

Flannery O'Connor's "Spoiled Prophet"

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Writing in 1961 to a teacher who had sent her an interpretation of "A Good Man is Hard to Find" that she found especially misguided, Flannery O'Connor described that story as "a duel of sorts between the Grandmother and her superficial beliefs and the Misfit's more profoundly felt involvement in Christ's action which set the world off balance for him."¹ In general, critics have directed their efforts to explaining how the grandmother attains her "moment of grace" when she reaches out to touch the Misfit's shoulder.² Few critics have tried to explain the Misfit's part in the duel or how he is involved in Christ's action. The Misfit is in fact a fully developed character with intelligible motives. He is also a prophet, albeit a misguided one, like Hazel Motes in *Wise Blood* and the two Tarwaters in *The Violent Bear It Away*. If we consider the Misfit in the light of O'Connor's view of the role of the prophet, we see that he is not a monster, but a tragic figure, the victim of what O'Connor regarded as a profound misunderstanding of the relation between humanity and God.

In another letter, O'Connor called the Misfit a "spoiled prophet" who "could go on to great things."³ Although O'Connor did not elaborate on that claim, it is significant because she was deeply interested in the role of the prophet. Karl Martin has shown that O'Connor read and reviewed contemporary books on the social role of prophets and revelation and that her fiction is "closely related to, and informed by, her systematic study of the role of the prophet in culture."⁴ O'Connor was committed to what Martin calls a "prophetic vision of history," the view that human history is the story of humanity's relation to God. Consequently the role of the prophet is to maintain the purity of the nation's spiritual life, especially to keep the nation from being overwhelmed by materialism. O'Connor described this effort in the case of old Tarwater:

The old man is very obviously not a Southern Baptist, but an independent, a prophet in the true sense. The true prophet is inspired by the Holy Ghost, not necessarily by the dominant religion of his region. Further, the traditional Protestant bodies of the South are evaporating into secularism and respectability and are being replaced on the grass roots level by all sorts of strange sects that bear not much resemblance to traditional Protestantism—Jehovah’s Witnesses, snake-handlers, Free Thinking Christians, Independent Prophets, the swindlers, the mad, and sometimes the genuinely inspired.⁵

If the dominant religion has lost its spiritual urgency and become secular and respectable, the modern prophet is implicitly its critic.

In the first half of “A Good Man Is Hard to Find,” O’Connor portrays two modern families who are far gone in spiritual exile, the families of Bailey and Red Sammy. Bailey and his wife and children are completely indifferent to their roots in the old South; they are going to the artificial world of Florida for their vacation. The structure of the family is in disarray. Bailey is crippled by his resentment of his domineering mother; the only part he can take in family life is to exercise his uncertain authority. Rather than deal with his mother’s objections to the trip, he pretends to be absorbed in the sports pages. The prospect of leading the family on this expedition makes Bailey so anxious that he won’t let his mother bring her cat, and he drives in silence, his jaw “rigid as a horseshoe.” Bailey curtly refuses to make the detour to see the plantation house, and then yields with bad grace when the children scream and kick the back of his seat. Faced with the Misfit and his gang, Bailey insists that he is in charge, but he is helpless to act.

Bailey’s wife is as mute and passive as a rabbit. Throughout the story she is preoccupied with the baby, so preoccupied that she doesn’t bother to change her clothes for the trip. The two older children are spoiled and insolent, and neither parent makes any effort to teach or discipline them. John Wesley, whose name suggests that his parents had high hopes for him, is rude to his grandmother and scornful of his

family's history. Nevertheless he thinks of himself as a young Superman; he announces he will strike the Misfit in the face if they encounter him. John's sister, June Star, has some skill at tap dancing, which gets her the praise and attention of adults. She bears an entertainer's name, and she already has the temperament of a child star.

Red Sammy Butts, the proprietor of the Tower roadhouse, and his wife are similarly demoralized. Although his roadside signs call him "THE FAT BOY WITH THE HAPPY LAUGH," Sammy is discouraged and bitter. His signs claim that his barbecue is famous, but the restaurant is deserted when the family arrives. Sammy is past caring what impression he makes on customers; when Bailey pulls up, Sammy is working out front underneath a truck. He is not plump with good spirits but simply obese. His stomach hangs over his belt "like a sack of meal swaying under his shirt." Sammy complains to his customers and orders his wife around as if she were an employee. He has been unfaithful to her, and she resents it enough to hint about it to the family. Childless herself, Sammy's wife invites June Star to come and be her "little girl"; she doesn't know how to praise June Star's dancing except by patronizing her.

