Laszlo Talks To God About Gifts Of Tribulation

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I've read Your stuff about the meek & the poor in spirit & inheriting the earth & being comforted & so forth and how he whom You would humble You first exalt & whom You would exalt You humble first and I think I catch Your drift — but could You please just give it a rest?

I mean, I've been a sport all these years; I've taken every pitch You've thrown. Booster shots. Cod-liver oil. Wetting the bed. Creamed spinach. Story problems. Aunt Sally's breath. Time passed; it didn't let up. Saturday cartoons pre-empted by catechism class. Endless forests of broccoli. Glow-in-the-dark zits. Nine pubic hairs, fourteen years old — lotsa laffs in the locker-room! That '55 Buick: its feeble transmission, the cancerous fenders & clouds of blue smoke. Prom night: tripping at the refreshment table, landing in the punch. It just didn't let up.
And it doesn't seem to be letting up yet, does it, Chief? I've paid my dues; exactly what more do You want? What's the point of the bimbo next door with her taste for bikers and feedback guitar & primal screams at 3:00 a.m.? Or old man Scremp, glancing at his watch as I come and go, reminding me I'm below quota three months running? My mother's thoughtful clippings about schoolmates who've struck it rich? The impenetrability of driver's license stations? Dentists: their vigor, their zeal?

What I'm saying is, You've made Your point. I'm humbled. I'm meek. My spirit is poor. So when do I cash in? Do You work this like a life insurance deal, "payable upon the death of the insured"? Is it like a pension, not due me 'til I'm sixty-five? Maybe we could negotiate an advance; it doesn't have to be the whole earth, if I can have it now. Miami, say, or the French Riviera — or, fine, maybe just a condo by the lake. I could swear I recall Someone saying . . . blessed are they that hunger and thirst for justice, for they shall have their fill . . .