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I'm Sending You Thoughts And Prayers, So You Should Be All Set Now

If there were only something I could do!



Lucie Frost · Follow

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Oh, Lisa. I was so sad to hear about your father's heart attack. I'm sorry we couldn't make it to the funeral, but Richard and I send our thoughts and prayers.

Victoria, I just heard that your sweet Pekingese got hit by a runaway cyclist. If there were only something I could do! Dispatching musings and entreaties immediately!

Gosh, Rebecca, anal cancer. Ugh. I wish I could be there to hold your hand. Instead, I'm conveying cogitations and imprecations, which you can take with you to radiation.

David, I can't believe they laid you off. I wish I felt comfortable with giving job references. In the alternative, I forward my contemplations and rogations to help pay your Netflix.

Maya, is it true that your house got hit by a lightning bolt, causing a fire that burned everything but your sports bras? We'd invite you to stay here, but we're using the guest bedroom as an overflow closet. Relaying reflections and invocations to keep you warm wherever you are.

Dearest Elizabeth, your mother-in-law was a lovely woman. Mean, but pretty in her own way. I would have been pleased to serve as executor, were I not wholly immersed in *Downton Abbey* season three. I remit my heartfelt beliefs and supplications, confident that they will assist you through the probate process.

Jason. Your kid failing third grade. Yikes. Please let him know I don't know my math facts either. Mailing imaginations and implorations, which he can use as flashcards.

Hello, Susan! I heard about the beef jerky getting lodged in your esophageal lining. I could have recommended a good surgeon, but I guess it's too late for that. Blasting my ponderings and pleas your way instead, confident they'll help with the skin graft.

Angelica, I can't believe you actually stuck your hand in the disposal. What were you thinking, girl? I'm slinging concerns and appeals your way, which you can rub on your new nub.

Hey, Matthew. I still don't see what the big deal is about swimming nude at the community pool. You were in the adults-only lap lane, for fuck's sake. But these are just my brainstorms. Tossing in my beseechments as well — for the bail fund.

Hey Kim. My guinea pig drowns in its water bowl and you don't even bother to come to his interment? I placed your ponderings and petitions in with the shavings in his little rodent coffin — not that they put him back on his hamster wheel.

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