Gunsmoke

February 2, 2008 By David Weiss

Festus, looking as happy as ever.

It?s 4 a.m. on Saturday and I should be soundly sleeping under the covers.

I should be, but I?m not.

Instead of being sprawled in a warm bed, I?m sitting up in an armchair, and instead of clutching the covers (or someone else,) the only thing in my arms is a looseleaf binder. Instead of having sweet Sustiva dreams, I'm sitting here reading about guns and gangstas.

Oddly enough, I don?t mind at all. In fact, it?s kind of fun. Last Friday, I was ordered to start a trial this Monday in federal court. Ordinarily, we are given months to prepare for trials, but for reasons that I cannot disclose, I was only given 10 days to pull this one together. And I?m really digging it.

I?m telling you this because you may not be hearing from me for a week or two. That?s probably a good thing for both you and I though, because for the next week or so, my adrenaline and testosterone levels will be so high that Shaun White could do double backflips off my lab results on his snowboard. It won't make me a particularly pleasant person to have to deal with, to say the least.

The chemical cocktails that our bodies produce in these situations is amazing stuff. Our senses are heightened and we can work for days on surprisingly little sleep. The downside to that is that it stresses your immune system, and that worries me. Can I still hack it? Will my CD4 count crash and my viral load become detectable to again? We?ll see.

Still, I wouldn?t give it up for anything. I love my work, and I?m lucky to have been given the privilege to do it, even if it means that I may not be able to watch the Giants beat the Patriots in a stunning upset

victory.

So there it is. You have my excuse. I?ll see you next week, after the jury comes in.

The Man!

And who could forget Miss Kitty - Whatta woman! (Did she and Matt ever _____?)

© 2026 Smart + Strong All Rights Reserved.