Compared to the other characters, the grandmother is a figure of grace and dignity. She dresses carefully for the trip because she is a lady, polite to strangers and sympathetic to the poor. The children giggle when they see a half-dressed black child, but the grandmother reminds them that black children in the country "don't have the things we do." She is proud of the history and geography of the region and tries to interest the children in their heritage. The grandmother keeps the children from throwing their sandwich wrappers out the car windows, plays games with them, breaks up their squabbles, and tries to improve their manners.

These efforts, however, are largely wasted. John Wesley declares that Tennessee is "a hillbilly dumping ground . . . and Georgia is a lousy state too." June Star scornfully tells Red Sammy's wife that she "wouldn't live in a broken-down place" such as the Tower "for a mil-

lion bucks.” (A million bucks is evidently June Star’s standard of value.) Even the grandmother acknowledges to herself that no one will know she is a lady unless they are involved in an accident and she is killed.

The grandmother’s good qualities are, however, compromised by her delusions about her background and social status. She expresses concern for the plight of the rural poor but still regards them as part of the picturesque landscape. Her ideas of Southern history and culture come from works of romantic fiction such as *Gone With the Wind*. Her suitor, Edgar Atkins Teagarden, may have had charming manners, but he became wealthy by a lucky investment in Coca-Cola. The grandmother probably used her pretensions to dominate Bailey, and they irritate the rest of the family.

In fact, the grandmother’s notions are the source of her most serious shortcoming—her firm, and eventually fatal, conviction of her own rightness. At the opening of the story, the grandmother goes behind Bailey’s back to get him to change their vacation destination. She smuggles the cat along in the car against Bailey’s wishes. After lunch, she again undermines Bailey by exciting the children with the false story about hidden silver. Their crying and whining persuade Bailey to leave the highway for a deserted dirt road, where the cat distracts him and makes him send the car over the embankment.

The grandmother seals the family’s fate when she foolishly blurts out the Misfit’s identity. If the Misfit had any doubts about killing the family, the grandmother made up his mind. The Misfit has Hiram and Bobby Lee dispatch Bailey and John Wesley first—they are potentially the most troublesome. As it happens, father and son make no trouble at all. Bailey’s pretense of self-assurance and his son’s bravado have evaporated. A few minutes later, the mother, carrying the baby, meekly goes to the woods with Hiram and Bobby Lee. June Star grumbles at taking Bobby Lee’s hand, but complies.

The family members enter the fatal woods without resisting because for all of the noisy self-assertion that Bailey, John Wesley, and June

Star make, they are accustomed to doing what is expected of them: Bailey takes the family to Florida for vacation, even though no one seems to want to go. John Wesley likes to think of himself as a comic strip hero; June Star pictures herself as another Shirley Temple. None of them is an autonomous being. None can act in his own interest because he has no idea who he really is.

The grandmother is the exception. She is the only one who tries to talk the Misfit into sparing her. While Hiram and Bobby Lee are killing the other members of the family, the grandmother offers four appeals for her life. She is unsuccessful; the Misfit rejects all of them. In doing so, he demonstrates the superficiality of the beliefs on which they are grounded. The “duel” that O’Connor considered the main point of the story emerges in the dialogue between the grandmother and the Misfit while five murders are taking place.

The grandmother first appeals to the Misfit’s decency. She suggests that he’s too good a man to shoot a lady. (She doesn’t seem to consider her daughter-in-law a lady.) The Misfit replies noncommittally, so the grandmother presses the point, nearly screaming, as if the Misfit doesn’t understand: “I know you’re a good man. You don’t look a bit like you have common blood. I know you must come from nice people.” The Misfit agrees that his parents were nice people—“finest people in the world”—but he does not concede that he himself is a good man.

In fact, the Misfit states after a pause that he is not a good man, although not “the worst in the world neither.” His problem is not that he is a bad man but that he is an exceptional one, “a different breed of dog,” a skeptic, as his father recognized:

[I]t’s some that can live their whole life out without asking about it and it’s others has to know why it is, and this boy is one of the latters. He’s going to be into everything!

