

# Rodna Gruda

## Los Angeles – krščansko mesto

Objavljeno dne/Published on: 05.04.2013

**V aprilski številki eRodne grude nadaljujemo objavljanje odlomkov iz knjige Resnica o Los Angelesu, ene najbolj ostrih del Luisa Adamiča, ki je v slovenščini in tudi v angleškem prevodu izšla pri Slovenski izseljenski matici. Tokrat ponujamo duhovit odlomek iz poglavja Los Angeles – krščansko mesto. Prijetno branje!**

»V Los Angelesu ni kraja, kjer bi človek lahko grešil v miru in brez nevarnosti, da bi se od nekod pojavil kakšen božji bojevnik in mu skušal izgnati hudobca iz srca.

Pred dnevi sem peljal svoj avto na servis Xclnt Auto Fixeteria, ki ga vodi moj prijatelj Mike McCue, da bi skovala načrt, kako iz mojega poceni avta iztisniti nekaj več milj na galono bencina. Medtem ko sva stiskala glavi pod pokrovom motorja, je v delavnico privršala ženska, oborožena s šopom letakov; obraz ji je žarel v ognju edine prave vere.

»Ali vesta,« je zadihano vprašala, »da milijoni, ki danes živijo, ne bodo nikoli umrli?«

Mike McCue se je za trenutek zastrmel vanjo, potem pa odkimal s svojo mastno glavo.

»Ne,« je rekel, »ampak včasih pomislim, da so milijoni, ki danes živijo, pravzaprav že mrtvi.« Mike, vidite, je podel možak; obiskoval je celo predavanja nekega brezbožnega porogljivca, ki je prvi po svoje obrnil radostno misel velikega pridigarja tako, kakor jo je zdaj povzel moj prijatelj.

Ženska se je blago in usmiljeno nasmehnila in potem govorila dvajset minut, medtem ko je Mike delal na motorju. Navajala je svetopisemske prerokbe, ki se ravnokar izpolnjujejo, in preden naju je zapustila, nama je vsilila letak, na katerem so bile njene trditve podrobno pojasnjene.

*»There is no place in Los Angeles where one can sin in absolute peace and safety; there is always the probability that some holy warrior will appear and expel the Devil from your heart.*

*The other day I took my car to 'Xclnt Auto Fixeteria operated by my friend Mike McCue and involved him in a plot to make the flivver yield more miles per gallon. And while we plotted under the hood, a woman burst into the Fixeteria, armed with a handful of literature her countenance aflame with the zeal of the one true faith.*

*»Do you know,« she asked, breathless, »that millions now living will never die?« Mike McCue stared at her for a few moments, then shook his greasy head.*

*»No,« he said; »but sometimes I'm inclined to think that millions now living are already dead. « Mike, you see, is a low fellow; he had, indeed attended several lectures by an infidel scoffer, who, paraphrasing the joyful slogan of the great evangelist, had originally expressed the notion that my friend now seemed disposed to accept.*

*She smiled a smile of gentle pity and then talked to us for twenty minutes, while Mike worked on the engine. She quoted prophecies from The Book which were now in the process of fulfillment, and before departing inflicted upon Mike and me pamphlets in which her statements were greatly elaborated.«*