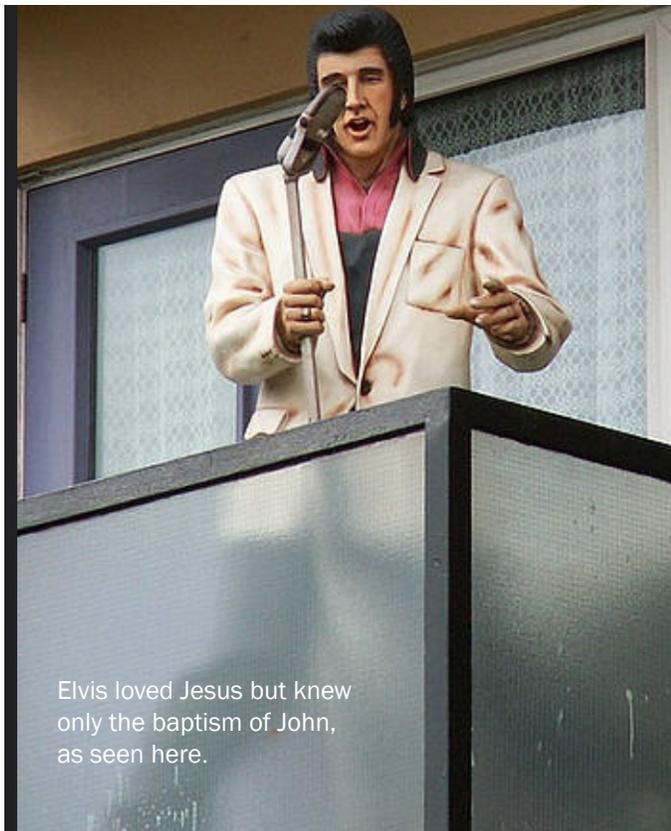




ROMANS Part 136

Chapter 16:3-5

Priscilla, Aquila & Elvis



Elvis loved Jesus but knew only the baptism of John, as seen here.

Greet Prisca and Aquila, my fellow workers in Christ Jesus 4 (who, for the sake of my soul, jeopardize their own necks, whom not only I am thanking, but all the ecclesias of the nations also) 5 and the ecclesia at their house. Greet Elvis, who jeopardized nothing for me and yet who is known as “the King.”

The Concordant Literal New Testament calls the wife of Aquila “Prisca,” but I stomp that out with biker boots and turn a ham over it. “Priscilla” is the diminutive form of “Prisca” and the contrast of the strong and brave actions of Prisca (ugh!) clash like flaming blimps in the New Jersey night with the feminine “Priscilla,” and thus I prefer it. I grew up upon my mommy’s knee knowing of this great tentress (she made tents; I’m talking about Priscilla now, not my mom; my mom made bamboo huts) and believerette (she believed Paul’s evangel; this is *definitely* not my mom, because I am once again speaking of Priscilla).

NOT ENOUGH L’S

I’m into the diminutives and double l’s, especially when it comes to the names of women. If you’re going to end a woman’s name with an “a,” then you better precede it with double l’s—this is what I have always believed and stated to be true, starting in grammar school. (This disposition got me sent to the principal’s office in grade three. The principle was a nun by the name of Sister Mary Margaret Mahoney McDermitt, and she stuck a pencil in my ear—eraser end first—and told me to return to class, only this time to behave myself. I told her that I would “try” but that I wasn’t making “any promises” and that McDermitt should not “hold her breath.”) “Debra” is *okay*, but not as good as “Debriella.” “Gabra” *might* fly, but “Gabriella” soars across the universe with images of broken light which dance before me like a million eyes; they call me on and on across the universe. Thoughts meander like a restless wind inside a letter box; they stumble blindly as they make their way across the universe.

I think you know what I mean.

And so, with Priscilla (rather than the “progressive” and concordant “Prisca”) shall I remain mired in tradition, stuck in a rut, face down upon the institutional

Maginot Line of someone else's making (probably a tentmaker—ha ha, a little tentmaker humor there for you), stretched taut across a hill of war on a sea of rocks disguised as land mines set so as to kill unwary evangelists.

