

A JOURNAL OF WESTERN OKLAHOMA
WESTVIEW



Volume 33
Issue 2 *Westview*

Article 33

2-15-2018

How I Became a Christian

James Valvis

Follow this and additional works at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview>

 Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), [Nonfiction Commons](#), [Photography Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Valvis, James (2018) "How I Became a Christian," *Westview*: Vol. 33 : Iss. 2 , Article 33.
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol33/iss2/33>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Journals at SWOSU Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Westview by an authorized administrator of SWOSU Digital Commons. For more information, please contact phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu.

 SWOSUTM

How I Became a Christian

by James Valvis

They visited the barracks on weekends,
usually Saturdays, an hour before
my roommate and I hit the NCO club.
They tried to save my fallen soul.
A father and son, devout evangelicals.
Fun to argue with. I schooled both
on Nietzsche and Schopenhauer,
gave lessons on Voltaire's *Candide*.
I used some lines from Anatole France, too.
Nothing thrilled me more than taunting
their ignorance, those holy rollers,
Jesus freaks with nothing better to do
than waste my time with fairy stories.
What fools they were, I told them
and laughed, hung raunchy posters
of naked women for their weekly visits
and took them down for inspections.
Then the day came they no longer came.
They still worked the barracks, other rooms.

One day, I bumped into them in the hall
and asked why they stopped coming.
I loved setting them straight, I said.
The father told me he knew a lost cause
when he saw one and something else
about shaking the dust off his feet.
I laughed. I told him if he had filthy feet,
he should try a shower and went on
my merry way to a discharge,
unemployment, homelessness,
until, with no one to argue with,
and no one to laugh at but myself,
and God alone would have me
for a friend, the only fool
who could convert me finally did.

