



A Holiday Prayer



I would like all the saved folks and godless trash at the table to bow their heads and remain silent as I talk to my imaginary friend, who lives in the sky, but is reputed to have excellent hearing.

Dear Lord Jesus, I know that I am worthless and a constant source of irritation to you. Thank you for not killing or cursing me today and flinging my limp corpse into the flames of the sadistic place called "Hell" you created. As a True Christian, I love you with all my heart, convenience permitting, and am only glad your nasty temper was not turned on me today. Would that the others at this table, no matter how much they may have pissed you off, as You know they have done me, be so lucky.

Lord Jesus, I know that your love is unconditional. All you ask is that I do everything you demand – and flatter you regularly and without shame or regard to the mess you make of everything you try to create.

Even though you made some noise¹ about giving away all our possessions to the poor, please call me, as you have brothers Pat Robertson and Jerry Falwell to parlay my Personal Savior into a Personal Fortune! And guide your own Republican party to effect that which you most secretly desire – tax cuts for folks rich enough to tithe to your wildly successful franchise.

And even though you made some off-the-cuff comment² about "not resisting evil and turning the other cheek," please ensure that all people, no matter how meager their backgrounds, realize to American Dream of owning a concealed weapon. And guide our True Christian President Bush to spill American blood to keep him high in opinion polls so that all elections one day will be like those in the Great State of Florida and not reflect the so-called popular vote, but the preferences of the non-partisan Christian Coalition Voter Guides. In this I pray.

Best regards,

[Sinner's name here]

Oh, and while I have you, Jesus, I really want me one of them new [expensive item that Jesus secretly wants you to have goes here] . Reverend Kenneth Copeland told me on TV that you want me to be rich and I think a new [expensive item that Jesus secretly wants you to have goes here] would be a really good start. Truly, I feel a victory coming on! Praise!

¹ "Whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple. Luke 14:33

² "That ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also." Matthew 5:39

I just stole this fabulous turkey from the Injuns John killed. Is the witch dead yet?



I don't care if it is your food, thee won't have a taste until thee placeth undergarments on thy naked savage unsaved body

