

Waiting for the seventh day

Sundays are my resting day. Without being lazy I try to do as little as I can. This means visiting friends and gathering around a festive table with plenty of food. Watching the dumb-box or rolling dices. But sometimes my cricket Gemini is knocking inside my skull and telling me it is time to worship the Quarks of the universe. You know the ones that are within everything. I usually go to different churches where the name of the Quarks is different every time. Big names like The Lord, Creator, Zeus, All Mighty, Father, Allah etc. It's giving a spice to the gospel and I get to know many songs and rhythms too. This particular Sunday Gemini and I overslept. The gravitation was extremely high under the foundation of my house. We could not get up! Later I learned from the news on TV that a continental ridge had moved right under my neighborhood and caused a gravitational spike right at the 800 block of River Road. It is amazing what they know these days. So anyhow, when I finally stood upright the phone rang. It was my friend John Conner at the other end. He proclaimed we were going to fly a kite and also have a barbeque in the City Park. I would bring the beer and he the charcoal and the meat. I always give him the benefit of the doubt because I was suspecting that he just made a road kill. Sometimes he is a freeloader on purpose. He thinks it is socially funny. So when I heard - me buying beer and he's getting the meat - I had my suspicion as you can understand. But a sunny and lazy Sunday in the City Park sounded too tempting to resist. After my shower I got dressed in my safari outfit with the tropical hat and all. The car was packed with the kite and a rack of cold beer. I drove off, and put Gemini in his booster seat in the ashtray. With high spirits ready for an outdoor service we passed the entire homecoming churchgoers from their respective temples and churches. With washed cars and wrinkle free clothes they return to their homes where God cannot see them. Well, at least one-hour worship a week is a start. Or sixty minutes from atheism as John Conner says. After I parked and walked towards the open grass field in the park, I see John writing on his kite. Now what? He starts to run and launches it fast unreeling its way up in the blue sky. On my question he answered that it was a message on the kite for the spirits in the sky to show he was in sync. He had not actually been writing on it, but a drawing... Casper the little ghost from the cartoon movie on it.

"No Ghostbusters here in the material world Stan man. Voodoo time is over. Let the fetus cord from Mother Nature welcome the oncoming baby ghosts of our future." he said. I do not know if he is deep now or just plain loopy, but my stomach growled. So I asked him what kind of meat he had in the cooler.

"I hope it is not Sushi 'cause that's bait an' not food yo' know. It better be the remains of a dead cow man." I said while handing over a beer to him. And so it was. He had actually bought some juicy steaks at the butcher shop and not peeled something off his tires. We started up the grill and time stood still. It was beer-thirty the whole time. We enjoyed the day and the pretty girls walking by. Then he stood up suddenly, opened another beer and bounced around in slow motion as if he stood on an invisible pogo stick with a slack spring. That was the que to... here it comes:

"Generic worship in the roofless house of big mama Nature."

He is now doing a ghetto dance while holding his beer as a microphone. He is at the zenith of his sport and sung:

"Reverend Conner here on da air. I've takin' control ove' this radio station now an' sendin' yo' the good word vibratin' on FM 92.5 at AM 9.25 this mornin'. Hallelujah y'all. Get into the groove an' raise yo' hands. Today the bird of prey transformed to the kite of prayin'. Yeah man. Raise yo' hands towards the kite of The Holy Ghost that flies high up in the heavens. Hold on to that string y'all. It's all good. Yes Sir'ee, an' all at the mercy of the Lord. Yeah man."

He is now humming a Motown tune with closed eyes, stumbling a little bit. So he is pretending to be in a hypnotic stage. He then does a Temptation move and swings around protecting the real reason for his unbalance. He opens his eyes again and goes on with a vibrant voice that can only be heard by his reverend colleges in the Deep South:

"Bubba, don't be a Pinocchio, 'cause dreams aren't made from oak. But don't tell Geppetto that. No Sir'ee. Lov' yo' woman. Kiss an' hold her. Get a woody but don't use weather guard as a lotion. It's all from old religion an' wisdom man. Listen to the voice of the generic reverend with the good Karma. He's holdin' a service for y'all an' breakin' it down to y'all homies ove' the Millerphone. Word up."

He then pulls the string to the kite like he was ringing for room service. But this Bud did not get him any wiser. Only silly giggling was produced and now he lost his train of thought. I on the other hand was enjoying the generic branch office of Quarks here at City Park in my tropical hat. A symphony was orchestrated by the flying rats, mosquitoes, ants, crawling bugs and the chattering of squirrels. They were all there, flora and fauna. Making the rhythm section and working up a buzz just like us. Gemini was directing the crickets with his homemade conductor baton. Everybody and everything was participating. It was like a happy ending from The Walt Disney studios. In my next column I will tell you more about the opinions of my friend John Conner.

Your man in the zone
Stanley Mintras