The Misfit routinely questioned conventions and institutions. Unfortunately he grew up in a society that equated goodness with accepting

conventions and institutions. Consequently he was not a good man in the eyes of the people around him. The Misfit's father, by contrast, was by no means an upright man, but he was canny enough to stay out of trouble with the "Authorities"—evidently the Misfit lacked his father's tact.

The grandmother concludes that the Misfit's problem is that he has not tried hard enough to reconcile himself to the demands of the "Authorities." Accordingly, she tries another appeal. She tries to convince him that a conventional life is not only within his reach, but it is better than the life he is leading: "Think how wonderful it would be to settle down and live a comfortable life and not have to think about somebody chasing you all the time." The grandmother is, of course, unrealistic. If the Misfit were ever capable of leading a conventional life, that possibility has ended by now. He and his boys are running for their lives.

The grandmother thinks the Misfit agrees with her when he replies. "Yes'm," he says, "somebody is always after you." She assumes that he means that he is overwhelmed by his troubles. In her view, what he needs to do then is to pray. She asks him if he ever does. The Misfit shakes his head and replies, "Nome." At this point there are two pistol shots from the woods, underscoring the finality of the Misfit's answer.

The Misfit does not react to the shots. He gives her a summary of his life. It has been full of variety, danger, even horror. The grandmother assumes that he is taking the first step to salvation, admitting his sinfulness. She begins repeating, "Pray, pray," as if she were a congregation of one urging a sinner to repent. Prayer, however, won't help the Misfit because he doesn't consider himself a sinner. He was never a bad boy, but he did something wrong. He does not, however, know what it was. The Misfit admits he wasn't sentenced by mistake; the authorities "had the papers" on him. He didn't kill his father, as he thought the prison psychiatrist reported, and he hadn't stolen anything, as the grandmother suggests. Nevertheless, he was sent to a penitentiary. He found life in prison intolerable: he was "buried alive." What the experience taught him is that it doesn't matter whether you've committed a serious

crime or a trifle—killing a man or taking a tire off his car—you’re going to be punished for something, no matter what.

The Misfit sends Hiram and Bobby Lee back to the woods with June Star, the mother, and the baby. The grandmother again tries to persuade the Misfit that all will be well, if he will only pray. Now, knowing that her son and grandson are dead, her daughter-in-law and other grandchildren are about to die, and that she is next, the grandmother cannot find her voice. When she does, she realizes she is saying “Jesus, Jesus,” “as if she might be cursing.”

The Misfit seems to agree that Jesus should be cursed. He states that Jesus “thown everything off balance.” Jesus’s case was the same as his own. Jesus hadn’t committed any crime, yet He’d been punished. Jesus at least knew what He was being punished for; the Misfit has no idea. Consequently he calls himself “The Misfit” because, he says, “I can’t make what all I done wrong fit what all I gone through in punishment.”

From the Christian point of view, what the Misfit is saying about himself is true of all humanity. We are all being punished for Adam’s disobedience—the Misfit is Everyman. Furthermore we are all being punished out of proportion to our crime. Did Adam and Eve deserve to lose Eden for that single act of disobedience? Does every descendant of Adam deserve to suffer for it? Even John Milton had trouble with those questions. The grandmother offers the standard Christian reply: those questions are no longer important because Jesus atoned for the sins of Adam and everyone else. Through Him any of us can be saved.

The Misfit, however, rejects the grandmother’s plea that he appeal to Jesus. He doesn’t believe he is guilty of a felony, to say nothing of original sin. Nevertheless, in the penitentiary, he was being punished for a felony, and everywhere else he is treated as an unregenerate sinner. Like Bailey’s family he is in a “predicament”; he can’t call on Jesus unless he is prepared to acknowledge his sins and ask for forgiveness. However, the Misfit truly believes he has no sins to acknowledge. But if he believes he has no sins, he is at odds with the fundamental proposition of Christianity that all humans are born in a state of sin.

Therefore, by insisting on his own innocence, the Misfit is actually committing a graver sin than whatever got him into the penitentiary: he is in fact a heretic.

The Misfit claims that Jesus himself put humanity in this dilemma. By raising Lazarus from the dead, Jesus upset the balance between belief and skepticism. Jesus upped the ante, so to speak: if you believe he raised Lazarus, the Misfit reasons, you have no excuse not to forsake all and follow Him. But if you do not believe that Jesus raised Lazarus, you can hardly believe in His own resurrection. Therefore you are clearly beyond salvation. You have no hope of a good life in this world or bliss in the next. In that case, “it’s nothing for you to do but enjoy the few minutes you got left the best way you can—by killing somebody or burning down his house or doing some other meanness to him.”

