

Thank ya, Jesus

by David James

We were always thrilled that the moon worked the night shift. In high school, often bored with the two drive-in movies, we'd sometimes go to tent revivals on our dates and get healed or get saved depending upon what that "tent-housed" evangelist preacher de jour's hot buttons were on that particular evening. Each "Elmer Gantry" had his own schtick. It was hard not to laugh as we made our way to those makeshift altars (often just wooden pieces sort of scabbed together) with the mesmerized congregation's plaintive, off-key hymnal refrains, coaxing folks come forward. After services, walking to my car in the pasture-turned parking lot, holding hands, we would stop at the passenger-side car door, kiss deeply and smile, each knowing that on the blanket in my trunk was our church where under that moon we would be saved again.

