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The Cuddly Catholic

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THE CUDDLY CATHOLIC

I never claimed to be some kind of a Puritan and am rarely described as one. In fact, the closest I've come to being in good relations with the church was when I gave some old clothes to the Salvation Army. Funny, I used to buy some from there, too. But that was such a long time ago.

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Dear Mom,

Thought I'd write just so you wouldn't think I died or something. I know it's been a while. Well, in disappointment to you, I haven't died. In fact, I'm just beginning to live. I've met the nicest boy in the whole world, and you know what? We're planning to get married. Mom, he's Catholic.

Love,
Your daughter xx

He showed me the religion, the jews and the gentiles, the arabs, and the black panthers. I went to the church and I saw dirty stained-glass windows, the boy next to me popping gum, and the man in the back sleeping. He taught me their laws, customs, and the ten commandments, but there are really thirteen.

The Eleventh Commandment: Thou shall kneel to pray.

The Twelfth Commandment: Thou shall say "Amen" after every prayer.

The Thirteenth Commandment: Thou shalt not shoot
spit wads at the nuns.

I absorbed everything. The preacher said:

“Love thy neighbor!”

“Amen!”

“Stop the war!”

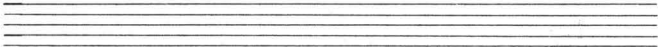
“Amen!”

“The church needs more money!”

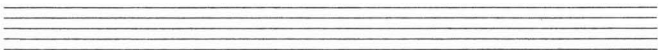
Why is a church always so quiet? And what does the priest do after Saturday night bingo? Even though I looked real hard, I never did see the nun’s hair or legs, or the bathroom.

So by now, I’m supposed to understand the church, but I have a few lessons to learn . . . I’ve heard of God, but I always get him mixed up with Noah and St. Nick.

Someone once said: “Blessed are the beasts and the children.” I joined the youth group because I always wondered what one was. All those children are beasts. They came in singing Hallelujah, but they changed the words somehow.



Hallelujah, good samaritan! Don’t you pass me by, won’t



you spread your angel wings, and to my room we’ll fly.
Amen.

I always sing it out of key. I say my prayers every night, though. My hands aren’t folded right. I guess I have to put this cigarette out first. Well, I think about saying prayers every night. But I’m gonna wash my sins away with just some wine and bread. I’m gonna need more wine.

Yes, we’re from different lands and places. He lives in Bethlehem and I swim in the river Styx. The devil’s trident is just something like a fork to me and I keep getting fed crap. Time to pray . . . again. Holy Mary, full of grace . . . mumble . . . cough . . . yawn . . . Amen. There’s enough people here to make up for me.

Love Story

“I love you,” I said.

“I love you, too,” came his gentle reply.

“Why?” I curiously inquired. I felt my stomach twitch as he put his arm around my waist. His hand fell to my knee and a gaze came from his warm brown eyes that held mine to his.

“I love you for your bright sunny smile, your long silky hair, and for your pants.”

I never learned Karate. And so the cuddly catholic drops his blessing upon me, but have an abortion? Heaven's No! While the prostitute protestant hears the devil's own evil mark, the others turn away.

Holy Mary full of grace, the Lord is
with thee. Pray for us sinners now
and in the hour of our need . . .

Good evening Mr. Dr. Good!
How are you today?
Won't you look inside me, please,
And take this child away?

It's dark now and I'm alone. It isn't even night. Cigarette's burnt down to a stub. I can't smoke it. I think about saying prayers every night. There's a crack on my wall or is it me? My rosary is broken. I lost all the beads except for two. I don't think you can pray without one.

“Hello? Hello, God? Are you there? Testing! One . . . Two . . . Three!”

I think I've blown a fuse. Darn kid! Always cries when I'm busy. Hope he's not hungry. I don't have time.

Nosey Neighbor 1: Oh, what a beautiful child!

Nosey Neighbor 2: How old is he?

Nosey Neighbor 3: Are you married?

Nosey Neighbor 4: Who's the father?

Cut my legs shaving today. Also ran my nylons. Think I'll put the hem up in my dress. No, I don't think I will. You know, you're really a beautiful kid. I remember Jesus was once a baby . . .

“God? My cigarette is out, and I have my hands folded. The kid ate my last two beads . . . does this still count?”