

What We Believe...



## Thank You! by Mr. Scratch

Hello, Sixpackers! My name is Mr. Scratch. Well, at least that's what I was called in Benét's *The Devil and Daniel Webster*. That Pretender called Me a liar and murderer, but I kind of like Mr. Scratch better. Anyway, I've taken over Joe Sixpack's column today (and he won't quit whining about it) because I just wanted to take a moment to thank you for all you do. Let me explain.

I've had a hard row to hoe over the eons, but My greatest victory was when I managed to send My Enemy to his death on the cross... well, it *was* My victory until he somehow managed to escape the grave and turned My victory into defeat. But I'm not easily discouraged, and what I've accomplished during the last century has been My greatest work. I have you to thank for it, because I've managed to convince you the Pretender isn't even relevant today. After all, how do you think I've managed to create the current cultural climate anyway?

When that Pretender walked the earth (which belongs to *Me, not him*), he founded the catholic church, which everyone called The Way in those days. The Pretender set up that ignorant fishermen and his successors to speak for him when he went back to his silly kingdom, and with him out of the way all of mankind became easy pickings for Me. I've done a wonderful job of gaining billions of friends since the Pretender left. My greatest feat was about 500 years ago when I split the Pretender's church and came up with Protestantism. (Oh, how I love reminding Luther of that every day!) I managed to get eight million souls in almost one fell swoop then.

My next truly great accomplishment was the post World War II era. Yeah, the war was great, but where I really had My victory was when I was able to attack the traditional family unit in the post war years of materialism. That allowed Me to make marriage disposable, which led to an entire pro-death mentality. But it was always difficult for Me to get to the culturally catholic people... until they got too comfortable in their land of plenty and materialistic ways, placing a far greater emphasis on *things* rather than the Pretender. That was when I was able to use political correctness, radical feminism, the pill, drugs, homosexuality and the free love ways of the '60s to wear you down.

I also managed to use the turmoil of the '60s to make teachers in the Pretender's church believe they were doing a great favor to children by teaching them more about petty garbage like love and equality instead of the greater things the Pretender wanted them to know and believe. And you bought it—hook, line and sinker. Yeah, I've accomplished a lot, and here is a list of things I want to thank you for in your aid to My cause.

- You rejected the Pretender's authority that he established in his church, rightly opting instead for your own opinions over his goofy dogmas. Good job! And I thank you.
- You began taking that stupid mass for granted, and you managed to forget just what it's really all about, so you don't even care whether you attend every Sunday and so-called holy day like the Pretender wants you to. Thank you.
- You stopped believing that the Pretender is really present in that cookie you're supposed to worship. Thank you.

- You've bought in to what I've told you about what is really right and wrong. You have helped Me make the wrong right and the right wrong, thus giving yourselves the sort of moral compass I want you to have. Thank you.
- You have discarded chastity in favor of doing what makes you feel good in the bedroom... or anywhere else you can get away with it without detection. Thanks!
- Modesty? *Heh-heh*. I love the way you dress these days. The more flesh you expose, the more souls I get. I'm loving it. Thank you. (Ladies, keep right on doing what you're doing!)
- Pornography, masturbation, homosexuality, transgenderism, adultery, fornication: you've let Me buy you for all eternity for nothing more than the price of lust. Thank you.
- I must admit failure when it comes to the slaughter of innocent babies. You still buy into the Pretender's rhetoric that it's wrong. So I tricked you on that one. I managed to sell you instead on artificial contraception. You see, all chemical contraceptives are abortifacient, so you're helping me murder millions of babies every year without even realizing ***you're killing your own children—flushing them down the toilet like so much waste. THANK YOU!***
- Using political correctness, I've managed to convince you that you're no better or worse than anyone else, so you commit many wonderful evils for me without a second thought—some big, some little. Because of that you receive the Pretender every week in communion with those evils dripping from your soul, but you never bother to go to confession. I'm loving it. Thank you for solidifying My hold on you.
- I also appreciate the way you show that Pretender so much incredible disrespect by leaving the silly mass right after receiving communion. Not only is that disrespectful, but you manage to let Me own a little bit more of you by not fulfilling your Sunday obligation. I really appreciate your impatience to get out of there, because it's one more mortal sin that allows Me to own you. Thanks.
- One of the biggest favors you do for Me is consistently being the deciding factor in the election of politicians who not only help Me murder babies in the womb, but also help Me to persecute those who still actually serve the Pretender in more ways than just giving him lip service. Thank you! Thank you! Thank you!
- Let's see... what else do you do for Me? Oh, yes! You've decided it's judgmental to say it's wrong for people of the same sex to marry. You just make My job easier and easier. Thank you.
- Your arrogance is what I most appreciate. You convince yourselves that because you've been catholic all your lives or gone to catholic school that you know all there is to know about the Pretender's church and his teachings. *Praise Me, how I love you!* Thanks!
- You catholic husbands and dads are a great encouragement to Me as well. You have abdicated your role as spiritual leaders in your families. Do you have any idea how much easier you make it for Me to destroy the souls of your wives and children? Ooo, I couldn't ask for better allies than you. Thank you.

Since you and I make such a great team in this world I've created in My own image and likeness, I want to ask you to do Me a favor. I'll be forced next week to return this page to Joe Sixpack, and he'll be talking a lot about the things the Pretender wants you to hear. And that stupid guy wearing the weird collar who expects to be called father even though he's a celibate moron will probably tell you to meet him in the confessional. Well, just ignore them. Don't pay the least bit of attention to what they say. I can't do the things I need to do if they win you back from Me, and you know how *good* I make you feel when you do what I want. So pay them no attention whatsoever. Just remember Who loves you enough to make you feel good.

See you later in My realm,

Mr. Scratch