

Ranting Ever On: Mondays

Let's take a brief look at six days of the week: There's Tuesday, not a bad sort, really, but rather non-descript; Wednesday, better than Tuesday because it marks the halfway point of the week, and there is Awana to look forward to; Thursday, which is a bit more interesting and funny than Tuesday especially if there's a good comedy on that evening (an event which is increasingly rare); Friday, the coolest, most awesome of all the weekdays and mark of the march into the lazy, hazy weekend (theoretically); Saturday, probably the most enjoyable day of the entire week of all civilized society; Sunday, the glorious day of fellowship with God and His disciples here on earth. Your opinion of these will change from person to person based on your lifestyle and habits, but most will be united on the subject of my loathing, the epicenter of my rant: Mondays.

I doubt that very many people out there are thinking, "My goodness, he hates Mondays? How very unusual" or "I can't believe he would stoop to such a low view of such a kindly, fun-loving day." No, I doubt that. We all know that Monday is horrible (for most of us). It's famous for that status. Even Garfield the iconic cat hates Mondays. Garfield who just sleeps, eats, and watches TV all day every day. It's the February of the week that we experience at least four times a month, sometimes more.

Monday is so horrible because...well, it just is. I don't know why, exactly. Just a freak of nature, I guess. That and you're just coming off the sugar rush level highs of the weekend. Also, you're beginning the mundaneness and drudgery of the work week all over again. So I guess those are two pretty good reasons. I guess. All I know for sure is that it is the day of the devil. Let us unite in an international movement to ban all Mondays. We'll have the famous Mamas & Papas song, "Monday, Monday" as our theme song. The song actually starts

out rather pro-Mondays (“Monday, Monday, so good to me; Monday morning, it was all I hoped it would be”) so one might jump to the conclusion that it is full of lies and that the truth is not in. But then it launches into great truths like how we can’t trust Monday and that it just turns out that way, that every other day is fine and dandy except for Monday’s which are always tear-inducing. Let us stand together and rage against the day, my brethren, let us sing our songs of revolution. Yet, sadly, my friends, I greatly fear that Monday, Monday, is here to stay. Oh Monday, Monday, how we despiseth thee. OH MONDAY, MONDAY!!!