

The Gospel of Woke

The Archbishop of Canterbury has *taken the knee* to show his support for Black Lives Matter, and his predecessor Rowan Williams – sporting a snazzy anti-Covid mask - last month joined a march through central London organised by those well-known defacers of public buildings and holders-up of the traffic, Extinction Rebellion. Clearly then, Anglican Christian Soldiers are marching to trendier tunes. So now the famous carol will be retitled *Christians Awoke*. Surely, we are approaching the day when the gospel will have to be rewritten to reflect our more diverse, inclusive and thoroughly enlightened times...

“And it came to pass that she that is called Ms Latest Thing went unto the region round about Oxford Street, and behold her groupies were with her, And when she was set, she began to teach them all things concerning role models, saying,

“A certain absent father which dwelleth in Camden had two sons. And the younger of them besought his mother and said, ‘Give me the portion of goods that falleth to me that I may go unto Brighton and get like totally wrecked and commit fornication with every thing that moveth, irrespective of race or gender.’

“And his mother answereth and saith, ‘Be it unto thee even as thou desirest me.’

“And not many days hence, the younger brother gathered all his clobber and took his journey even unto Brighton where he did get like totally wrecked and did fornicate with everything that moveth, whether man, woman or beast or creeping thing that creepeth over the sands on a completely non-discriminatory basis.

“And when he had spent all, behold there happeneth a downturn in the bond market and he was cleaned out exceedingly, so that he went and dossed with them that do doss, even with the druggies, the alcys and them that were two sandwiches short of a miraculous picnic, being like totally out of it on the meths and that which in their language is called *crack*.

“And he would feign have filled his belly with the remnants of the junk food cartons which the jobbos and the oiks do cast down all over the ***** place. And none in that town would render unto him even so much as the cellophane off his ciabatta, neither the aroma of his flat white.

“And when he came to himself, he rose up and saith, ‘How many au pairs and cleaning ladies in my mother’s house in Camden have ciabatta and guacamole enough and to spare, and I faint with the druggies, the alcys and them that be two sandwiches short of the miraculous picnic? Behold, I am purposed what I shall do. I will arise and return unto my old lady and say unto her, Mum, I have screwed-up bigtime and am no more worthy to be a sprog of thine. I beseech thee, make me as one of thy cleaning ladies or even like unto one of the au pairs in thine household with the which, peradventure, mine elder brother doth fornicate all the daytime and in the night season also.’

“And he arose and hitcheth along the A23 until he cometh to the Saarf Circular Road, whence he taketh shanks pony even unto Camden. But while he was yet a great way off, behold his elder brother seeth him and saith unto his old lady, ‘Behold that ***** waster’s back – him that buggareth off unto Brighton and getteth like totally wrecked these many months and fornicateth with everything that moveth and discriminateth not with respect unto race or gender.’

“But his old lady saith, ‘Bring hither the designer clobber and put it on him and bring hither the Giant Pizza that is gluten-free. And let there be a disco and other noisome filth. For this my boy had gone

forth and asserted his own identity and distanced himself from the narrow confines of the nuclear family. And now he returneth a mature person in his own right and fizzing with self-esteem'

"But lo, the hired servant said unto her, 'Behold, there be no Giant Pizza that is gluten-free, Thou must remember, thou silly old sod, that we scoffed it last Lady Diana Day.'

"And the old lady cried with a loud voice and saith, 'Thou hast spoken rightly. What the hell was I thinking about!'

"And she commandeth that they bring forth the nut roast and the rocket salad. And with one accord they got like totally out of it. Now his elder brother was on the patio smoking a joint, and didst hear the noisome filth of the disco. And he calleth one of the au pairs and enquired of her what manner of salutation this might be. And she saith unto him, 'C'est le pillock thy kid frere qui est retrouve, comme apres il screweth around tous les mois sans discrimination – hommes, femmes, betes et les escargots a Brighton et tous les points sud.'

"But he was wroth and would not enter the noisome filth that continueth all bloody night. Therefore, came out unto him his old lady and upbraided him saying. 'Sulk thou not, thou anal-retentive prat! For thou hast never ventured forth but one night on the piss, neither hast thou discovered for thyself thine self-esteem. Do thou come in and let it all hang out, for thy brother was anal-retentive even as thou art. But behold, he findeth his image and hath become a role model, a celeb and an icon.'

"Then he entereth in, even unto the noisome filth and behold they were all with one accord like totally wasted."

"This is the Gospel of Woke."

