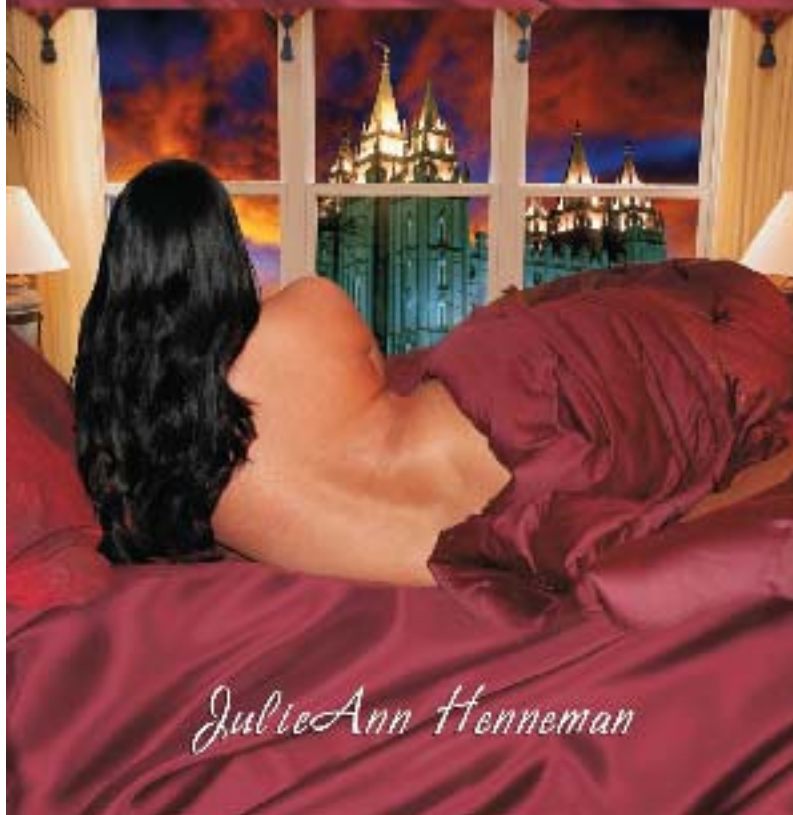


*Always Listen to the
Ravings
of a Mad Woman*

A story of Sex, Porn, and Postum in the Land of Zion



Julie Ann Henneman

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Maryland

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Dedication

To my sister

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*“Hold on...
Hold on to yourself
'Cause this is gonna hurt like hell...”*
- Sarah McLaughlin

Chapter One



*T*here are a million reasons not to have sex with your dentist. One very good reason is that anyone who has access to your mouth with pointy, metal objects should *really* be focused on one orifice at a time. The mouth being the preferred orifice in this particular instance.

The next argument at the top of the list would be the dental bill. Not an argument you would think of? Well, you don't know, do you? I can't tell you the awkwardness of discussing a payment plan after a forty-five minute groping session.

Yes, it did. Did it feel good to you, too? Mmm...well, anyway, my husband wanted me to talk to you about the bill for a minute... uh, do you take credit cards? No? Well, could we take a look at a monthly payment plan?

Yeah. Awkward just doesn't cover it.

Yet, I was about three clothing items away from having sex with my dentist. How did it happen? Not how did *it* happen, but how did it *happen*?

I was in his dental chair (fetishists, take heart, it *was* kind of kinky), and my hand was down the front of his undone pants. His hands were everywhere on my body, touching me eagerly as he pulled at my clothes. He squeezed my nipples and I gasped for

air because it felt so good. It had been so long. I wanted him. I wanted him like I'd never wanted anyone before. Well, that's not all together accurate. I'd wanted my husband that way. Once.

But isn't that everyone's story?

My cell phone beeped out its Beethoven's 9th and I extracted myself (no pun intended) from Dr. Kimball long enough to answer it. The caller ID showed my home number. I hoped it wasn't Brent, because my husband knew my voice when I'm mid-coitus. It takes on a breathy, husky quality. I stretched my neck to the side, like I would stretch my vocal cords. I needed to sound mid-root canal, not mid-orgasm.