You see, "Prisca" is too masculine for me, whereas "Priscilla" makes the Alps of my soul come alive with the sound of music and Nazi carburetors (or lack thereof!) Besides that, Priscilla glommed onto Paul, married a hardline believer (or maybe she was a hardline believer and Aquila glommed onto *her* as they *both* glommed onto Paul in the letter boxes of their mind, while at the same time straining to stick wooden needles through heavy canvas sheets), and risked her lovely neck for the sake of the evangel and was probably kicked out of church after church after church—all of which so tears the head off the butterfly "Priscilla" that I think she gives Tryphena and Tryphosa a run for their collective money.



THE ELVIS CONNECTION

Besides that, Elvis named his first wife "Priscilla," and then added "Beaulieu" to the end of it as a sort of exclamation mark. Well, why wouldn't he? Elvis knew all about the Bible. He loved the Lord, and so did that famous war hero manager of his—Colonel Tom Parker. After all, did they not call Elvis "the King?" And is not Jesus the King of Kings? All right then. So don't try to tell me that Jesus didn't listen to rock and roll music.

We moderns like to think that we invented everything, and that we possess upon our modern planet the first promontory ever to be called "Blueberry Hill." I believe that it is in the Apocrypha somewhere—read the whole Apocrypha, you'll find it—that George Harrison, when first meeting Elvis at his Bel Air home (Elvis' home, not Georges') in California on a summer night in 1965 with

his other three bandmates, tried to "suss out" (that's charming English for "find out") from one of Elvis' henchmen (or, if you like, one of his "Memphis Mafia") whether or not any of the Mafia "had any reefer."

PRISCILLA'S HAIRDO

Elvis jammed on a bass guitar that day in Bel Air while Paul McCartney had trouble with some of the right-handed guitars. Priscilla made up for everything by happening to be wearing a tiara upon her beehive hairdo that day. Ringo asked her why she wore her hair in a beehive, which is strange to me because Ringo's wife Maureen *also* wore a beehive hairdo. What Ringo *should* have asked Priscilla was (this is only my opinion; I won't be dogmatic about this), "Why are you wearing a *tiara*?" because no woman of that era who was not six years old and into Barbie dolls ever wore such a thing. Nevertheless (not many people know this, but God talks to me), Ringo bought a tiara for his wife Maureen (née Cox) as soon as he got back to Liverpool and Maureen had arrived from the hairdressers on Matthew Street, across the street from the Cavern Club.

Ringo contracted tonsillitis a short time later, so who says that the universe consists of random events?

FAMOUS MENTIONS OF PRISCILLA AND AQUILA IN POPULAR LITERATURE

Priscilla and Aquila are mentioned six times in four different books of the Bible, and once in *TV Guide*. Four references in the Bible, rather than six, mention Aquila and Priscilla, but not Paul. (*TV Guide never* mentions Paul.) Six references, not four, mention Paul without Priscilla and



Aquila (or, should I say, “Aquila and Priscilla”). Out of six thousand references that do *not* refer to either Priscilla *or* Aquila in any order whatsoever, 5,692 of these references leave out Paul entirely but include Elvis. (Paul, remember, couldn’t manage the right hand guitars.) John wrote the Revelation right after penning the words to “Across The Universe” on a supposedly discarded cigarette carton which he mistook for papyri. We are all aware (I think) of the serendipity of John meeting Paul (as well as Peter of “Peter, Paul and Mary” fame) at St. Peter’s church at a garden fete in Woolton, (along with Andrew Lloyd Weber of “Jesus Christ Superstar” fame) and them trying to “suss out” (that’s charming English, remember) whether any of the ecclesia at the home of Mary in Rome had any reefer.

EERILY REMINISCENT OF SAMSON

The Christian Church, beginning with Jesus (the Jesus from Nazareth, *not* the one from Mexico City who was an Olympic boxer and also a cartel boss), had a radical view of the status of women, especially women in beehive hairdos. (Samson once ate honey from a woman with a beehive hairdo; you will find this in the book of Judges; I don’t know the reference; read the whole book of Judges, you’ll find it; this was Samson’s girlfriend and *not* Delilah; Delilah was Samson’s *concubine*. Samson’s girlfriend’s name was Susan. She was the Susan from Sousa, not the Susan from Mexico City. Her father named her after the famous march king John Phillips Sousa—not to be confused with Elvis, who never played a trombone in his life. Buddy Holly wrote a song about Susan from Sousa, which unfortunately was lost to antiquity in an Iowa cornfield on the day the music died.



