

# AISLE, ALTAR, HYMN

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I was sick and tired of going to church. The people there spoke nonsense. "God loves olive you," they said. And "Lettuce spray". I was especially annoyed by the priests who interpreted passages from the Bible and tried to make the congregation "buy bull".

On Christmas morning last year, I was unable to keep my feelings to myself any longer. A priest had started telling the story of the "three y's men" who came from "the yeast" to visit the Messiah.

"But that doesn't even make sense!" I yelled at him.

"Of corset does," answered the priest from the pulpit. "Now closure mouth and beak white".

I was so angry that I stood up and marched to the front of the church. "Aisle altar hymn," I mumbled to myself as I took the priest's place at the microphone. All the priest said as I pushed him out of the way was "suture self".

I had begun to realize that there were many changes that needed to be made and I wanted to get the support of this congregation:

"Ladies and gentlemen! Please give me your complete attention. You must finance changes in everything! Havoc is inevitable unless we can control it for ever and ever! . . ."

"Lay decent gentile men! Police give mayor completed engine. You mussed fine aunts' change. Is sin everything? Have a kiss in a vet: a bluntless, weak, and controlled forever endeavor! . . ."