

A PSALM FOR THE MODERN TELEVISION PREACHER

The Lord is my meal ticket; I shall not starve.
 He alloweth me to lie outrageously on TV;
 He leadeth me beside the rich and powerful.
 He restoreth my ratings.
 He helpeth me to sell cheap merchandise in His name's sake.
 Yea, though I owe a bundle to the I.R.S., I will fear no audit:
 For Thy tax shelters and Thy tax exemption, they protect me.
 Thou preparest a platform for me to spew bigotry in the presence of mine viewers; Thou swellest my head with ego; my bankbook runneth over.
 Surely power and money shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in my house on Easy Street for ever.

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