

University of Dayton

eCommons

Erma Bombeck Writers' Workshop Blog

Erma Bombeck Writers' Workshop

1-2-2024

My New Year's Anti-Resolutions

Jase Graves

Follow this and additional works at: https://ecommons.udayton.edu/ebww_blog

eCommons Citation

Graves, Jase, "My New Year's Anti-Resolutions" (2024). *Erma Bombeck Writers' Workshop Blog*. 96.
https://ecommons.udayton.edu/ebww_blog/96

This Blog is brought to you for free and open access by the Erma Bombeck Writers' Workshop at eCommons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Erma Bombeck Writers' Workshop Blog by an authorized administrator of eCommons. For more information, please contact mschlangen1@udayton.edu, ecommons@udayton.edu.

My New Year's Anti-Resolutions

 udayton.edu/blogs/erma/2024/01/my_new_years_antiresolutions.php



Tuesday January 2, 2024

By Jase Graves

A few days ago during one of those rare occasions when our whole family was together and my three semi-grown daughters weren't nursing an iPhone while wearing universe-canceling headphones, my wife posed probably the most oft-asked question this time of year: "Does anyone have any New Year's resolutions?"

Although that conversation quickly took an off-ramp into a discussion of something earth-shattering like Taylor Swift's armpits, it got me thinking about my own potential resolutions, or, in my case, "anti-resolutions."

First, I am not resolving to worry about my weight or the general decomposition of my anatomy this year. Now, don't get me wrong, I will continue to participate in some daily geriatric exercise-ish activities, and I will still attempt to avoid most foods that will kill me if

ingested in satisfying quantities, but I've reconciled myself to the fact that I adore chips and salsa far too much to go on anything resembling a diet. Life is just too short to do without Tex-Mex.

Next, I am not resolving to be a "better person" in the new year. Again, this doesn't mean I plan to be a bad person—or even a worse person than I have been. I mean, I will continue to do my best (with the good Lord's help) to follow the Ten Commandments, the Golden Rule, state and federal law, my employee handbook, the Cub Scout Oath and most local ordinances. But, at my age, I wonder if I haven't reached my better-person "use by" date. My pets seem to like me (especially at feeding time), my semi-grown daughters mostly tolerate my presence (also especially at feeding time), I have a couple of friends who will share a basket (or two, or three) of tortilla chips with me (and let me eat most of them) and my wife hasn't left me (if she does, I'm going with her). If I can keep all of that going, I'm good — unless my wife tells me differently.

Next, I'm not resolving to spend time looking for things I lose this year. The older I get, the more I seem to lose stuff. In particular, I tend to lose one part/piece/component of something that comes in a pair. The other day, I lost one of my workout gloves. Since keeping my hands soft, smooth and supple is a priority, this really bothered me — until I realized that wearing just one workout glove sort of made me feel like the King of Pop at my local gym.

And speaking of the gym, I also like to wear a pair of knock-off AirPods while I'm pumping a very limited amount of iron. Of course, I recently lost one of my earbuds, and although I nearly resigned myself to putting up with the uninspiring pop drivel (other than Taylor Swift, of course) they play on the gym sound system, I soon found out that listening to Led Zeppelin's "Whole Lotta Love" in left-ear mono is a new and exciting experience.

So there you have it — my anti-resolutions for 2024: no dieting, no self-improvement and no worrying that I look like Michael Jackson with a hearing aid when I exercise.

Happy New Year, and let me know if you'd like to join me for some chips and salsa!

— Jase Graves

Jason (Jase) Graves is a national award-winning humor columnist, a married father of three daughters, a lifelong resident of Longview, Texas, and a Texas A&M Aggie. He writes about home and family issues from a humorous perspective for the Cagle Cartoons syndicate and [his blog](#). Other than writing, his primary hobby is sleeping as late as possible. His winning [Nickie's Prize for Humor Writing](#) essay, "The Sisterhood of the Giggling Rants," is included in *Sisters! Bonded by Love and Laughter*, published by the Erma Bombeck Writers' Workshop. His piece, "Victoria's Worst-Kept Secret," is included in *Chicken Soup for the Soul: My Crazy Family*.

