

CHAPTER 4

Discussion with spirit guide
Mystery Spiritual Guide

MYSTERY SPIRITUAL GUIDE: Okay, do you people really want to know who I am? You really, really shouldn't care. I can't emphasize that point enough. Do you all want to know why most of Dr. Frick's spiritual guides were famous during their incarnations on Earth?

(He laughs.)

Actually, let me take that back. . . . An overwhelming majority of Dr. Frick's spiritual guides were not famous during their incarnations on Earth. Most of his spiritual guides never even incarnated to begin with! What I'm trying to say is that most spiritual guides to planet Earth never even lived as human beings in your world.

GF: Is what you are saying true for everybody?

MYSTERY SPIRITUAL GUIDE: Absolutely! I can't emphasize that point enough. For every person reading these words, most of your spiritual guides were just "regular" people during their incarnations on Earth—that is assuming that they even had incarnations to begin with!

Some of your spiritual guides aren't even aware of what "physical reality" is! Instead, they work with "people" on levels of consciousness that you are not aware of (i.e., the dream state among other states of consciousness).

(He laughs.)

Now that I got that off my soapbox, I feel better now!

GF: I could tell that you are getting frustrated now.

MYSTERY SPIRITUAL GUIDE: I'm reflecting your own frustration more than anything else, Dr. Frick. You are a bit frustrated that people wonder why most of your spiritual guides were supposedly famous during their incarnations on Earth. And the fact of the matter is, very few of them were.

The spiritual guides who were famous write through you only for the convenience of the people who read your books.

(He laughs.)

Let's face it everybody, aren't you all curious to know who I am?

(He laughs again.)

Hint number one: I'm not Elvis Presley, and I assure you that Elvis has no intentions of singing any hip, popular catchy tunes any time soon! (Not in the sense that you people relate to the concept of "singing" anyway.).

(He laughs yet again, and then slaps himself on the "knee." He then makes a motion as if to say "Come and get me everybody.")

Wouldn't you all like to have a face to go along with this dialogue? Come on people! Aren't you burning with curiosity? I could have been "Joe Schmo" or "Beethoven" or "Moses" during my incarnation on Earth, and (in theory anyway) it really shouldn't mean anything to you. I could just as easily have been Joe Schmo as I was. . . .

(He laughs again and then motions as to say "Ha, ha, people, the joke is on you!")

Come on everybody aren't you just burning with curiosity? Don't you people want to know who the hell I am? I'll give you a hint—most of you don't know who the hell I am. . . . Ha, ha, ha. You're too young to remember my quality third-rate humor.

(Straightening out his "tie.")

Did I just contradict myself? You may think that quality third-rate humor is an impossibility, but let me tell ya. . . if the shoe fits wear it, and my shoes are getting smaller and smaller these days. Before you know it, I'll disappear into thin air!

(He shakes his "head.")

I want you all to know that I realize how obnoxious

I've been to you all. Please understand though that I've been a bit cranky since I passed over into the afterlife! Wouldn't you be? I haven't had a bite to eat in years!
And who is this George Bush character anyway?

(He laughs.)

Come on, Dr. Frick, you could do it! Help me find a good punch line or better yet, I'll punch George Bush for you. That will make up for the third-rate comedy you're getting from me.

And what is it with you Americans nowadays? You think you're so special because you wave your cellular phones around and spend hours in your fancy cars. . . .

(He laughs.)

Come on, Dr. Frick, you could do it! Help me think of a good punch line or I'll make fun of you instead. That's really not a difficult thing to do—a psychiatrist who channels the ghost of Bob Hope—now that's crazy! You're not crazy because you claim to channel spirits, but who the hell would want to channel Bob Hope? I mean, why not Moses or Mother Teresa!

GF: I already channeled Mother Teresa!

BOB HOPE: Says who? Says you? . . .

(A long silence follows.)

Come on Dr. Frick, you could do it! Think of a good punch line for me. I think the fact that you all have nothing better to do but read about the spirit of Bob Hope speaks for itself.

Why don't you all have fun for a change? Get out once in a while! Go fishing . . . or better yet, stay home and watch reruns of "Bob Hope Specials."

For those of you pacifists out there, there is an idea for you to make the world a more peaceful place! Force your American troops to watch Bob Hope Specials—you'll have so many people leaving the army that Gomer Pyle will become a five-star general. . . . or worse yet, George Bush would become the Commander in Chief!

(He straightens out his "tie.")

Now that would be a frightening sight, wouldn't it?

GF: George Bush is already Commander in Chief!

BOB HOPE (laughing): I'm sorry people, I forgot. Maybe I've lost one brain cell too many. Maybe George Bush and I have something in common: I've lost all of my brain cells and he never had any to begin with!

You know, maybe I'm not giving ole George enough credit because after all he was smart enough to get out of Vietnam in order to avoid my visits to the troops. Now that's brilliance if you'd ask me!

(A long pause follows.)

Come on Gary, you could do it—help me think of some more jokes or I'll have to self-deprecate myself yet again! And self-deprecation doesn't come as easy to me as it does to you.

(He shrugs his shoulders.)

If you want me to put you down I'll be glad to, and if the jokes are too cruel, I'll blame it on the writer: a psychiatrist gone wacko!

