



ZWTF

Zapping You Whenever Thoughts Flow

Volume 7, Issue 7

Santa Claus is a big fat f*****g faker.



A believer in Cleveland has encouraged me to make a ten-minute video explaining the evangel to her sister's eight year-old granddaughter. I am going to do it. Fortunately, I still think like an eight year-old, and this is an advantage that distinguishes me from other writers/teachers/evangelists. So this epic charge should not be too difficult for my brain. But first, I would

like to speak to adults about how to raise your children in the evangel, starting from scratch.

The first thing you must do is explain to your children that Santa Claus is a big fat f*****g faker. But actions speak louder than words, do they not? Yes, and so you must go to a mall with your children about a week before Christmas and locate a Santa Claus. This will not be too difficult, as there is a Santa at every mall. Next, walk up to the Santa with your children in tow. Then, with great but calm purpose, grab the beard of the Santa and pull it off. The beard is probably attached by an elastic string, so pull hard. (If the Santa is a man with a real beard, the plan does not change; pull it off.) There may be some elves nearby who will try to stop you. Good. This will further your cause because you can expose the elves immediately after exposing the Santa, but first you must concentrate on exposing the Santa. If the elves bother you, swat them away with a shopping bag. This always works on elves. It should preferably be a shopping bag containing an appliance or, better yet, a load of bricks. The goal is to disable the elves, and you want to hit them with something hard. Elves can be tenacious and you must not be ambiguous about disabling them.

Don't worry about your children crying. The opposite will happen. Your children will admire you for the rest of their lives for this, and this event will become legend. Your children will tell their own children and grandchildren about "that day at the mall," and the story will be relayed every Christmas, with cookies and eggnog. Instead of reading, *T'was The Night Before Christmas*, your progeny will place *their* progeny upon their laps and regale them with the story—the *true* story—of how you exposed the Santa Clause myth and disabled three elves with a blender from Target. The event will have become foundational in introducing your children and grandchildren to the evangel of Paul and establishing them in the truth of God and Jesus Christ—as long as none of them ever attend college. (More on this later.)

THE COMING OF CLAUS

Besides their parents' teaching and demeanor, Santa Claus is a child's first contact with the concept of God. Santa Claus is a mostly-invisible, wholly mysterious being from a faraway place who somehow knows everything about everyone—especially children. He has a list of all the children in the world and he keeps tabs on their behavior. If the kids are nice, things will go well for them. If they're naughty, well—they better watch out.

Here are the lyrics from that delightful little Christmas jingle that makes urine squirt involuntarily from children's bladders. It's called, "Santa Claus is Coming To Town," and it is classically performed by Bing Crosby and the Andrews Sisters—

You better watch out, you better not cry
 You better not pout, I'm telling you why
 Santa Claus is comin' to town.
 He's making a list and checking it twice
 He's gonna find out who's naughty and nice
 Santa Claus is comin' to town
 He sees you when you're sleepin'
 He knows when you're awake
 He knows if you've been bad or good
So be good for goodness sake
 You better watch out, you better not cry
 You better not pout, I'm telling you why
 Santa Claus is comin' to town

Children who assimilate this tune and promptly wet themselves, will then change their pants and proceed to both anticipate and dread the arrival of the omniscient, omnipresent North Polian. They anticipate it because they want to get presents and candy from him; he is their ticket to free merchandise. They dread it because they're never really convinced that they are on the good side of Santa's list. A kid may say to himself, "Well, I'm *mostly* nice," but the kid is not stupid. The kid knows that many naughty thoughts have occurred to him since the previous Christmas. You see, it's not the deeds that so much bother the kid, but the thoughts. Who can escape naughty thoughts?

A particular kid has analyzed the lyrics of the jingle in the privacy of his room to discover that Santa finds out *who's* naughty and nice. He can't get that out of his head. The consequence of this is not lost on him. He calls a fellow eight year-old, Joey, on the phone and says, "Have you looked at this? It's line five. I've analyzed it

every which way to Sunday, and I can't find comfort in it no matter what light I put it in. It doesn't say that Santa Clause finds out who *does* naughty things. It just says that he finds out *who's* naughty. Are you catching that nuance, Joey? Apparently, this guy's cognizance is so razor-sharp and refined that he considers naughty a state of being. *Are you there, Joey?* You don't have to *do* naughty with this guy, you only have to *be* naughty. If this is true, then who can be saved?"

