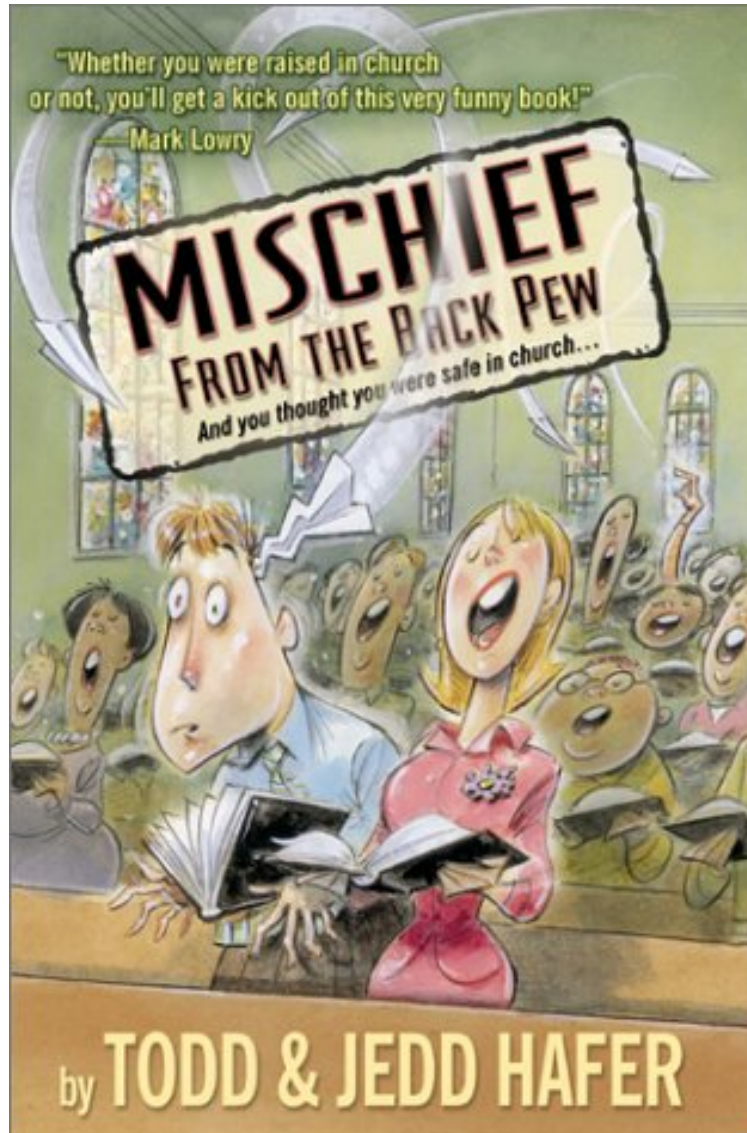


Mischief from the Back Pew

Todd Hafer, Jedd Hafer

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Todd Hafer, Jedd Hafer : Mischief from the Back Pew before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Mischief from the Back Pew:

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Four StarsBy CustomerVery funny0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Fun readBy Eileen M. OhearneMy daughter had read Hafer's first book (Snickers...) and loved it so much we had to find Mischief for her. She really enjoyed the stories.5 of 5 people found the following review helpful. Funny Stuff!By A CustomerI enjoyed the "prequel" to this book, Snickers from the Front Pew, and this new one is just

as funny, if not funnier. It's great to read "Christian" humor that doesn't try so hard to have some kind of spiritual application. That's not to say that the authors don't make some great points. But they do it in a way that fits within the framework of the stories they tell or the comedic monologues they do. And, while some serious books have "comic relief," this one has occasional "serious relief," such as the moving tribute to Rich Mullins. If you're looking for genuine humor from a "Christian" book, get into Mischief!

When sincere church-going Christians start to take themselves too seriously, Todd Hafer and Jedd Hafer come to the rescue. They unfailingly see the funny side of life, which they've observed during Sunday morning coffee hour, overheard at Christian concerts, and participated in during prayer gatherings. Just when readers are laughing the hardest, they'll find a "gotcha!" as the Hafers good-naturedly point out the foibles common in church life.

