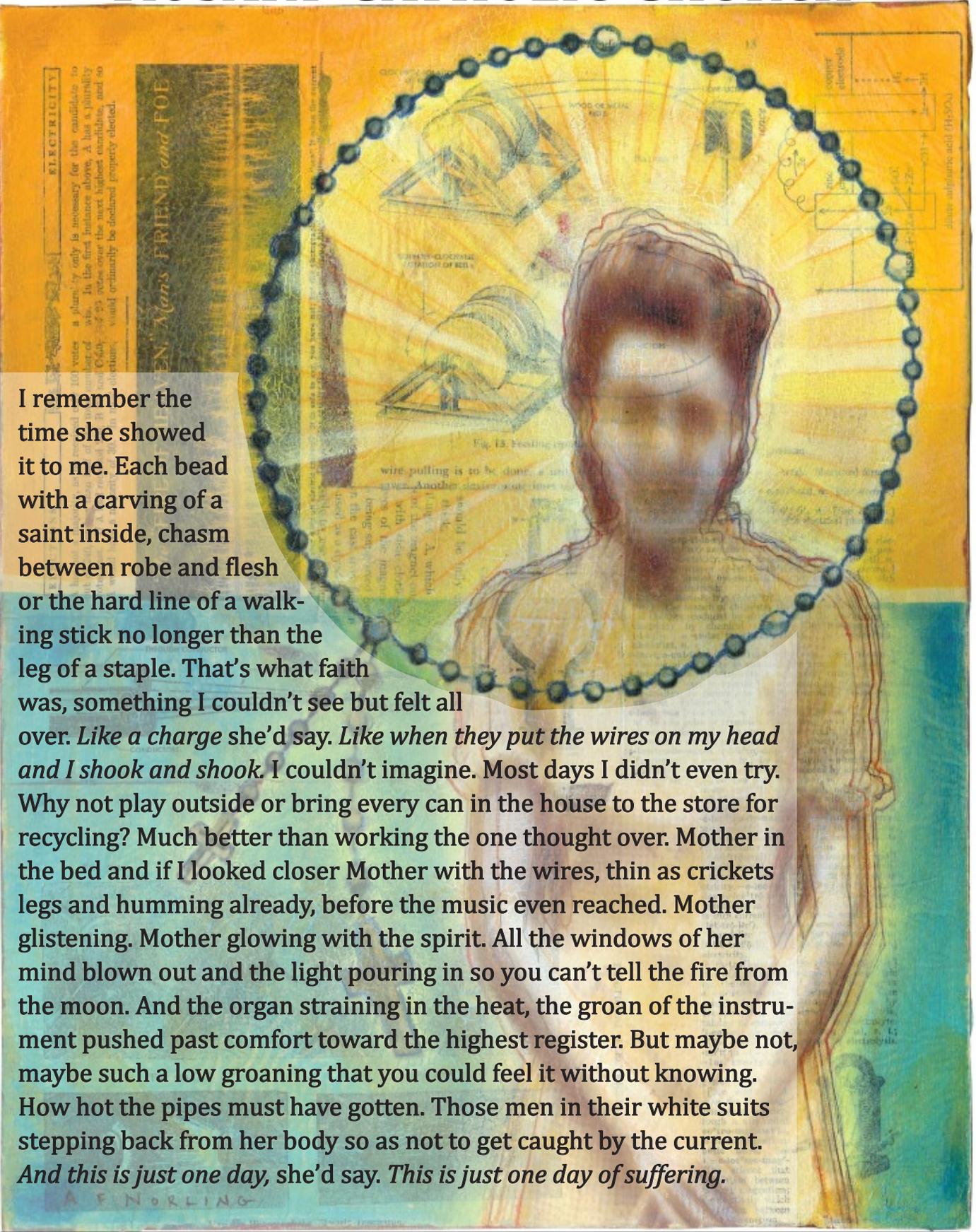


ROSARY CATHOLIC CHURCH



I remember the time she showed it to me. Each bead with a carving of a saint inside, chasm between robe and flesh or the hard line of a walking stick no longer than the leg of a staple. That's what faith was, something I couldn't see but felt all over. *Like a charge* she'd say. *Like when they put the wires on my head and I shook and shook.* I couldn't imagine. Most days I didn't even try. Why not play outside or bring every can in the house to the store for recycling? Much better than working the one thought over. Mother in the bed and if I looked closer Mother with the wires, thin as crickets legs and humming already, before the music even reached. Mother glistening. Mother glowing with the spirit. All the windows of her mind blown out and the light pouring in so you can't tell the fire from the moon. And the organ straining in the heat, the groan of the instrument pushed past comfort toward the highest register. But maybe not, maybe such a low groaning that you could feel it without knowing. How hot the pipes must have gotten. Those men in their white suits stepping back from her body so as not to get caught by the current. *And this is just one day,* she'd say. *This is just one day of suffering.*