

Dave's Soda Discus Boutique  
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If you think that's bad, think about this: As I waded through the digital discus, knowing I have to buy from the Florida outfit where I can actually see the fish, I teach a class on providence. What does God provide? How active is God in the lives of Methodist matrons? Fortunately, the class is from all over the country and as theologically varied as a herd of horny Jesuits.

A week ago I walk into Dave's Soda Discus Boutique for no reason and spy a small gaggle of very unhappy and unpleasant looking discoids. A giant war-woman fish catcher approaches me. By and by, she says she has 3 half grown discos left to sell because she is moving south. Wanna buy em? (all good varieties, new age). I think no. Too close to Florida time. But on the way home, I think: shudda looked at them - may be passin up sumpin good.

Well, I did get the giant lady's number and by the time I made contact, she had an alleged buyer before me. She would take the fish into the store and if Gemini didn't buy them all, she would call.

I thought: fine. I leave it to God to decide. SEE ATTITUDE?

The Lord decided. No call. I think: God knows how much I covet digital discos and it is fine. They probably sucked.

Then the Lord whops my back yesterday with a sore affliction (had to do it because I didn't do anything to it when the stabbing pain attacked). This sent me to the chiropractor with the woman early this morning. He is next to Dave's Pissy Pets. We stopped. I went to the disco tank. No big fish. Only two of the diseased minnow gaggle remained. But what is this? A bright, healthy discette, a new fish swims out boldly and crosses its eyes at me, raising a placard saying: take me home now. I did. The woman approved of the dear little \$30 fish, but was totally appalled when I asked her for three bucks and handed it to the cashier-in-training. Apparently, the girl did real bad in high school math or grade school math.

The Lord lead me there where I intended not to go at all and showed me a glittering jewel at a bargain price. There, see? THE LORD PROVIDES. HE WAS ACTIVE IN THE TRIVIA OF LIFE. Or if I happened to think not, then it is all baloney. It really doesn't matter so much as the attitude that postpones worry and consternation over something that is out of one's control.

So at lunch time there is a brilliant orange coined dollar dashing about the recently set-up tank of gloom (good hiding in the dark), totally panicked to be in good, hot water. Clearly, it needed a tank-mate or 13 to panic with and beat up later. After nap, I drag the woman to the car and we go to Exotic Serpent and Scorpion by the bridge to Northcrampton and buy live brine shrimp. Nothing quite teases the appetite of a terrorized discoid so much as a wiggling shrimpburger. They had a small discoid of another desirable strain, obviously no longer with any body thickness. So I ask the Lord: should I buy da fish? NO, yells God in my head, it will die soon and be a bother!

OK. God is active in the world if we call it that.

So, the little twit now dashes less rapidly about its huge abode, snapping up an occasional shrimp swum out from hiding. Its belly has a bulge. Even in the dark, it is a glowing coal.

So, you see, I did that too. Fish. I named her Delilah.

