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Nursing Home

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Nursing Home

Would you believe that we found God on VHS?

Yes. It was after the chaplain resigned in the wake of his sex crimes. What were they? I wonder. No one at the home seems to know. And you should know that any good nursing home is rife with rumor, and usually rumors are lies at best or truths in the worst way.

The best case scenario, I think, is that the world will soon end. Helen and I both think so. Whether we live to see it or not: doesn't matter. If the priests start calling it quits, you know you're in trouble. They're the optimistic ones. They close their eyes and smile when the organ plays out of tune. They ask us to shake the dust out of the hymnals when we open them and to pick up the pages that fall out even though it's hard to bend down.

But anyway, Helen and I saw Him one night in the cafeteria on a ruined cassette of *Pollyanna*. We had tried to tape over it for our grandson's little league game, but you know you can't do that with the Hollywood ones. All you get is static. So we had taped over it and then forgot we had taped over it and then forgot to throw it away.

We put the tape in, and right when the star hits the ground on the other side of the Disney castle, that's when we see Him. You can hear Him, too. He looks like static and He sounds like static. I know it's Him, and Helen believes it's Him—we are of different opinions on the matter.

So we grow old this way. We wait until it's late and the orderlies go out back to smoke reefer. Helen helps me push a loveseat up to the screen. Then we just sit and watch. He tells us everything we need to know, and we know that once He stops talking, we'll have lived enough.