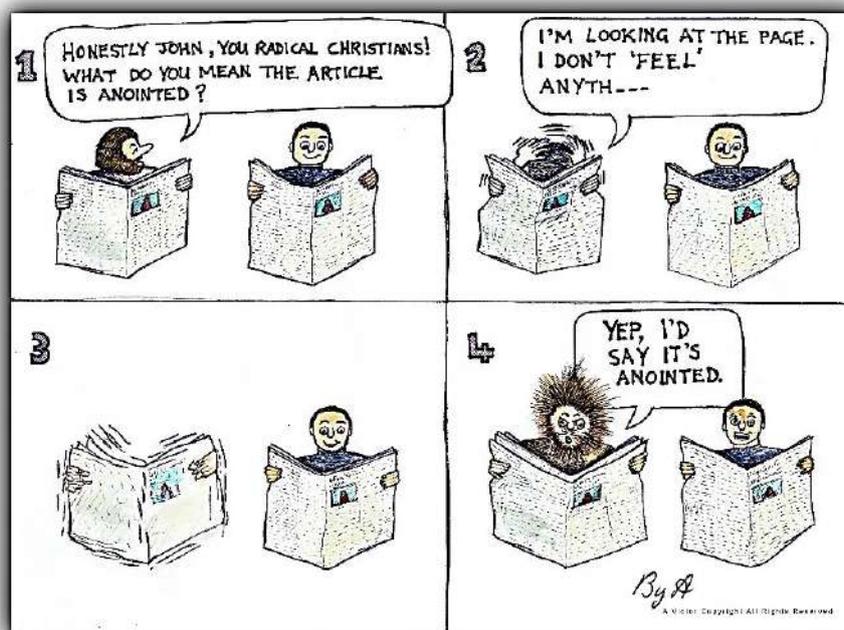


“Yep, that’s anointed!”



It all began with the cartoons...

I drew these cartoons for fun as rapid line sketches, then tucked them away. Time passed, I took them out, coloured them, and they appeared in our teaching newsletters. ‘Yep, that’s anointed’ was the promo. The cartoons added colourful, zany humour to make readers smile - and think.

Take ‘Minefield of Life’, I did it two ways. Serious for our seminars, and the other for laughs. Same message – choosing to walk through life with God guiding us keeps us safe. Both are in the book. Which do you like more? Me? I always smile with the funny one. And humour can make us think and remember – that’s how our brains are wired.

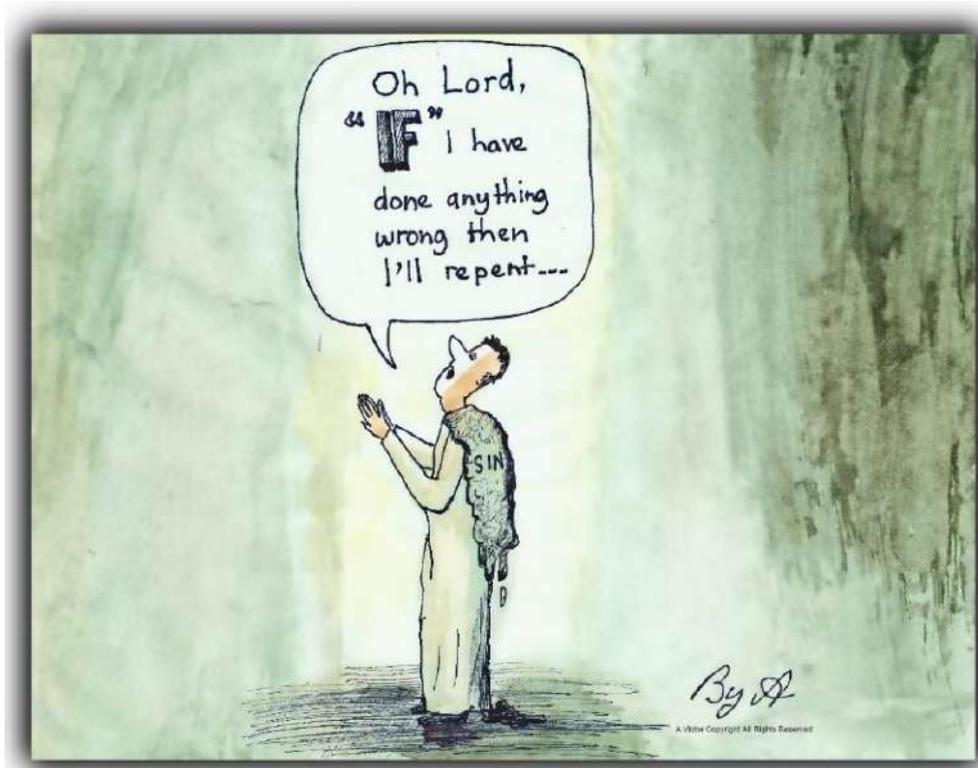
After they appeared once, I tucked them away again. Then, we thought, “Put them in a book for everyone to keep on enjoying them!” Great! I handpicked each one for this collection. Some because they were funny, some because they said something special and some because I loved the wild, loose artwork.

