

## VIEW FROM THE RECTORY

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## VIEW FROM THE RECTORY

by Gabriele A. Rollé

His Eminence was wondering one late evening, one VERY late evening last May, month of Mary and of merry. He pondered something that he didn't really understand completely, but felt that as a man of God he ought to have a clearer, perhaps better, knowledge of this matter before he condemned what he couldn't really grasp or fathom. (Or could he?)

There had been this morning at breakfast "all the news that's fit to print", and it was this morning that it said a

man had been picked up by police in one of the West Coast states as suspect at the end of a string of murdered prostitutes. A series of killings. Hookers. Young ones. Nineteen whores strangled. Teenagers. Street-walkers. Nineteen. How does that work? Intendment, inspiration or afterthought? Who could know?

He'd seen them at night a lot, in the dark outside and in, flickerings in the shadows of eternal light.

Summery organic odors outside the open leaded window of his study, he breathes in deeply, and also the car fumes malingering sweetly in the dusk-warm streets. "You called. I answer."