

This book is not influential writing. It won't place me on the list of one-book-wonders with Harper Lee and Margaret Mitchell. I didn't write it to dispense sage and timeless words, so don't take me too seriously. I wrote it from my heart, for my family and friends. I hope you laugh.

My Bra's in My Briefcase

By LuAnne Fantasia

Order the complete book from the publisher

[Booklocker.com](https://www.booklocker.com)

<https://www.booklocker.com/p/books/10846.html?s=pdf>

or from your favorite neighborhood
or online bookstore.

My Bra's in My Briefcase

A collection ... from Army Private to
U.S. Secretary of Cheese,
life is what happens on your way to making plans



LuAnne Fantasia

Copyright © 2020 LuAnne Fantasia

ISBN: 978-1-64718-290-8

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the author.

Published by BookLocker.com, Inc., St. Petersburg, Florida.

Printed on acid-free paper.

BookLocker.com, Inc.
2020

First Edition

Table of Contents

W E L C O M E.....	1
The one about Gunsmoke in them thar' hills	6
The one about Ella, Jesus' birthday, and a bubble pipe	10
The one about Wallace Cobble Motors on West Main Street	15
The one about your mama's combat boots and bragging rights.....	19
The one about "atta girls"	25
The one about 'baby-boomers over 50, need not apply'	29
The one about youth.....	35
The one about bowling and biking and skiing, oh my!.....	38

LuAnne Fantasia

The one about the first U.S. Secretary of Cheese.....	43
The one about those who feed me, bless their hearts	50
The one about women’s demands...blah, blah, blah.....	54
The one about Becky and the Billy goat	59
The one about a walk on the Wiki side	63
The one about GMCs and COGs.....	67
The one about a happy, happy heart.....	70
The one about Final Jeopardy!	73
The one about good news in Iraq	74

The one about Gunsmoke in them thar' hills

“Why do I always have to be Miss Kitty?” I wanted to know. Every time my brother, sister, and I played Gunsmoke, Archie was Matt Dillon, Becky was Festus, and I was Miss Kitty. Our old beagle, Jess, was Doc, since he barked a lot.

I took my role as Miss Kitty seriously. So seriously, that on those rare occasions when Matt Dillon got hurt, I rushed to his side, gathered my make-believe skirts, fell down into the Dodge City dirt, and with his face cupped in my hands, began to sob and kiss him.

My Bra's in My Briefcase

My brother jumped to his feet, spitting, disgusted, “Quit it, LuAnne! Matt Dillon and Miss Kitty never kiss, so play right!”

The three of us encountered trials in our reenactment of the television cowboy classic that would have sent James Arness and Amanda Blake running for their dressing rooms. We endured shootouts at high noon, brawls, drought, famine, raids and hijacked cattle drives. Our horses were tobacco sticks with baling twine tied to them for the reins. Our dad’s woodworking shop was transformed into the Long Branch Saloon. Outside, a sawhorse was the hitchin’ post.

The day I put my foot down and demanded a role other than Miss Kitty left me with a tough decision. I had the good sense not to ask for my brother’s role as Matt Dillon. Maybe I was a bit ahead of the times and feeling liberated that day, but I wasn’t a fool. Since I felt it was beneath me to replace the dog, I

could only switch roles with Becky. I didn't mind playing Festus as much as I dreaded the thoughts of how my sister would run the saloon as Miss Kitty.

Bad idea.

Matt Dillon, Doc and I had been out on a posse. I truly had no idea how hot and dusty it was out there on the old trail through the back of our garden, so a tall, frosty mug of beer (water) sounded good right about then. When I moseyed into the saloon, Miss Kitty was sprawled out backwards across the makeshift bar, balancing a precious piece of my china tea service on her forehead, giggling at the ceiling. All of the bar stools (milk cans) were on their sides, and her stick horse was grazing on the stack of plywood that I pretended was the stage for traveling performers from Back East.

“What happened to my saloon,” I cried, “and, what’s that horse doing in here?” The counterfeit Kitty slid

My Bra's in My Briefcase

down off the bar and—pretending to fluff her curls with one hand while the other rested seductively on her skinny little hip—she defended herself in the worst fake drawl ever.

“Seems we had us a little trouble this noon with some cowpokes a-passin’ through.”

I was not happy.

I told my sister to get out of my saloon and to take her stick horse with her.

What was I thinking? You cannot expect someone of Festus caliber to play the role of Miss Kitty. That is a special and endearing role, and obviously one that only Amanda Blake and I could play.

