

Enlightenment for Nitwits

THE COMPLETE GUIDE
TO **2012 & BEYOND!**

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Introduction

HOW TO USE THIS BOOK

The Buddha taught that to become enlightened and attain nirvana, you must find nothingness. And if you're looking for nothingness, you came to the right place. This book gives you plenty of nothingness.

In fact, everything's here: all the nothingness you could hope for in one easy-to-read volume. As the title says, this is your *Complete Guide*. Absolutely nothing has been left in—that's how complete it is.

Okay, maybe it's not quite that complete—we're talking infinity and eternity here. Would you want to lug that much nothingness to the beach? If it were taken too far, you might be looking at a black hole, which can be a big mess. However, if I had called it *Enlightenment for Nitwits: The Incomplete Guide to 2012 & Beyond!*, would you have bought it? I didn't think so. In any case, it's complete enough for all normal enlightenment purposes. If you're not in absolute bliss by the end of it, you might want to increase your meds.

While we're on the subject of the title, some have asked me why I called it *Enlightenment for Nitwits*. The main reason is that *Dummies* and

Idiots were trademarked (by the Bush administration, in 2001). These titles don't imply any disrespect for readers. In fact, I've been privileged to meet many of my readers, and they are among the most intelligent, caring, and good-smelling people I've ever run across. Such titles simply telegraph to potential buyers that the subject will be covered in an easily accessible manner. Isn't that what we're all looking for? With enlightenment, who wants to wade through long, arcane texts, in many cases written by people who didn't even bother to learn English! and then have to sit on the dirty floor of a drafty cave for forty years trying to figure it all out? I've already done the hard work so that you don't have to. This book, a combination of laughter yoga and colonic therapy, is Mr. Clean for the soul—it takes the drudgery out of spiritual growth. Every seeker will want to keep a copy next to his toilet.

Please note that this timeless book works whether you're preparing for 2012, or using it in any other year in the future or past (for example, if you're a time traveler). The principles of enlightenment don't change. However, if you're reading this before the invention of the printing press, be advised that it is forbidden to interfere with the course of human history.

I'd like to begin with a quote from my good friend the Dalai Lama. He, of course, starred in the classic Broadway musical *Hello, Dalai!* It featured a chorus line of singing and dancing monks who levitated several feet off the ground while holding trays of rice, as Dalai descended a staircase wearing a glorious crimson robe and Louis Armstrong sang the title song. It was an unforgettable moment in the annals of spirituality. Until that time, few had realized that His Holiness had such great legs.

One day, Dalai and I were sitting together in deep meditation. Suddenly, he said to me, "My son,"—that's what he calls me; we're not related—"My son, enlightenment is easy. Comedy is hard." And it's true. He's a great guy and I love him, but he really isn't that funny. It was then that he asked me to write this book, which is the fulfillment of an ancient prophesy first brought to light again when he discovered me at four years old doing stand-up on the playground. My test was to correctly identify the rubber chicken, fedora, and exploding cigar I had used in my previous lifetime as the Fifteenth Falai Lama. Of course, the true Falai Lama would know his own rubber chicken anywhere (mine is unusual in that it makes a farting sound as it shoots rubber eggs).

This book is easy to use. As you read the stories of my spiritual journey, simply be aware of your breath and feel gratitude welling up from deep within you that you're not me.

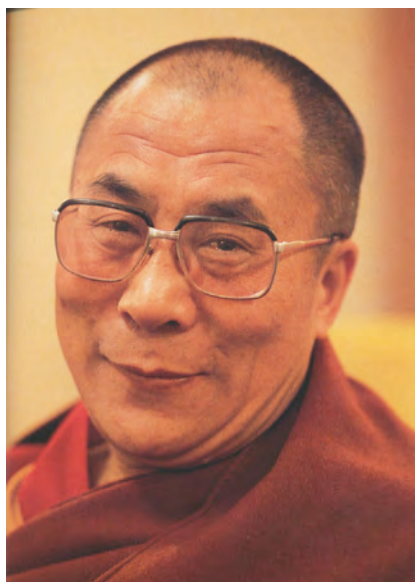
As a savvy humor consumer, you are no doubt aware that metaphysical comedy is a huge, brutally competitive field. However, I have managed to carve out a niche for myself and am well known for it worldwide among the 113 or so readers of my previous books. I hope that, with this book, I can reach an even larger audience, changing many people's lives, some of them for the better.

