Hello handsome! How are you doing today?

[pause]

[sigh]

This is tough, baby….I hate seeing you like this.

It doesn’t get any easier…. and I feel silly talking to you when I logically know that you can’t hear me.

But I’m becoming less logical by the day.

My mind is starting to accept these ideas…..ideas that we used to consider to be straight up ridiculous.

You know….huh, I’m afraid to even tell you because I think you’re going to laugh.

[thoughtful pause]

Wouldn’t it be great, though, if me telling you about these thoughts was the thing that got you out of this coma? If all of the sudden you sat up and started mocking me for believing this shit? I would love that….

[pause]

The truth, baby, is that I’m scared.

I’m scared that you’re never going to wake up. And I know I shouldn’t even think this way - but I can’t help it. It’s been two weeks…

So...I started going going to church.

I know I know……..it’s almost like I can hear you right now, saying [mocking a guy’s voice] “Come on! Really? Do you believe in all that crap now? You know it’s all a lie, right?”

But now, you know….I would say it’s more complicated.

For starters, I’m not at the point where I would jump in to defend religion. I can’t just erase years of us criticizing it - specially the church. How unfair we think it is. All of these glamorous buildings with gold ceilings and beautiful decorations….homeless people on their stairs asking for change - but people don’t have any change for them, because they’ve given it all to the church, for some fucking renovation or repairs that the building might need. There’s definitely hypocrisy when it comes to the church as an institution. I get it. And I still believe that. And I see it even more now that I go every day.

Now, I don’t go to the service. I made the mistake of going last week and it reminded me how much I dislike it. The priest does his thing. The parts where he’s being real are ok. But then you have the readings and the prayers and the whole thing gets boring quickly.

They’re smart though...they keep you from dozing off by asking you to change positions often. Kneel, sit, stand….stand, sit, stand, kneel….and so on.

The music is ok - but I always feel so bad that we can’t applaud them after each song. It’s just silence….and it feels weird. What’s wrong with a bit of applause, huh?

But the thing that bothers me most is the people. I can’t really put my finger on it. It’s like they walk around with a sense of superiority - “holier-than-thou” attitude. Plus there’s always someone coughing; and it feels like they wait until it’s really quiet to start clearing their lungs.

I get that there’s a sense of community and that they help each other. I get how useful that can be during hard times. But I just don’t want to share what we’re going through with anyone. At least not yet.

So I go when there’s no one there. And it’s not for the peace and quiet. I could go to a library for that. It’s something else. And this is where I lose all my logic…

I go for the conversation.

There, I talk to someone - Jesus, God…..I don’t know….

I ask him…..or her…..to please pull you out of this coma.

I tell him how much I need you...how much I miss you.

I ask him to forgive me for showing up out of the blue just because I need a favour.

I explain myself to him. And then I talk about you for what seems like hours.

I start believing the story - that they have a plan….that everything happens for a reason.

So, I get angry, because if everything is part of their plan, then it was God who put you in this coma. He….or she…..had planned that you would get into that car accident.

This “loving being” had sent a drunk driver to take you away from me. What for? To bring me back to church? To restore my faith? To believe the lie?

[pause]

But, then I realize that the lie has two sides to it. Believing in it allows me to feel like I can do something about the situation. I can pray. I can have those conversations in the church….by myself.

I can DO those things. The lie can be caring.

Remember all those times you told me: “Baby, it’s going to be ok”. I know you had no idea whether it was going to be ok or not. But the words were comforting.

Do you know how many doctors have told me that it’s going to be ok? Not a single one. They can’t promise you that. They’re not supposed to lie to you. And it feels so cold.

So, I’ll take the lie for now….

I wish you could wake up and tell me “Baby, it’s going to be ok”.

[pause]

I love you, handsome.

I’ll see you tomorrow, ok? I’ll tell J.C. you say hi.