I answered in my usual fashion, "Corrine Young." *Pain, I am in pain, I am in the middle of having my tooth drilled to shreds.*

"Mommy?"

It was my youngest, Dillon. He's almost five, and calls me on my cell phone 883 times a day. No matter how I say it, or how much I threaten, or how clear I am, 'You only call if you are bleeding, barfing, or missing a limb,' he calls.

"Dillon, is this an emergency? Is your head missing?"

"Yes. I mean, no not my head, but it is an emerm..gence."

"*E-mer-gen-cy*. Okay, what's the emergency?"

"You said you would take me to Jake's at 11:30."

Oh God, it was 11:40. *I am a terrible mother*. He did have a play date. I was suddenly painfully aware of what the hell I was doing. With my dentist. Maybe God inspired Dillon to call, to snap me back into reality. I felt a crashing guilt pound into my back. Oh, wait, that wan't guilt.

Dr. Kimball was kissing the side of my throat and my bare back, undoing my bra. He had taken the initiative to undress himself a little more. His hand came around to my underwear. *Oh Jesus*.

"Oh, honey, I forgot. I'm so sorry. I'm almost done with my tooth and I'll be there super fast, okay? Can't daddy take you?"

"He's working on the computer and he said he can't stop right now and to call you. Mommy, can we get a hamburger, because I'm hungry."

I am the worst mother ever. My son is starving and I am... well, I can't really say what I am. There's a word for women like

me, but my mother taught me not to say it.

“Oh, baby, you bet, I’ll take you to get a kids meal and a chocolate shake, okay? We’ll call Jakey and tell him we’ll be a little late.” Chocolate fixes everything. Please God, let it fix this.

“Okay, I love you, Mommy. Oh, Mommy, um, can we go see a movie tonight ‘cause Daddy said—”

“Honey, if you want me to come home, I need to hang up.”

“Okay. Bye!”

The mixture of pain, guilt, and pleasure brought a gasp to my throat and I felt myself melt into a scream of release that I hadn’t been aware was building. Dr. Kimball held me from behind, breathing heavily and panting into my ear. I held onto the desk where my purse sat, staring at my cell phone, my vision clearing. It was all worth that, wasn’t it? I had to think so, because there really wasn’t any way of going back.

I’m not sure which one of us ran faster from his office. I think he was mortified about what had happened; I was mostly stunned. He quickly stammered, “Uh, see you Thursday, Corinne; nothing sticky on the tooth, no popcorn,” as he jumped in his car and sped out of the lot.

Oh yeah. My root canal, 9 a.m. Thursday morning. My fantasy of Dr. Kimball had become a reality in one short week. I didn’t ever think it could happen. I had always pictured Dr. Kimball as the paragon of propriety. He was a family man, a religious man. That was part of my attraction to him; he seemed impenetrable, like a fortress of passion that once infiltrated, would crumble into a consuming fire. A fire that only I could tame. That was my illusion. I didn’t ever play the illusion to its end.

He was incredibly handsome to me—dark hair, green eyes, brilliant white smile (of course). He had flirted, carefully before, but the last few appointments I’d had with him revealed something raw and hungry in his eyes. We began to speak about our personal lives sporadically when his assistant would leave the room. We both seemed desperate for a connection that went beyond Dentist-patient relations. His wife didn’t appreciate him. He only stayed for the kids. All she cared about was money and the house. Me? I’m not sure what I wanted, exactly; only that I wanted him, had

wanted him from the first time I saw him. Or I wanted something. I couldn't bring myself to admit what my marriage was and was not, it was too pathetic and contrived. Lust was better, authentic. He told me his wife and kids would be going out of town Labor Day weekend. If I needed anything at all, I could call his pager number. Or his cell.