PART I

SELF-HELP
&
PERSONAL GROWTH



Chapter One shows you how to have a good attitude,
which is the initial step to enlightenment.



Chapter 1

Inspiration for Today

LIFE'S GIFTS

Wise spiritual thinkers teach us that everything in life is a gift, often with hidden blessings or lessons.

For example, being hit by a bus might give you the insurance money to have the nose job you've always wanted. Without your venereal disease, you might not have met that cute doctor. If you hadn't been fired, you may never have become homeless and learned how to make dumpster art. We should not judge life's gifts.

Some of life's gifts come in beautiful packages; others, not so much. Some gifts are the wrong size, clash with everything we own, or are in icky taste. Some, we regift to our mother-in-law, who happens to like black velvet animal portraits and plastic figurines of Jesus on the Cross that squirt fake blood. Some, we throw in the back of our closet, where they stay until we die and our children find them, wondering, *What the h*ck¹ is*

¹ Please note that there are no swear words in this book. According to the American Swearing Society (ASS), "Replacing a vowel with an asterisk in a four-letter word makes it a three-letter word plus a typographical symbol, suitable for the whole family." Since I am

that? But they are all gifts.

My grandmother Hoodwin loved giving gifts and meticulously wrapped them. Once, many years ago, she had a doctor's appointment in Chicago, and was instructed to bring specimens (both kinds). She was embarrassed to bring them on the train, so she wrapped them in beautiful paper and ribbons. Unfortunately, she left them on the luggage rack. No doubt someone found those packages and opened them. One hopes he realized that they were gifts, despite being feces and urine. Yes, we cannot judge life's gifts. Who knows what they had to teach him? Whatever it was, it was probably something he never forgot.

Sometimes we meet people who have beautiful wrapping but are full of cr*p, like my grandmother's package. Perhaps they teach us lessons about not wasting our time with a-holes. Sometimes we meet people who are not wrapped beautifully but are still a-holes. Regardless of the wrapping, they are part of life's gifts.

Sometimes gifts aren't wrapped at all, but are covered with tissue paper and placed in reusable "gift bags." Others are wrapped in the Sunday color comics. Just toss them in the trash. Those

a spiritual person and never swear, I also use asterisks when speaking.

who give them are cheap and/or lazy tree-huggers. Surely a gift is worth a tree or two. On the other hand, keep gift cards—you can get cash for them.

Regardless, gifts that go straight to the trash are still gifts, just as movies that go straight to DVD are still movies, even though they are probably lousy. Cherish them all, for without them, you would not be who you are today. And remember: you are one of life's gifts to others—try to stay out of the garbage.

Now that you have a good attitude,
let's delve into how to focus your thoughts
so you can get everything you want.



Chapter 2

THE SECRET

I was thrilled to learn about *The Secret* on Oprah. As you probably know, *The Secret* teaches you how to harness the power of your mind to make your dreams come true.

I knew that what I really wanted was Brad Pitt. Using the methods of *The Secret*, I focused my thoughts on Brad Pitt falling in love with me. My spiritual guides told me that he was very close to calling and asking if he could move in with me. I didn't know what the Universe planned to do with Angelina Jolie and their kids, but that was none of my business; I just kept holding positive thoughts.

Part of *The Secret's* secret is that you must not have any negative thoughts—not even one. Sadly, I blew it. My negative thought lasted only about thirty seconds, but it shot down my whole year of visualizations and affirmations. That thought was, “Maybe he doesn't like redheads.” It was over—Brad moved on and there was nothing I could do about it.

