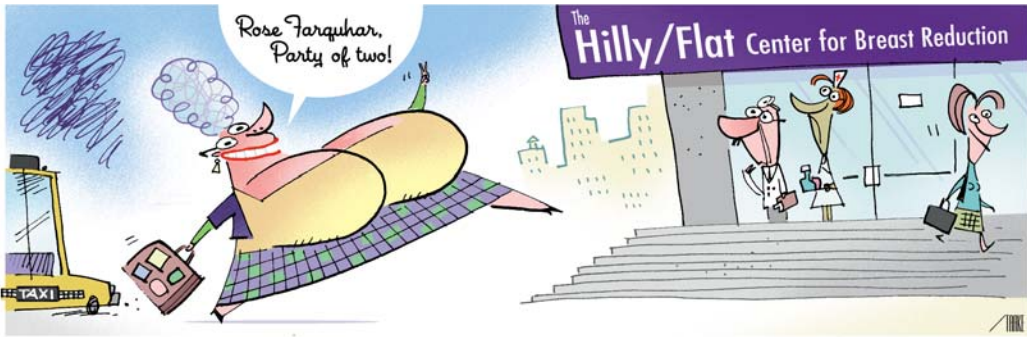


The Style Invitational

Week 546: A Nice Pair of Cities



BY BOB STANKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

The Why (Ariz.)-Whynot (Miss.) Conference on Risk Assessment
The Sawtooth (Alaska)-Tuscaloosa (Ala.) Dental Research Institute
The Hot Coffee (Miss.)-Tea (S.D.)-Orme (Tenn.) Flight Attendants' Reunion

This week's contest was suggested by Jane Auerbach of Los Angeles, who, while new to the Greater Loser Community, has been delving with an almost worrisome verve into Style Invitational history. Jane suggests combining elements of two classic contests—one based on team names for particular towns, the other on joint legislation—for a contest to come up with Sister Cities: Choose any two or more real U.S. towns and come up with a joint endeavor they would undertake, as in the examples above.

First-prize winner receives the Inker, the official Style Invitational Trophy. First runner-up wins a bag of a genuine San Francisco Treat, courtesy of Mary Ann Henningsen of Hayward, Calif.: Fruit Flavored Beef Jerky, direct from Chinatown but also containing a Spanish translation (*c cina de res*) as well as Chinese. The main ingredients are beef and fruit punch concentrate. Other runners-up win the coveted Style Invitational Loser T-shirt. Honorable mentions get one of the lusted-after new Style Invitational Magnets. One prize per entrant per week. Send your entries via fax to 202-334-4312 or by e-mail to los-ers@washpost.com. Snail-mail entries are not accept-

ed. Deadline is Monday, March 1. Put the week number in the subject line of your e-mail, or you risk being ignored as spam. Include your name, postal address and phone number with your entry. Contests are judged on the basis of humor and originality. All entries become the property of The Washington Post. Entries may be edited for taste or content. Results will be published March 21. No purchase required for entry. Employees of The Washington Post, and their immediate relatives, are not eligible for prizes. Pseudonymous entries will be disqualified. The revised title for next week's contest is by Chris Doyle of Forsyth, Mo.

Report from Week 542, in which we pay homage to newly retired Post columnist Bob Levey by corrupting his monthly neologism contest into our own All Tasteless Edition. In tribute and with a certain curiosity, The Empress, after choosing her winners, sent Bob a list of all the entries below and asked if he'd make his own choice. He responded quickly with his picks, enthusing, "These entries are so good that it makes a newly-retired neologism guy wanna come ba-a-a-a-ack." And his winner? It was—we swear to you—the same entry that The Empress had chosen. Which goes to show that if Bob hadn't had to be so goshdarn honorable over there on the comics pages, his own contest might have been just a bit spicier.

