

passions for ironing and pie baking. Anyway, Genny's mom, who promised us a blockbuster with my future hubby Ryan Rain, took us to a strip mall instead. Between Paula's Pawn Shop and Karla's Gifts and More Store is where Genny's whole family apparently found salvation.

I don't get it. At all. Last week Genny and I performed a lyrical dance in sequined unitards to a song with the lyrics, "Bounce, bounce on that flounce, flounce, hey, hey, Straye<sup>5</sup>!" This week Genny's fam kidnaps me in the name of Jesus. Would anyone find me? Would my Christmas-celebrating Jewish dad and my kinda Catholic, Unitarian Universalist-flirting mom even know where to look? Had Genny's mom asked their permission for this insane-in-the-membrane field trip?

Inside the strip mall church, which was basically a tiny basement with a super-disturbing bleeding Jesus thingie, a big woman with limp hair and an actual limp began to sway. Her cylindrical body jiggled as she moved between folding chair pews. Raising her floppy arms, she sang "saved in the breath of Jesus" over and over until the entire room, with the exception of moi, joined. Then the big woman with limp hair and a limp, with the floppy arm fat Mom doesn't want to get, fell to the ground squirming and moaning, her legs bucking around, her body like a beached whale.

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<sup>5</sup> According to historical documents and musical recordings kept by the Musical Registrar of America, "Straye" was a slang term meaning "your boyfriend's/girlfriend's ex who is now your BFF. In context, one might use "Straye" like this: "We talked about his weird tongue and now she's, like, my Straye for life."