However, I am happy to report that I have learned my lesson, and this time I'm sure it will work with Hugh Jackman. If God doesn't want me

to have Hugh Jackman, tough. I'm going to have him anyway, because I deserve him. I create my own reality, d*rn it! I truly and *completely* believe that. If he doesn't like redheads, I'll *make* him—that's how powerful my thoughts are.

I should get going. I have three hours of affirmations to do before bed.

AN UPDATE: I trust that you're getting everything you want, too. Isn't it wonderful to finally have it all? My goodness, since *The Secret*, I don't know what to do with all the money pouring in—it's almost more than I can keep track of. And the nonstop sex with incredibly hot men. And the fame and worldwide acclaim. I don't know if I can take it anymore.

Oddly, Hugh Jackman isn't returning my calls. Neither is Hugh Grant. Or Hugh Dancy. Or Hugh Laurie. Or any other Hughs. I thought that Hugh create your own reality. But Brad called, so I can't complain too much.

Sometimes you hit a pothole
on the road to enlightenment
because you had a bad childhood.
If that's the case, you might need therapy.

The following chapter isn't meant
to be a comprehensive survey
of therapeutic techniques,
which would be depressing.

However, it does provide a couple of points
to bear in mind when you look for someone to fix you.



Chapter 3

THERAPY

There's a sure test to determine whether you still have issues: Look down. If you see a body, you have issues. If you don't see a body, you *really* have issues.

In California, if you have a fear of intimacy, you can get a disabled parking permit. Ask your therapist about it today!

Now that we have therapy handled,
let's take a look at the ego,
because it's sure to come up in your therapy.

The main thing to remember
is that your ego is evil
and you need to destroy it,
like dandelions in the perfect yard of Self.
So get out your Weed-B-Gone and let's get going!



Chapter 4

EGO

I don't mean to brag, but I have *so* gotten rid of my ego.

I'm for peace and love, and can't stand bullies. I'd like to beat them all to a pulp.

Judgmental people are disgusting, too, don't you agree? They're so much worse than us good people who don't judge, they make me want to puke.

Therapy is about helping you cope with life,
which most therapists agree is a big pain in the *ss.
However, don't let that stop you from getting enlightened.
Just meditate upon the is-ness of what is.
This chapter shows you how.



Chapter 5

COPING

If you can't find happiness in your own backyard, you never really lost it to begin with. I wish I had a backyard.

Next time you need a lift, stop at Starbucks and ask for a coffee enema.

"Suicide Hotline. How can we make your suicide more enjoyable today?"

IT'S A SMALL WORLD (AFTER ALL)

I visited Disney World in the 80s. At the time, most of the attractions consisted of riding in a little boat through a cave while things popped out at you and they played "It's a Small World (After All)" over and over. The lyrics are simple yet evocative: "It's a small world (after all). It's a small world (after all). It's a small world (after all). It's a small world (after all)." I swore after that short visit that if I ever heard the song again, I would commit a truly heinous crime, maybe including giving Mickey Mouse rat poison.

A year ago, I was telling a friend about this on the phone when I heard "It's a Small World (After All)" playing outside my window, presumably blaring from a truck. After that, I heard it at dinnertime about once a week. I figured that someone who lived in the complex drove it for work and it played whenever he parked. I had a neighbor who kept waking me at six a.m. with a work truck that beeped every time he backed up, as a safety precaution, and the beep could not be turned off. Now that I think about it, though, playing "It's a Small World (After All)" would be the opposite of a safety precaution, as it would attract children, who would then be run over.

I began to wonder if I was imagining it—maybe the song was just playing in my head. In any case, I realized that my intense hatred of "It's a Small World (After All)" was attracting to me the very thing I hated. I had to stop giving energy to "It's a Small World (After All)."

Recently, while taking a walk, I found the guilty vehicle—an ice cream truck. I had discounted that possibility because there aren't many children in this complex. Why would an ice cream truck come here? It was a huge, ancient white box. I felt compassion for the poor schmuck trying to make a living selling semi-dairy products

one at a time, a seasonal business at best in this suburban area. The song actually sounded kind of cute up close, especially with the daffy boing between each line. When I read on Wikipedia that it is probably the most performed and translated song in the entire world, I felt compassion for the world, too. To my surprise, I didn't hate it anymore. All I can say is, it's a small world (after all).