His first name was Walter. Walter Kimball. He just turned 46, almost ten years older than me. His father had been Walter Kimball Sr., D.D.S. He'd followed in his father's footsteps, apparently. I just couldn't bring myself to call him 'Walter.' Or even 'Walt.' I had even tried it out when I was masturbating, and there was just no way... 'Oh, Walt, yes, Walt, Walt... Walterrrrr!' *No*. So Dr. Kimball it was. Even though we had just seen each other mostly naked.

Brent had never even questioned why my tooth was giving me so many problems. As long as we weren't getting billed, he didn't seem very interested. I suspect Brent was happy to have me gone, at least on the weekends. Then, he didn't have to hear me nag him about the yard, the house...the everythings. On weekdays, however, his work required a lot of time and concentration; so basically, I was on my own with the kids. Not unusual, but that's the way it was. We had the ideal working partnership—each partner was a silent to the other. I had tried to reel him in, but lately, it hurt less to have him ignore me without trying to get his attention first.

As I drove, I pulled my sweater to me to smell it. Did it smell like Dr. Kimball's cologne? Two evenings ago my daughter, Marissa, walked up to me and sniffed my shirt.

"Mom, you smell like Dr. Kimball," she had said, wrinkling her nose and muttering about 'old man cologne' or something. I had been too busy looking at Brent, gauging his reaction to her announcement.

He looked up briefly from the tomatoes he was dicing, and frowned. "So, did he fix your tooth?"

"Um, no, he didn't have time, since it's going to take a root canal. I have an appointment next Thursday morning."

"So what did he do tonight?" he had asked.

"He x-rayed it and packed some stuff in it to keep it from

abscessing.” I had totally made that up, of course; except about the x-ray. That took 15 minutes. The make-out session took up the other 30 minutes or so. Luckily, Brent was either ignorant of dental procedures, or too distracted to care either way.

“Hm. Okay, well, can you take over, here? I was expecting you a while ago and I’m right in the middle of this proposal for the guy in Florida.”

“Oh, yeah, sorry.” Anything to make him stop asking questions. I wasn’t sure how much dental-bluff I had in me.

The previous Monday morning I had gone in for an emergency toothache. Dr. Kimball and I found ourselves in an unexpected, urgent kiss, but we were interrupted; his assistant showed up for work early. I went back in on Thursday evening because of ‘pain’; I was his last appointment. We were alone again. Our make-out session left me aching for him, unable to be introspective as to why I wanted him or what the hell I was doing. And smelling like him, apparently, as per Marissa’s off-handed comment. Thank God Brent didn’t pick up on it.

I couldn’t think of anything else but seeing him again, so last night I called his cell phone and said the tooth was still really bothering me. He told me to come in this morning. He isn’t usually in on Saturdays. So again, we were alone. I don’t think I gave much thought to what would happen once we were alone. Probably on purpose, that. But the thrill of having someone look at me that way again...it eclipsed anything else I could think of.

And now, here I am, driving home to take my five year old to a play date. I would probably have to talk to Jake’s mother throughout all of it, when all I really wanted to do was rummage through the host of emotions that were playing in my gut. Well, on second thought, maybe not. Maybe distraction was best. The lump in my throat threatened to choke me, and my heart began to pound. I turned on the radio.

I pulled into my garage, watching the tennis ball dangle in front of me. Brent had hung it there, since I wasn’t used to driving the monstrosity I was doomed to drive now that I had kids. Even though we only had two, there were carpools, soccer practices, and taxicab shuffles to the movies with 8 screaming 14 and 15-year olds. The ball rested on the windshield, reminding me to

stop before I smashed through the back of the garage and into my Super-Suburbia backyard.

We live in a suburb outside of Salt Lake City, Utah. Crescent City, it's called. Interestingly, it was founded by a group of Free Masons who wanted to live in Salt Lake, but not live among all the Mormons. But the small influx of Free Masons was not even close to the flood of Mormons that streamed in. Now, everyone is sort of all mixed together anyway. Well, sort of.

