



October 9, 2009

Dear Friends:

TWEET HEART

After offending a few of the "Saints" in the process, I felt I had said enough about our favorite time-wasting sink hole, the Facebook fad. As I said, I understood the kid fascination but still remain firmly unimpressed with the dubious Glamour Shot Gang and the Gossip Gaggles. So, I was just going to quietly go my way until someone asked if they could tweet me. At first I said I was already married but it was then explained that tweeting is supposed to be the latest hip style of electronic communication.

Now we have Twitter, 2K's Mood Ring, Pet Rock and Hoola Hoop all in one!

With a limit of 140 characters per message, this New Age version of the two cans and a string walkie talkie is a texting service that is intended for brief messages. It has been said that guys will have no trouble with the word limit since they only use about 35% of the words the girls use anyway. But that is a story for another day.

More than email, the tweeting craze seems to encourage a preponderance of bad spelling and butchered syntax. No twits left behind. OMG! Itz 2 gd 2 b tru! LOL!

Using the technology, newsgroups give the headlines, swarming advertisers can crank out product promotions and entertainers, with low level staffer posers actually pushing the buttons, keep you posted on their every thoughts and whims. Just think, us lowly serfs can now be best buddies with the rich and famous! Lord Oprah has nearly 3 million "followers" signed up and Louisiana's Queen, Britney Spears, has 3.5 million. Even the preachers are thumbing for a ride on this dirt road part of the information highway.

And as far as the preachers go, I feel you could/should use it if it is under the heading of exhorting and edifying but from what I've seen from some of them, like Britney, the daft Hilton girl and some of our other brilliant social statesmen; it is just a self serving and indulgent mess of pottage. It is not a problem that you have the ability to contact a friend but here everybody gets invited in. I just wonder why it is so important, in an ongoing billboard scroll, to keep your "every word that proceedeth" posted. Feel important yet?

Really, just how narcissistic must someone be to think that their rapt followers actually care that they ate a hamburger or went to the bathroom? Line after useless line of Me-Me-Me from some self appointed profit prophet that reeks, "Honor me, my ministry is hot and I'm oh so-o-o cool!"

Then there was the young "leader" whose target group influence group is between 16 and 24, texting about the day he was spending with his hot wife. Text this...TMI, Grow up Junior!

My question is, why can't some of the holy hot shots just keep the compulsive, "I'm so special, I just have to yak, I'm loving me some great enchiladas right now", stuff muted? We don't wanna live through you!

How much good could really happen if some of them decided to use the tool to bless and build up God's people? My point is, if we're going to use the technology, why can't we just be sane about it? Just a novel thought.

However, there is something else you need to know. It seems that this is really not a new phenomenon, after all. I have recently come into possession of some very ancient, original Tweet Manuscripts that were just found in a cave near Jerusalem and I thought I'd share a few with you. Perhaps they can be tools to build your faith...

ADAM: Honestly, I just woke up and there she was

EVE: I don't care if he is the only man on earth

NOAH'S WIFE: My house smells like a barn

NOAH: My joints hurt today, think rain's coming

ABRAHAM: You know, Sarah is looking quite cute today

MOSES: This will make a great movie

JOB: Anybody got any Campho Phenique?

DAVID: I danced till my robe feel off

DAVID: God, I'm sorry

DAVID: The Lord is my Shepherd

MARY: You won't believe what just happened

JOSEPH: You won't believe what she just told me

MATTHEW: I'm from the government and I'm here to help you

ZACCHAEAS: Man, I feel ten feet tall

PETER: Fools, I'm surrounded by fools

THOMAS: I doubt it

JUDAS: I got some money 'cause I just got paid

PAUL: These Philippian jails always have the worst Wi-Fi

JESUS: It Is Finished

And so am I.

LUV 2 MY BFFL,

Michael

