

THE KEYS TO CHRISTIANITY: Observations of a Reformed Christ-Eater, by E. Thomson, Eyewitness & Survivor

We hold these truths to be self-evident: That a Christian is either a fool or a fraud. Thus spake Thomas Jefferson in two separate, but equal, texts. "I am a Christian, but I remain a Jew," said Cardinal Lustiger of the Roman Catholic Church, for Christian is religion & Jew is nationality. This truth surpasseth the understanding of most Goyim.

I don't want to disappoint devout atheists who may anticipate this essay to be a fire & brimstone cleansing of Christinsane obfuscations, for it is not a justifiable critique of the cult as it is of the cultists, & how honest people of any faith or none should deal with "those who profess to call themselves Christians."

The rule which I have derived from long experience is known as the Theory of Theological Teleology. It can be summed up in the readily observable fact that those who speak most about religion are usually the biggest crooks you will meet. If one has a healthy disrespect for those who display cult symbols most blatantly & who prate their cult credos incessantly, one will avoid most swindles & thefts.

When I lived in Catholic Mexico, I learned to avoid buses which had the largest shrines next to the driver's seat. Drivers without such shrines usually paid attention to the road & the traffic, whereas The Big Shrine drivers trusted to luck, the saints &/or Mutha Mary. The Big Shriners advertised how much they wanted to join The Big Sky Jewson in his Holy Pawnshop Upstairs, & that he wouldn't mind taking his passengers along with him. Thanks, but no thanks, I thought, so I'd wait for a less shrinier bus to come along. As evidence for the validity of my practice I file the following item: I'm still unmaimed & still alive.

It is noted that all Jesus Juice vendors alias pastors (Baah, baah!) are businessmen of gods, since they make their livings from the fools they entice with their virtual beverage. But there are other businessmen alias conmen who attach themselves to churches in order to flimflam the credulous sheeple with such wares as insurance policies, mutual funds, sub-prime mortgage deals, &c. Far from being a guarantee of the conman's bona fides, church membership is a positive guarantee of his mala fides! Just ask those of us who've been burned by such rascals.

W.C. Fields said that "You can't cheat an honest man." Well, there are some who try. My latest Christian Conman Experience was, I hope, unique, but it served to illustrate the aforementioned Theory. A new neighbor arrived to occupy the vacant apartment next to mine. He drove up with hymn muzak blaring from his car stereospeakers. Soon, he told me how he met Moses near The Grand Canyon. Since Brownest Yakima is chock full o' nuts, I figured he was not outstanding. By way of getting acquainted with this new neighbor, I helped him move in. Never have I seen such an array of little boxes & bags as he produced from his car & trailer. Previously, he'd announced that "he had nothing," so other residents donated some furniture & other items to assist him. In truth, this mooching conman had more stuff than do most who move into this rent-subsidized building. After numerous shoppingcartloads, I left my new neighbor in his box- & bag-cluttered apartment, with his effusive Christian platitudes of gratitude. So much for my new neighbor, I thought.

The next day, he accused me of stealing "one of his coin collections." He called the local Mexicops, this being Brownest Yakima, & I had a friendly chat with one of Yakima's Finest in English & Spanish. No, I had not stolen anything from "Mr. Victim," as he came to be known, for everyone he met had "victimized" him in some way, usually by stealing his valuables, which he allegedly had at one time or another. I invited the cop to search my apartment to his satisfaction, but he declined that offer. I therefore volunteered to take a lie detector test, if that would prove my innocence. The test was agreed upon, & it was not only pleasant, but educational. I nearly dozed off in the comfortable chair during the procedure, for it's hard to keep an honest man awake.

When I returned from the copshop, to announce to all & sundry those famous words of Nixon: "I'm not a crook!" most of my fellow residents & building management said that they knew it all along: I don't steal, for I'm trustworthy in the presence of others' valuables, as always. There are things I value more than those I can grab.

The Christian Victim departed after telling us that we would go to hell. As I understand, he has lawsuits pending for making false statements in his rental forms in regard to income. In his words, this is "Hell House," & we are all demon residents herein. If I didn't know him, I'd be impressed. "As ye sow, so shall ye reap," seems applicable in his case. Don't take any wooden nickels & don't trust any self-proclaimed Christians. ORION!