

## YOUNGER BROTHER

They say it's great to have an older brother

Someone to stand up for you, teach you about life, and be your best friend

But it's no blessing when the older brother is Jesus.

You might think he'd be a terrific role model

But he never taught me anything practical or did any fun things with me

And all he ever wanted to talk about was love

Love thy neighbour, honour thy mother and father, blah, blah, blah.

I never learned anything about girls from him because he never talked about them  
or brought any home.

He never showed me how to defend myself and throw a punch.

If a bully picked on me, he wouldn't go after him; he would just quietly tell me to  
turn the other cheek.

Then he'd say "Forgive them; they know not what they do".

If someone stole one of my toys, instead of getting it back for me, he'd say  
something like "They will answer for all their deeds on Judgment Day".

He had an answer for everything.

Meanwhile, I'm out a wooden sword.

But worse than his passiveness and his spiritual blabbering was the fact that he was hardly ever there for me,

Always off doing his own thing.

And talk about your over-achievers – healing the sick, performing miracles.

Mom was always asking why couldn't I be more like Jesus.

“He's such a good boy.”

“We can't all walk on water,” I replied.

“Don't be flippant,” she'd tell me.

“There are plenty of things you can do.”

She certainly had faith.

Once when I told her I couldn't change water into wine (like he did), she said I wasn't trying hard enough.

He was always the family favourite

Even when he was born and those three wise men showed up with gifts.

No one came with gifts when I was born.

And if I hear that story about Immaculate Conception one more time, I'm gonna kill myself.

Things were a little better when he wasn't around  
But Mom and Dad were no help to me in a crisis.  
Whenever I had a problem and I wanted their help,  
They'd just tell me to ask myself, "What would Jesus do?"

He was always the golden boy who could do no wrong  
Even when he formed a gang and started roaming the streets  
Mom and Dad still adored him.

"He's spreading the word of God," they said.

"I'd do that, too," I replied, "if anyone would listen to me."

But they weren't listening.

I swear if I ever have kids, I will *never* have a second child

If the first one turns out to be the son of God.