

Let Me Tell You About The Birds And The Bees...Or Not

By Lou Lombardo, LMT, NCTMB

There have been a lot of readers (translation one) who have asked me why I haven't written anything about the Reproductive System. After all, I've covered most of the other systems of the body.

It's true that I haven't addressed this system or that I haven't even mentioned the word ess-ee-ex in my column. I don't think I have been purposely avoiding it. After all, if it wasn't for this very necessary system, we wouldn't be here- or, more importantly, people wouldn't have anything to do on a Saturday night.

I think that perhaps the reason that it hasn't come up in this column is that s __ is not the most comfortable thing for me to discuss. I went to a small Catholic school where topic this wasn't exactly brought up in Catechism class or any other class for that matter. And we certainly didn't talk about it at home.

I am almost positive that my dad was quite relieved when he heard that it (the s-word) was covered in school.

I was in 8th grade when the first attempt to explain the "facts of life" was made to me by, among all people, Father Valentine F. Welker, the assistant pastor of our church. He took all of the boys in one classroom and Sister Mary Veronica, of the infamous order of the Sisters of Mercy (an obvious oxymoron to all who went through St. James School) was in charge of explaining it to the girls.

Imagine that- a priest and a nun laboring through this God-awful (no disrespect intended, Lord) task.

I'm sure they were thinking to themselves- "I didn't sign up for this!"

And the "lesson" was toned down so much that we learned more while dancing a slow dance at the Friday night dances or from watching shows like "Leave It To Beaver" and "Gunsmoke", both of which, if there was a TV rating at the time, would have earned triple G status. Think about it, did you ever see Matt Dillon even kiss Miss Kitty?

So, even though the topic hasn't been discussed by me in this column, it doesn't mean that it isn't pertinent. It's just that there's so much s __ today in movies, TV sit-coms, MTV and even on some school buses in Cleveland, from what I have read.

By now everyone should already know the difference between the X's and the O's, oops, I mean the X's and Y's- those "gender" chromosomes in all of our bodies. And you probably already know how you can tell a male chromosome from a female chromosome. (The answer can be found hidden somewhere in this column.)

It's a fact of life and a matter of chance that a particular combination of these X and Y factors can determine whether you can read a road map, will stop and ask for directions, or know the meaning of the word "intimacy".

But, if you need to know more I guess I'll quit skirting the issue. So here, without further delay is your lesson on the reproductive system- ladies first.

Women have a mechanism that produces a certain "thing" every so often (ie. every 28 days or so). I'm not sure why it takes 28 days. I think it has something to do with the earth's rotation on its axis.

youlookintotheirgenes.

Anyway, this certain thing, that rhymes with keg, and will be referred to as the "Y Factor" will become the basis for future life given the right circumstance. Which brings me to Saturday night and the male anatomy.

Men also have a device that produces what I'll refer to as the "X" factor. When the Y factor meets up with the X factor, well, as they say in France, "C'est La Vie".

And there you have it in a nutshell- my lesson on the reproductive system.

I guess it wasn't so difficult to discuss after all. So, when it comes time for you to explain the facts of life to your 21 year old, feel free to refer this column. In fact, any portion or all of this column CAN BE REPRODUCED at any time for your convenience. It only seems appropriate.

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