By this time, Joey has peed himself clear into his tennis shoes and can't talk.



ANALOGY FROM HELL

It should be obvious to all that Santa Claus and the Christian god have much in common. They both have white beards; they both know everything—they can read thoughts; they both have lists; they both check their lists more than once (twice, in fact); they both reward good behavior and punish even naughty thoughts.

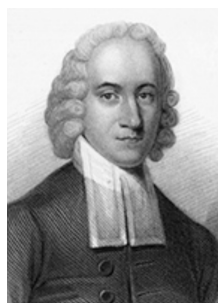
It would be bad enough if Santa merely passed over the homes of naughty children. Picture it: Santa flies overhead, pulled through the night skies by his eight magic reindeer, gazes down at the home of a naughty boy or girl, says, "Nope!" then flicks Donner with his ten-foot bullwhip and lands on the roof of the next good kid. But it's worse than that.

I was told that, while Santa brings tops, dolls, Tinkertoys and BB guns to good boys and girls, he delivers coal to any child failing to make the behavioral grade throughout the year. That's right. Santa is so vindictive and, really, *nasty*, that he actually takes the trouble to stop at the evil kid's house to leave a token of his displeasure: a lump of coal.

Here comes the kid on Christmas morning, hoping beyond hope that he's been more nice than naughty since last winter's solstice. Hoping for a candy cane in the stocking hung with care by his parents, he creeps up to the large red sock to instead find a combustible black or dark brown rock consisting mainly of carbonized plant matter, found mainly in underground deposits and widely used as fuel.

That's nothing. The Christian god, exceeding Santa Claus in power and vindictiveness, uses living human bodies as fuel. The Christian god, with all the resources in the universe at his disposal and the divine imagination to make the best use of them, has devised an even more diabolical way to communicate his displeasure to naughty children. Noted "evangelist" Jonathan Edwards has put it quite nicely in his *Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God*—

Here all judges have a mixture of mercy, but the wrath of God will be poured out upon the wicked without mixture. Imagine yourself to be cast into a fiery oven... and imagine also that your body were to lie there for a quarter of an hour, full of fire, as full within and without as a bright coal fire, all the while full of quick sense;



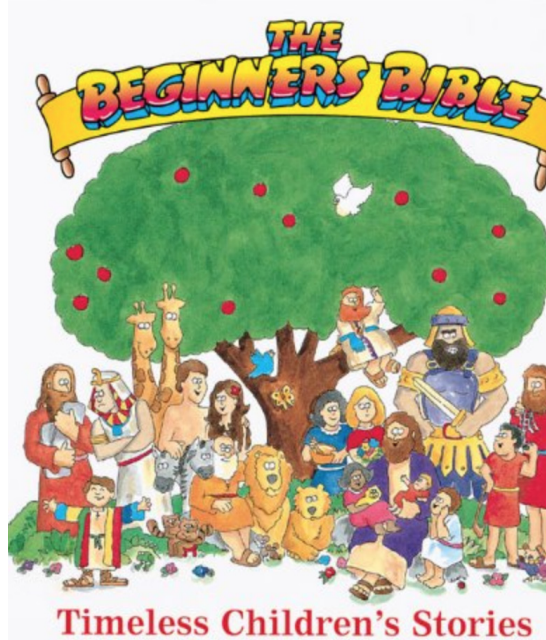
what horror would you feel at the entrance of such a furnace? Oh! Then how would your heart sink if you knew that after millions and millions of ages your torment would be no nearer to an end than ever it was. But your torment in hell will be immensely greater than this illustration represents. The pit is prepared, the fire is made ready,

the furnace is now hot, ready to receive the wicked: the flames do now rage and glow. The God that holds you over the pit of hell, much in the same way as one holds a spider or some loathsome insect, abhors you and is dreadfully provoked...He will trample them beneath His feet with inexpressible fierceness; He will crush their blood out, and will make it fly, so that it will sprinkle His garment and stain all His raiment. You cannot stand before an infuriated tiger even; what then will you do when God rushes against you in all His wrath?"

