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## Who Am I?

By  
Jaron Summers

**W**hy you want to know, I don't know. My name is Jaron Blair Summers. That is why my website is [JaronBS](#).

Went to BYU in 64-68. UCLA for a degree in TV and Film 68-71.

Since then I've made a living as a writer: Dozens of books, TV & screenplays, movies, radio, humor columns, articles and reviews.

I was raised in Coronation, Alberta Canada. (Click on "search" at the top of this page....type *Coronation* -- you'll find out about my hometown.)

I spent two years as an LDS Mormon Missionary. I wrote a novel about it. It's called [The Missionary Position](#). Is it about me? Yeah, everything I

write is a little bit about me.

I married Kate Dahlberg about twenty years ago. We're happily married. I got the best part of the deal. (If you want to see how great she is type *Kate* in the search engine.)

Here is the greatest thing I have ever done. Twenty-five years ago I heard a little girl fall into a swimming pool and pulled her out and she lived and was okay.

Here is the second greatest thing I have ever done: stayed out of jail.

Here is the third greatest thing I ever did. I looked after my mother until she was 95 years old and died. Type *Pearl* in the search engine if you want to read about our adventures together.

Here is some other stuff I did -- with a friend wrote a novel in a couple of days as a PR stunt in 1967. A lot of people later copied us. I think we were the first. Also I invented the fridge magnet. Also I was the first person to sell a novel on the internet. I probably was the the first person to teach writing on the internet about twenty years ago.

Have I done anything great with my life? No. Have I done anything bad? Yeah, I guess. But the bottom line is -- if everyone were like me any child could walk down any street on the planet and be safe.

See, I'm a lot like you.

You can e-mail me if you [like](#).



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# I

# The Missionary Position

by

Elder Jaron Summers

**W**hen God called Scott W. Nibbell to be an apostle, Lucifer tried to destroy the Mormon Church leader. Make no mistake, Lucifer would have laughed like a wild hyena if he could have taken down an apostle. What a coup! Not as diabolical as say, impregnating Mother Teresa with an Anti-Christ fetus but certainly a fine win in a never-ending battle. Good against evil. Righteousness against unrighteousness. Heaven against Hell.

Apostle Nibbell bested The Devil by casting Lucifer out of *himself*.

In the Mormon Church when the apostle spoke of his battle with Lucifer everyone marveled at the apostle's power and his unshakable testimony (a spiritual conviction directly from God). In addition to being an apostle, Scott W. Nibbell was a General Authority in The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. This allowed him to grant almost any request within the domain of the Mormon Church.

The phone rang. It was Corky Charles in New Zealand. Corky was in charge of the missionaries for The Mormon Church on

the North Island of New Zealand. "I have a great favor to ask," said Corky Charles, also fighting the good fight on the other side of the world, ever vigilant, ever ready to stand against The Devil. "I would like to keep Elder Wonder here in the mission field."

"Have you prayed about it, Brother Charles?"

"I have."

"I too have prayed, Brother Charles and Father in Heaven revealed to me that we cannot have Elder Wonder in his present state of mind representing The Church," said God's Apostle Nimbell, who besides beating The Devil had beaten throat cancer, beaten depression, and beaten facial tics, well not really, just ignored those.

"Elder Wonder is repentant, Apostle Nimbell. Truly repentant. I think we can give him one more chance," pleaded the mission father.

"Out of the question. Elder Wonder and that airline stewardess were self-pollinating over international phone lines." The Apostle of God glimpsed himself in a nearby glass trophy cabinet. He looked older than his three score and ten. Why had the Lord spared him? Obviously the Lord needed him. One proof of this was The Devil, always tempting, always ready to cut him down. Besides possession, albeit temporary, The Devil had attacked Apostle Nimbell with everything from typhoid fever to drowning.

"I don't know what to do," said Corky Charles.

"Put Elder Wonder on the next plane and contact his bishop and stake president. I've started the paperwork to have him excommunicated." The Apostle knew that the New Zealand mission father would do exactly as requested. Brother Charles might have been reluctant to mete out discipline, but a

directive from an apostle—who was also a General Authority—would set things in order. Painful for Elder Wonder, but he was young and if genuinely sorry could eventually be readmitted to The Church. After the proper time he could be re-baptized and re-fellowshipped. Eventually his priesthood could be returned. And then the pain and anguish that Elder Wonder was suffering, or should suffer, would cease. He would be forgiven. He could start over. But first things first. The wayward elder must return to the States.

“I can't,” said Brother Charles.

At first Apostle Nimbell thought that the connection was poor. Brother Charles would surely never disobey a direct order from an Apostle of God. A man who one day might be God's living prophet on earth. “Pardon?” asked Apostle Nimbell.

“If I send Elder Wonder home,” said Brother Charles, “my wife will leave New Zealand.”

“Now why would your wife leave New Zealand?” Humor the poor man, Apostle Nimbell told himself.

“She insists that Elder Wonder stay. I can't go into detail.”

“She has no part of the decision, Brother Charles. You are in charge of the mission there. You hold the Melchizedek priesthood.”

“Sister Charles will leave me if I send Elder Wonder home. I love her, Apostle Nimbell. She is going through a phase that I do not understand.”

“When you accepted your call to be a mission president you promised to follow the direction and counsel of the first presidency. You have a renegade missionary on your hands.”

“Renegade?”

“Renegade. He performed an unwarranted blessing and he sealed a grave in a pagan manner.”

“Who told you this?”

“That is not important. What is important is that we bring him home. Do you understand?”

“I understand,” said Brother Charles.

“I must ask you a question that may be very difficult for you to answer. But you must answer it,” said Apostle Nimbell.

“Certainly.”

