

Getting Lost on the Ego Trip to Famesville

I only had one Elvis sighting in the early 70's. That's surprising, since we just lived right down the road from Graceland, and given how Momma would drag us down there two or three times a week to wait outside his gate.

Mom was single you see, and a wee bit enamored with that side-burned hunk-a-hunk-a burning love. So she would always don her Go-go boots, mini-skirt, and powder blue eyeshade in hopes of standing out in the crowd. Sadly it was the one night she showed up in cut off jeans and two inch hair rollers that she finally did.

"Here he comes," one of the spotters shouted, "And he's driving!"

In a flash the whole desperate passel dashed for the drivers side curb. I out ran most of the blue hairs, but one of the impersonators stuck out a bellbottom and tripped me. I tried to drag him down with me, but only came away with a handful of rhinestones. Still I managed to crawl up to a pretty good spot.

I called for momma. After all, she was the one who had on that fancy French "Owed to the Toilet" perfume. I knew how important it was to our future that Elvis get a good whiff of it, so I commenced throwing elbows to hold her a spot. Then I saw her, plumb across the drive by herself. I panicked, "Momma, he's gon' be on this side."

She didn't budge; her eyes were fixed on that iron Gate. Just as it swung open I realized the true genius of her plan. Over there she'd have to stand out!

Sure enough, Elvis drove out in a long black car. He was wearing a black shirt with a four inch collar, sporting a huge pair of shades, and chewing on a big nasty cigar.

It was all fun and games until he flashed that trademark lip quivering smile. Immediately the blue hairs stampeded. Elvis jerked the wheel to avoid a lawsuit from his left, and almost ran into another on the right. However, momma wasn't thinking, and instinctively dove out of the way and tumbled off into the grass.

"Dog momma," I cried, "Take one for the team!"

I'll give her this; she popped up quicker'n a prairie dog and tried to pull together some sort of sexy smile. Unfortunately it was hid beneath a tangle of smashed curlers.

Judging from the gestures Elvis was throwing her way, I knew we'd never get rich, or live at Graceland. I just shook my head. If only he'd been able to sniff her.

But anyway- Some people chase fame, some just chase famous people. I've found both to be most fleeting.

In the opening paragraph of a short story I once wrote, the main character muses; 'Fame, she seductively prances about the corridors of a simple man's mind, batting those painted eyes of gold. She calls unto his youth, but only that she may begrudge him of it. Her room is arrayed with the flickering promises of a thousand encores, but how few have lived to see that dawn? As for me, I have allowed this tramp to whisper sweet nothings into my ear since I was a child. To this day that is all she has produced.'

Like that character, I know what it's like to waste your youth on a sad little ego trip to Famesville, only to be turned away at the gate. I pursued sports, I tried music. When those ventures failed I became so dejected that my continence turned about as flattering as a Berber hairpiece on a balding buffalo.

Well you know what? I've spent too many years at that self indulgent party. No longer will I walk around dejected and thinking of myself as a failure for not being "Somebody".

Jesus has shown me *I am* somebody. He also explained that all the glory belongs to Him, so I should just take that pressure off of myself. (*I am the LORD: that is my name: and my glory will I not give to another, neither my praise to graven images. Isaiah 42:8 KJV*)

Instead of seeking fame, I should set about discovering and developing the gifts God has placed inside me. Instead of comparing myself to others, I should be delighting myself in His acceptance, and becoming the best "me" I can be.

From what I can tell, the rich and famous don't have a corner on the market of happiness and fulfillment anyway. Maybe we should all just start enjoying our lives each day, and rest in the knowledge that Jesus is LORD. Then, when this brief journey is over, we won't be the least bit interested in congregating outside the king of rock-n-roll's gate. We'll be welcome inside the pearly gates of the KING of KINGS!

-Guy Sheffield 8-04-06