A psychic told me that I have a large positive balance in my karmic bank account. However, the teller left to speak with a supervisor thirty-five years ago and never came back.

When it rains, it pours, and then it molds.

I was at Sears looking for a carry-on. I asked a young guy who worked there for directions, and he said (I swear), "The luggage department is on the lower level, but I don't know if they have suitcases."

While I was waiting for a flight, three different terrorists approached me and asked if I'd take some explosives for them in my carry-on luggage,

but I said no. I didn't have room.

We are all one. Therefore, I am Barack Obama and Meryl Streep. I am also Dick Cheney and the Octomom. You win some, you lose some.

When I see shoppers with a baby in their shopping cart, I ask them what aisle they found it on.

HIGHER EDUCATION

Knowledge is one of our best tools for coping with the physical plane. My grandmother Keller impressed upon me the importance of a college education. I had taken a year off after high school, and she somehow found out I had done that solely to aggravate her. She told me her story:

When I was a girl in Warsaw, I studied with a college professor. He told me, "Irene, you study with me six months, and I'll have you in college." But then the war (WWI) broke out, so I didn't get a college education. Afterward, I came to this country, married your grandfather, and had your uncle and mother.

When they got a little older, I studied with

a college professor. He told me, "Irene, you study with me six months, and I'll have you in college." But then the war (WWII) broke out, and I had to help your grandfather in the store, so I didn't get a college education.

But—I learned more from living than you could get from all the years of college education. I wouldn't trade what I learned from living for ten college educations. And what I learned from living is that you've got to have a college education.

So, inspired by my grandmother's wisdom, I got a college education, a B.M.¹ from U.O., and I'm so glad I did. I credit that with keeping me from having to get a job for five years.

The Way requires you to relinquish all ambition and striving, so I've been working hard to be as lazy and unproductive as possible. Still, sometimes I fail, despite my best efforts, and revert to my old pattern of getting work done. However, I pick myself right up and get back on that recliner.

Do you remember pet rocks? Maybe, in reality,

¹ No, not one of those—a Bachelor of Music.

we're *their* pets—they live way longer than we do.

A CARD MY CAT WROTE

Dear Aunt Ethel,

I thought you'd like to see these pictures of me holding my pet person Shepherd. Doesn't he look fat and happy? That's because he eats everything *he* likes all day. He won't give me what I want, but you know how difficult humans can be. All I ask for is a little Beluga caviar on toast (I don't eat the toast but it looks pretty). Maybe some nice pâté de foie gras, lightly roasted pheasant (pink on the inside), and salmon garnished with rat gizzards. Of course, I may not eat *any* of it, but I'd at least like the right to turn it down. As you know, cats are the gourmets of the animal kingdom, but he insists on giving me kibble, surely the most plebian fare ever devised. I don't know how he expects me to eat that garbage day in and day out, even if it does have a pleasant stink, but I try to make him happy—he gets so excited when he puts it out for me that I hate to disappoint him. I guess I should have trained him better when he was younger.

Your nephew,

Puffy²

My objection to housework is that you spend hours getting everything sparkling clean, then have to do the whole thing over a year later.

WHEN JEHOVAH'S WITNESSES COME TO YOUR DOOR

- Tell them you're Jewish.
- Greet them naked holding a tube of K-Y jelly.
- Invite them into your coven.

A friend is upset because aliens never abduct her. "What's my DNA-chopped liver? What does Whitley Strieber have that I don't have?" I told her it's probably just not the right time yet.

Reptilians are people, too.

A channeled book said that the Pleiades are a more pleasant place to incarnate, with only 3% negativity compared to our 47%. Whoa! Big

² Not his real name.

difference.

It didn't say, however, whether they have high-speed Internet. If not, that's a deal-breaker. I don't care how much love and light they have—I'm not going to any more planets without it.

Some regard Earth as the insane asylum of the universe. A few of us rattle the bars, though.