

The Juice: Possession is nine-tenths of the fun

By Liz Langley

This is a reprint of the column from the Orlando Weekly which is referred to in the above article.

The most atrocious murder since Dahmer gave up liver happened a few weeks back. A man decided that he and his two sons were possessed by the devil. So while his younger son and passing drivers watched, he stabbed his 14-year-old, cut off his head and threw it out the car window.

People actually shut up for a few minutes after they hear this story. Then they ask why this lunatic didn't just go see a priest. As if when you think you're possessed, there is a logical next step.

Now you know, and I know, that demonic possession exists, but only in people's heads. "The Exorcist" showed this with a very exciting story and fine make-up, unlike those boring demons that get booked on "Geraldo." And according to "The Exorcist," if the devil embarrasses you enough, you get to call a priest.

Having to call a priest is rather exciting because it means you have some sort of spiritual emergency on your hands. For people who treat religion like a salad bar-taking in a little of this and a bit of that until they're so weighted down they can get back to real life-this happens all the time. For most people, it doesn't happen enough.

Take a bite outta Christ

I had the excitement of having to call a priest not long ago when I went into a Christian bookstore and was able to purchase, unquestioned and unqualified, boxes of Communion

Wafers. These are the little wafers that Catholics believe are the body of Christ. These, I thought, might come in handy if you were possessed and couldn't get to a priest right away. Say you got possessed at the zoo. What then? If you have the box of Jesus on your hands, you might be able to get out of this pickle on your own.