

There Is A Statue

of a kneeling Christ in a cemetery across the road from my favorite Der Wienerschnitzel and today sitting at a little table, bathed in the light from the yellow roof I had a small epiphany:

Jesus is not praying for strength or for the sins of man or even for the soul of Mary Wilkins Todd whose grave he is astraddle. He is praying for a hot dog, a succulent, mouth-watering dog.

Now some of you scoffers will say: "If He wants one that bad, why doesn't he turn that maintenance man into a sausage and those mourners into condiments?" But Jesus was tempted better than that the time he was mountain climbing with a friend. And besides, He likes to have things done for Him.

So I buy one, the Super with pickles, mustard, tomato, chili on the side and -- climbing the fence -- place it on His clasped hands.

It makes me nervous. How do I know if He likes chili? And what if it upsets His heavenly stomach? Well, it's just a chance I'll have to take. He wouldn't give me a definite Yes or No under any circumstances.

Remember when the disciples asked who would be saved? Would it be them or all the Jews? And how about the Hottentots and the dumb babies? Jesus just said, "We'll see."

Didn't anybody understand that He had things on His mind: What if the whole shebang was just a big folie trois? After all, His Father never took him to a ball game, and the Hound of Heaven was just about as bad as no dog at all.

Well, by the time I'd reclinced the fence and dodged some traffic, the hot dog was gone.

Now some of you scoffers will claim that a hedge-trimmer ate it or some ravenous nephew, so I will just follow His example and say, "We'll see."

-- Ronald Koertge

Tucson AZ & Pasadena CA