

Confessions

Joyce:

Shoot. Shoot, shoot, Shoot-shoot-shoot-shoot-shoot.

Do you ever wish you could just swear? Just once, to get it out of your system. I mean, I try not to even think in those words because what if I have them in my brain then I'm unconscious or something, like I wake up from surgery or I have cough medicine with lots of codeine and they just come out? Well then what'll I do?

My kids ask me of course. 'Why is that a bad word?' I don't know, it just is. You're just not supposed to say that. Jesus doesn't want you to. It's just bad. Which of course makes you want to. Then as soon as you think that you're back to square one, hoping for an altar call because I think I'm going to Hell now. It's just so hard to keep on the right side of things.

I try, I really do. I get up and read my Bible and say the Lord's prayer and the 23rd Psalm every morning. Sometimes I get all the way through all of them and don't remember a word of it. But I do it. Every day.

People where I work make fun of me. They tell me I talk like I'm on "Leave it to Beaver" or something, but I don't care. Or at least I try not to care because I know they're wrong. Old fashioned is old fashioned, but classy is classy, and the Bible says to let no vain or unwholesome thing come out of your mouth. So I know at least I'm going to Heaven even if they're not.

Oh, I've got to get downstairs before the sermon starts. I think I left the snack for children's church in the car. Shit. I mean, shoot! I mean, aw dang—darn—Fooyey. I just—God, I'm sorry, please forgive me, I... I gotta go.