



Richie G.  
June 2011

## **At a Glanz: Turning 40, Surviving the Rapture, Saving Mankind, and the Mets!**

Reaching a new decade age-wise is never easy. But its been a lot harder for me than any of you. This May 23, I turned the big 4-0. 10 years ago, it was 30.

But it wasn't easy making it to 30. I was 29 ½ years old. I was at one of my favorite places of all time Long Island News Tonight and this girl Laurie got mad at me. She had no idea how old I was when she blurted out, "You're going to be murdered by the time you're 30!"

OUCH!! I mean I wasn't going to just die, or be killed; I was going to be murdered! And I only had six or so months to live. For the next six months I played it very safe, never going out past 1 a.m., and trying not to piss anyone else off.

But luckily I made it and was hoping turning 40 would go a lot smoother. Things appeared well throughout my 30s. Years passed and it really seemed like I would turn 40 without much of a struggle.

And then on Friday May 20, I decided to take two of my nieces, Emily and Nicole, out to buy them belated birthday presents. They kept talking as if I wouldn't make it to 40, which was only a few days away and I was like what the hell?? Then they told me the Rapture was coming, and on May 21, at 6 p.m. the world will end.

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!! Why me?? I mean c'mon...isn't turning 40 hard enough?? Why does Richie G. have to deal with the Rapture as well? It's just not fair.

So the next day, May 21, 2011, 4 p.m. hit and all things looked fine. It was totally sunny, nothing looked out of synch and I thought maybe Emily and Nicole were wrong. So I go over their house and their father, my brother-in-law Joe, told me that it looked like it was going to pour. I looked at the sky and it seemed a little cloudier than it was before, but nothing ominous.

But Joe turned out to be a better weatherman than myself, and it started to drizzle. And then I looked up at the sky, and man was it dark. It was dark, scary and I realized the kids were right. The Rapture was coming.

So I had to act fast. You know, I could have said ok, 39 years is long enough, you can take me Rapture, but that wouldn't be fair to the children. The children haven't lasted as long as me, and they deserved the extra time on this Earth. So I had to act fast, as 6 p.m. was quickly approaching.

So I looked up and said to the Big Guy, "Look, we rarely speak, but my name is Rich. While I respect your desire to turn us all to stone and all, I really think I have a little more to give on this Earth, plus you know; the children and all." God said in his deep booming voice, "WHAT MORE DO YOU HAVE TO

GIIIIIVVEEEE???" I said, "Well, I'm trying to get back to 179 pounds, I kinda want to win the World Series of Poker's Main Event, and you know, I'd really like to see the Mets win another World Series." God started laughing, and said, "I COULD SEE THE 179 POUNDS...." I then asked him not to scream as he was scaring the residents of Lynbrook. God said, "Sorry about that Richie. It's just that I could see you losing the weight, you've been working hard on it. I could see you one day winning a WSOP bracelet, as you've really improved your poker game. But the Mets???" I replied, "Actually Sire, they are a pretty young team, and sure they probably won't contend this season, they are on the right track, and if you give me and this Earth another decade and three days, the Metsies may just surprise you." Then God said, "OK Richie, you convinced me. Plus I really like that David Wright kid. I think he's a superstar! Happy birthday."

So there you have it. Once again, I saved mankind and the Mets! Hopefully turning 50 will be easier.