

The Reason I was Expelled from Church

'I knew I was walking a thin line with the church before they expelled me. Yes, the bloody Baptists expelled me. I had a bad attitude towards God and his boy. The telling blow which tipped the bucket in favour of my expulsion was when I told a bunch of Sunday school kids that if they had their bags packed for the Second Coming, best they unpack; it isn't going to happen. I put my case forward as gently as I could, understanding the tender and vulnerable age of the young kiddies.

I said, 'After what we did to Jesus the last time he was here, do you really think he's considering coming back? There ended up being nails and stuff all over the place, bits of wood as well. Lots of crying too. We put him up on a Cross, left him hanging there, screaming his tits off in pain because of the nails we hammered into his hands and his feet. Blood and shit was all over the place. The Romans were laughing at him. One of them stuck a sword into his side. Come on kids, do you think Jesus is going to forgive us for that one? No way. He's probably scared of us. Hence, no Second Coming, and besides, based on the evidence I've seen, there hasn't even been a First Coming! It's all crap.' The kiddies' little faces looked up at me and started to crumble as I told them, 'If Jesus is true, then I'm betting he doesn't love us; instead, I'm betting he hates us. We even made him carry his own big heavy Cross up the hill. And he was a king. Jesus wants us all dead, not in Heaven for eternal life with him. I'm telling you, Jesus has had a gutful of us.'

The little people were beside themselves with terror as I mentioned the pain Jesus would have been in when some flog slammed a Crown of Thorns on his head.

'Jesus is probably still carrying the scars on his forehead! Every time he looks in mirror he curses us.'

More importantly, as religious leaders do not understand the Bible, they've missed the real message Jesus was trying to tell us about his death.

'Don't you little snot gobblers go believing all this hogwash about Jesus dying on the Cross for the sins of mankind. That's not true. The message Jesus wanted us to understand from his death was that believing in God can be a painful experience. Sometimes you have to walk up hills carrying heavy shit. People can even die on a Cross from following God. Therefore, follow God at your own peril.'

The little joys of wonderment began screaming in fright with tears running down their faces and little bits of snot coming out their noses; a few did poo-poo in their pants. Parents heard their anguished cries and rushed over to shepherd their little lambs out of harm's way, right at the exact moment I said, 'And what is Christianity exactly? One woman has an affair, and every religious person in the world ignores it, and then quotes crap like "Thou shall not commit adultery"'. You dummies, religion started because of adultery. Get it together. And don't go taking the piss out of bald men; otherwise the bears will gobble up your sorry arses.'

I became the first person since Judas Iscariot (he stitched up Jesus at the Last Supper) to be expelled from a Baptist Church. This greatly embarrassed my mother. She never got over it.

'How could you do this to me?' moaned my wailing mother of the Baptist faith. 'I'll never be able to show my face around town again.'

Mother would rant, rage and call me a heathen as she made many phone calls to many people to see if they felt sorry for her because of my actions. Regularly, the Whinging Aunt from Whining Hill would appear with the 'feel sorry for me train'. On Mother would get, and off they'd go, whinging and whining and complaining into the distance. Toot toot!

I said to Mother, 'I don't understand why people put money into the collection plate every week; it's a con. They must be stupid.'

Mother snapped back, 'I put money in the collection plate every week.'

Sometimes life is more joyous if we say nothing. I smiled and let her comment pass'.