Death Where Is Thy Sting: Sometimes Fake Impeachment News Is Just Right For The Occasion . . .

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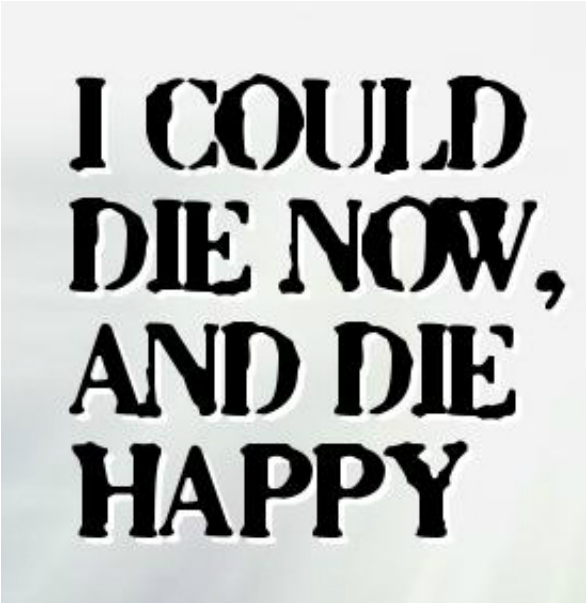
Michel J. Matheron, April 18, 2017



Michael Garland Elliot, a 79-year old man passed away on April 6th with a smile and a contented final breath thanks in large part to the loving gesture of his former wife and lifelong friend, Teresa Elliot, who told him Donald Trump had been impeached. Perhaps this will mark a beginning to a compassionate Trump era ritual, to improve an otherwise sad occasion hospital chaplains might end the final prayers with a simple paraphrase of Ms Elliot's final kindness. intoning "and, by the way, Donald Trump was impeached just a few minutes ago. Amen." Early reports indicate Pope Francis has ordered a Curia commission to formalize the addition to Catholic last rites.

Below is the official obituary:

Michael Garland Elliott (1941 - 2017)

Obituary

Michael Garland Elliott
July 21, 1941 - April 6, 2017
Michael Garland Elliott passed away peacefully, April 6, 2017, surrounded by people who loved him dearly and cared for him selflessly during the last months of his life. He was born in Charlottesville, Va., in either 1940 or 1941 (he honestly didn't know!), and attended Lane High School, where he shined on the basketball court. After college at University of Virginia, he moved to Long Beach, Calif., where, among other things, he joined a semi-pro basketball team that toured the country playing exhibition games, dressed as women. At such times Mike was called Skaggy Maggie and continued round-ball domination, albeit with a different uniform.

Mike was a Porsche enthusiast, owning a dozen of them over the years, but nothing touched his heart like "the ancient game," golf. He was a founding member of The Reserve and spent countless weekends doing what he loved most with like-minded friends. He was very passionate about the game. One time (that we know of) he was angered by an errant shot and threw his club into a tree. Eventually every club in his bag was in that tree. Mike's health had declined over the past decade, and when he was no longer able to golf he accepted it with grace and humor, and threw things at the TV instead. Mike was also the sharpest dresser in town, single-handedly keeping Nike's apparel wing in the black.

Though Mike had no family remaining, he stayed close to the people he'd worked with in the plastics industry, especially Danny Velansky and Sean O'Brian, who was by his side at the end. Also present were Larry Smith, Judy Wiley, lovely neighbors Russ, Sandy and Garrett, and his devoted caregivers Alisha Alex, Sara Young and Leslie Kampmann, angels in human form. No patient ever, ever had more loving care.

Mike ran out of family long ago and is survived by his ex-wife and best friend, Teresa Elliott. Though their marriage ran aground, their friendship only grew stronger and hers was the last voice Mike heard. And the last thing she said to him was "Donald Trump has been impeached." Upon hearing that he took his final, gentle breath, his earthly work concluded. Mike will be forever missed but never forgotten. A proper memorial is planned for August.

Please sign the online guest book at www.oregonlive.com/obits

Guest Book

"That was one of the sweetest obits I've ever read. I would..."
- Susan Rodriguez

View Sign

Behind the Scenes

A bedside nurse overheard Teresa Elliott's final words to Mr. Elliott. Within two minutes Pr~sident Trump's "impeachment," she broadcast this news via the hospital loudspeaker. Cheers and overjoyed weeping caused an uproar reminiscent of roller derby or of V-E Day. (BTW, we checked, and the weeping was 'overjoyed'). Sour notes? Totally absent among nurses and other staff as high up the hierarchy as VP for Nasty Smelling Diseases. In fact, miraculously, ICU patients recovered, some just then receiving last rites, one telling his now ebullient minister,

> "Get the hell outta here. Life's never looked so good. Gawd, I can't wait for the Senate trial! Nurse! Get my tubes unhooked. I'm off to the nearest watering hole! With Trump in the dump,

I'm gonna live forever!"

During surgery, utterly unconscious people sat bolt upright. Amazingly, feeling no pain whatever, their wounds healed. Ripping off their surgical paraphernalia,they ran to the lobby where a raucous celebration rolled on like a train at top speed. Many arrived naked. Erections were noted (but not by me!).

Astoundingly, surgeons, Trump devotees all, faced the inevitable, a *Presid~ent* Pence, hopeful that he would make sure they never missed a Porsche lease payment. They hadn't been sure of Trump since the ADA repeal was gutted in the House on March 24th.

Sometimes I prefer fake news, especially this Trump impeachment fakery, though quickly deemed false, caused me to skip like a third grader through the hospital cafeteria grabbing chocolate puddings by the handful.