I was born and raised in Michigan. My parents moved out here when I was a sophomore in high school. I was terribly frightened of meeting up with the 'Mormons,' like they were some sort of sub-species out to suck up my life force. I knew on some level my friends back in Michigan were probably exaggerating, but I had an idea or two in my head that Mormons were pretty fanatical and pushy. Well, okay, they have their moments. Doesn't everybody? Anyway, for the most part, the Mormons I met when I arrived were quite nice. No horns, tentacles, or anything. I was kind of disappointed that I didn't find any polygamists, though. I was informed later that there weren't any in the Mormon Church; it was forbidden. I had been misinformed about a lot of things, it seemed.

I had made a friend the first day of school. She was a beautiful blond wonder-chick named Becky. She had leaned over in second period health and whispered to me, "Hi, are you from another school?"

"Well, yes, and another state." I smiled shyly, staring at the teacher's back. She had been teaching us about the importance of health class. As if we had a choice in the matter anyway.

"Oh my gosh, where?"

"Michigan," I whispered as the teacher threw a suspicious look behind her.

"Oh! Awesome! Well, do you want to come eat lunch with us? We eat outside in the courtyard."

"Yeah, thanks, that'd be great." My heart was singing; I hadn't known how I would survive my first lunch in high school alone.

But Becky, 'Bex,' was more than just a friendly girl. She was *the* friendly girl. Bright, outgoing, popular, she seemed to own the school. Every guy liked her, every girl wanted to *be* her...you

know, *that* girl in high school. I think every school had one, maybe two at the most. She was friends with everyone; she introduced me to her band of cheerleaders, drill team members, and the requisite football studs that accompanied them. Why she chose me as her new best friend, I will never know. Maybe she knew she could be herself around me. I had no expectations, after all. Whatever the reason, I was included in everything and we were never without a party, activity, or get-together. I'm not exactly sure how I graduated, frankly. Grades and college were not even on my list of things to consider.

One day, I asked her what religion she was. My mother had hinted around that maybe Bex had some ulterior motives. I had been insulted; why couldn't Bex just like me for me? When I asked my friend about her religion, she said, "I'm a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. LDS." Ha! I was ecstatic at proving my mother wrong and I didn't question Becky any further. I was just beyond relieved that she wasn't a Mormon.

Later, however, I discovered that "Mormon" is the nickname for LDS. Silly me. I found this out when Becky invited me to church with her family. My mother had a hissy fit. She told me I was never to go to church with any of 'those people,' and damn near grounded me from seeing Becky ever again. Mom hadn't been too keen on any religion while I was growing up, but when we moved to Utah, she became the most devout Presbyterian to ever enter the valley. And there was 'no way a daughter of hers was going to get brainwashed by those cultists.'

I had been a pretty good kid my whole life. Scratch that, I was terrified of my mother. Not what she would do to me, no, never that. It was what she would *say* to me. She could knock the wind out of me in three words or less. So, it wasn't that I was a perfect kid, it was more like I conformed out of fear of her verbal reprisals. But one Sunday, I left the house telling her I was going for a walk. I met Becky at the corner and went with her to her church. My heart was pounding and I was faintly ill, but inside my head, I kept telling myself that there was nothing wrong with going to a church, just to see, was there? I mean, mom called them "anti-Christian," but the name 'Jesus' was right there, in the name, so

how could that be? If she were wrong about that, and wrong about Bex, then maybe she was wrong about the other things, too.

At church I remember that there was a lot of praying, and then I went to a class just for girls called, aptly, Young Women's. The teacher was named Sister Thomas. I was confused about calling her 'Sister.' It felt a little creepy, frankly. Fanatical. But after hearing 'Brother' and 'Sister' 50 more times that day, I got used to it. It was merely a reminder that we were all descended from Adam and Eve, right? E-hem. Sister Thomas was really sweet and made me feel so welcome. She was only nineteen or so, and had recently gotten married. That seemed so young to be married, but she seemed so mature, so confident. Things I desperately wanted to be. The lesson that day was how to clean your house. I'm not kidding. You are supposed to go back and forth over a spot ten times with the vacuum, did you know that? Well, neither did I. And I was fascinated. It seemed everything I was learning groomed me to be someone's wife. And I couldn't *wait* to be someone's wife. It had been all I had ever wanted. True Love was the ultimate experience.

