

The Show Must Go On

by John Wentworth Chapin

At my niece's Christmas pageant they had two dogs on stage, one dressed as a cow and the other as a donkey. That's when I had the idea for a pageant for my obedience school at spring graduation, the Saturday before Easter.

I spent the whole winter preparing: wigs, robes. I abandoned beards, because the dogs kept pulling them off. A kid-sized wifebeater and pillowcase skirt were perfect biblical robes for all but the Rottweiler, so I made him a Centurion. His helmet was inspired.

I picked a border collie bitch to play Jesus. When she rolled that gray-painted beach ball away from her tomb, you should have heard the applause and the shouting. Praise be! Our Lord has risen! I was ecstatic.

How was I to know the little bitch was in heat?

I think the applause set the dogs off. Mary Magdalene started humping Our Savior first, and then Peter tackled the slattern, trying to get a piece. While they were fighting tooth and claw, the Centurion mounted Jesus and rode him like a rodeo bull around the lawn and down the center aisle between the folded chairs. One little girl started crying about her Pomeranian, the Messiah began howling, and then the audience was up, chasing the holy family all over the baseball diamond.

Praise be. It was a great idea, but Jesus's puppies'll be the devil to get rid of.