This is exactly where the Misfit finds himself. He is one of the unregenerate, the lost. It’s not because of any wrong he’s done—that would have been easy enough to atone for. He’s damned because he is a “different breed of dog.” He is different because he can’t accept what people tell him; he wants to know everything for himself. He tells the grandmother he wishes he had been present when Jesus raised Lazarus: “It ain’t right I wasn’t there because if I had of been there I would of known . . . if I had of been there I would of known and I wouldn’t be like I am now.” What “ain’t right” was for Jesus to have placed such a demand on his credence. If the Misfit had been able to see the miracle of Lazarus for himself, he would have believed that Jesus was the Son of God, and he would have been able to live a conventional Christian life. Since he wasn’t there, however, the Misfit remained unsure. Consequently he was never able to make a full and honest profession of faith.

Since the Misfit was unable to make a profession of faith, the people around him considered him a lost soul and treated him accordingly. As the Misfit grew up he found himself shut out of the inner life of his community. Positions of leadership and responsibility never seemed to come his way. He moved from place to place, from job to job, never es-

tablishing a home or a career. When anything went wrong he was the one who got the blame and bore the punishment. Finally he was sentenced to prison, although he didn't understand why. Since his punishment didn't fit any crime he was aware of having committed, he called himself "the Misfit."

In fact, the Misfit was a misfit long before he was sent to the penitentiary. All his life he suffered from a skepticism that left him an outsider among the faithful. The Misfit's neighbors believed that he was sinful because he was "into everything." Under those circumstances the Misfit was not likely to hear Jesus's call; he probably wasn't encouraged to listen for it. Furthermore, the Misfit's skepticism probably wasn't limited to the divinity of Jesus. We can guess that he was the one to ask the awkward questions about everything else around him, including the honesty of those who professed their faith most dramatically. The reaction of people to his questions was predictable: people regarded him as an outsider wherever he went. Unsurprisingly, the Misfit felt there was something wrong with him; it would take remarkable strength of character not to think so. Consequently he came to the bitter conclusion that there is "no pleasure but meanness," nothing for him to do but enjoy his "few minutes" on earth by hurting others.

This speech brings the Misfit to an emotional pitch. The Misfit's voice seems to the grandmother about to break; in a moment of clarity she concludes that he is open to a final, emotional appeal. She murmurs, "Why you're one of my babies. You're one of my own children," and touches him on the shoulder. She believes that he is one of the saved after all. He has only strayed, like a lost sheep. She even feels she may be the instrument of his salvation. All she has to do is touch his shoulder; his hard heart will melt, and he will be filled with grace. But instead of breaking down, the Misfit recoils in horror at the grandmother's touch and fires three rounds into her chest.

O'Connor makes it clear in letters to Betty Hester ("A."), Andrew Lytle, and John Hawkes that she intended the grandmother, in her final moments, to have been led by grace to be personally concerned about

the Misfit: “[T]he grandmother is not in the least concerned with God but reaches out to touch the Misfit.”⁶ “[T]he grandmother recognizes the Misfit as one of her own children and reaches out to touch him. It’s the moment of grace for her anyway—.”⁷ She reaches out because “she has been touched by the Grace that comes through him in his particular suffering.”⁸

The Misfit, however, tragically misunderstands the grandmother’s gesture. According to O’Connor the Misfit considers her “a silly old woman”; she is a hypocrite, and she reflects “the banalities of the society” in which the story takes place.⁹ In killing her, the Misfit believes he is demolishing her most presumptuous belief, the idea that he is any child of hers. After all, he has been told all his life that to enter the kingdom of heaven he would have to become as a little child. To the Misfit, however, being a little child means accepting everything without questioning. All of his life he has been told to act like a little child and accept the authority of parents, employers, officers, and ministers. Up to the moment when she touched his shoulder, he believed that the grandmother was trying to understand him, that she was sympathetic to his dilemma. However, when she calls him one of her “babies” he concludes that she is speaking for the society that had rejected him all along. He feels betrayed; he had opened himself up to her only to hear the same sermon all over again.

