

What he means is that he's moving to some little hick town that nobody's ever heard of.

Look! I, too, wish your father hadn't left. I, too, wish things could be the way they were.

We both wish I could be one of those strong single mothers who suddenly becomes self-sufficient, but I'm not. Please feel free to disagree.

This morning we welcome to our parish two new souls just arrived from Chicago. Ethel McCormack and her son... Ron, is it?

Hey! You're that new guy from Chicago, ain'tcha?

Nope. Nope. And nope. We do have the Bowl-A-Rama down by the interstate.

There is no dancing of any kind allowed at anytime anywhere within the town limits of Bomont. Ever.

It skidded across the bridge, crashed into the railing, and fell thirty-five feet into the Patawny River.

He started blaming anything and everything - liquor, drugs, rock 'n' roll...

It's not like Chicago. It must have been so cool to live in a city where you can walk down the street and get mugged by people you don't even know.

You're gonna have to learn that in Bomont, a stop sign means stop.

Hey Chuck! You looking for a fight? Let's party.

You are either very brave or very stupid.

It's hard to impose a curfew on the young people of my congregation when I can't seem to enforce one in my own home.