

“Holy Inappropriate”
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At rise, MARY JO (female-identifying, open age, open ethnicity) is addressing a crowd of conservative Christian young ladies. She is modestly attired and the epitome of bonhomie.

Good morning, young ladies. Welcome to the first annual Pure and Simple Conference! Woo! I’m Mary Jo Genesis, and I’ll be leading today’s first breakout session, The Birds and the Believers. So many disciples at my disposal. Not even Mr. Christ’s crucifixion attracted a crowd this colossal. I see each of you is wearing her virgini-tee as required, with its promotion of celibacy as desired. Seeing the words *Cel Me More, Cel Me More* printed across each chaste chest, I’ve got chills—they’re purifying and I’m oozing control. *Self-control.*

Ignorantly blissful and blissfully indoctrinated, and content with your mission in life: *submission*, you can’t wait to create a family—nay, an army—for God. But you will wait. Not only that; you will throw your *wait* around. During the waiting period, you may find yourselves thrust into lust. These feelings you’re experiencing are not unlike personal goals and higher education: they must be passionately denied. This is where self-control comes in. Along with self...something else. According to Proverbs 31:13, a virtuous woman worketh willingly with her hands. That verse calls us to use faith-friendly fibers in the construction of our modest attire. Taking the characteristics of a virtuous woman out of context—taking anything in the Good Book out of context—is...something we do religiously, so it’s all hunky-dory.

If you are willing to work with your hands, as Jesus commands, waiting can be tolerable, pleasurable. Preferable. That’s because a baby is not a female’s only bundle of joy. She also has one generously applied to the exterior of her reproductive organs. It is called Clitoris. Repeat after me: *clit-or-is. This*, not creation, is our creator’s most perfect design. Like you girls, Clitoris has a servant’s heart: each and every one of its nerves serves the sole purpose of enabling you to experience the rapture righteously and regularly, thank God. (*prayerfully*) Thank you, God. Those unsaved unbelievers don’t call us Biblical Cliteralists for nothing.

Inside your swag bag is a rudimentary replica of Clitoris in the form of a pom-pom ball. Let’s expedite its excavation, for upon location, you will embark on your very first pilgrimage to exultation. Where there’s lubrication, there’s liberation! Well? What are you waiting for? If Jesus can turn water into wine, we can turn ignorance into bliss. Because the gospel truth, girls, is that the Second Coming belongs to Christ, but the first coming belongs to you!