



## YOUR BRAIN ON SHAMROCKS

By Mike Farragher

### *The Cross with a Prize Inside*

Through a confluence of events not worth getting into right now, I find myself sleeping in my parents' bed tonight. As I peel back the covers I look up above the head board and catch a glimpse of the Last Rights Crucifix.

It's a beautiful vintage heavy walnut with a brass Jesus hanging in agony, as is the custom. Like a box of Cracker Jacks, our Savior is hiding a prize inside! But this is a prize you don't want to open anytime soon.

When you grab the base of His feet and slide him up the cross, a small compartment reveals itself with a pair of candles, a small vial of holy water, and a yellowed instruction sheet that guides the reader through the sacrament of Last Rites.

Ghastly is the word that comes to mind as I inspect this--it's like the Grim Reaper's utility belt. I can't imagine a circumstance where I'd get to use this. God forbid I wake up one day and my wife is cold to the touch beside me. I'm sure I'll be wrestling with shock and nausea over having slept with a dead body all night. Necrophilia ain't my bag and I'm certain I'll be busy in the shower with the steam on trying to get the dead cooties off of me while I await an ambulance. I'm not going anywhere near my wife's cold, dead forehead to make the sign of the cross with holy water and it is now that I thank the Lord once again that she is Jewish and doesn't believe in the cross to begin with.

For the benefit of my wife or anyone else who wanders into my bedroom and finds me unconscious, it is my Last Will that you call 911 immediately and use those paddles to shock my fat pasty white ass back to life. Of course, modesty prevents me from sleeping in the nude, so you won't have to worry about covering me up in any way. Now is not the time to be running around the house looking for a Bic lighter and fumbling with the candles to perform a ceremony best done by a priest anyway.

Besides, I am so riddled with sin that St. Pater's gonna have plenty of material to go through before making a final judgment on where I will spend eternity.

Mike Farragher has written a collection of essays similar to this on his Irish American life called This Is Your Brain on Shamrocks. For more information log onto [www.thisisyourbrainonshamrocks.com](http://www.thisisyourbrainonshamrocks.com)