- ◆ **Fourth runner-up:** While some kids are having sex at younger and younger ages, others are actually waiting longer. Someone who waits a really long time is called a **cherryatric**. (Tom Witte, Montgomery Village)
 - ◆ **Third runner-up:** What do you call it when you explain your well-timed indecent exposure as a "wardrobe malfunction"? How about **niplomacy?** Or **siliconniving**. (Steve Fahey, Kensington; Jeff Brechlin, Potomac Falls)
 - ◆ **Second runner-up:** The little serenade your stomach performs after a midnight refrigerator raid: It's **eine schweine Nachtmusik**. (Peter Metrinko, Plymouth, Minn.)
 - ◆ **First runner-up, the winner of a genuine "The Uncle Loves Me" T-shirt:** Too much plastic surgery on a woman past a certain age produces an unintended, sort of cadaverous effect: Call it **sepulchritude**. (Tom Kreitzberg, Silver Spring)
 - ◆ **And the winner of the Inker:** It's sad to say that there are some guys around who'd ogle a breastfeeding mother. You'd call a somebody like this a **La Lecher**. (Chris Doyle, Forsyth, Mo.)
- Bob also singled out for special mention this one by Tom Witte, who wins only his admiration, since The Style Invitational has no budget for fancy lunches: Some guys believe that a woman's most important side is behind her. These guys could be called **cannoisseurs**.

◆ **Honorable Mentions:** When you put the plastic top on your morning cup of takeout, and coffee spurts out of the little hole in the lid, it's called **premature ecafulation**. (Michelle Harvey, Takoma Park)

People who are on fire jump about and twitch so! This frenzied, comical movement might be called the **inflammenco**. (Tom Witte)

A newspaper's economizing by chopping dozens of veteran journalists off its payroll: **costration**. (That, of course, is a mix of "cost" and "ration.") (John O'Byrne, Dublin)

You consider terrorists to be evil, of course, yet one of them catches your eye in the newspaper, because, well, he's a great looker. You'd call this man a **jihottie**. (Tom Witte)

You realize you've been spending many of your working hours mulling over how best to stick it to your golden-boy co-worker. You might call this **scruminating**. (Tom Kreitzberg)

You're a down-on-your-luck student in 19th-century Russia. Your planned murder of the landlady was going swimmingly. But then her sister walked in on you at just the wrong moment, and darn it, you had to take her out, too. This pesky frustration is called **D'oh! svidanya**. (Mary Ann Henningsen, Hayward, Calif.)

You step on the elevator and push the fourth-floor button. Before the doors close, an incredibly attractive woman rushes in and presses Floor 20. Your unfortunate early departure could be called **Otis interruptus**. (Chris Doyle)

The look on a guy's face when he learns how his girlfriend has been managing to buy up that closetful of Manolos: **whorror**. (Virginia Fairchild, Alpharetta, Ga.)

Phone sex is phone sex, but *cell* phone sex is **Nookia**. (Chris Doyle)

Your husband brought home a copy of the Kama Sutra and is determined to try all 153 positions over the next five months: Get ready for the **shutup du jour**. (Chris Doyle)

That line of rubbernecks driving slowly by the scene of a traffic accident hoping to see some gore? It's an **abattour**. (Elden Carnahan, Laurel)

You have been doing so well at hiding your disgusting habits from the new sweetie, until inevitably, you horrify her by hawking up half a lung right onto the sidewalk. This unfortunate but decisive way to end a promising relationship is a **Waterloogie**. (Milo Sauer, Fairfax)

The first time you use Viagra and your libido is, well, raised from the dead, you experience **tombescence**. (Chris Doyle)

Someone who has money up the wazoo could be said to suffer from **Hummerhoids**. (Deb Parrish, Fairfax Station)

If you're really sharp at predicting when that special woman in your life will be in a bad mood, you could be said to be **acumenstrual**. (Jane Auerbach, Los Angeles)

You're on your tiptoes, eyeing the cover of Hustler on the top row of the magazine rack, when a woman from church walks up. You quickly grab a copy of the Economist. This maneuver is called **highbrowsing**. (Chris Doyle)

Surely you've experienced that common feeling that the Earth will be destroyed by eucalyptus-devouring pseudo-ursine demons. Well, now there's a name for it: **apokoalypse**. (Seth Brown, North Adams, Mass.)

