



### The Holy Car

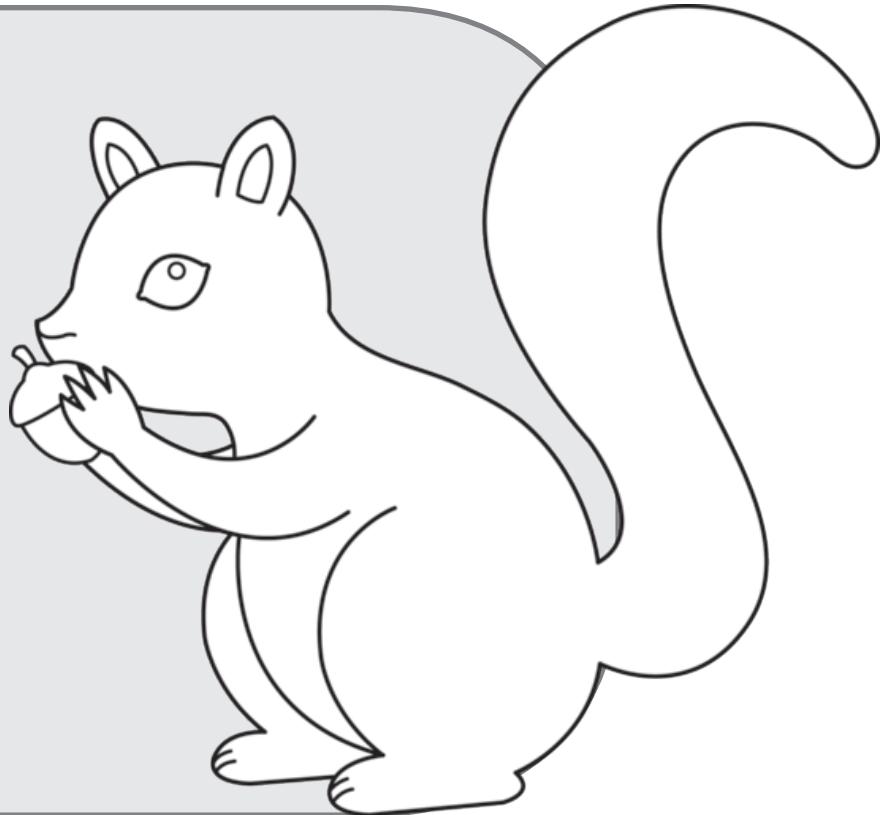
There was a preacher who put up a sign saying "car for sale." A man saw the sign and wanted to buy the car, so he went to the preacher and said, "Hey, I want to buy this car." The man who was selling the car said, "Sure, but there are a few things that you should know before you buy this car.

1. To start it, you have to say 'Hallelujah.'
2. To stop it, you have to say 'Praise the Lord.'"

So the man got in the car and said, "Hallelujah," and set off to pick up his wife from work. He said, "Praise the Lord" when he saw his wife, and "Hallelujah" when she got in the car. Everything was going fine until the car had to stop for a garbage truck. The man shouted, "Praise the Lord," and his church going wife shouted, "Hallelujah!"

### Squirrels in Church

Squirrels were invading the local Churches. The other ministers did not want to harm them so they used traps and took them back to the forest, only to find them back at Church the next day. After a great deal of prayer, an old, wise priest came up with a great way to make sure they would not return. The priest baptized the squirrels and registered them as members of the Church. Now, they only see them at Christmas and Easter.

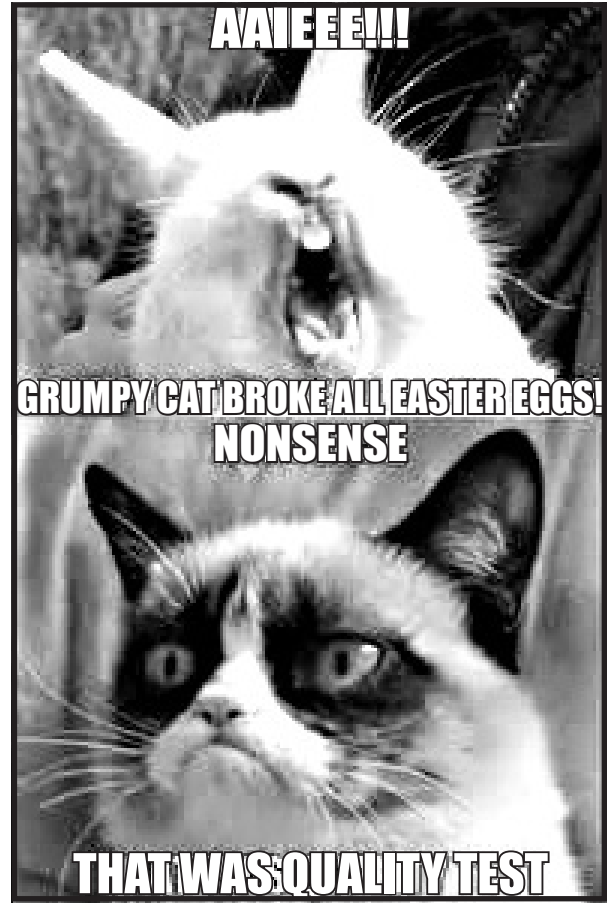




# EASTER BUNNY

HE IS REAL!

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AAIEEE!!!

