

as the group debated whether or not to crucify the hare.
Combined with universal concerns regarding bayou-inflicted
diseases, the group's mood was getting very ugly. The
Reverend quickly subdued us, however, with massive trays
of food (horse doovers), and some incredible teleministry-
style bullshit. By the end of the evening, we were all
bowing deeply to the Reverend and offering him all of our
worldly possessions.

Jim and Tammy would have proud.

The multitudes of new boots who all had out-of-body
religious experiences were:

DEBBIE ENORY	JOE BURRELL
TAMMY LONG	MAURICE LARREA
CARRIE KING	JIMMY LARREA
CHERI BOWEN	SUSAN SWANTNER
NANCY HARDER	BEVERLY WESTBROOK

Other Religious Happenings:

Captain Naked and the SAHIIH's "POPE" hash on Sept. 11,
12, and 13. Naked promises "the Woodstock of the 80's".

Tonite's hares are Lydia "Masterchugger" Westbrook, and
Maurine "Gimmie A" Hickey. A goodwill offerring will be
taken for the Scumpuppy Relief Fund. Give til it hurts.

THE TAMMY BAKKER

MEMORIAL CHURCH BULLETIN

From !!!!! church service #414 on Monday
13 July, 1987.

Guest Minister: Reverend Lee Brown

Special Guest: Dubuai missionary--
Clive Frost

I can personally think of many more deserving women we could've honoured on last Monday's hash than that phony PTL bitch, Tammy Faye, but the REVEREND seems to have a strange religious sexual fantasy regarding her. In fact, a couple years ago Lee Brown faced a serious dilemma in his life--T.V. evangelism or hashing. Luckily, he chose the more honourable of the two.

Lots of recent converts joined with the regular group of parishioners for last week's hash/bible study (our group was even larger than the current group of PTL bankruptcy lawyers). We had nearly made it all the way through the Old Testament when a demented-looking person wearing red polyester and driving a convertible-bound-for-Hell zoomed up. Who was it? Could it have been SATAN ????????

Ominously winning our confidence, he gave us a sermon on the trials and tribulations of finding Heaven (the On-Home), a confession of his latest sin (lying about the trail being low-sock), and then began begging for lifetime monetary donations.

Only a brain-dead hasher (or a Pentecostal) would've remained under his trance after any mention of cash, and the pack quickly departed for the closest of God's tax-exempt

establishments (a Baptist church) to find true hashing religious guidance. Here there was weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth til flour was finally located behind the third pew. From here, Marty Brown pretended to be Moses by leading us past false scripture, "Thou Shalt Not Shortcut", and along the bullrushes to the Red Sea (Buffalo Bayou) which he parted and scampered thru while the rest of us were humbly baptized. A few non-believers (and Non-swimmers) took the ~~hi~~ high dry route--They are all doomed to HELL!

Now, Satan laid many traps to keep us from reaching Heaven. First, he enticed us to many false trails by hanging styro-Tammy tits in the trees, and then he tested our faith with miles of long stretches as hot and boring as Hades itself. Next came a water check (with Tammy herself serving), a walkbridge, a Toys R Us, etc. The weakest in the group gave in to the temptations and abandoned this religious pilgrimage within only the first couple hours, with the rest of us only hoping to reach the beer before last call !

On-On we walked, stumbled, crawled, and prayed our way thru the towns of Sodom and Gomorrah (or was it Hedwig and Spring Valley) finally arriving at Diamond Jim's Bar and Christian bookstore. Here the religious theme still prevailed