

His Faith-Promoting Story

R. A. Christmas

Thirty-six years after his baptism,
nobody was converted.

His grown kids were apostates, and his exes
were either nudists or inactives

who thought that turning up in his scribblings
was the next best thing to rape.

Still, he marched off every Sunday
with his recommend in his wallet,

taught Primary and Priesthood, ran
the Cub Scouts, and went on splits

with the missionaries, despite a hankering
for cigarettes and skin-mags,

and his cousin shouting, "See you in hell!"
across the mortuary parking lot

at Grandfather's funeral, which
as the family's official saint and historian

he duly recorded, as such pronouncements seemed
to have a way of not going unfulfilled.