

By Jesse Jose

A Cup O' Kapeng Barako

As I write this, "Isaac," a Category Two hurricane bearing winds greater than 100 mph is slamming into the Gulf Coast after it skirted Tampa, Florida, where the GOP convention is being held.

And according to new reports flooding and images of wind-damaged homes and memories of Hurricane Andrew that devastated Miami and its surroundings, might compete on TV with Romney's "bid to seize the initiative" in the fight against President Obama for the White House.

ON FLORIDA AND HURRICANES: I lived in Florida for 13 years and a Category Two hurricane ain't nothing. Well, it might blow off roofs from some houses and drown a handful of alligators living in swamps and caused the usual "panic buying" of groceries from Nervous Nellies, but other than

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that, as I said, it ain't nothing. Just lay down low and sleep it off and hope for the best, and that hurricane will pass.

If the core of the hurricane hits you, then it hits you. Sorry *na lang*.

It's your fault anyway for living in Florida. It's a God-forsaken place. Two or three hurricanes come every year to slam the place. And it's hot there. I mean, hot-hot, especially in the summer. There are two seasons: the dry season and the rainy season ... just like the two seasons in the Motherland.

Mosquitoes, alligators, snakes and rednecks thrive in Florida ... and the human population consists mostly of "boat people" from

Cuba

and Jewish retirees from

New York City

.

And, when you shoot anybody there and kill him, you can always claim "self-defense." Case in point: the Trayvon Martin killing. Y'all still remember

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that, don't you?

When I hear the word, "Florida," those things come to mind. Of course, there were some happy moments and happy places that I remember, and happy, kind people that I've met in Florida. But they are far and few in between.

HOW I WRITE MY COLUMN: Anyway, that's not what I want to write about, really. You see, when I write my *Kapeng Barako*

column, I don't have any plan in mind what to write about. I look at the blank screen of my computer and let my mind wander and whatever comes to mind is what I write about.

And if the ideas come out in an orderly fashion, it's merely by accident or *tsamba*.

And that's because I write my *Kapeng Barako* column ONLY for fun. Smiling and chuckling while the words pour out ... and hoping it would come out as a "fun" column, too, for my readers to read.

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If not, and it comes corny, then I just say to myself: "Oh well, you can't win them all, Hoosayyy."

Anyhoo, back to the hurricane. Weather experts can NOT really predict how a hurricane might turn out. It might die down or veer away from its "predicted" path, or it might, all of sudden, become dangerous and lethal, increasing its fury from Category One or Two into Category Three, Four or Five without too much of a warning.

Now if "Isaac" as a Category Two hurricane becomes, all of a sudden, a Category Three, Four or Five, then no more GOP convention to watch and goodbye Tampa, goodbye Mitt, and all those people there. Heavens forbid, of course.

O N MITT, THE TWIT: I like Mitt. He's been called Mitt, the Twit, by the Brits, when he was in London for the Olympics to watch the horse that he and his wife, Ann owned, compete in a game, called "horse dancing." And while there, he put his foot in his mouth when he said that the Brits don't know anything about "security" for this Olympic event.

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And that provoked the media in London to brand him "Mitt, the Twit." A "twit" as defined by the Brits is a person who is goofy and a moron, and by Americans, as someone who's a "loser" and a dumb SOB.

Despite of that, I still like Mitt. In a recent interview, he was asked: "Have you ever felt like a loser? What did you do to overcome that feeling?"

Mitt answered: "I define myself by my relationship with God, my wife, and my family. And in those relationships, I'm not a loser. I don't worry about what happens in politics and the opinion of others, or I'd lose my hair...."

"And we all know you haven't done that?" the interviewer asked.

"Glue keeps it in place," Mitt, the Twit answered, laughing. And yes, I like the

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Twit for that answer. That shows class. He's also got a sense of humor of someone who doesn't take himself seriously. And to me, that's classy, too.

Will he become America's next President? I dunno. He's got a lot of convincing to do about his overseas investments and his idea of implementing taxes favoring only the filthy rich, like himself.

ON PRESIDENT OBAMA: I also like President Obama. I think he's done a lot of good things for America, despite all the bad press about him and the economy. He tried hard. I like his Obamacare. Health care for all Americans. I think that's magnificent of him.

I also like his stand on same-sex marriage. I think that shows depth of character. And I said, "*okey ngarud*," when he signed that Dream Act into law. To me that shows compassion for the downtrodden and for our TNT 's.

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But then, as we all know, the economy sucks. The unemployment rate has stood still at 8.3 percent. And the total national debt now stands at \$15.9 trillion. Obama has got a lot of convincing to do, too.

THE BACKPACK AND OBAMA: This past Sunday in our church, the Holy Family Catholic Church that I go to here in Auburn

,
Washington

, our parish priest, Father Joseph Nguyen, told a joke during his homily. He likes to tell jokes that are connected with the Readings and the Gospel. And we, his parishioners, enjoy his jokes.

And because of his jokes, there's a happy and relax atmosphere in the church, and the solemnity of the mass is more of a joyful celebration, which is the way it should be.

HERE'S THE JOKE: Four people were on a plane, a doctor, a priest, a Boy Scout and Mr. Obama. The plane suddenly developed engine trouble. The pilot ordered all four passengers to grab a parachute, put it on, and jump out.

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But there were only three parachutes in the passenger cabin. The doctor said, "I am a doctor and I save lives, therefore, I am important, So this one parachute here is mine." The doctor put it on and jumped out of the plane.

Then Obama said, "I am Barack Hussein Obama, the President of the United States of America, and the SMARTEST man on earth, therefore, I am important. So this parachute here is mine." Obama put on his parachute and jumped out.

The priest took the third parachute and gave it to the boy and said, "Here, take this parachute ... I've already lived my life and had saved a lot of souls. Whereas you, dear boy, still have a lot of living ahead of you. Here's the parachute, jump out and save yourself."

But the boy said, "You keep it, Father."

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"But why, my dear boy, I surely couldn't do that," the priest said. "You're more important than I am. You deserve to live more than I do."

"You keep it, Father," the boy repeated. "There's another parachute under my seat. That man, who said he's the 'SMARTEST man on earth,' took my backpack, when he jumped out."

When Father Joseph finished telling his joke, I whispered this prayer: "Lordy, Lordy ... Bye Obama. Happy landing in Kenya."

PS: BTW, this parachute story had been told and retold. When I first heard this story, it was George W. Bush who took the backpack when he jumped out of the plane. Now, it's Barack H. Obama. Hehehe. **JJ**

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