

At Conception

Cursive

Jeannie's been throwing up all morning.
Poor girl's been so heartsick ever since her boyfriend went to war. Father Cole's done his best to console the girl -- more so than some neighbors deem necessary -- but you just can't measure young love.

Picketing the clinic outside town, Father Cole holds the record for turning twelve girls around. If anybody knows the sorrows of the young woman, it's Father Cole.

But he's been acting out of sorts; that strange sermon he gave accepting termination due to rape. Jeannie's whispered, "She's carrying," but there's one awful catch: her boyfriend's been off in the desert for half a year.

Cole cried, "This simply cannot be!"

She quipped, "Quite the opposite -- I'm hardly the Virgin Mary. .. and you're no carpenter. So, who will build my home?"

"Jeannie, you're just a kid. You can't conceive such mortal sins. Everything will be alright... what happens in confession stays in the confessional."

So what goes on behind those curtains?

"Jeannie, you're just a kid, you WON'T conceive this mortal sin."