

## NANCY JO RINEHART

### *Religion*

Her yearly visit—  
She had to speak.  
It was her duty.  
"I've supported this church,  
and it sears my heart  
to see no Christian joy here.  
Why, if a sinner walked in,  
he wouldn't be convinced.  
I just praise God,"  
she wept,  
"for my Cadillac,  
Halston dress,  
Caribbean cruises,  
and that Jesus Christ died for me."  
"Amen,"  
said a soul from the rear,  
as the churchgoers  
flushed in lowliness,  
riveted eyes on modest laps  
or the organ  
only she dared play  
or the sunshine dancing  
beyond the thick-paned windows.  
"Let us pray,"  
the chastened minister intoned.

An hour later she drove away  
in a cyclone of dust,  
and the common people  
burst into song.