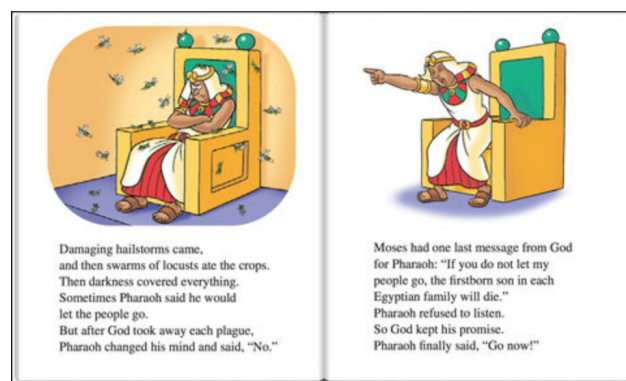
Well, *you better watch out; you better not cry.*

HOW TO OVERCOME IT

After you have exposed Santa Claus at the mall, sit your eight-year old on your lap at all times of the year and read them Bible stories from a source that does not politicize the stories, that is, from a story book that provides no commentary. I used this one for my kids:



I liked this Bible's illustrations. For instance, look how irritated Pharaoh is when God sends to Egypt the plague of locusts:



Distinguish for your eight year-old the difference between Israel and the rest of the world. When you get to the part about God calling Saul on the road to Damascus, point out that God used this terrible sinner to bring a new message of grace to people who weren't Israelites. Tell your eight year-old that the meaning of



grace is that “God is good to everyone now, even if they’re bad.” When your child wonders how that could possibly be, go back to the “Crucifixion of Jesus” part of the book and explain to your child that the reason God loves everyone even if they are naughty is because Jesus Christ took away all the naughty things and the naughty thoughts of everyone. It was a hard thing to do but Jesus did it because He loved everyone, and His Father loved everyone, and His Father wanted Jesus to prove to everyone that He loved them, and so He sent His Son Jesus to a very public and terrible place to take away all the naughty things and thoughts of everyone.

“Jesus Christ came
to take away
everyone’s naughtiness,
and it worked!”

This was very hard for Jesus, because there were so many naughty things and thoughts in the world. This is why Jesus suffered so much on the cross. When your child starts crying about all the terrible things that happened to Jesus, tell him or her not to worry about it because Jesus is alive now and He is very happy because all of His

suffering to take away the badness in the world worked. Tell your child, “Jesus did it! He came to take away everyone’s naughtiness (you can use the word “sin” if you want) and it worked!”

Be sure to include the exclamation points.

CHURCH

When it comes time to take your child to church—don’t do it. Church is where the Santa Clause god is taught—the god who still has a “naughty and nice” list because even though he sent his son to take away the naughtiness (the sin; the badness) of everyone, it didn’t work. “Everyone’s badness is still on to them!” is what you say to your children. “In church, they teach that everyone’s badness is still on them.” (Don’t hesitate repeating it.) Your child will say, “You mean they don’t believe that what Jesus did worked?” And you say, “Nope. That’s right. This is why I don’t take you there. They actually believe that Jesus failed.” Then your child will hug you and say, “Well, thank God that you are a very wise and loving parent.” If you want to, you can add, “At church, they actually believe what Jonathan Edwards taught concerning the fate of most of humanity.” Your child will say, “*Eww*. Jonathan Edwards was *nuts*.” Then you will say, “I know.”

At this time, bake cookies for your household.

GRADE SCHOOL

When your children become old enough to go to public school, don't send them. That's right. At the exact time (late August or September) when other children in the neighborhood are boarding yellow school busses and toting heavy book bags, your children ought to be eating whole-grain oatmeal (Quaker is fine; just not the "quick oats" kind) and listening to you read classic literature. Start with *Swiss Family Robinson* or *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*. You should be putting maps of the world on the wall and showing them where Brazil is. You should be giving them eight peanuts, taking away three, and asking them how many peanuts they have left. You should be telling them why the Roman Empire faltered; it's never too early to find out about that.

Home-school your children, if you can. Public education can't care for your kid; they have to care for dozens of kids, all at the same time. Thus, their main business is riot control rather than education. They must cater to the lowest-common denominator, and the lowest-common denominator is probably pulling some poor girl's hair.