"I often laughed until tears were rolling down my face...I recommend to readers of all faiths." -- Bookloons.com
"Very cool rants, very funny rants... read it, love it, and laugh at it." -- Citizen USA, Nov. 2003
About the Author
Todd Hafer, a veteran writer with fifteen books published, is editorial director for Hallmark, Inc., and lives with his family in Kansas. ----- Jedd Hafer is a stand-up comic who has performed with some of the top comics in the nation and is the director of a home for troubled teens. Jedd and his family make their home in Colorado.
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Sunday Morning at the Improv
Sometimes we like to sit down with our dad and discuss the differences between our careers. He is a pastor. We are comedians/humorists (Jedd at major comedy clubs nationwide, Todd at car wash openings and "celebrity roasts" for assistant managers at local fast-food outlets). Dad tells us that he sometimes envies the comedy club atmosphere—the energy, and the fact that you usually get lots of free popcorn. He's often fantasized about showing up for open-mike night at a comedy club, billed as "The Reverend of Revelry" or "The Vicar of Snickers." Dad's fantasy got us wondering: What would church be like if it were run like a comedy club? ... [Booming voice of head deacon/elder] "Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to Buffalo Baptist Church! Please keep your pew conversations low and your spirituality high, because it's time to be holy and happy! (And please observe the two-offering minimum.) "You all know our feature act for this morning. You've seen him at Wednesday Night Bible Study and the weekly Elders' Meeting. And you've probably seen him mowing the church lawn in sandals, black socks, and powder-blue polyester shorts. Let's give it up for The Minister of Mirth—The Reverend Delllllll Haaaaaaa-fer!" [Rocking intro music by organist] "Helloooooo, Buffalo! How is everybody doing this morning? Let me tell you, it's good to be here. And hey, let's give it up for Florence "Backbeat" Schneider on the organ! By the way, Florence, Elton John called. He wants his suit back! Hey, just kiddin', Flo! I love ya! Wow, it's great to see my four sons in the congregation today. And to think that some pastors have only ONE pair of loafers! "Okay, then. Enough about the usual suspects. Any people here from out of town? "You all know our feature act for this morning. You've seen him mowing the church lawn in sandals, black socks, and powder-blue polyester shorts." "Great—the family in the front row. Where are you folks from? Texas, eh. Well, let me make you feel at home: Burrrrrrr! [loud belch] Nah, really, I'm just kidding. It's great to have you here. You know, I just got back in town myself. I was at a district meeting for the Northwestern Baptist Convention. Boy, talk about a room full of stiffs! At first I thought I'd made a mistake and gone to the Arthritis Convention! Let me tell you, these people make Al Gore look like Little Richard! "It was interesting, though—there was another convention in town the same week. It was a gathering of the Christian Men Without Thumbs. Anyway, they took a vote and everyone agreed—Amy Grant is definitely an '8.' "Hey, are you people awake? [pounds on mike] Is this thing on? Are you an audience or an oil painting? Ha-ha-ha! Don't make me come down there and 'smite thee'! Anyway, I've been reading my Bible, and how about those Israelites, huh? You know why they wandered for forty years in the wilderness? All the men were too stubborn to stop and ask for directions! Am I right, ladies? Can I get a witness? And speaking of Israelites, that Moses was an interesting character, wasn't he? I can just imagine him arguing with his wife: 'Honey, why must I make all the sacrifices in this family?' "Hey, look, I see a family just sliding into the back pew. Can I get you folks anything ... like a watch?! "I have to tell you, I love this church. It's a lot better than the one I grew up in. What a strict, fear-filled church. They had a sign on their lawn that said 'BEWARE OF GOD.' You want to talk uptight? The stair railings were made of OVER-wrought iron! And those people believed in giving till it hurts. Unfortunately for our pastor, they had a very low pain tolerance. Oh, somebody stop me! "Hey, you've been great! But I see it's almost time for the elders' meeting. You don't want to cross those guys. They make Clint Eastwood look like Mister Rogers. This is a group of guys who never saw a horse so dead that it didn't deserve one more good beating! Ha! Just kidding. I love you guys. Really. Thanks for helping me make money the old-fashioned way. My salary is the same as it was back in 1968! "So, anyway, you've been a great congregation—thank you very much! Remember, I'm here every weekend—two shows, 8:30 and 11 a.m. Okay, I'm outta here! Good morning, everybody!"