

Bliss of Ignorance by Jackie Papandrew

Contributed by Jackie Papandrew
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As 2009 - that year of hope and change - comes to an end, there are a few things I'd love to see left behind as we march into 2010.

First, wouldn't it be wonderful in the new year to be free of all the goofy governors? No more sex scandals or monetary misdeeds. No cornucopia of corruption around every corner. Could we maybe have a temporary cessation of book deals and rambling, press-conference confessions and backroom bribery? How about no more quitting when the going got tough or refusing to leave office when the gig was obviously up? What if we didn't laugh (or cry) when someone referred to "Blago"? What if "hiking the Appalachian Trail" still meant putting your feet on that beautiful place to hike? Wouldn't that be lovely?

And I could sure go a year without the endless stories of disgraced celebrities. Actually, I could go the rest of my life without hearing about another sex tape "accidentally" released. And imagine if, for a whole year, not a single celebrity got into a drunken brawl or was stopped for DUI or beat up his girlfriend or slept with his subordinates.

What if celebrity child molesters got locked up like any other child molester, and everybody said "good riddance," and nobody pointed out that the celebrity child molester had made a couple of good movies?

What if President Obama and Taylor Swift and anybody else who wanted to get to give an uninterrupted speech?

And what if a golf club and a banged-up sport utility vehicle in Florida were just a golf club and a banged-up SUV in Florida? What if we could go all year without hearing about nightclub hostesses and surreptitious (and lame) text messages?

What if Britney, Lindsay, Ashton and Demi kept right on tweeting, but no one reported it? How glorious that would be.

And while we're dreaming about this marvelous time free of celebriodicy, imagine, if you can, a year without any reality TV stars or reality show wannabes. What if we didn't have to hear a word about Jon and Kate or their unfortunate eight?

Or what if we could have 365 days devoid of that new mutant breed of Balloon Boy celebrities who arise out of thin air, talentless, borne aloft to capture our attention like a silver balloon racing through the skies with absolutely nothing inside it?

And what if we never had heard the name "Levi Johnston" and could sail into the New Year without knowing that he has apparently bared far more than his soul for our collective enjoyment? Or what if, in this new year, our consciousness would not be penetrated even once by celebrity seekers the way White House security was penetrated by crazy party crashers willing to get on the wrong side of the Secret Service in their quest for their own reality show? Now that would be nice.

A little less knowledge is the change I'm hoping for in the new year. Sometimes, ignorance really is bliss.
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