Submitting a huge, stinking mess of entries to The Style Invitational and claiming them as your own when, in fact, you copied and pasted them en masse from Web sites like unwords.com is **plagiarrhea**, a totally original combo of "plagiarism" and "huge, stinking mess." (Mark Hagenau, Derry, N.H.)

Some guys care only about one trait in a woman, and they're very upfront about it. These guys could be called **aficionudders**. Or **chesthetes**. (Tom Witte)

That irritation caused by envy of other Style Invitational entries, leaving the victim scratching his head and lamenting, "Why didn't I think of that?" That's what we call a case of **joke itch**. (Jeff Brechlin)

Nobody, but nobody is more boring than a preachy ex-alcoholic. This kind of person is called an **AA-hol[ic]**. (Tom Witte)

You know how people throw around terms from Eastern religion and pop psych to sound smarter than they are? The term for that is **Upanischadenfreude**. It's a mix of "Upanishad," a foreign word that probably means something, and "schadenfreude," which is another one. (Brendan Beary, Great Mills)

And last: The Czar is gone and the Empress, being a lady, won't accept the gross vulgarities that have been submitted in the past. Her intellectual level could be termed: **non compost mentis** (as in not allowing poop jokes). (Marleen May, Rockville) [As you can see, we *are* indeed in a new era.]

A 'Purpose-Driven' Marketplace

PURPOSE, From D1

"The Purpose-Driven Life" has outsold bestsellers such as Dan Brown's "The Da Vinci Code," which has 5.5 million copies in print.

"The Purpose-Driven Life" is just one wave in a surge of sacredness in American culture. Other spiritually oriented books such as "The Da Vinci Code" and Mitch Albom's "The Five People You Meet in Heaven" also jockey for top spots on bestseller lists. And Mel Gibson's new movie "The Passion of the Christ" is a bona fide conversation-starter.

"I think everybody has brokenness," Rick Warren, 50, says from his home in Lake Forest, Calif. "There's no doubt about that. We live in a fallen world. This is not heaven. Everybody has scars. Everybody is hurting somewhere, I guarantee you that. Everyone has a hidden hurt."

Warren's book outlines a spiritual diet that lasts about six weeks. It's divided into short chapters meant to be read at a one-a-day pace. The first week is for self-assessment, for questions such as: What drives your life? Each of the next five weeks addresses a purpose: You were planned for God's pleasure; You were formed for God's family; You were created to become like Jesus Christ; You were shaped for serving God; and You were made for a mission.

It is a Christ-centered book. It is a book about God. It is filled with Scripture and it is preachy. The purpose of your life, Warren writes, "is not about you."

Theologically, Warren begins by assuming that we all come from relatively dysfunctional backgrounds. The lives of many people, he believes, are driven by guilt, anger, fear, materialism or the need for approval.

"Many people spend their lives trying to create a lasting legacy on earth," he writes. "They want to be remembered when they're gone. Yet, what ultimately matters most will not be what others say about your life but what God says."

Over the 40-day plan, purpose seekers are told, in very simple terms, that "life is all about love," "there are no shortcuts to maturity" and "only you can be you." In the end, the reader has received a Scripture-based, take-these-broken-wings-and-learn-to-fly pep talk.

Warren has the creed and the credentials. He is pastor of Saddleback Valley Community Church, an independent evangelical hyperchurch just south of Los Angeles. The church supports Baptist world mission efforts. About 200 people attended his first worship meeting there in 1980; today the average attendance is more than 18,000 and there are six services every weekend.

In 1995 Warren, hoping to show other ministers and churches how to succeed in the soul-saving business, published "The Purpose-Driven Church." It was no best-seller.

In October 2002 he published "The Purpose-Driven Life." By January it was on the New York Times bestseller list.

"Honestly," Warren says, "I don't think there's anything new in the book, anything that classic Christian writers have not said. I'm a translator, and I worked very, very hard at making it simple."

And it is simply astonishing the publishing world. The book, which retails for \$19.99, is just a part of the sales tsunami. Warren has also crafted a devotional volume, "Daily Inspiration for the Purpose-Driven Life," a set of Scripture cards and other spinoff products, including a leather-bound mostly blank book in which Purpose-Driven readers can jot down their meditations.