That year I turned sixteen, and there was a football player at school that liked me. His name was Brent Young. He had dark strawberry blond hair, a small dimple in his chin, kind eyes, and an engaging smile. He was tall, six-foot-one to my five-foot-two inch frame. I felt delicate and protected when I was near him. *If I am sixteen now, and Sister Thomas is nineteen, well that means in three years, I could be married! Hot damn! I mean darn.*

My hormones were racing so badly anyway, I could hardly contain myself. The few dates Brent and I had were so magical, that I can only remember them in an amalgam of ice cream parlors, walks in the canyon, and heated make-out sessions in his car parked down the street from my house. He was a senior, and I a sophomore. He told me that he would be graduating and going on a mission. I pretended to know what a mission was, but I didn't have a clue. I thought it was a personal quest to find a good college or something. But I was very wrong. When he told me it was a mission to convert people in other places to Mormonism, I felt a well of shame and inadequacy fill me. If he would give up two years of his life to do that, what would make me think he would

spend the rest of his life married to someone who didn't share his convictions?

I vowed at that moment I would do anything to keep Brent in my life. I knew he was The One for me, I just knew it. The one barrier, in my mind, was religion. Since it wasn't a big deal to me, and a very big deal to him, I made a decision. I told him I wanted to be a member of his church. He was ecstatic. He sent missionaries to my house, but my mother kicked them out. So I went to Becky's and Brent's to hear them. What had started out as a way to keep Brent turned into a genuine interest and infatuation with his religion. It all sounded so wonderful: families, community, camaraderie, eternity. I finally felt totally at home in Salt Lake City.

So at sixteen, going against my mother for the second time in my life, I got baptized into the LDS Church. I was, at last, a Mormon. My mother wailed in her room for three days. My father, giving up on her, told me to stay out of her way, and not to do anything 'weird and Mormon-y' around her. She'd come around.

I did all the things I was supposed to do while I was a new member. I read right the books, went to the meetings, and I finally 'belonged' in a place where I had once been an outsider, my friend's acceptance of me notwithstanding. It perplexed my mother so completely; she had spent all of her time making sure it was *known* she was an outsider. A professional NON-Mormon. She didn't want to fit, and the fact that I did want it, needed it, caused a rift that never really healed. One of many rifts my mother and I shared. I had hope for something greater than just marriage now; I had the promise of a family, forever; of fidelity and commonality. A sense of community. When I was sick, they would help; if I had a baby, I would not be alone. Plans every week, serving one another. It was like being home in a way I had never been home.

On his graduation night, Brent and I stayed up all night to watch the sun rise. He held my hand and proposed to me. I cried and flung my arms around him. He would be home from his mission right about the time I would be graduating from high school. We would go to college together, raise a family, be together for eternity.

He and I kissed, and our hands began to wander over each

other's bodies. He touched me on my behind, and I felt myself tense and respond all at the same time. I responded by moving my hands down his chest, and around his back, trailing down to his pants waistband, down to where my hands mirrored his on me. He moaned and it was as though a floodgate opened. He kissed me more passionately, and I felt a little panicked as he forced his tongue deeper into my mouth. His hands shaking, he fumbled at my shirt, pulling it up to expose my bra.

I was so confused. Everything I knew about my new church frowned very strongly on 'petting' and 'heavy petting' as it was called. My church, through very subtle and not-so-subtle ways, held men in very high regard because they held something called the Priesthood. That meant that they could get revelations from God for anyone. Plus, they could do healings, baptisms, and other ceremonies. Women were excluded from performing these things; women could not have the Priesthood. I was okay with that. Women could have babies, and men couldn't, so men got to have the Priesthood; at least that's how it was explained to me then. And there I was, getting felt up by my boyfriend—er, fiancée—and all I could do was allow my body to writhe under his touch, while my brain struggled with what it could mean. For the first time in my life, I felt the conflict that shame and pleasure can evoke. I clamped my eyes shut and felt my body, electric with pleasure, shuddering from the excitement as well as a deep, unnamed fear.

