

MATTRESS ACTRESS

by Ken
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I have two sisters who, while being quite different from each other, both remind me of the same person - Jesus. The best way for me to describe and differentiate between them is to say that "Elizabeth is an angel, and Debi is a saint".

Not too long ago, I learned that Saint Debi, quite uncharacteristically, starred in an infomercial with her husband. You've probably never seen it, unless you're an insomniac with a terrible mattress who has the Home Shopping Network as one of your favorite cable channels.

Heck, the only reason I ever saw this thing is because Debi took out her laptop one day while I was visiting her in her Orlando home last year and showed it to me.

Now, I don't know if they give out awards for infomercials (the Infys?), but if they do, Debi would certainly be up for "Best Mattress Actress". She was totally convincing as she gave an unscripted and unbridled testimony about the brand new mattress on which she was sitting.

So convinced was I by what I had seen that, despite its costliness, when I returned home to CT, I promptly picked up my laptop and sat my wife down on our sagging mattress and showed her the infomercial starring Saint Debi. So convinced was Karen by my sister's testimonial that, despite its costliness, she ordered me to order a queen-sized mattress to finally replace the one we had bought back during the Bush administration (hint: not W!).

I borrowed her credit card, hopped onto the Internet, Googled the website and placed our order. Evidently, the prospects of having a brand new mattress that is *contoured to my body which improves body alignment and helps decrease mattress-induced morning pain and stiffness* for the "rest" of my life, overrode my sense of due diligence.

In other words, I didn't read the fine print.

Had I read the fine print, I would've noticed that the company offered a "100-day guarantee". Weird, right?

First of all, if anything, mattress manufacturers ought to offer a 100-**night** guarantee, right? Second of all, it shouldn't take you 100 days and/or nights to realize that you don't want your new mattress. Seems to me that you would be able to determine THAT after 1 night, 2 at the most - ok, maybe 3 max. But certainly not 100!

As it turns out, due diligence would've revealed that the reason the company offers a *100-day guarantee* is because, according to THEIR research, 80% of their customers hate their expensive new mattress for the first couple of days, weeks and even months! Initial complaints range from sore necks to achy backs to out-of-line spines.

Hmmm, funny my saintly sister didn't mention any of this in her infamous infomercial. Reminds me of Jesus.

When I was 13 years old, I was in my bedroom on Long Island, listening to the Yankee game on the radio instead of doing my Confirmation Class homework that was due the following day. It was then and there that Jesus himself came into my room and told me how much he loved me. He also promised me that if I accepted him as my personal Lord and Savior, he would save my life for all of eternity. Guaranteed.

Evidently, the prospects of having a new life in Christ overrode my sense of due diligence. In other words, I didn't read the fine print.

Had I read the fine print, I would've noticed that, in Luke 14, Jesus said, *"Whoever comes to me and does not hate father and mother, wife and children, brothers and sisters, yes, and even life itself, cannot be my disciple. Whoever does not carry the cross and follow me cannot be my disciple...None of you can become my disciple if you do not give up all your possessions."*

Hmmm, funny my saintly Savior didn't mention any of this during my conversion conversation.

The season of Lent, especially Holy Week, reminds me that my new life, just like my new mattress, comes at a great cost to me. I'm supposed to hate my sisters, but love my neighbors? I'm supposed to carry the bloody cross of Christ all the way to Calvary's hill, so that my joy will be full? I'm supposed to give up all of my possessions, the total of which won't amount to even two stinkin' mites?

And I'm supposed to do all of these things... for the "rest" of my life?