(He laughs.)

I know what you're thinking Dr. Frick. With this being your third book and all, you feel that the "psychiatrist jokes" are getting old. They're just not funny anymore—that is to you they're not funny, Dr. Frick. I think that other people would just love to hear more of them.

What do you think people out there on Planet Earth? Do you want to hear some more psychiatrists jokes?

(He laughs.)

I've got the best psychiatrist joke of them all—how about two hundred dollars an hour? My God, for two hundred dollars an hour you could. . .

(He laughs.)

Come on, Dr. Frick, you're a good "setup man" but where's the punch line?

GF: Give me a chance! I'll think of one!

BOB HOPE: Yeah, right! You'll think of one when hell freezes over. Actually, I've got good news for you all: hell actually did freeze over in the sense that there is no hell. The universe is a much more forgiving place than you think it is.

And I have some more good news! Don't worry, there is no devil with a pitchfork and horns because God in his infinite wisdom already created a Bob Hope without a pitchfork and horns!

(He laughs.)

You see everybody, I don't need a pitchfork. I could tell that I'm already driving some of you crazy now! That's what I used to say to my wife during my incarnation on Earth. . . .

(He shakes his “head.”)

I’m sorry everybody, I screwed up the punch line! My wife was the one with the pitchfork. But being the devil I was, she had no hesitation lending me her horns for all those times that I died on stage.

(He nervously straightens out his “tie.”)

I’m telling ya, these jokes just get funnier and funnier. I’m already dead and yet I’m dying on stage. Who would have thought of such a thing? Only the devil himself. . . . hey, you over there?

GF: Are you talking to me?

BOB HOPE (laughing): How about that? A regular Sherlock Holmes here! Well of course I’m talking to you. Here, catch!

(He “throws” me a devil’s mask.)

You’re partaking in this circus too! And remember we devils have to stick together. . . . And back to the very real possibility that Bob Hope was the devil himself, could you imagine fighting in Vietnam or Desert Storm, and what kind of entertainment does the military give you? He gives you Bob Hope!

It’s a good thing that Dr. Frick wasn’t in the military or he could have written some of my jokes; General Gomer Pyle, here he comes!

GF: Do you think I have any potential as a comedian?

BOB HOPE: In what sense? As a standup comedian? I don’t see why you’d want to be a standup comedian to begin with. You’d get about as much respect as a psychiatrist who communicates with the ghost of

Bob Hope.

(He laughs.)

That really wasn't funny was it? I suppose that the "psychiatrist" jokes are getting old after all. But the "two hundred dollars an hour" joke is a classic (adjusted to inflation of course).

(He laughs again.)

I'll tell you one thing, even that classic psychiatrist joke is certainly not funny to your patients, but it's very funny to me—so funny that it makes my invisible stomach turn inside out, so I could show you all my appreciation. . . .

(He laughs.)

You see, that wasn't bad, Gary. You were trying to make some joke about an invisible comedian trying to vomit on you. That was so funny I forgot to laugh—that is, assuming that "laughter" even exists in the afterlife and I assure you that it does, because it is very true that if we spiritual guides didn't laugh sometimes you'd all drive us insane.

(He laughs.)

And this time I'm being serious—serious with a smile on his face. You know, with primates smiling and showing the teeth is considered a sign of submission. But I assure you that there are no teeth here, ladies and gentlemen. I really am being serious. You just watch me.

(Straightening out his "tie.")

I'm telling ya, I could be just as stiff as Al Gore, and

I could prove it too! Have any of you dug up my grave lately?

(He laughs.)

I'm sorry people. I've heard of self-deprecation but this is ridiculous. I can't possibly be that stiff. Go ahead and dig me up!

You should see me now: my hair is down to my legs, my fingernails are long. If I become a zombie, I should have no difficulty living in San Francisco—especially with the fingernails!

(He motions to “flush a toilet.”)

Here's what we need to do with that last joke, Dr. Frick! I'll blame it on myself more than I do you this time.

GF: You are more self-deprecating than I remember your being.

BOB HOPE: That's your style, Dr. Frick. You like self-deprecating humor. . . . Surprise everybody, I'm drowning and Dr. Frick has been all the more willing to allow himself to drown along with me. Now is that sacrifice and generosity or is that sacrifice and generosity?

Where's your gratitude people? Why don't you send him an E-mail and tell him how much you appreciate his work? And then I'll give him a few punch lines—POW! RIGHT IN THE KISSER! How's that for a punch —I mean a punch line?

(A long pause follows.)

Could I borrow Ed McMahon for a few minutes to laugh at my jokes?

GF: He is still alive. He hasn't died yet.

BOB HOPE: Wait until he passes over into the afterlife. Then Johnny Carson and I will show him what hell actually is. He'll have to laugh at my jokes without getting paid! Now could there possibly be a worse form of hell than that?

GF: How about my not getting paid as a psychiatrist?

BOB HOPE (laughing): You better get used to it buddy, because something like that may actually happen to you after you pass over into the afterlife. Do you think I'm kidding? This time I'm not kidding! You just wait, buddy!

(I could tell that he REALLY was not kidding that time.)