Hiram and Bobby Lee come back from the woods, and the Misfit tells them to take the grandmother’s body where they “thown the others.” Bobby Lee observes cheerfully that the old lady was “a talker, wasn’t she?” He’s right: it was her loose tongue that brought about all the trouble in the first place. The Misfit replies that she’d have been a “good woman . . . if it had been somebody there to shoot her every minute of her life.” O’Connor comments to Hawkes that the Misfit “pronounces his judgment: she would have been a good woman if *he* had been there every moment of her life.”¹⁰

O’Connor’s restatement of the line, with the emphasis on *he*, shows that she intended the Misfit to think of himself as a prophet. He be-

believes he could have been the grandmother's sentinel. If he had been around, he would have warned her to give up her banal and hypocritical version of Christianity and seek a deeper involvement with Christ. In this respect the Misfit is following the example of Ezekiel, who urged the Jewish exiles to stop thinking of the Temple as the home of Yahweh and seek Him in their own hearts instead (cf. Ezekiel 24:21). However, the Misfit was not around to sound the trumpet every moment of the grandmother's life; he was in jail. When he did appear, she wouldn't stop talking long enough to hear him.

Bobby Lee considers the whole incident—six murders—“Some fun!” There is no question that Bobby Lee is unregenerate: his idea of pleasure is meanness. The Misfit corrects Bobby; “It's no pleasure in life,” he tells him, echoing Ezekiel 33:11:

As I live, saith the Lord GOD, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live: turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die, O house of Israel?

The Misfit is not killing the family out of “meanness” or despair, as he had suggested earlier, but fulfilling a grim duty in which there is no pleasure. He is now, in effect, both prophet and Yahweh. The people, such as the grandmother, have failed to respond to the sentinel's warning, so he has himself brought the sword upon the land by killing the grandmother and her family.

The Misfit, however, is delusional to think of himself as God's agent. O'Connor told Hawkes that she meant the grandmother to be the medium of grace:

More than in the Devil I am interested in the indication of Grace, the moment when you know that Grace has been offered and accepted—such as the moment when the Grandmother realizes the Misfit is one of her own children.¹¹

In a letter to Betty Hester, O'Connor claims that grace, properly experienced, changes one's personal qualities:

The action of grace changes a character. Grace can't be experienced in itself.

An example: when you go to Communion, you receive grace but you experience nothing; or if you do experience something, what you experience is not the grace but an emotion caused by it.¹²

In O'Connor's view, any physical sensations associated with worship are secondary to the real action of grace on one's moral outlook.

O'Connor maintains in her letters that all of her stories "are about the action of grace on a character that is not very willing to support it."¹³ All too frequently individuals fail to accept the action of grace: "There is a moment of grace in most of the stories, or a moment where it is offered, and is usually rejected."¹⁴ O'Connor's characters are unwilling to accept the action of grace because they expect the medium of grace to be as pure as grace itself. O'Connor maintains, however, that grace can come by means of an imperfect medium: "Grace, to the Catholic way of thinking, can and does use as its medium the imperfect, purely human, and even hypocritical." In fact, the Catholic writer is distinguished by the ability to understand that grace can act on and by means of ordinary, sinful people.¹⁵

The Misfit is spoiled as a prophet because he fails to understand that grace is actually at work in the grandmother's banal touch of his shoulder. He assumes that "because of her hypocrisy and humanness and banality" the grandmother cannot "be a medium for Grace."¹⁶ In fact, he can't believe that grace can come through humanity at all. As O'Connor observed to John Hawkes, the Misfit should be able to appeal to Jesus, but Jesus has been presented to him not as a mediator but an existential challenge:

Haze [Hazel Motes] knows what the choice is and the Misfit knows what the choice is—either throw away everything and follow Him or enjoy yourself by doing some meanness to somebody, and in the end there’s no real pleasure in life, not even in meanness.¹⁷

But the Misfit can’t throw away everything and follow Him because he wasn’t there when Jesus raised the dead. As much as he would like to believe Jesus did, the Misfit cannot, so he believes he might as well “do meanness.”

In letters to T. R. Spivey and John Hawkes, O’Connor states that the inability to see that grace can act through imperfect people is a consequence of what she regards as the “Protestant temper—approaching the spiritual directly instead of through matter.”¹⁸ The Catholic position, according to O’Connor, is that “[e]verything has to operate first on the literal level.”¹⁹ Any awareness of the spiritual, that is, originates in material objects, such as the sacramental bread and wine or other human beings. The tragedy of the Misfit is that he knows of no means to advance beyond the literal level to the level of the spirit except the immediate intervention of God, as demonstrated by such phenomena as “wise blood.”

