple, what percentage of apples does Sally have left?

A better question is what is Sally doing with twelve apples? Who eats twelve apples? Is Sally a grocer or some sort of fruit fetishist? One thing's for certain. If I were Johnny, I'd try to make some less apple-kooky friends.

Most of us are grateful we're out of school and don't have to answer word problems involving Sally anymore. And, come tax time, we may grouse a little, but paying our taxes is still better than getting shanked in a federal prison.

But every once in a while those Sacramento jackwads try a math-free stunt that everyone can understand and it hits too close to home, on or in this case, the living room:

California regulators are considering forcing TV makers to produce high-definition televisions that are more energy efficient, according to the *Los Angeles Times*. Because, really, what else is there for California legislators to do these days? Every other possible thing in this paradise is rainbows and lollipops except—for those horrible electricity-sapping televisions.

"This will actually save consumers money and help the California economy grow and create new clean, sustainable jobs," said an empty suit named Julia Levin.

Levin then waved her right arm and said, "Pay no attention to the burning hillsides, record unemployment, tanking real estate market, gnarled freeways, overcrowded prisons or underfunded schools behind me. Lookie over here, everyone. Yoo-hoo. It's energy-efficient TVs!"

Frankly I think it's a bold political strategy, because Democrat or Republican, nothing will unite California voters faster than politicians demanding more energy efficient televisions. Of course what it's going to unite Californians to do is stop *voting* for these idiotic TV-hating politicians. (Seriously, Julia Levin, your job is going

to get canceled faster than ABC's sitcom *Carpoolers* starring that fat kid from *Stand by Me*.) But, still, way to think outside of the 52-inch, 1080p backlit box.

You can meddle with my health care. You can threaten to take away my social security. But when you start screwing with my picture-in-picture and cinema-quality surround sound, its time to fetch the night goggles, face paint and "back off man" Yosemite Sam mud flaps because now? Now it's personal.

Men, women, gay, straight, Coke and Pepsi drinkers alike, the one thing we all have in common is the unshakeable belief that everything should be watched on a big-ass TV. Why? Because things just look better when they're bigger. It's why Kelly Clarkson and inflatable bounce houses are so popular.

And it's why even though I'll pay \$100 a ticket to sit up-close at a concert or football game, I usually spend most of my time gawking at the JumboTron off to the side of the action.

And if it all takes a little more electricity, what's the big deal? Electricity never hurt anybody. (Well, except for all those guys who get electrocuted on death row, but even they probably enjoy a good episode of *Oz*.)

I'm not going to lie to you. I'm a very shallow person without any friends and even fewer personal accomplishments. But I make up for all that by staying inside all day and watching a lot of TV. If I'm ever in a near-death experience, right before the bus hits me, my life isn't going to flash before my eyes. It'll probably just be a re-run of a '80s sitcom, and not even a good one like *Cheers*. It'll be a show like *The Tortellis* or *Alf*.

Meantime I have the biggest volt-sucking TV I can afford and if some political hack wants take it from me, he's going to have to rip the remote from my cold dead hand. Or better yet, I'll just have Sally come over and bean him with a percentage of her 12 apples.

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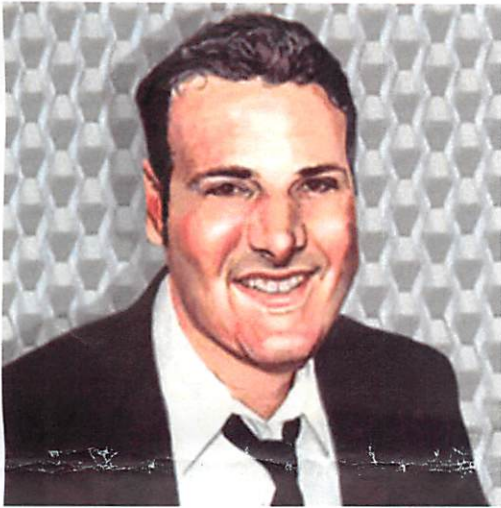
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Barack Obama won a Nobel Peace Prize last week—yes, *that* Nobel Peace Prize—and the resulting groans have been so loud you would've thought the Grammys awarded its Best New Artist to Milli Vanilli.

Nobody was more surprised by the award than Obama himself who figured Vice President Joe Biden went down to the mall and got him a novelty Nobel prize from Spencer's Gifts. (Which is better than the time Biden wanted to fill his seat during a State of the Union address with a cardboard cutout of Chewbacca.)

Hey didn't Al Gore win a Nobel Peace Prize in 2007, and now Obama gets one, too? Hmm. Maybe they should change the name to the "Not Bush Peace Prize."

And don't think this has gone unnoticed. U.S. Republican Party Chairman Michael Steele recently contended that Obama won the prize as a result of his "star power" rather than any meaningful accomplishments—though even Steele had to admit Obama looked pretty dreamy vacationing in Hawaii with his shirt off in *People Magazine*.

"The real question Americans are asking," Steele said, "is, 'What has President Obama actually accomplished?'"

Uh, he just won a Nobel Peace Prize, Mr. Steele. (Try to keep up.)

Actually Steele may have a point. Obama was sworn in as President of the United States on Jan. 20, just 11 days before nominations for the Nobel Peace Prize were due on Feb. 1. So after less than two weeks on the job somebody already thought Obama should get a peace prize? Why, because at the swearing-in ceremony he didn't try to punch Dick Cheney? Eleven days! I think it takes longer to earn a certificate from Bartending School.

According to the Nobel Committee, located in Norway which is also a country according to Wikipedia, Obama was their Big Winner because of his "calls for peace" and "his pledges to reduce the world stock of nuclear arms." Calls for peace? Nuclear arms? Why does this all sound so familiar? Wait a minute . . . Maybe because it was the plot of 1987's *Superman IV: The Quest for Peace*! Sure, it's all coming back to me now: In *Superman IV*, Superman rounds up all the nuclear missiles in a giant net and tosses them into sun. So why didn't Christopher Reeve win a Nobel Peace Prize? At least Reeve had to defeat some dude named Nuclear Man. All Obama had to do was hug Oprah a couple of thousand times. (On second thought, I'd rather fight Nuclear Man.)

Let's just call it what it is. They, whoever those kooky Norwegians are, gave Barack Obama the Nobel Peace Prize because he's the first black guy to get elected president after 43 white guys in a row. Forty-three! Think about that. That'd be like if the New England Patriots won 43 Super Bowls in a row (the only difference being if Tom Brady had kidnapped Peyton Manning's ancestors, shipped them halfway across the globe and forced them to sharecrop a plantation for hundreds of years.)

And you know what? I'm OK with it. (The peace prize, not the sharecropping.) Hell, they should give Obama a second peace prize just for getting elected with the middle name Hussein and a last name that rhymes with "Osama."

Granted, Obama hasn't accomplished much yet as president other than that really bitchin' campaign poster, but has he gotten a blowjob from a chubby intern in the Oval Office? Has he bombed a hilly countryside with more goats on it than weapons of mass destruction? No? Well then, he's already ahead of the last 16 years of U.S. presidents and that probably deserves a few more awards.

So by my count Obama should already have *four* Nobel Peace Prizes. And if he can find a way to pull us out of this recession, organize a playoff for college football, and stop Dane Cook and Larry the Cable Guy from ever performing more standup comedy, I'm happy to throw in a few more peace prizes, maybe even a few Daytime Emmys, a Cable Ace Award and a physical fitness medal I got in sixth grade.

The Nobel Committee is probably fresh out of prizes so just send Biden back down to Spencer's Gifts. (Just keep him away from the gag section. He gets all goofy around the rubber poo.)

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