

# Author's BAZAAR

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# New Year's resolutions

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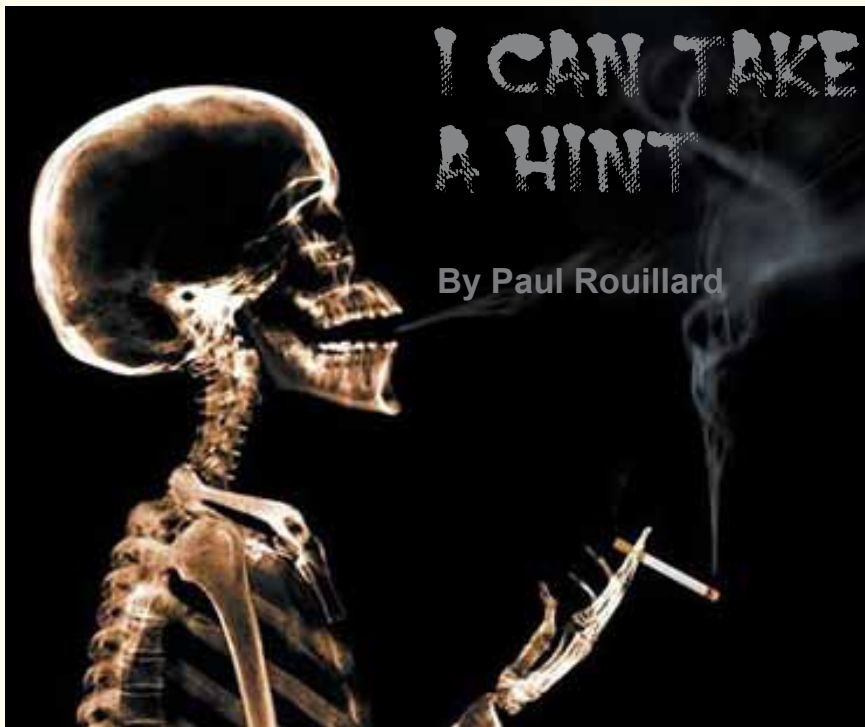
Losing weight, eating better, drinking less alcohol and quitting smoking are among the most popular resolutions that people make with the arrival of a new year.

Other goals include improving finances, getting a better job, getting better grades in school, becoming more organized and watching less television.

While setting goals is a New Year's tradition, it apparently is not a popular pastime among AAPA members who were invited to describe resolutions they have failed to keep in this issue of *Author's Bazaar*.

The responses submitted by several members appear on the following pages.

If you are interested in resolution success stories, a recent study showed that 12 percent of the participants achieved their goals. Now, if I could just lay off snacking on potato chips during the New Year ...



I've always had a great deal of trouble with resolutions — New Year's or otherwise. I have made many resolutions but always wound up violating them.

However, there was one exception, sort of. Many years ago in my since-lost youth, I was a smoker. This was long before it became unfashionable to be one, but we all knew it was smelly, messy, expensive and possibly dangerous. So,

I made a resolution to quit. Said decision was prompted by the urging of my spouse and my young children, who were growing to be reformers.

Once the decision was made, my buddy and I entered a pact: Both of us would quit smoking, and if either violated the deal, the violator would pay the other \$50. Things went well for an extended period, but, as I found out at a later date, the two of us were reneging once in awhile by sneaking a smoke when out of sight.

A few months later, after a heavy spaghetti meal, I experienced severe chest pain, had my wife rush me to the hospital and was fortunate to survive a serious heart attack. Over the course of future years, medical personnel would inquire as to whether I had been a smoker.

My answer has been, “Yes, but I can take a hint. I resolved to quit after my heart attack.”

During the years since, I have not smoked nor made any resolutions.

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# Let it be resolved

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**By Paul Gough**

I never broke a New Year's resolution. That's because I don't make them. The wisdom

of this personal policy is reinforced by the subject of the rest of the other short essays — failed resolutions.

I never can figure out why anyone would wait until New Year's to begin a needed change. Why delay? For example, think about the consequences of delay in "It's a Wonderful Life." Had George Bailey waited until New Year's Day to decide he wanted to live, he would have gone to jail and Clarence would be wingless.

Should I wait until New Year's to change my ways if I am arrested for texting on my Iphone while driving past a school bus stopped with red lights flashing? This should fix it: "Your Honor, I'll make a New Year's resolution not to do it again."

How about a New Year's resolution like this by members

of the U.S. Congress and seekers of that office:

“WHEREAS 2012 is an election year and WHEREAS the citizens of our nation deserve better than their Congress has given them.

THEREFORE we, members of the Congress and seekers



of that office, will refrain from accepting campaign contributions from felons, non-constituents and greedy influence peddlers;

THEREFORE we will refuse to resort to negative advertising when we have nothing positive to offer; and

THEREFORE IT IS RESOLVED by members of the Congress and seekers of that office to make no campaign promises unless we intend to keep them.”

