

the young person's guide to:

CHRISTIANITY™

by
Father R. Thomas Stanley

Edited by
J. Bear

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For all the little sinners....

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Foreword

After the unparalleled success of my revolutionary self-help book: *Denianetics 3.0*, I set out with two simple goals:

1. To expand upon its icebergial genius. To delve beyond the barely exposed tip of Un-motivational theory, and to bring to light some of the larger mysteries of Sedentology, hidden far below the murky surface.
2. To win a long-standing \$5 bet with the Duke by finally using a lame-ass iceberg metaphor in one of my books.

I daresay, I was well on my way. Really. My only thoughts were to make a quick buck on a hastily scribbled sequel, and then jet off to Aruba -- hopefully, finally, putting an end to the countless e-mails that bombarded me daily. Each one clamoring for more of my deep personal insights, more of my heartfelt introspection, more of my very Soul. Their ignorance and greed for the Truth were almost maddening.

But then one fateful day, during an extended rain delay of a Cubs-Cardinals game, I decided to sit down and actually read one of those e-mails. It was amazing! Oh, I don't mean the writing itself, which reflected a fourth-grade competency. At best. And I don't mean the message contained within, which smacked of the homespun wisdom that I hoped Cable Television had permanently wiped from the face of the Earth.

No, it was amazing in an altogether other way. The way a pro-life advocate goes on a killing spree at a women's health clinic. The way a pilgrim travels 300 miles for a glimpse of a divine footprint left on an

unemployed auto mechanic's half-eaten burrito. The way a castrated dog will still sometimes hump your leg, though it has no idea why.

The misspelled rantings of this wonderful innocent, this savantless idiot -- whose I.Q. is no doubt surpassed only by the number of whiskey shots he consumes on any given afternoon -- truly inspired me. And, although I cannot recall his name, and I've had his e-mails permanently blocked from my server, I will never forget him. Because he got it all so terribly wrong.

I was astounded. He had read *Denianetics* in its entirety and he had somehow managed to miss every single point. It had to be a record. And the more I read of his e-mail, the more I wanted to read. It was like watching a train wreck, an overturned semi, and a celebrity murder trial -- all crammed together on Ground Zero to witness the public beheading of an acapella boyband. I felt uncomfortable looking on, yet I could not look away. And I soon realized that the only lucid parts of his message were those that included the words: *Repent*, *Shotgun*, or *God*.

God.... In one form or another, I just can't seem to avoid Him. In writing *Denianetics*, I had intentionally avoided this topic as much as possible. It is, after all, the very best way to get one's self shot, or tied to the back of a pick-up truck for a leisurely Sunday morning drive. And yet, I am still confronted daily with questions about Sedentology as dogma, and Denianetics as a religious cult:

- *"How does God fit into Sedentology?"*
- *"So, what? Do I just go to both churches? I don't get it."*
- *"How can I be Un-motivated and still be a Christian?"*
- *"Do you know what it feels like to have a red-hot poker jammed up your ass, you blaspheming peckerwood?"*

I just can't shake Him. The fact that Denianetics is not a religion doesn't seem to matter. The fact that Sedentology is not a church doesn't faze them. The fact that Un-motivation is no more of a theological doctrine than Weight Watchers simply does not compute. It seems that my avoidance of the issue may have been a mistake.

But exactly whom, or what then, is this *God*? I had thought the answer would be easy enough to discover. After all, I've heard the name a

million times. I've received death-threats from plenty of his friends. And in my town there's a church every forty-seven yards. But surprisingly, God is a tough guy to put a finger on. Every time I asked someone about Him, I received a completely different response. God, it seems, is a bit of a mystery.

The more I searched, the more confused I became. And I decided that I must learn more about this supernatural phenomenon. *What is it? How does it work? Can anyone use it? Or, does it require special training?* The questions were spinning around my head faster than I could keep up with. I had to find the answers. But how?

I spent the next year of my life trying to solve this very dilemma. Unfortunately, the answers I sought continued to elude me, and were apparently not to be found down at the pub, the O.T.B, or on late night Cinemax. So, for lack of an easier path, I reluctantly turned to Education. I was determined to learn about this God -- to see what makes Him tick -- if I was to find out what all the hoopla is about. Alas, my Un-motivational mindset foiled my attempts. Research, it turns out, takes a lot of effort.

But I muddled on. I had to. I owed it to my fans, to my readers, but most importantly, to myself. Religion is not a part of Sedentology, but neither is Fascism. Far be it from me to blindly dictate or denounce anyone's spiritual convictions or beliefs, no matter how ridiculous they might be. I had to seek out the Truth. And the results of my extensive researcher are here, in this *Young Person's Guide to Christianity*.

FUN FACT: My choice of Christianity as this book's focus in no way implies that it is the One True Faith, or that any other faith is somehow less deserving. It's simply that, due to my own upbringing, Christianity is the religion I am most familiar with, and I believe that the lessons we can learn here transcend any one doctrine. Besides, you never want to piss off the Muslims. Some of those guys are nuts.

For those of you already familiar with my work, it should quickly become apparent that I did not write the main text of this book. That honor goes to Father R. Thomas Stanley, a retired priest I met in an Internet chat room.

FUN FACT: It should be noted that “Father R. Thomas Stanley” is merely a pseudonym designed to protect the identity of my actual source. If there really is a Father R. Thomas Stanley out there, we ask that you please accept our deepest apologies, as this is merely an unhappy coincidence. We in no way intended you any slight or disrespect. We also respectfully ask that you please stop molesting children, you sick twist. Thank you.

Father Stanley is currently on a forced sabbatical in a federal institution for some ~~indiscretions with a minor~~ minor indiscretions, and he may also be under the mistaken impression that I am a nine-year-old altar boy from Toledo. Nevertheless, he was more than eager to help young people gain a better understanding of both God and Christianity.

But once his letters began to arrive, I discovered that I had no business even trying to write this book. Everything I wanted to say, Fr. Stanley had already said a hundred times better. All I had to do was organize his thoughts and edit out all the erroneous sexual advances. Granted, that took some doing, but I think the results more than speak for themselves.

Sadly, due to his “sabbatical” status, Fr. Stanley cannot legally profit from this book in any way. So, in lieu of financial reward, I offer him my most sincere thanks for his valuable time and effort. I, of course, will still be jetting off to Aruba.

I give you now the uncensored words of Father Stanley...

J.Bear