"This really is the Purpose-Driven Life program," Friedman says. "We've sold 1.7 million copies of the blank book."

Rick Warren is an inspired marketer. Widely known as a preacher's preacher, he's been peddling his sermons to other pastors for years. Ministers on deadline know they can turn to Warren's Web site, Pastors.com, and his "sermon subscription" service. For as little as \$5 a sermon, subscribers get an outline, a transcript, background research and a cassette of Warren's delivery. The Web site also offers tips on composing sermons, an archive of 23 years of sermons, and many other resources, some free, some paid. His weekly e-mail, Ministry Toolbox, goes to 110,000 subscribers.

"The message I speak this weekend," he says, "will probably be preached in 8,000 churches over the next two weeks. That's about average."

Though he doesn't really mind if preachers read his sermon verbatim, he encourages them to rephrase his words into their own.

This Web site has made Warren extremely well known among clergy of all stripes from coast to coast, and the book is, in many ways, an extension of his help with homilies. He offers not only prepackaged sermons to accompany "The Purpose-Driven Life," but also visual aids, hymns, Scripture-bearing key chains and four separate indexes to the book to help pastors who want to write their own sermons about it. Those sermons, in turn, help plug the book.

"People look at the book and say it's selling almost a million copies a month, where did this overnight success come from? I say, wait a minute. I've been building into these pastors for 25 years," Warren says. "They trust me. They know I love them. I'm a fourth-generation pastor."

Pastors, Warren has figured out, "are cultural gatekeepers and they are overlooked. People do not realize how much influence they have."

Warren is a casual dresser and conversationalist. His congenial and generous reputation comes through on the telephone. He insists on being called "Rick."

"I decided a long time ago I would not copyright any of my sermons," he says. "I allow other pastors to take my messages and use them. They can add their own ideas,

their own stories. It's just another resource."

Helping other preachers spread the word gives Warren exponential influence. "When we sell the sermons," he says, "we take the money and use the money to translate the sermons into other languages and give them away free to the rest of the world."

Several times a year he leads the 40-day program—which is kicked off by a satellite simulcast—and people all over the country read the book and study its principles. Friedman points out that when a preacher recommends a book from the pulpit, it's a must-read for many in the congregation.

"By Easter, there will have been over 12,000 churches that have completed 40 days of purpose," Warren says. "By the end of the year, it will be over 30,000. Multiply that by the number of people in each church, and the book will actually sell more copies this year than last year."

Unlike other book-selling preachers, such as Robert H. Schuller and T.D. Jakes, Warren has no television show. "There's been almost no print ads, marketing ads or such," he says. "I did not do a book tour, all the things you normally do to promote a book. What I did was, I created a new distribution channel—I went direct to these pastors who have loved me and trusted me for years."

Warren has sold more than 4 million copies to churches directly through his Web site. Nielsen BookScan, a bookstore tracking service, reports that about 3 million copies of "The Purpose-Driven Life" have been sold through independent, chain and large online bookstores. According to HarperCollins, most of the rest have been sold through discount stores and 2,500 Christian book shops. According to Zondervan, it was the first book ever to sell a million copies in Sam's Club stores.

Since becoming rich, Warren says, he has paid back 24 years of salary to his church. He has set up foundations to help him give money away. He says that he and his wife, Kay, have not made any major purchases. They live in the same house and drive the same Fords.

He says he wants to initiate a PEACE plan: Plant churches, Educate leaders, Assist the poor, Care for the sick and Educate the next generation.

"The world's biggest problems," he says, "are spiritual emptiness, self-centered leadership, poverty, disease—especially the AIDS crisis—and illiteracy."

"What I intend to do is use both the affluence and the influence of this book and this movement to make a difference."

Using the pulpit to market ideas is as old as Moses. But Warren is taking it to a new level. His ingenious system raises some questions: What else can be sold to such a captive, captivated audience? And who else might take advantage of the opportunity?

"I think we have only reached the tip of the iceberg at this point—even though the numbers are astounding," Friedman says.