To go with each one, I wrote a quirky, short story. Surprise! They, too, grew into a special collection. There’s fiction, like ‘Robin Good’ and ‘Doughnut Devil’, dramatisation like ‘Ordinary Joe’, history or legend with added humour like ‘Thunder and Lightning’. ‘An unexpected lesson’ was a real-life musician – using Bubba Mordecai Fowler added the smiles. ‘Where there’s smoke’ is as it happened, and ‘The Kingdom of the Chickens’? It’s one of my theology teachings! Like my cartoons, most stories are funny, some serious, and there are special messages - all are among my favourites. Whether you love cartoons, short stories or both, you’ll be smiling and thinking as you turn the pages. Enjoy!”

A

A Victor

“If I sinned...”



Sin-o-matic Super Shocker Plus

“Sorry, I’m late!” said Lulu, out of breath. “The buses were running late, ungh!”

Chrissie was bursting to talk. “Saw the funniest advert last night. This shouty man, he’s hollering, like this. ‘Introducing the ‘Sin-o-matic Super Shocker Plus’. Get this, Lu. Now, every time you say a lie, you can enjoy an electric shock. Soon, your lying will be a thing of the past. Yes, the ‘Sin-o-matic Super Shocker Plus’ - yours at our low, low, low promo price, today only. The ‘Sin-o-matic Super Shocker Plus’ yours for just six monthly payments! Ah, ha, ha, ha, oh, oh me, shocking, uh, huh ha.” She was doubled over. “Oh, phew. Ha! Who’d be stupid enough to pay money for that!”

“Can’t image, ungh!”

“You okay, Lu?”

“Why would you ask? Why would anything not be fine? Never felt better, ungh.”

“Been meaning to ask, how was that opera you went to? Any good?”

“Oh, it was wonderful uuungh!”

“No, Lu, what’s going on?”

“I don’t. I..”

“Oh, my Christmas Pudding, Lu! You bought one!”

"I, I... I think it zaps me every time I lie, and even when I just think of something I lied about."

"You mean, like the time you said, 'if I hurt your feelings, I'm sorry?'"

"UUUUHHHHNNNNNNNNG."

"Just us honest folk."



The importance of being Frank

"Ah, Franco's home," said Raphaëlle, relieved, peering through the glass panel in the door. Her young brother was watching television. She'd forgotten her key and had expected a long wait; instead, she'd be inside in moments.

DING-DONG-DING -DONG. Franco remained motionless, his gaze fixed, trance-like to the screen. He looked like a store mannequin; he was that still. Raphaëlle waited patiently, then rang again.

DING-DONG-DING-DONG. Franco ignored the bell. He didn't even glance towards the door. He continued staring at the show. His sister heard cowboys shooting at each other - bang-bang, bang-bang-bang, horses whinnied, hooves galloped. Franco would have heard the loud door chime. "He's doing this on purpose," she noted with annoyance.

DING-DONG-DING-DONG. Begrudgingly, Franco rose and slouched to the front door. Raphaëlle glared pointedly.

"I didn't hear you, Raph, until you rang the third time." Instantly, he saw his error and braced for the wrath of Rath.

"That little liar!" she said to herself later, If he declared, 'I, Franco, am a liar.' Who'd believe him?" True, he soon learned that no one believed him, no one trusted him, no one entrusted him with anything. A painful lesson.

Years pass, Franco's grown and grown up. He's working as the manager of an accounts department. His phone rings, he picks up, "Accounts, Frank speaking." He mutes the phone. "Sir, it's Bill Owens for you."

