

We crave a glass of wine, desperately.

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“No Crystal Ball”

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There’s no crystal ball. Thank God. Who really wants to know what the future will bring? If you knew what awaits you, would you ever get out of bed? Chances are, what will be will be an utter surprise, confounding prognosticators, futurists, social scientists, gypsies, and tarot card fortune tellers. Who could have foretold Disco or reality TV? They’re still predicting flying cars for the daily commute. How often did Popular Mechanics predict we’d have personal jet packs, robotic butlers, colonies on the moon? Although, having attended the 1964 New York World’s Fair I was amazed by the Picturephone where you would see the person you’re calling – “The World of Tomorrow.” They even predicted automated coffee makers. It helps to keep an open, agile, improvisational mind.

So here we are, peering ahead with brazen bravado to November 7, two days following Election Day. "Romper, bomper, stomper boo. Tell me, tell me, tell me, do. Magic Mirror, tell me today, did all my friends have fun at play?"

Prediction One: The sun set at sunset, 5:51 PM Eastern Time. The Susquehanna flowed on. Shops opened for business. Coffee was brewed, bacon sizzled. Surgeries took place. Beds were made, diapers changed. Leaves fell from trees. Kids got dropped off by school buses. Neighbors walked their dogs. The world neither convulsed nor took much notice. Folks in other countries did what they normally do, they also think us nuts.

Prediction Two: The results are still pending. Fingernails have been chewed to the nub, pollsters pace frantically awaiting the pronouncement. We’re still waiting, waiting, groaning, moaning, like a pregnant woman enduring her tenth month. We crave a glass of wine, desperately.

Prediction Three: Donald wins, finds Jesus, and repents his ugly rhetoric and bad behavior, begging forgiveness, then extends the hand of fellowship to the Democrats, inviting collaboration to resolve our challenges. Nobody gloats, goodwill abounds. The Proud Boys gather for beers at the nearest gay bar, handshakes and hugs all around.

Prediction Four: Donald loses, but House Republicans retain their majority. Big surprise, they dishonor their Constitutional oath and reveal they’ve secretly colluded to refuse to certify Harris’ victory, plunging our institutions into ruins, fulfilling Ghostbuster Dr. Peter Venkman’s warning. “We are headed for a disaster of biblical proportions, the wrath of God sends for fire and brimstone, rivers and seas boiling, forty years of darkness, earthquakes, volcanoes, the dead rise from the grave, human sacrifice, dogs and cats living together, mass hysteria.”

Prediction Five: Donald wins, but, lacking manhood, still claims election fraud, and even though the Electoral College gives him a slim victory he claims a landslide, jealous and irate that he cannot win the popular vote. Abrams Tanks are readied for the Inauguration Parade. He claims a mandate to do exactly what he threatened he’d do. His followers brandish torches and cavort around the Capitol. Sold on stability, buyers get lethal wreckage. America’s shame is exposed worse than 2016. Those of us who’ve opposed Trumpism acknowledge he won, but remain proud to be disloyal to him, remaining

loyal to the Constitution, proud to keep fighting. Like a man, I refuse to bend a hypocritical knee to his presidential violations. No sir! We're ashamed America wants those who spoke at the Madison Square Garden bund rally to have power over America. We also begin to prepare for what will ensue when his presidency becomes untenable and J.D. Vance and his congressional cronies invoke the 25th Amendment.

Prediction Six: Lincoln was right -- "The people when rightly and fully trusted will return the trust." We have trusted in the goodness of the American people and our faith has been proven justified. Whether by 270 Electoral votes (thank you, Omaha) or by a not so surprisingly larger turnout, Kamala has been elected. Trump graciously accepts defeat. We don't gloat. Putin kicks his dog. NATO sighs in collective relief. Ukraine too. Rainbows arc through the sky. Political signs and commercials vanish. Dogs and cats cuddle. Lions and sheep snuggle. Librarians restore books to the shelves. Kamala prepares to take the oath of office.

Prediction Seven: The Rapture has come and gone and, whoops, Christian Nationalists discover they've been left behind to face the mess they helped create, while caravans of Mexicans and Haitians were taken up in glory. Somebody reluctantly remembers reading somewhere how the last shall be first.

Prediction Eight: We each renew our oath to uphold higher standards, for we all agree to strive together to make each other better human beings.