

THE WINKING JESUS

Man

Man, no, I'm not hungry. Yeah, I know, I read it in the paper. That doesn't mean it's true, Ma. Remember a few years ago when someone saw the Blessed Virgin in a piece of cheese? It always happens in some neighborhood where there isn't even a subway stop. Nobody can ever witness it. Ma, you can't believe those tabloids. Some cleaning guy says some Jesus statue opened his eye and winked at him? Maybe the cleaning guy is just crazy. Did anyone think of that? Now he's a celebrity. The cleaner, Ma, not Jesus. I know Jesus has been big for a long time now. I mean it, Ma, I'm not hungry. Don't you think it's weird that Jesus would pick some church stuck between a dry cleaner and an Italian ice outlet to perform a miracle and the miracle only turns out to be a wink? We can use bigger miracles than that. Like feeding starving children, or at least cure Uncle Mario's phlebitis. Ma, I'm not a cynic. I'm just a little more choosy in what I do believe in. Of course I believe in God. Yes, Ma, I'll try to go to church more. I'm just saying I don't think you should believe every little thing you see or hear just because it's in a paper or on some TV show. Like when you went on those psychic shows. They all told you the same thing about, Dad. He's at peace, he loved you, and you might need an operation soon. What seventy-five year old person might not need an operation soon? You know you could talk directly to Dad all by yourself. You think TV personalities have a better connection? Lemme, tell ya, Ma, the signal is particularly strong during sweeps week. Alright, whatever you want to believe, Ma. Ma, not now. Lasagna for breakfast is a little too heavy. I love your lasagna, Ma. I just don't want it for breakfast. (Beat) Alright, I'll have some. Just promise me you won't make a pilgrimage to see some winking Jesus.