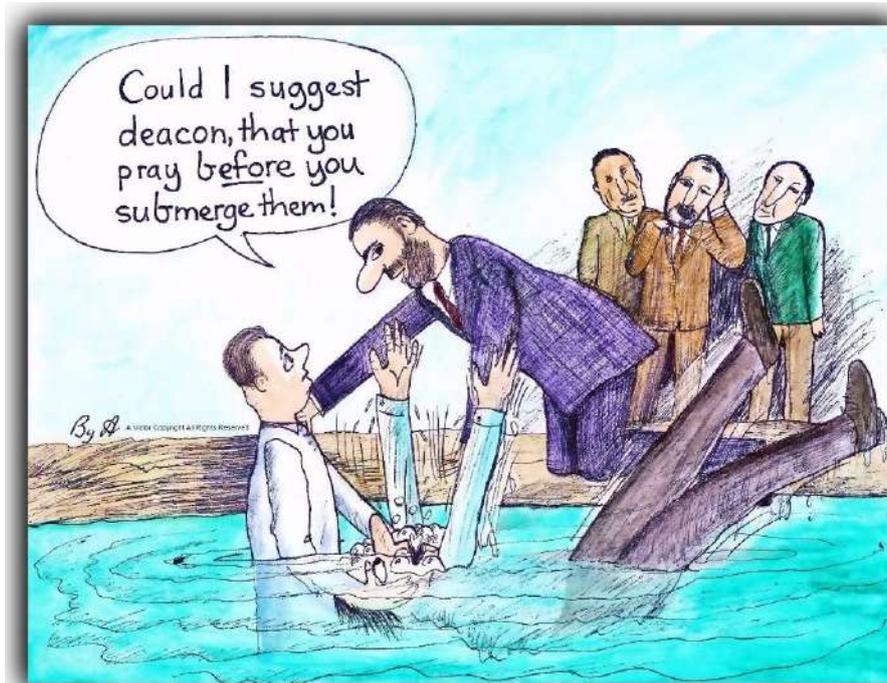
"Oh, tell him I'm not in." Frank thrusts the phone into his boss's hand. "You tell him."

His boss takes the call, glaring furiously at Frank. He can't wait to finish so he can tear into his accountant. "Good speaking with you, Bill, bye." He turns savagely to Frank, "What in blazes do you think you were doing?"

Frank replied calmly, "If I'd lied, then how would you ever trust that I was telling you the truth about your business?"

His boss left fuming. After cooling down, he realised how valuable it was having an accountant he could fully trust. As for Frank, being frank wasn't easy. It sometimes costs dearly. But, as an accountant, he always looked at the bottom line - honesty was a credit.

Pray before submerging



Fools everywhere!

On a bright, sunny Saturday morning, my partner and I, along with our senior Bible School students, have gathered, all dressed as clowns. What a motley troupe we make with our painted faces and costumes. We're going to reach out to people, and we're ready to hit the streets! The big question in our minds was this: would our students be able to apply their biblical training, perform a mime as clowns and effectively

reach people? We'd soon see. Prayer had saturated the preparations for this day - no matter how skilful our students would be, it's all about God touching hearts.

It's funny watching people react to clowns. Many smiled, most wondered what was going on, a shopkeeper almost fainted thinking we were holding up the shop and relaxed when we just bought goodies. The colourful spectacle attracted onlookers who watched with curiosity as our students presented the 'Good News' in mime.

There's a stirring in the crowd and a heavy presence of God. Hearts are being touched by God, and clowns are ready to reach out to each one of them. In the midst of the mime unfolding, people start running towards our team, spread out in the crowd - clowns! They ask for prayer for themselves, family, friends, and want to know more. Little clusters of people hear about God's love and find healing and newfound freedom.

I'll never forget what happened next. A man who's tottering along, totally drunk, is about to have an extraordinary encounter with God. He staggers towards the drama and right into the powerful presence of God. He stops in his tracks. As he watches the message unfold, he's deeply touched by God. With tears streaming down his face, he asks for prayer, saying that he'd known God but moved away and had become addicted to alcohol.

My partner tells him to wait as the pastor will come now and will pray for him. He crouches, crumpled up, weeping, head bowed, with his hands over his eyes.

One of our seniors brings me across, saying, "The pastor is here." He looks up and does a double-take. He's staring, boggled, at my white, clown face. There in front of him stood the pastor, dressed as a clown in his pastel outfit!

He pours out his story, and we pray for him. Instantly, the power of God floods into him. "I felt bonds, like ropes that had been around me breaking." He gave his life to God. "I'm not drunk anymore," he said, astonished. He was stone-cold sober. One moment, he was dead drunk, the next fully sober. God had touched him and was drawing him into a relationship - and many others, too. All this because we were willing to be 'fools for God'.

Read more here...

Did I FORGET to tell YOU?

<https://www.amazon.co.uk/dp/B09L4S3G6N>