“Is there any chance that Elder Wonder tricked your wife into some sexual deviation?”

“No. No! Absolutely impossible, absolutely unthinkable,” said Brother Charles.

“Are your relationships with your wife as normal as our Father in Heaven intended?” asked Apostle Nimbell.

“Yes.”

“Have the two of you been involved in any deviant bedroom behavior, no matter how seemingly innocent? Inappropriate *mouth*ing, for instance?”

“I have a confession,” said Brother Charles.

Apostle Nimbell leaned forward, trembling with both fear and anticipation. There was a chance that Lucifer had indeed taken hold of the mission mother. What a victory for Lucifer! “Tell me,” breathed Apostle Nimbell.

“I have not had sexual relations with my wife for some time.”

“How long?” As an Apostle of God, Scott W. Nimbell realized that Lucifer had more power over water than land. New

Zealand was surrounded by water. This might be exactly where Lucifer would strike.

“Several months,” said Brother Charles. “She is going through the change.”

*Change.* A euphemism, no more, no less, thought the apostle. Sister Charles was possessed. What a trophy for the Son of Darkness.

“Have you noticed anything unusual about Sister Charles, and please open up your heart. Hold back nothing. Even if you can feel the Forces of Evil at work.”

“She digs in the garden in the middle of the night, and she’s involved with a woman who kills sparrows.”

Again that poor connection. “Did you say your wife kills sparrows?”

“Sister Beth, Apostle. She kills sparrows by electrocution. She and my wife are very friendly. Elder Wonder recently baptized Sister Beth which is how she and my wife became friends.”

Yes, Lucifer was in New Zealand, operating boldly. Turning a mission mother against her husband. Using animal sacrifices to do it. Well, bird sacrifices, same thing, almost. “Brother Charles, I will be there as quickly as humanly possible.” The line went dead.

Apostle Nimbell's hand again trembled as he replaced the phone receiver. If conditions in the South Pacific had degenerated to the point he feared, a land of heathens, fornicators, adulterers, cannibals (former), and self-pollinators it might be necessary to perform an exorcism on the mission mother. There was a knock on the door. It was the bishop of one of the Great Falls wards, a tall angular individual, a dead ringer for the Marlboro Man, except of course for the absence of a cigarette.

“Sister Afton Cain is here for her mission interview.” He came all the way into the room when he saw Apostle Nimbell with a hand to his head . . . “Are you all right?”

“I have just learned of Lucifer's intervention in the South Pacific and must go there at once,” said Apostle Nimbell. “Book me on the next flight to Auckland. It's a matter of grave concern. We are talking about the entire South Pacific. I'll see the young lady now.”

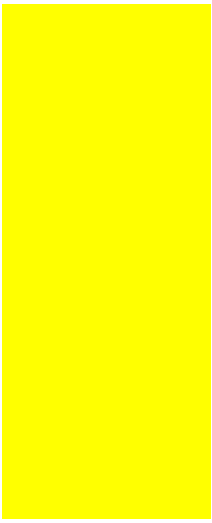
“Certainly,” said the bishop. “Here's Sister Cain's file. Everything seems in order. She has wonderful parents.”

A moment later the bishop brought in the tall girl with flaming red hair who shook hands timidly with Apostle Nimbell. When the bishop shut the door, leaving the two alone, Apostle Nimbell said, “Sister Afton, please pardon me for being late but I have some matters of extreme urgency to attend to in the South Pacific. Lucifer is working overtime among the natives . . .”

The girl gasped.

“Fear not, my child,” said Apostle Nimbell. “With our Father in Heaven's help, I have bested The Devil before.” He smiled paternally at Afton. Her seducers, under her starched blouse, rose and fell. The Devil was everywhere today. That master of lies and deceit had someone managed to wiggle between the soft blue lace of the young woman's brassiere and her melon-shaped seducers. Apostle Nimbell silently willed Lucifer back to Hell.

The apostle was careful not to envision the nakedness of Afton's twin seducers, although he could see their sinister outline against her white blouse. Afton's seducers ceased heaving. Apostle Nimbell had just won another tiny victory against the Prince of Darkness.



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## Become a Published Author

By  
[Jaron Summers](#)

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Vanity publishing. It's the nasty side of publishing--except in the case of Mark Twain. Vanity publishers love to tout Mr. Twain as an example of how successful you can become if you pay to publish your own work. Alas, for every Mark Twain there are 10,000 marks with bushels of books they can't sell. Can't even give them away.

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In about a week you will get five beautifully bound books. Toss the books strategically around your living room and when movie stars or critics drop by, utter witty things. That's all there is to it and you will have saved thousands of dollars, Mr. or Ms. Published Author.

Now, you might be asking yourself, how can anyone print a book so cheaply? Xerox is behind much of the technology that creates your book and binds it in the blink of an eye. This includes a four-color cover.

Printing-on-demand is the wave of the future. (I like the people at: <http://www.netpub.net/>. Linda Maccabee is one of my favourite executives there--helpful, upbeat.)

Be warned: the contents of the book that a printer-on-demand manufactures will be no better than the file you send. And if you want to spend a few hundred dollars to get an enormous amount of help with your book, check out <http://www.thenetwits.com/>. This is a group of humor columnists. (Full disclosure: I'm part of the group.)

They have a publishing arm (which I am not connected with) that can be most helpful with editing, designing and marketing your book. You get to keep all the rights.

How did I hear about printing-on-demand? I had four novels that were, sob, out of print. iUniverse re-published them recently and they are available to anyone in the world via the Internet. iUniverse (<http://www.iuniverse.com/>) does not "warehouse" a single book of mine, but they certainly bang 'em out in a flash when they get an order.

Just for fun, I ordered a couple of my books from iUniverse.

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