GRUMPY CAT BROKE ALL EASTER EGGS!  
NONSENSE

THAT WAS QUALITY TEST

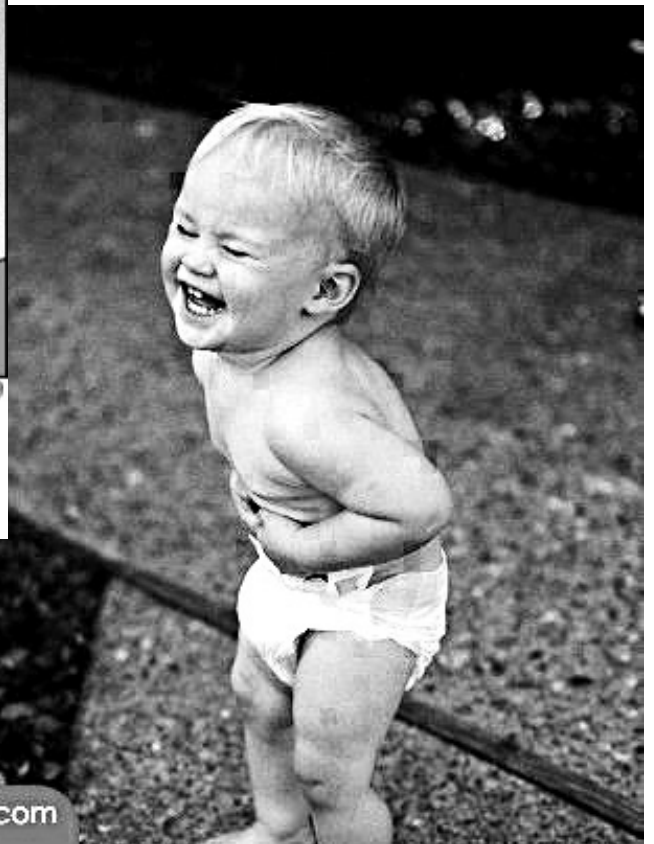
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(See Matthew 14:14-21)

03-13-2009

YES I COULD MAKE FIVE THOUSAND OF THOSE,  
BUT A FEW FISH AND SOME BREAD MIGHT BE A  
BETTER OPTION



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## EASTER SUNDAY SERMON FOR APRIL 5TH

Ricky Young and I were the best of friends in the 5th grade. We were the misfits. Ricky was severely addicted to Coca-Cola. He drank at least 18 little green bottles every day. He spent most of his time taking odd jobs to earn money for his pop habit. I struggled to fit in but failed. Ricky was cool. He looked like the Fonz from Happy Days, right down to his leather coat. I was a dumpy kid with big ears who couldn't catch a ball to save my life. Ricky liked me because he said I made him laugh. I liked Ricky because he was the only one who liked me. So we hung out together. Sometimes I helped him cut grass so he could buy his pop. Other times, he taught me how to swing a bat or catch a baseball. He was great at sports, but work took up all his time.

Ricky and I attended Our Lady of Peace Religion School in Conway, Pennsylvania, where we both lived. One Easter, our Church had a contest to see who could build the most creative symbol of our faith. Ricky knew I wanted to do this, but I doubted my ability to do anything. He said to me, "Hey, Mike, you're going to do this and you're gonna win and I'm gonna help." Ricky and I decided to build a complete church altar. We made a little tabernacle out of cardboard painted gold. Birthday candles made nice altar candles. He glued together wood scraps to form the altar. Mom gave me some nice linen cloth scraps to cover the altar. It took us many days to make it, working every night after school.

I'll never forget that Saturday morning. Kids brought forth things like crosses and little cups for chalices and Neco Candy Wafers with painted crosses to make them look like Communion Hosts. Then, it was our turn. We put the altar in a box. The teacher said, "Michael, open the box and show what you have done." The wooden altar was heavy, so Ricky and I lifted it out together. The teacher just stared in amazement, saying softly, "It's so beautiful." She asked, "Which one of you did this?" Ricky jumped in, "Mike did it." Ricky refused to take any credit. He shot me a look like, "Don't you dare say anything." So I kept my mouth shut, knowing Ricky really deserved the credit.

The teacher immediately declared me the winner. That day, I won the esteem of all my classmates. They finally accepted me, instead of making fun of me. I was no longer different, but now one of them. A picture of that altar was taken and appeared in the *Beaver County Times*.

I asked Ricky why he refused to take any credit. Sucking down another Coca-Cola he said, "Mike, you're a good guy and you deserve better. Maybe now the kids will like you the way I do." I shook his hand. It was very clammy. He was sweating profusely even though it was not hot. Soon after this, Ricky went into renal failure and died at 12 years of age. I always wondered if his case-a-day drinking of Coca-Cola did him in. I was the altar boy at his funeral.

I will never forget what Ricky did for me that day. When I was trapped in a tomb of loneliness and doubt, Ricky Young rolled away the stone. He set me free. Easter reminds us that there are a lot of people who are still entombed in sadness, despair, addiction, loneliness, and sickness. Love them. Care for them. Roll away their stones. Set them free. Every year, I go back to Our Lady of Peace Church in Conway. Ricky's name is engraved on a small square piece of brass right near the front door. Every year, I touch his name with my finger and say a little prayer. My Easter Faith says that I will live after death. I will see him again. I fully intend to look him up and say, "Thanks." Now go out and start rolling away stones. Happy Easter.