

THE GREAT WENCHOSTER BIBLE

Mark 1: 1-8

1. The beginning of the gospel of Jesus Christ, the Son of God. I, Mark, am the first to have written all this down. Other accounts may be produced but this is truly the beginning of the gospel.. The Prologue, wouldn't you know. So let's keep things short. I said short. Honestly!
2. I do not claim originality in everything I record, for sources that are best left unnamed (or given a single letter) were lying around, but that's neither here nor there. Now. Where was I? Ah yes, the prologue. It came to pass that it is written in the prophets (Isaiah, I think), Behold, I send my messenger before thy face, who will get in thy face, and which shall prepare thy way before thee.
3. Oh yes, he was a bit of a soothsayer. Such drama! The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Woe, woe and thrice woe. Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight, for my map is incomplete and the way is wandering. Don't laugh! No!
4. And let's get this serious bit out of the way. John did baptize in the wilderness, and preach the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins amongst other things.
5. And there went out unto him all the land of Judaea (well, maybe that's a bit of an exaggeration but there were several special day trips laid on and a couple of swimming excursions of which quite a lot of residents of Jerusalem took advantage), and were all baptized of him in the river of Jordan, confessing their sins. Which was highly irregular, but nobody really cared, and it did take a bit of time. Honestly, those city people! Now stop that! But I digress. Ah yes.
6. And John was a bit weird for he was clothed with camel's hair (unwashed), and with a girdle of a skin about his loins that did not clasp properly and did frighten the maidens and quite a few others; and he did eat locusts and wild honey even though there were numerous stalls and booths that did sell lamb kebabs and fresh pitta breads;
7. And he preached – well, I say preached. It was more of a dramatic speech really. Standing on the Jordan's bank crying and announcing, There cometh one mightier than I after me, the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to stoop down and unloose, nor whose cloak I am worthy to fasten, nor whose breeches I am worthy to press with an hot iron. Well, he was like that, you see.
8. I indeed have baptized you with water - yes, madam, and you - in the river when I pushed your head and shoulders under the stream and did apply soap and moisturiser: but he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost whose influence shall last longer than a brief immersion. Ooh look – here comes the Master now! Greetings!