THE PROBLEM WITH MEN AND WOMEN

Jesus demonstrated that he valued women and men equally. This seems odd to me, seeing as how only women are recorded as kissing and rubbing His feet. Besides that, according to my reckoning, not a single woman ever laid a destroying hand upon Him throughout His entire Passion—not even at the Praetorium. How Jesus did *not* learn to hate men is a testimony to His being the Son of God and being endued with all nine recorded fruits of the spirit and three more fruits, besides, that have either been lost to antiquity (antiquity is famous for losing things) or mistranslated by the Essenes.



Paul of Tarsus and Thomas Jefferson of Virginia both believed that women were made in the image of God. Ben Franklin did not agree with this until he spent six months among the bosoms of Paris. Benjamin Franklin had the gift of gab but not wisdom enough to avoid flying kites during thunderstorms. One of his paramours (and patronesses) in Paris said of him, “Whenever Ben walks across the carpet in his slippers, little sparks fly out of his slippers and I light my cigarettes off of them.”

LUKE INVENTS THE TONGUE DEPRESSOR

Luke the evangelist clearly indicates Priscilla’s “agency and her interdependent relationship with her husband,” which is a strange assertion for a physician who maintained celibacy (tradition has it) all through medical

school. Not many people realize that Luke invented the tongue depressor. He first tried it out on Aquila. Luke told Aquila, “Stick out your tongue.” Aquila suddenly became very nervous and asked if the procedure would harm him in any way. “It *shouldn’t*,” said Luke, which did little to comfort the husband of Priscilla. Aquila said, “Will I be able to play the piano after this procedure?” According to witnesses, Luke became aghast that Aquila could even *think* that Luke could so ignore the Apocryphal Code that he would put Aquila’s piano playing in harm’s way, and so he said, “Of *course* you’ll be able to play the piano” (*italics mine*), at which time Aquila answered, “Well, *that’s* strange, because I could never play the piano *before*.”

ANCIENT MARVELS OF THE PEAT BOG

Priscilla was certainly not Aquila’s property—as was customary in Greco-Roman society—especially if the excavation of the Smith home (Aquila and Priscilla’s last name was “Smith”) and the recovery of several leather and decidedly “alpha female” items of clothing have anything to say about it. (God preserved these items in a peat bog; I almost said “miraculously preserved” there, but we all know that there is nothing miraculous about a peat bog, nor the preservations thereof.) Clearly, the Smiths enjoyed a wonderful partnership in ministry and in marriage, and also in the annals and lore of tentmaking and leather fetish gear.

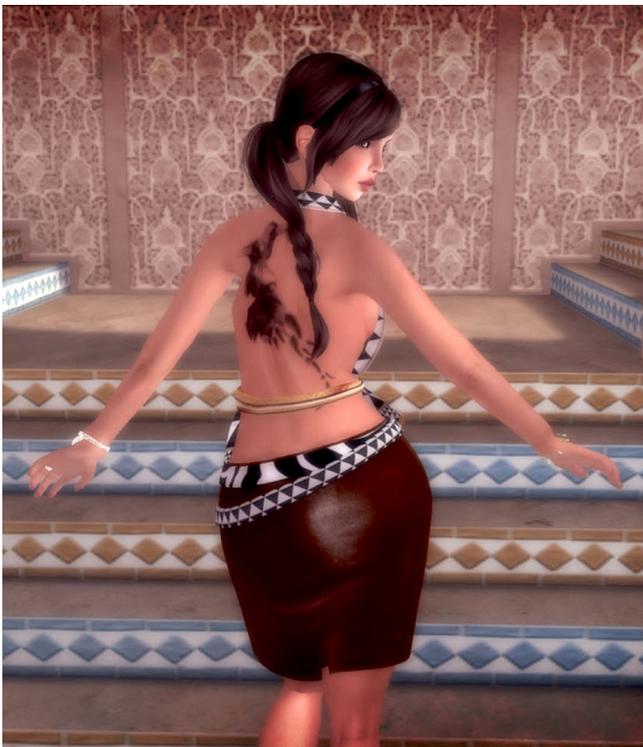


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Legend celebrates Priscilla and Aquila for making 49 tents for the Roman Emperor Claudius in the year ‘49, as written by Suetonius (for whom they made 42 sets of ankle cuffs), who knew *nothing* about either tents *or* the psychology of sexual bondage. (He was a tea-picker from Cyprus). They ended up in Corinth. (Well, of *course* they did; who back then *didn’t*?) Paul lived with Priscilla and Aquila for approximately 18 months and had to step over the peat bog every time he went to the bathroom. Then the couple started out accompanying Paul when he branched out his tent business to Syria (Paul invented the rain fly, Priscilla invented the bivy sack; Aquila invented the cooking vestibule; together, they all invented the waterproof ground cloth), but stopped at Ephesus in the Roman province of Asia because Turkey got in the way.

