

Heaven may be an idea whose time has come

I SEE THE CATHOLICS HAVE jumped into a topic that even a struck-out Protestant can hug to his honey chest.

The subject is heaven. Not how you get there, but what you might find if you get there. It's a question with divine implications.

If you missed it in yesterday's editions, U.S. Catholic Magazine polled its readers about their vision of heaven. Very few of them responded (they may have suspected a trick) but most of those who did viewed it as a rather materialistic place, full of unlimited credit and sensuous pleasures.

By the oddest coincidence, I was reading Woody Allen's new book Wednesday night and in it he addressed himself to the possibility of an after-life. He wondered if you can get there from downtown, if it stays open late and if you can get your shirts back in less than four days.

Ordinarily, I don't get preoccupied with the spiritual (I gave up after I found that I was born under the sign of Caution: Merging Traffic) but, at my age, heaven may be an idea whose time has come. So I have been walking this what's-heaven-like subject through my

mind (which is a bit narrow for flat-out running) and I do have some vague notions of what heaven might, or should be, if it is being run with any efficiency.

It should look like the Comox Valley and have salt water around three sides.

In heaven, an entire blueberry cheesecake would contain 14 calories! Rye-Krisp, tofu, bean sprouts, 2 per cent cottage cheese and canned peas would be banned by the Big Surgeon-General in the Sky.

There would be no used car lots. Coleman Hawkins will be there and will play free jazz concerts every night. Lawrence Welk might be there, but he will be a plumber.

In heaven it will cost \$20,000 for a marriage licence and seventy-five cents for a divorce.

There will be no room in my heaven for people who say "Have a nice day." They will be permanently assigned to a mid-stellar space where they can wish a million nice days to people who say "Hopefully".

Political terms will expire at sundown.

Heaven's tap water will taste like Courvoisier, but have the effect of tap water.



Denny Boyd

Being a fair-minded man, I will admit every member of Vancouver's city council into heaven, but only half of them will retain the power of speech.

Cats in heaven will lose their snotty attitudes and learn to fetch. And dogs will eliminate all of their body wastes in the form of pleasantly-scented breath.

Heaven will be a place where my rice never sticks to the bottom of the pot.

There will be no weight-lifters in heaven.

No man in heaven will be permitted to announce sports events until he has earned a master's degree in linguistics.

Sardine cans will be equipped with pop-tops.

After I get there, I will be 16 years old forever.

There will be no television in heaven, but Tony Parsons and Fred Latremouille will drop by your house every night to tell you the news and weather.

You will never have to make a left turn against traffic on heaven's highways and car horns, should you ever need them, will play Paul Horn flute selections. After a reasonable stay in heaven, I will meet Linda Evans, and she will be mad for me.

Richard Nixon will be there, in the form of a traffic bump.

There will be tennis in heaven, but no double faults.

Your taxes will be collected personally by Laurel and Hardy and if they make you laugh, you won't

have to pay.

A proper heaven will have no place for mud, boiled turnips, junk mail, fern bars, New Year's Eve parties, seagulls, diesel buses, busy signals, toothaches, rock and roll drummers, Februarys, zits, Greenpeace's, high-fives, radical minorities, Saskatoon, sharks, Thomson newspapers, grapefruit, field-goal kickers, asphalt, marketing boards, sarcasm, rainy mornings, Velveeta cheese, obituaries, parking meters, polyester, accordion music, dandelions, lawyers, take-out chicken, tubas, pinkie rings, rattan furniture, knives, instant potatoes, purple Lincolns, sideburns, television evangelists, golf or Muzak.

When you get to heaven, your arrival will be announced by Kermit The Frog.

We may not retain our earthly shape in heaven. Given a choice, I'd like to be shaped like a banjo.

Breakfast in heaven will be munching broiled Bratwurst with triple-O sauce to the sound of soprano saxophones.

Heaven will have a seawall but there will be no joggers, cyclists, small children, dogs or ghetto blasters.

Brilliant orange sunsets will occur hourly.

Short people will be worshipped.

Living on my block in heaven will be W.C. Fields, Plato, Emily Bronte, Tom Robbins, Louis Armstrong, C.S. Forrester, Dorothy Parker, Lord Byron, Lena Horn, John F. Kennedy, Maurice Richard, Jean Chretien, Alexander Pope, Mike Royko, my Granddad Bill, Spartacus, Neil Simon, Goldie Hawn, Giuseppe Verdi, Mary Queen of Scots, Job, Monty Python's Flying Circus, Margaret Atwood, Jack Scott, Mother Theresa, Richard Harris, Eleanor Goodman, Robert Burns, Ernie Pyle, Harpo Marx, Tom T. Hall, Hannibal, Edith Piaf, Roderick Haig-Brown, Carl Yastrzemski, Marion Anderson, Fred Astaire, the 1949 Woody Herman band, Hunter S. Thompson, Johann-Sebastian Bach, Jess Stacy, Louis Riel, Sir Galahad, Bessie Smith, Nostradamus, Judy Holliday, Marco Polo, Robert Mitchum, W.O. Mitchell and Judy LaMarsh.

My kids will live in the next block and drop by occasionally.

I will write one column a week for the Heaven Herald, if I feel up to it.