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Which is to say, the teachers in public *or* private schools must accommodate the stupidest, most unruly child. (This is not your child.) Instead of telling kids why the Roman Empire faltered, they're trying to get kids to "be quiet" (it's impossible), to stop hitting other kids (it's possible, but not likely), to stop throwing chalk (do they still have chalkboards in classrooms today?)—and they're conducting "how-to-leave-the-classroom-quickly-with-your-hands-up" drills in case some kid with a gun comes in and starts shooting everyone and the S.W.A.T. team needs to know that no one else is armed.

COLLEGE

In case your kid wants to go to college, do everything you can to discourage it. Rather, encourage your kid to learn a trade. Arrange for your kid to work for people who know stuff and who perform valuable services such as replacing pipe joints, overhauling carburetors, or programming computers. It is true that some jobs require a college degree, at which time such a thing as a college education becomes a necessary evil. College costs a lot of money, and most times students come out of it saddled with terrific debt and no job. See? This is why I told you to go for the job thing right off the bat.

Colleges are known today for indoctrinating students into human philosophy and radical liberalism—sorry if this is a redundancy. The kids come out of there idolizing Che Guevara (Gloria Steinem isn't far behind), and imagining that Bernie Sanders (i.e. Socialism) is the answer to the world's woes. Many will become atheists, which is all the rage. It's even worse if the students take philosophy courses. Philosophy courses mate philosophy *with* philosophy, breeding—guess what?—more philosophy. The apostle Paul thought poorly of it. In Colossians 2:8, our apostle sets philosophy next to empty seduction, like this—

Beware that no one shall be despoiling you through philosophy and empty seduction, in accord with human tradition, in accord with the elements of the world, and not in accord with Christ.

In other words, stay out of public church and public school. To be despoiled is to be robbed of truth by substituting truth with something that isn't truth, namely, error.

Only one person is responsible for your kids' worldly and spiritual education: you.



You may ask, “But Martin. Your parents were very loving people and they raised you on Santa Claus, sent you to a Catholic school at age six, and encouraged you to go to college. See how great you turned out.”

Yes, but I didn’t find truth until I was twenty-five years old. These other things didn’t help me, they stood in my way. You may say, “Yes, but they provided a necessary contrast.” Indeed they did. But it is God’s job to put contrasts in our way, not ours. It is certainly not the job of parents to purposely set out impediments for their children to stumble over and hopefully overcome—in the interest of contrast.

So what is better than coming to a knowledge of the truth at age twenty-five? How about this: coming to the knowledge of the truth at age eight. —MZ

BONUS WRITING: *Adventure in Paris*

They ripped us off in Paris, France, 1978. The place was Montmartre. Our high school French club was in Paris for a week with our crazy French teacher, Ivy Beshai. Montmartre is where the artists of Paris gather to rob Americans. I think Montmartre means “mount of martyrs.” If this is so, then it’s a pretty darn good name for the place.

My classmate Paul and I posed for two artists at the Mount of Martyrs. Artists make lots of money at Montmartre doing this kind of thing, especially to Paul and me.

My artist drew me and then showed me the portrait. It looked like Shemp Howard. I said: “Ce c’est ne moi pas, mais c’est la Shemp Howard.” The artist smiled and said, “Mercil!” He charged me something that sounded to me like three dollars, but that sounded like forty-nine dollars to him.

Paul’s artist finished his portrait and showed it to Paul. It really did look like Paul. For that, Paul was relieved of fifty-five dollars. We whistled in great peace as we rolled up our drawings.

We should not have shown our drawings to our French teacher, the madwoman Ivy Beshai—but we did.

“These drawings are *terrible*,” said Madame Teacher. “Especially yours, Martin!”

“Mer-ce, Beaucups.”

“How much did you pay for these abominations?”

“Five red bills and two green ones.”

“Idiots! These sell for \$2.50 American! We will find these ‘artists!’”

“Please don’t do that,” I begged.

Madame Teacher could not find my artist, thank Dieu. But she did find Paul’s and began screaming at him in French. A policeman, or gendarme, stood by. He ended up revoking the man’s license.

My artist, had he not escaped, may have been shot by a bilingual madwoman with no tolerance for robbers. ■

