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AN ARRESTING AFFAIR AT THE BIG BOX CHURCH

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Don't Exceed The Posted Speed Limit

Our church parking lot is so big that tempers can flare during the exodus of worshipers after an inspiring sermon. Horns sporadically blare, and an occasional pedestrian is run over, etc. To curb the chaos and speed the exit process, an "Express Exit" was installed with a speed limit of 120 mph. This speed limited was determined by a committee of some of our Christian Zionist brothers and sisters in Christ in the church that happened to be on our "Love Your Brother In The Parking Lot" committee. Didn't Jesus say that we are to love our neighbors as ourselves and, for good measure, He added that we are to love our enemies, too?

Last Sunday, I really was looking forward to using the "Super Express" exit to see if my supercharged, wood burning, Yugo could reach 120 mph. It seemed like a great idea to find out how good my conversion really was. Wow, to my amazement I was able to reach 121 mph in 15 miles but noticed the flashing red lights of the off duty policeman that supervises our Sunday exit. Certainly, I thought to myself, "He wouldn't give me a ticket for going just one mph over the speed limit." All kind of



Here's how my supercharged Yugo looked before putting on the bumper sticker.

When some people think of a Yugo

When some people think of a Yugo, this may be the picture that comes to mind.

bumper sticker that said, Jesus Loves Palestinians, Too. P.S. I Don't Like The Idea of the Excessive Killing of Innocent Children In Gaza By Israelis. And, I Don't Like The killing of Innocent People In Israel. I pondered that, maybe, my bumper was too large. After all I had to have a special one built to accommodate the 7" tall letters I used so everyone could see my message. Back to the situation at hand, I pulled over and stopped as quickly as I could, throwing out my "quick stop boat anchor" that came with my Yugo. The officer sauntered up to my car while my wife said, "Be sure to comb your hair, all 7 of them." "Let me see your license," the officer asked politely. "What did I do officer"? I asked and continued, "I couldn't have been going much over the speed limit." "First," the office inquired, "would you please tell me your occupation?" "Sir, I'm

an unpaid satirist hoping I could save the lives of a few Palestinians and Israelis," I replied. "When you write that down be sure the "u" in unpaid is a small letter. After all, I am undercapitalized."

The officer said, "You were exceeding the proper speed limit of 120 by at least one mile per hour. Don't you know that some members of your church have deemed that the modern day state of Israel is guaranteed a "Get Out of Jail Free" card. Their interpretation of the Bible clearly shows that over 3000 years ago, God's promise to Abraham would apply to Israel, today. Further,

any thinking person knows that Israel is not accountable to anyone in the world arena as long as they don't exceed the acceptable level of force to secure their safety." And, any thoughts contrary to all this will result in judgment by God that could result in eternal damnation."

"But, officer, I queried, "doesn't it mean anything that I asked Jesus to be my personal savior and forgive me of all my sins? And, will it help my case to say that I was just concerned about the killing of 1500 Palestinians and 13 Israelis in this latest Middle East war?" Then, I thought to myself, in a flash of horror, if I divided the number of Palestinian deaths by the Israeli deaths, a ratio of 120 resulted. "So, maybe, that's how my Christian Zionist brothers and sisters in Christ figured out the speed limit, Christian Zionists know that they only need to become concerned about the deaths in Gaza and Israel when the speed of any offender exceeds 120.



"But, officer, all I was thinking of was little children like this Palestinian child that was killed by an Israeli airstrike in the recent 'war'."

Tom Compton