

Stuck on the In-Between ...

Written by Administrator
Saturday, 04 April 2015 16:21 -

Apologies to all out there on the in-between day (weather is never right on this weekend except that once, remember?) ...

Maybe some are a tetch scared come that part about

Dead bodies in shrouds and rocks being moved;

Transmutation of the flesh is thumper, for sure.

And Poor Thomas,

--why'd they name an English Muffin after him, just because like a normal one of us he had a little trouble with, you know HIM BEING RIGHT THERE!? -- Put the hair up on the back of a Gorilla; but he's brave Thomas too, doing for us what nobody with any good sense of hygiene woulda done -- poking his finger in there where the spear ... you know. And none of that antiseptic and cleaner like we got now ...

And Herod, hating the place where they stationed him, drunk the whole weekend; knowing he sent a man who did some cutting-edge medicine -- and ballsy enough to get them money changers right where it hurt them -- The Temple Bursary!

And what did that damned Jewish Priest want? Let a damned terrorist go ... A guy Herod like

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even less than the Priest and if you were to ask him, of the three, at the least he liked the simple clever language that deluded Messiah spoke! By the Great Hegemon of them All, Caesar, the Jesus fellow made Herod's own Physician a gibbering encyclopedia of animal entrails with a nod to the Pantheon here and there to spare his neck ...

If all these stories are to be believed and of course they are, of course they are; pass the ham, Mother ... thank you (Did Dad really have a scotch before Mass?) ... Then tomorrow, Uncle Egbert will be having whiskery sours with Dad and The Brothers, after dinner, of course ... And it will be nice to have Uncle Egbert there, because he was the favoritest funniest uncle and he died last year from too much sugar ...