

# The In-Transit Report of Henry J. Worthmore, Jr.

*by Paul Steven Stone*

**TO:** The Boss

**FROM:** The In-Transit Steering Committee

**DECEASED IN-TRANSIT:** Henry J. Worthmore, Jr., age 73

**OCCUPATION:** Millionaire Attorney

**DISPOSITION:** *See recommendations below*

The In-Transit Steering Committee would like to thank The Divine Arranger for sending us Mr. Worthmore. As Your Most Austere Presence knows, we've had a rather difficult few months of late, what with all the disasters and wars taking place around the planet. It's been rare, then, that we've had the pleasure to review a life as amply filled with potential but as sadly devoid of redeeming qualities as Mr. Worthmore's.

To add to our enjoyment, this was a life where the principal player couldn't have been more transparent in pursuing his self interest than if he had worn subtitles across his chest explaining his motives.

Sister Margaretha, who takes great rewards from small blessings, was highly voluble about Mr. Worthmore's many acts of 'faux charity,' as she likes to call them. Like all Investigating Angels, the good Sister can plug into anything said, thought or fantasized by the subject when he was alive. In going over his many acts of charity, and listening to Mr. Worthmore's inner dialogue as he made each gift, Sister Margaretha was unable to find a single instance of gift-giving where Mr. Worthmore didn't prove to be the ultimate beneficiary.

Even down to his Christmas presents!

If The Ultimate Deity would press button 44Q below, He will see a sampling of Mr. Worthmore's sorrowful gift-giving episodes. Watch closely as he gives Christmas presents to each of his five children;

and listen to him measuring in his mind exactly what he expects in return.

In going over Mr. Worthmore's HOG Rating, we saw the subject had consumed far more than his fair share of the planet's resources. His fleet of cars, his 149 foot yacht, his homes and mansions of unnecessary magnitude--usually housing nothing more than his vaunted ego--were all held in orbit by the pull of an insatiable appetite. Even when providing gainful employ to servants and employees, Mr. Worthmore inevitably sucked more essence from them than they could ever take from him.

Brother Barnabus took particular exception to the subject's repeated use of the phrase "It's just business. Nothing personal." According to our angelic colleague, the phrase became a sort of mantra for Mr. Worthmore and was used repeatedly to explain and excuse a wide sweep of aggressive, anti-social behavior. Again, if The Singular Divinity would press button 23D below, He will experience Henry J. Worthmore, Jr. coveting literally anything of notable attraction or value that he didn't already own. You'll see him blithely step over the broken dreams of family members, competitors and innocent bystanders to gain himself even the most pathetic of advantages. Each time trumpeting "It's just business. Nothing personal" as his own moral 'get out of jail free' card. You'll discover that nothing but his widely anticipated demise could ever stop Henry J. Worthmore, Jr. from pursuing and acquiring more. And more. And ever more.

Nor was any person or institution safe from his acquisitive nature, not even Your Church. If Your Most Exalted Presence would press button 65D, You will join Henry J. Worthmore, Jr. on a Sunday morning in St. Patricia's. The segment opens as he is removing \$12 change for the \$10 bill he has just placed in the offering basket. We might link his incredible behavior to the fact he thought he wasn't being observed, but in truth his assets had dropped precipitously in recent days—to less than \$225 million—and he was merely searching for new ways to stabilize his income.

**SUMMATION:** Born to money, child of privilege and class, member of the bar, Henry J. Worthmore, Jr. unfortunately squandered all opportunities for growth, brotherhood and the pursuit of truth offered to him in his lifetime. Ill-disposed to use his considerable assets or high social standing for the good of others, he became a human sucking-and-eating machine, amassing a great fortune, expensive holdings and a life devoid of friends or congeniality. His funeral drew a large crowd, though relief and celebration were more in evidence than mourning.

**RECOMMENDATIONS:** We recommend the spirit of Henry J. Worthmore, Jr. be given another body and sent back to earth, only this time as a humble creature exploited by people who are exact replicas of his former self. We also recommend that throughout his new life he be continually tormented by: doors that stick, neighborhood bullies, mistakes on his credit rating, incorrect assembly instructions, a lack of rhythm, IRS audits and a recurring skin rash. Perhaps crooked teeth, as well . . . though these days that can be too easily corrected.

Your August Oneness can see it would be unthinkable for us to recommend Henry J. Worthmore, Jr. be moved higher up on his PEL (Personal Evolution Ladder). He has earned none of our respect or admiration and, really, very little of Your Mercy.

And that's without going into his years as a Massachusetts politician.