Brent kissed my bare breasts and then he jumped up, abruptly pushing me away. He was breathing hard as he pushed his hands through his hair.

"We can never do that again, do you hear me?" His tone was authoritative, as if I were being reprimanded.

"I'm sorry...I didn't—" My heart was pounding, and I wondered if I had ruined everything. Tears brimmed in my eyes.

"Ssh, it's okay. I'm sorry, too. I know you're new to the Church. You need to remember that now we're in love, Satan will try to temp us at every turn. Do you understand? We have to wait until we're married before we do that. And after this, I am really concerned that you might have a problem with chastity while I'm on my mission."

It was unthinkable! I suddenly felt as though I had already

betrayed him. I hurriedly exclaimed, “No! No I won’t, this was just...this was a mistake! I won’t have any trouble, I promise. I-I love you.”

Brent turned his eyes to me and smiled, then picked up my hand and kissed it. “I love you too, Corinne Marie Jacobs, and I will marry you. Are you sure you can do it?”

“Do what?”

“Wait for me while I’m on my mission. I mean, two years is a really long time, and you’re still in high school...I just couldn’t bear the thoughts of you being with someone else. Promise me you won’t date so I know you are all mine. So that we can be together for eternity.”

“I...of course, I mean, we’re engaged! I wouldn’t want to date anyone else Brent!”

Brent had looked so relieved. We began to kiss again and found ourselves without shirts lying on the front seat. I was terrified he would chastise me again, but the feeling of having him hold me, touch me, was so overwhelming. I let it go on and on, not wanting it to end. He looked down into my eyes and smiled. It warmed me throughout my body and my doubts melted away.

“Corinne, listen. We need to keep this private, okay? They won’t let me go on a mission if they knew we did this. But you’re going to be my wife, and I want to feel you one last time before I go...” I could see he struggled, trying to explain why he had a change of heart, why it was okay to touch me when before, it was the Devil. I held my breath; I wanted him to find that explanation. I didn’t want it to be the Devil. He finally said, simply, “We are going to be married anyway; it’s not like this is a fling, like we’re sinning. I want to remember you, just like this...”

We spent the morning there, doing things that I knew were against the teachings of my new church. But it was okay, it had to be. Brent had said so, and I trusted him. He held the Priesthood, and there was so much I didn’t know. And it felt so very good to be in Love.

When he left on his mission three months later, I felt as though my heart would break in two. He went to Bogotá, Columbia, in South America. He wrote letters every week and told me of the people he baptized. He and his companion seemed to get one or two

baptisms a week. Who could blame the people there for wanting to be a part of this church? Here were these clean-cut young men, preaching about families and friendship. And if you couldn't pay for food, they would help you. Many people in Bogotá could not pay for food. Conversions were through the roof.

When Brent returned, he came home a man. A sweet, intelligent, happy, handsome (albeit skinny), man. He had lived on rice and beans for two years and on top of it, he'd had a parasite when he came home. His football player frame had been reduced to 129 pounds of sinew and bone. After about a month in the states, he'd put most of the weight back on, and we picked up where we had left off, emotionally, mentally, and physically. Although he had changed, I had also done some changing as well.

I had fallen away from the Church about a year into his mission. I didn't have the heart to tell him that my immense desire to belong in my new town, and belong to him, precluded my testimony of the truthfulness of the teachings of the Mormon Church. On the surface, it all sounded lovely. As I got more involved, things began to not sit quite right. I started attending church with him when he came home, but I didn't mention how infrequent my attendance was in the past year. Saturday nights, we would pet and almost bring each other off in the car or on the couch; Sunday, we would go to church and daydream about the days to come when we would have a young family, like the many we saw in the chapel. It didn't occur to me to feel badly about our sexual activities from the night before. At the time, I didn't know the effect it'd had on Brent, but one Sunday, I found out.

