

## For Better or For Worse



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*Hide me from my enemy – even if my enemy is me.  
Bruce Parham*

By now y'all sweet chirrens oughta know that Granny onliest wants the best for all of y'all. Cuz Granny just got a big heart like that. But sometimes chirrens, it ain't other peoples that's the mainest prolem in yo life. Sometimes the prolem might be you yoself. Read up yonder what that Bruce Parham said.

This sounds just like Brother Franklin. That man bend working two jobs for the past ten years and plus he be real busy at his church doing all kinds of ards and ends cuz he loves his church home. That's fine and dandy if Brother Franklin was 20-sompfin. But he 50-sompfin and now he got high blood pressure on top of all that. His wife Sister Franklin is a nurse and she knows how to take blood pressure. That's how come she fount out his pressure was high cuz she be taking it ever week. And ever week his pressure keep going higher and higher. Sister Franklin bend telling Brother Franklin time and time again that he need to go see a doctor but she can't git him to go. Granny splained to her that all mens is like that, whether they is white mens, black mens, meskin mens, china mens, injun mens, edumacated mens, knucklehead mens, or no other kinda mens. They just don't carry theyselves to the doctor like womens do unlessun they some he-she mens or she he mens. All the mens Granny know be saying they don't want no nother man touching on they private or sticking they fanger all up in they behind. It ain't like they stop to thank that maybe sometimes us womens might not want them sticking they fangers all up us everywhere.

But anyways before Granny git side tracked, let Granny git back to Sister Franklin. She bend so worried bout that husman of hers and the last time she called Granny for prayer, she said Granny what you thank I should do Granny? And Granny said that's easy baby. Since his pressure keep going up and up and since he wanna ack hardheaded and since he don't wanna hurrup and make a pointment wif his doctor, Granny know exacatively what you can do. For that matter of fack, two thangs you can do. Numma 1. Call yo insurance man. And Numma 2. After the new insurance kick in, when he fall out cuz he sho' nuff is gonna fall out, leave that fool in the floor and don't call the ammalams til he ain't breaving no more.