Now that’s a New Year’s resolution to keep.

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# It's all in the form



By Austin Jones

Several years ago I was asked to look at a basement print shop. A printer of some years had passed away after spending many years printing a variety of small commercial work. Utility bills, invitations, announcements and such.

The family was interested in disposing of the equipment and cleaning out the basement. I was told about the printer's history and how he had enjoyed his time in the shop. I went to the shop with great anticipation. At the time I did

not have a very large collection of type and hoped I would be able to find some families of type I could put to good use.

Surprise, surprise. As I entered the basement I saw several 40-case type racks. Looks promising. Then I came face to face with two 55-gallon drums sitting in the shop. The drums contained all of the type from the past several years of printing in this shop. All of the type cases were very sparse. There was not a single full case in the lot.

Needless to say I shook my head in horror to think of all the type that had been dumped to avoid the laborious job of distributing type. I left the shop determined to never do such a thing. I can honestly say that I have never dumped a form to avoid distributing the type.

On various occasions over the years I have walked into my shop to see several standing forms of old jobs and have said to myself, “I gotta get this type back in the case.” Sorry to say, there is a galley cabinet full of old forms waiting to be distributed as I have resolved to do. I have not dumped forms, but I just can’t seem to find time to keep up with type distribution until I need the type for another job.



# *Lack of Resolve?*

By Joanne Alexander

We make and break resolutions all year long. You know — eat less, exercise more, etc., etc. So why the big deal about making more of them at the start of a new year? This has always puzzled me. Do we think we have enough Christmas spirit left over to make a difference in our resolve?

I'll admit that there is something special about a new year. We have to relearn what year it is and be really careful as we write those first few checks. Also it is one of two times a year when we break out of our denial of death and realize that “the clock is running” and OMG we are mortal, we have an expiration date! The other time of year we are reminded of our mortality is our birthday. But I don't make resolutions on my birthday even on the ones that end in zero. So why bother now?

Wait — I've got one! I resolve not to make any New Year's resolutions.

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**BY JAN LOCKE**

Absolutely not!

I resolutely, emphatically, irrevocably intend NOT to make New Year's resolutions. That is the only one you'll consistently hear from me, but I cannot even keep that one.

I could authentically use that age-old gender excuse to change my mind with the wind, but I am old

enough to recognize that everybody else, male or female, has that option.

For a very long time, I am aware of limitations in my character. Our society has great expectations of normalcy. Although I refuse to fit in with the true nonconformists, I cannot agree to the restrictions of “normal” either.

This seems to be related to my talents in the arts, without conforming or resisting even in that context. I did not plan it thus; it just is.

I hope, often, for success in several areas of life, but my nature is unlikely to promise anything I cannot envision as at least remotely possible. These days, there is a much larger picture than annual timeframes, artworks, or Mars-Venus concerns.

Resolutions come every day, on my part, to be the most-improved for that day. I need to be ready all the time for that instant journey to my new home in heaven. Maybe sooner, maybe later than next year’s resolutions.

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# Chipping away the salt

by Dean Rea

Each year, during my physical exam, the doctor reminds me that my cholesterol level is dangerously near the “need for medication” point and suggests that I cut down on salt.

“But I love to snack on potato chips,” I explain.

“Well, you should cut down on the salt, or I’ll prescribe Lipitor.”

“But I don’t want to take any more pills.”

“Then quit eating potato chips.”

So, once again I resolve to quit snacking on those thin, curvy, crunchy, delicious sliced baked potatoes in seductive packages that adorn a long aisle in the grocery store.

When I arrive home from the doctor’s office, I check the ingredients on a partially empty package and learn that the chips are filled with such healthy ingredients as vitamins A, B6 and E, thiamin, niacin, phosphorus and magnesium and proteins. Surely these outweigh the 6 percent sodium that the doctor talked about.

I know, however, that I must follow the doctor’s advice and cut down on my salt intake — unless I want to add one more pill to my growing list of medications. Maybe I



could stomach a dietary change and forego salting the eggs in the morning, the cooked veggies at noon and the popcorn during the evening.

But I resolve to quit snacking on potato chips, a resolution I have made each year after my medical checkup. That is, until I return to the grocery store and turn down the aisle filled with dozens of attractively attired sirens who whisper tempting promises of satisfying my yearning for a “perfectly crunchy and delicious” snack that brings “happiness in every bite.”

*If you took photographs during 2011, submit your favorite as a digital image to Author's Bazaar, which plans to feature the work of AAPA members in its February 2012 issue.*

Also submit an article of up to 200 words in which you describe where and when you took the photograph and why it is your favorite. Forward the article as an e-mail message and the digital image as an attachment no later than January 28, 2012, to Dean Rea, the editor, at **[deanrea@comcast.net](mailto:deanrea@comcast.net)**