"Sister Jacobs?" Bishop Christensen stood behind me, smiling benignly.

"Oh, hi, Bishop." I stood, nodding my head, feeling a trickle of fear go down my belly as he moved close to whisper to me.

"Do you have a minute to chat in my office?"

This could mean one of two things. Either he'd found out about the petting between Brent and me, or he was going to ask me to work in the nursery on Sundays. I remember hoping it was the former. Nursery duty sucked.

We sat in his office, and he made a little steeple with his fingers as he stared at me. I started to recite "This is the church, this is the

steeple, open the doors and see alllll the people...' in my head. When he spoke, he looked more amused than stern.

"Sister Jacobs, Brother Young has been in to see me today."
Gulp. "Uh huh."

The Bishop reached behind him and pulled out a jar of jellybeans. He produced a black candy from the jar and pushed it towards me.

"I understand," he continued, "that the both of you are having a struggle with the Law of Chastity." He scooted the black jellybean closer to me and smiled gently.

I cleared my throat. Oh boy. My first thought was that Brent had betrayed me. My second thought was more disturbing: I had to discuss my sexual activities with a man I hardly knew. I wasn't sure which one made me more nauseous. I ate the jellybean.

"Um, he did? Okay." I looked at the pictures of the temples in the background of his office. They all looked like giant penises. I looked down to seem contrite; I was actually hiding a smile.

"He has come to me because of a righteous shame and guilt he is feeling over your activities. Now, why don't you tell me about it?" Oh jeez. Did he want details? I was so humiliated. But, he was another Priesthood guy, a kind of important one, and he was the one that decided if I got to stay a member of the Church or not. I looked down and proceeded to spill my Jezebel-guts to him. I felt guiltier and guiltier the more I spoke. Soon, I was telling him everything, even about the time before Brent's mission. He looked troubled by that one.

"Brent didn't mention the activities *before* his mission." Oops. Well, Brent sprung this on me, so it was his own damn fault. Darn fault. *Dammit!*

Contrary to the fear that my sins would give the Bishop a hard-on, he actually became very serious. "Sister Jacobs, these are very serious sins, do you understand?"

I did. I hung my head down, actually feeling shame and embarrassment. At least I was pretty sure that's what it was. My face was burning hot, so it must have been that. He was going to kick me out, excommunicate me. I felt tears welling up in my eyes, and sliding down my face. My thoughts wandered to my mother. She would have a field day with this one.

“Now, now, I see you feel the same righteous shame that Brent feels, and I’m glad to see that you *know* you have sinned. You two are going to be married, Corinne, so I will tell you the same thing I told Brent: I think you should get married as soon as possible.”

My head snapped up in astonishment. The Bishop was telling me that I get to marry Brent, my Brent. He wasn’t going to excommunicate me! I smiled through my tears. If the Bishop said it, we had to do it. It was, like, a rule or something.

“Now, the bad news. You can’t be married in the Temple.” My smile vanished as quickly as it had appeared. Getting married, or sealed, in the Temple meant that you were married for eternity; even if you die, you are still married. Your kids will be with you for eternity as well. It was like the Holy Grail of all experiences in the Mormon Church. Every young person pursued that goal above all others. If you don’t get married in the Temple, you get ripped apart at death, and never see your spouse or children again. Unless they’re as big of sinners as you are. The Bishop read my mind and continued, “You need to marry before you get into more trouble. But after a year, you can get sealed in the Temple. That black jelly bean was your punishment, and now it’s up to you to do the necessary work to get to the Temple.”

I remember thanking him profusely for letting me off the hook. Bishop Christensen performed our marriage three months later in the ward house. ‘Ward house’ was the meetinghouse for our particular neighborhood. Strange, I know. Don’t even get me started on stake houses. I thought those were restaurants for the especially carnivorous Mormon, or something.

They’re not, incidentally.

And I was sitting here, seventeen years later, shaking my head in disgust, staring at a stupid tennis ball on my windshield.

Brent and I never did make it to the Temple.