The one about GMCs and COGs

I still look at new cars and cute old guys, but I no longer want either one. A new apple-red GMC Yukon comes with a new car payment. A cute old guy, or COG, comes with a commitment. To be fair, there are days I get tired of myself. I certainly don't want to inflict that on a sweet old man.

A COG is a man who has not allowed the world to tell him he's a toxic male. He knows he's a good and fair person, but he is not a doormat.

The man has no idea how wonderful he is because he isn't full of himself. He's only full of life—well, maybe a bit of BS—but he works hard and he plays hard. He discusses current events and politics fairly,

and he's not afraid of making a complete fool of himself singing on Karaoke night.

He probably knows every song by Johnny Cash, as well as Lynyrd Skynyrd. He might not know how to dance (who does?), but he still holds a woman on the dance floor, and keeps her from falling out of the cute shoes she should have quit trying to wear a long time ago.

A COG might wear a suit or jeans; a bowtie or a bandana. Maybe he has a ponytail, maybe he's bald. He could be a retired general or a zipper salesman. It doesn't matter. He isn't defined by anything exterior; job, profession, possessions, or looks. He isn't defined by anything tangible. He's defined by his mind and soul, with courage to be himself.

No one has the right to minimize that spirit.

My Bra's in My Briefcase

My cousin and I fight over the phone regularly about our mutual favorite COG, who shall remain anonymous. My father was definitely a COG. Both of my sons are well on their way to being COGs. They're just not old...yet.

I was in a friend's place of business when his Uncle Will roared through the front door with his old dog, Bowser. Uncle Will entered talking. "...blah, blah, blah, taking your truck, blah, blah, needs a new ignition, blah, blah, don't forget the cookout after church Sunday, blah, blah, blah..." and he and Bowser were gone.

When my friend started to apologize, I said, "Your uncle is fine. He's a COG," and I explained what that means in the universe according to me.

"He's perfectly himself. Let him be."

The one about good news in Iraq

Giggles and laughter sound the same in any language.

In 2008, I had the honor and the joy of watching Iraqi children in a far-flung desert village play in water for the first time in their lives. Until that day, the village barely had drinking water for its people and their only cow. Water for children to make puddles and drench each other was beyond a dream.

But, these villagers had a huge, craggy mountain between them and Iran; a mountain high enough in altitude to create a large pool of water at the top; water that was easily piped down to their village, to a modest, inexpensive water catchment system. The

My Bra's in My Briefcase

men no longer have to herd their sheep to water miles across the barren desert every day, the women can grow vegetables, and the children can occasionally relish the relief of playing in water under the constantly punishing sun.

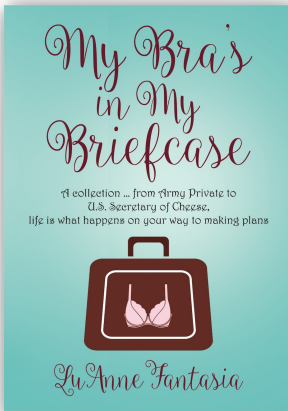
You gave them that priceless gift. You gave the everyday Iraqi people quality of life, hope, and a sense of freedom they had never felt. My observation was that the Iraqi people are loving and gentle, and I would ask you to not confuse them—as a people—with the radicals among them. Your loved ones, whether in uniform or as contractors, and your tax dollars contributed to a coalition of more than 15 countries that made the historic Operation Iraqi Freedom successful. It is a good news story that was never told.

The humble water catchment system in these children's village was only one of more than 2,000 U.S.-funded reconstruction projects in Iraq. Soldiers,

engineers, doctors and medics, legal counselors, security experts, you name it, worked side-by-side with the Iraqi people, mentoring and helping them rebuild their war-torn country; from one-room schools, to oil refineries, sewage and electrical systems; from security forces to provincial rule of law; and the ultimate...their historic, first, national election.

Yet, there was nothing in the news here about the good news there. Our national television and major newspapers would not report good news. Instead, they focused on the daily dead body count. They refused to tell you that the Iraqi people were deeply grateful to Americans and the coalition.

Now you know.



This book is not influential writing. It won't place me on the list of one-book-wonders with Harper Lee and Margaret Mitchell. I didn't write it to dispense sage and timeless words, so don't take me too seriously. I wrote it from my heart, for my family and friends. I hope you laugh.

My Bra's in My Briefcase

By LuAnne Fantasia

Order the complete book from the publisher

[Booklocker.com](https://www.booklocker.com)

<https://www.booklocker.com/p/books/10846.html?s=pdf>

or from your favorite neighborhood
or online bookstore.