Penelope Gladwell, 58, a business consultant from Annapolis, has been through Warren's program twice, with two different churches. The book, she says, "helps us remember what it was like when we first made a commitment to follow Jesus Christ. And it takes you from wherever you are to the next step." The book also "provides a way for Christians to have conversations with each other about their faith," she says.

On a recent afternoon, Shortridge—one of Warren's cultural gatekeepers—is moving boxes and running cable wires at Liberty Assembly of God. He is making last-minute preparations for the Purpose-Driven presentation. He is wearing a gray T-shirt and khakis, which also serve as his Sunday best. He and his wife, Linda, who oversees the children's ministries, started the church about nine months ago.

With the blessing of—and \$1,000 a month from—the larger Manassas Assembly of God up the road, Shortridge runs what he calls his "brick church in a cow pasture." He does not take up an offering, but there is a slotted box in the church foyer for those who feel moved to give.

Liberty is in a century-old building set among gentle hills. Breezes zip across large open fields. The church has enough old-timey wooden pews to hold 160 or more, but the sanctuary is only about half full each Sunday. Shortridge says all kinds of people show up for his preaching and for the electrified rock-and-roll played by music director Scott Scheideler.

Liberty is also a gathering place for smaller groups such as Alcoholics Anonymous and mothers of preschoolers.

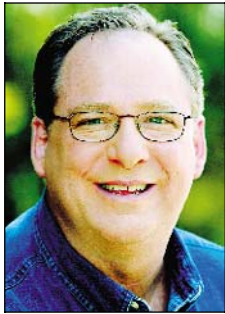
The Purpose-Driven program was slated to open last night with a 90-minute video presentation by Warren. Today, and for the next seven Sundays, Shortridge will preach about Warren's notions. Folks will meet in discussion groups during the week to mull over the book's ideas. More than 5,000 churches across the nation are expected to participate in this campaign.

People are calling Liberty, Shortridge says, because they have read the book and they are looking for other readers to talk to. "The book is driving people to church," he says.

He plans on using the sermons that Warren wrote only as a rough outline. "His teaching style is different from mine," Shortridge says. For instance, Shortridge and his congregation speak in tongues; Warren and the Saddleback church do not. And "his music is not on the same page as ours. Their style is more adult contemporary; ours is edgier."

Shortridge believes that there is some sort of spiritual reawakening occurring in this country. "It maybe has something to do with 9/11," he says.

The pastor is concerned, however, that he won't be able to sell the 72 Purpose-Driven volumes shipped to him with his materials. Most of his members, he says, already own copies.



ZONDERVAN

Rick Warren used the profits from "The Purpose-Driven Life" to pay back 24 years of salary to his church.

BRIDGE | Frank Stewart

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Opening lead — ♥ 10			

My friend the English professor asked whether I use a spelling checker when I write columns. In reply, I showed him a poem I came across: "I have a spelling checker, it came with my PC. / It planely marks four my revue mistakes I cannot sea. / I've run this poem threw it, I'm sure your please too no. / Its letter-perfect in it's weigh, my checker tolled me sew!" I've often wished my PC came with an analysis checker. In today's deal, West leads the ten of hearts against 3NT. Would you rather declare or defend? Decide before you read on. Say East puts up the queen, and South takes the ace and leads a spade. West can rise with the king to lead his last heart, East sets up his hearts with the ace of spades as

an entry, and South goes down. Suppose instead South leads a club to dummy at the second trick and returns a diamond to his king. If West takes the ace, South is home. He has time to establish a second heart trick, winning two diamonds, two hearts and five clubs. But let West duck the third diamond (a tough play but not impossible). If South then returns a club to dummy to lead a second diamond to his jack, West takes the ace and leads a third diamond, and the defense gets two diamonds, two spades and a heart. Is there any hope for South? If he refuses the first trick, he's safe. If East leads another heart, South wins with the jack and forces out the ace of diamonds for nine tricks, and no other defense will help East. © 2004, Tribune Media Services

Next Week: Read Our Leaps, or Future Shockers