



Wuzzup

A Tale of Two: Ron and Jerry



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Ron and Jerry have many friends; therefore, losing communications and connections with those we love seem unavoidable. But we don't want that to happen. Now we're trying a newsletter format to see if it will bring us closer to our friends and maintain contact.

This first newsletter is a test. Please, *please* send us the note "unsubscribe" if you do not wish to continue receiving these letters.

Jerry:



One of the things we want to do is serve others. That is, not to be torn apart by rushing from place to place like slaves of others, but instead, as a normal routine, to be directed by God in the service of others.

Recently, Ron and I visited Hollywood Seventh Day Adventist church – our first time ever in an SDA; we found it pleasing and a possibility for service. Ron and my backgrounds are Baptist, but we are not ignorant of where SDA doctrine differs from Baptist doctrine.

My personal belief is that *Nobody* (including churches) is always right in all things. *Everybody* is wrong in some things (including their most cherished doctrines).

So, we are beginning this new adventure, seeing where it will lead us and how long it will last.

Many people remember me as an avid political conservative. I'd like to clarify that. As in religion, so in politics: I believe Nobody is always right in all things. I am not "Republican" per se, however, I register in a party that allows me to vote in its primary, if I want to vote in that primary.

Ron:



To know me is like knowing a turtle: Who doesn't like a turtle? Well, some folks eat turtles... But that's here nor there...

As I open these words, I want to thank all of you for the many prayers that helped me through the horrid cancer. It's gone! Yippy!

But now... alas... there just so happens to be a genuine hernia, with which to deal. To be silly, let me put it like this: When the cancer surgeon suggested, "While I am at it, would you like to 'appease your inward yearnings'?" – I shook my head "absolutely not!" Now, with the hernia situation, will the surgeon take it upon himself to "appease my inward yearning" when he performs the "hernia" surgery? (Shouldn't it be called "himnia" and not "hernia"?) Will this surgeon ask first, allowing me the opportunity to shake my head "absolutely not", or will he just take it upon himself and go ahead, gleefully, only to surprise me? Just asking...

(I believe this will be dealt with when the time for surgery frightfully comes upon me.)

Yep! I feel great (good)?! Now, I need to try, "not acting so old". Seventy-three is the age of a youngish Galapagos Tortoise. Going strong at over 100 yrs. old, one of them has over 800 offspring. At about 4 ft. long and 475 lbs., he

There are serious problems in the Republican party as well as in the Democratic party. When I oppose some nonsensical Democratic ideology, they call me a racist hatemonger. When I oppose some nonsensical Republican ideology, they call me a liberal (which is the Republican equivalent of the Democratic derogative.)

seems quite content. He used to live at the San Diego Zoo, but now resides back on the Island, way out in the back yonder. I'm guessing, contentment is wherever one has the opportunity to sire offspring (and plenty of them!). Oh, and to weigh plenty! None of this 165 lbs. stuff! Eat, eat, eat! That's gonna be my new motto: eat till I droop! That too... droop, and, then, drop!



Jerry's sister, Joyce, has been diagnosed with liver cancer. She is waiting for a liver donation. She and we are concerned and praying.



The Getty Villa

Getty Villa Tour!

Come join us June 25, Monday. Meet us there at 10:00 Ante Meridiem. Admission is free, but parking is \$15, unless you carpool.

Visit www.lookingup.us/gettvtour2018.php to learn more and join us.

Getty Villa is the first Ron and Jerry Tour.

Anybody thinking Solvang in the future?

Ron's Newest Book:

The Eldest Elder, by
Ronald R. Shultis, ready
now on Amazon.com

Jerry's Book:

Key to Biblical Doctrine by Jerald L. Brown



Solvang, Main Street

Open Source from Ron to Jon:

A hefty story, by The Story Man:

When weighing the results between my dad's heftiness and my Uncle Joe's obesity, their scales suddenly broke! Kapoot, I tell ya! Kapoot! My dad claimed masculinity did it. He'd say, "Muscle and brawn caused the scale's breakage." Whereas, Uncle Joe only laughed, saying, "Fitness and fatness was a contributing factor, to my scale's demise." Dad's heftiness and Uncle Joe's obesity was just too much for their weighing-devices. On a scale of 480 lbs., Dad's current weight and 530 lbs., Uncle Joe's ridiculous "health hazard", their scales' inward workings simple gave up, scaling down to zero and then sudden-death. Both Dad and Uncle Joe didn't want to spend hard earned cash on new scales, so they frequented the big-rig weighing station at the county line. They would sing a New Orleans' Mardi Gras folk song, there and back. It went something like this: "Jolly good ol' fellas, we are! Helen and Betty's yummy potato salad we love! Pat the belly... Pat the belly! Be happy and eat!" (It sounded much like a drunken pirate or sailor's song.)