WHO FOUNDED THE ECCLESIA AT CORINTH?

In 1 Corinthians 16:19, Paul passes on the greetings of Priscilla and Aquila to their friends in Corinth. This means that they all had friends in Corinth. Some theologians have theologized that the trio had no friends at all, but this is contraindicated by the presence of a checker board found in the now infamous peat bog, directly next to a mini-skirt—supposed to be Priscilla’s. Paul included the Smiths in his greetings and his greeting *cards* (none of which have

“Priscilla and Aquila made 49 tents for Caludius in the year ‘49, as recorded by Seutonium, who knew nothing of the psychology of sexual bondage.”

been found, not even by Jane Goodall, who sought desperately for them with a chimpanzee named Sacagawea attached to her hip by a leash), and this implies that Priscilla and Aquila were also involved in the founding of that church. Since 1 Corinthians discusses (in a sneaky little subtext) why Barnabas was such an amiable dunce, a crisis derived when the followers of Apollos (he invented rockets) and the followers of Cephas (he raised and groomed large-headed horses—this was possibly the same Peter surnamed “bar Jonas” who walked on water and beat up his brother Andrew, continually, while roughhousing and practicing every manner of shenanigan as a boy in Nazareth),

accompanied Priscilla and Aquila when they returned to Corinth and got everything wrong about baptism, being schooled only in the baptism of John, who wrote “I Saw Her Standing There” with Paul. This happened before ‘54, when Claudius died from too much asbestos in his clothing (people back then didn’t know that asbestos was bad for the skin), the same year that Elvis moved to Memphis from Tupelo. Also around this time, the expulsion of the Jews from Rome got “lifted” (as writers are wont to say) into the tabloids of the day, so much so that a writer named James “Horned Toad” Bpespos wrote on page 67 (in ‘67) in the infamous *Ancient Women of the Beehive Sect*:

The expulsion of the Jews at this time rises to the summit of public scrutiny like the hot air and fire shot into the balloon at the end of *The Wizard of Oz*, causing this balloon to snap its tethers and abandon sweet Miss Gale (“Dorothy,” to you) to the ways and wiles (same thing) of Glinda, the good witch, formerly of Tupelo.

MARTYRDOM? FORGET IT

Tradition reports (and practically requires) that Aquila and Priscilla were martyred together. Like all traditions, this one is erroneous. The Smiths survived many persecutions. In fact, growing weary of being on the defensive all the time and fending off apostates, they decided to persecute their detractors first, before *they* could be persecuted. (This psychological technique became very popular, especially among the usually reticent Essenes, whom we really can’t picture stoning or burning people, or shooting their enemies through vital organs with arrows, and yet who certainly did these very things, right after copying portions of *Isaiah*). Thus, Aquila and his wife Priscilla (Aquila is always mentioned first in any context referencing the Smith’s killing of other people), burned several otherwise nice people at the stake (“nice” except that they disagreed, theologically, with the Smiths), jailing others, throwing rocks (and I mean *large* rocks) at others, exiling others to Bel Air, where Priscilla’s extended family lived in utter poverty in a split-level home much like that occupied by the Brady Bunch in ‘69, the same year that Caesar exiled John to Patmos.

Some people, even to this day (I’m excepting theologians, naturally), are able to commandeer the great telescope at the Griffith Observatory in the mountains perpendicular and parallel to Los Angeles and the Hollywood sign, and train the telescopes across the basin into the tents of homeless people camped behind the first L (I love double L’s, especially when capitalized) and the Y in the Hollywood sign, which people existed and even thrived in



the spirit and power of Elijah, and in the superior spirit and power of Aquila and Priscilla Smith, who died of old age at the Motion Picture Retirement Home in Ephesus, over three-hundred kills notched upon their collective evangelical belt.

I will trade three Barnabas cards for one Priscilla card, and now you know why. And since I hate cliché’s, you can take *that* to the Memphis (Egypt, not Tennessee) treasury.

Is anyone listening? Do any besides two or three people ever read this series?

Happy New Year. —MZ