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 gentle 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!..."