Wise blood has to be these people’s means of grace—they have no sacraments. The religion of the South is a do-it-yourself religion, something which I as a Catholic find painful and touching and grimly comic. It’s full of unconscious pride that lands them in all sorts of ridiculous religious predicaments.²⁰

The Catholic Church, in O’Connor’s view, could have solved the Misfit’s religious predicament by means of the sacraments: “Christ gave us the sacraments in order that we might better keep the two great commandments”: love God and love your neighbor.²¹ The sacraments help us keep the commandments by serving as the link between matter and spirit. If the Misfit had had access to the sacraments, he would not have

had to depend on a conviction he didn't feel or a revelation he hadn't experienced.

In O'Connor's view, the Misfit's skepticism made him a potential prophet. Ezekiel, for example, was skeptical of the importance of the destruction of Jerusalem and the Temple. He insisted that that catastrophe did not mean that Yahweh had abandoned Israel. By letting the Babylonians sack Jerusalem, Yahweh was warning the people all the more urgently to give up their preoccupation with the Temple, which led them to idolatry. Similarly, the Misfit is skeptical of what people like the grandmother considered the evidence of salvation: good family, good manners, respect for one's heritage. To the extent that he can see through such "superficial beliefs," the Misfit has the "prophetic vision" that O'Connor ascribed to the creative writer.

The real tragedy of the Misfit, in O'Connor's view, is that he lives in a community that has stopped believing that matter can be a means of grace. If matter cannot be a means of grace, grace cannot act through ordinary human beings, such as a silly old woman. Consequently the Misfit cannot appreciate the grandmother's "humanness." As the world has become polarized between spirit and matter, or grace and nature, according to O'Connor, human values have become polarized as well. The Misfit can either leave everything and follow Jesus or get what amusement he can from abusing others.

O'Connor believed that the Misfit feels he faces such a stark choice because he despairs of believing on his own. Christ's raising Lazarus becomes an obstacle to the Misfit because he concludes that no one could believe such a story without the aid of grace. As a Catholic, however, O'Connor believed that grace pervades and sustains all creation. In "Novelist and Believer," O'Connor points out that Catholic theology has always maintained that God is the "divine source" of the material world:

St. Augustine wrote that the things of the world pour forth from God in a double way: intellectually into the minds of the angels and physically into

the world of things. To the person who believes this—as the western world did until a few centuries ago—this physical, sensible world is good because it proceeds from a divine source.²²

The word *source* is literal; the “things of the world” flow continuously from God as streams flow from their heads. The creation of the world was not a one-time event; the world is re-created by grace every moment. Grace, then, is what brought the world about and what keeps it going. It follows that God and creation are not separate but connected by grace. The person of Jesus makes that connection for humans. The sacraments, in this view, sum up the action of grace in creation. The sacraments remind us that grace is always at hand, and their availability makes it possible for us to grow in belief. The tragedy of the Misfit, like that of so many of O’Connor’s characters, is that he is expecting grace to come to him in glory. Consequently he fails to recognize it when it does appear.

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Notes

1. *Flannery O’Connor: Collected Works* (New York: Literary Classics of the United States, 1988), 1148-49. All the quotations from “A Good Man is Hard to Find” are from this volume.
2. *Ibid.*, 1121.
3. Flannery O’Connor, *The Habit of Being*, ed. Sally Fitzgerald (New York: Vintage, 1979), 465.
4. Karl Martin, “Flannery O’Connor’s Prophetic Imagination,” *Religion and Literature* 26, No. 3 (1994), 34.
5. *Collected Works*, 1131.
6. *Ibid.*, 1124.
7. *Ibid.*, 1121.
8. *Ibid.*, 1125.
9. *Ibid.*, 1121, 1125.
10. *Ibid.*, 1125.
11. *Ibid.*, 1119.

12. *Habit of Being*, 275.
13. *Collected Works*, 1067.
14. *Ibid.*, 1121.
15. *Ibid.*, 1125-26.
16. *Ibid.*, 1125-26.
17. *Ibid.*, 1108.
18. *Ibid.*, 1080.
19. *Ibid.*, 1076.
20. *Ibid.*, 1107.
21. *Ibid.*, 1102-3.
22. Flannery O'Connor, *Mystery and Manners*, ed. Sally and Robert Fitzgerald (New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1969) 157.

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