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A Child's Moment

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A Child's Moment

L-I-C-K-W-I-D. That's it. L-I-C-K-W-I-D.

I love when I do things right. It makes me feel warm all over. My dad gave me a book a couple of weeks ago by this guy named Jung. Y-U-N-G. That's it. Y-U-N-G. I'm warm again. He said I am smart enough now to know these things. Jung said that being happy and content with yourself is the key to salvation, so I guess that means that I'm going to be saved. It's strange though because mommy said that the only way to salvation is in the church.

I used to not like church because of that mean old Mrs. Dingle, except when she would let us draw with crayons. That's fun. I always paint those pretty windows with all the colors in them. My favorite is the one you see when you sing. It's a guy with this white light around his head; it's really nice. He looks like God or somebody just touched him. I think Jung would say the same about him as he did me. But Old Dingle says that we're getting too old for drawing now, and she makes us do Sunday School stuff. She never lets us have fun. She says it's time for us to start reading the Bible. The Bible is huge. I read that book my dad got me because it had pictures and wasn't too long, but the Bible is huge. I don't think I could read the whole thing just now.

The best part about church is when the light comes through the top window and seems to hit who or whatever it wants. It hit me one Sunday and made me feel warm and tingly all over. My cat Frank, I named her after my dad; he said I should name her after my mom, but I loved him more, so I named her after him. My cat Frank sleeps in the sunbeam all the time. I used to think she was just lazy, but now I know better, she likes feeling warm and tingly all over too.

Frank is always rolling around on her back in the light. It's like that game you play when you spin around in circles until you can't stand anymore; and then you fall and watch everything you just saw go zig-zagging across your eyes. It's like watching t.v. because you keep getting lots of different pictures in your head at one time. I want to do that in church one Sunday. I almost did it last week, but my dad said we had to go home and watch an important game, so we left too early. I want to be all dizzy and on my back and watch all the pretty windows go by with that one sunbeam on me. I want to feel warm and tingly and dizzy all at the same time. That's why I like church now.

Incorrect, Timothy, the correct spelling of liquid is L-I-Q-U-I-D.

Peter Witonsky