

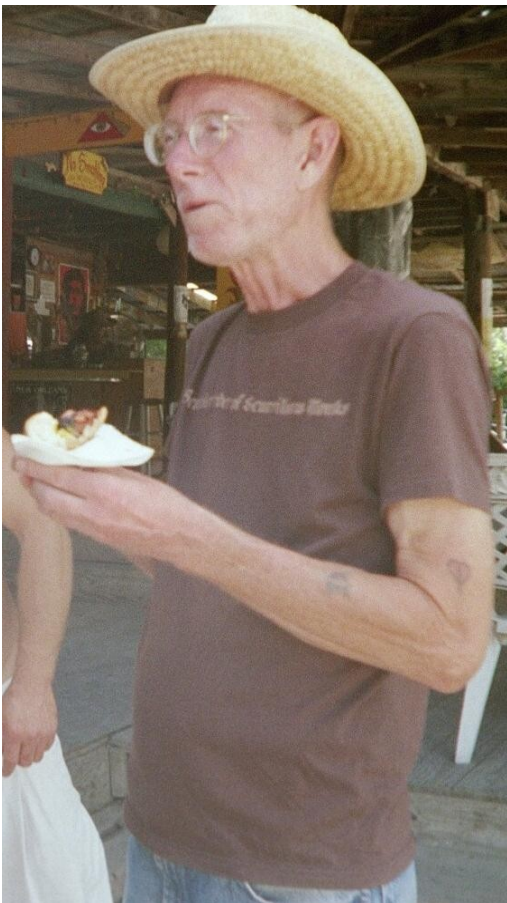
The Benevolent Order of Scurrilious Monks

Abbot's Report

Winter Solstice, 2008

Brother Francis Talks with God!!

Brother Francis (David Doyle) has helped many of us with our electrical problems over the years. This November, he was doing some electrical work for Brother Dona (Dona Carter) in Toon Town. He had turned off the main power switch on the electrical box but since he had not gone so far as to remove the electrical meter, there was still some electricity in there. As he was cleaning some crap out of the box with a screwdriver, some of that electricity jumped from the terminal where it belonged into the screwdriver where it



most certainly did not belong. It made a buzzing, arcing noise (early reports said an explosion) that could be heard from one end of Toon Town to the other. According to Brother Francis, "Everything started moving in slow motion. I saw a bright light near the

screwdriver that was about the size of a golf ball. Then it grew into the size of a softball and it kept growing until my body was entirely engulfed by bright white light and then I saw God." Sparks flew, igniting pine needles on the ground. Brother Francis was knocked down onto his bony little butt. The plastic handle of the screwdriver had melted in his hand. His face was badly burned and if he had not been wearing his glasses, he would have been blinded. His glasses were destroyed. While frantic rennies were running about screaming and crying, Brother Francis retained his composure. He picked himself up and walked to his van to get a fire extinguisher to put out the fires. Then he walked back to his van to get a shovel to put out the rest of the fires. In spite of his strenuous objections, he was finally loaded into an ambulance and he left Toon Town with the lights flashing and the sirens screaming. When he arrived at the hospital, he told anyone who would listen, "I don't have any money and I don't expect to have any money any time in the future. Anything you do for me, you'll be doing for free." Ultimately, his rennie R.E.S.C.U. representative, Jo Dixon, picked up the tab and (we hope) saw to it that he got a new pair of glasses. Our Abbot tried to get Brother Francis to write this story, hoping for a better description of our Heavenly Father, but Brother Francis, eternally humble and modest, declined. Here are excerpts from a recent Email from Brother Francis: *The report of my death was an exaggeration. I'll leave the rennie rumors and stories uncorrected to serve as fodder for story tellers and writers of song, poetry, novels, etc. I thank all who sent their love and hopes, wishes, intentions for my well being out to the universe. And, I thank everyone who assisted with material support during my recovery--the Monks of TRF and individual rennies. Also thanks to RESCU for assistance with finances and in dealing with the medical community. I've just exited Toon Town - am on my way to Arizona. Happy Holidays to all - whichever holidays each observes!!! Brother Francis* By the way, Brother Francis is the Benevolent Order's official astrologer and he is predicting that 2011 will be a year of chaos.

Thou Shalt Not Kill

Our Abbot is a disgruntled veteran and he is annoyed by all things military. Local police departments all over our nation are beginning to look more and more like storm troopers. We are tired of seeing adrenaline addled S.W.A.T. teams knocking down doors and waving guns around when a little old lady politely knocking would do just as well. We are tired of seeing more than half of our national budget going to the defense department. We squander more money on our military than all of the other industrialized nations combined. It is no wonder that our health and educational systems are substandard



and that our economy is in shambles. Andy Rooney, the *Sixty Minutes* sage and prophet said, "Somebody ought to start a religion based on world peace." Our Abbot is raising his hand and saying, "it's me." Somewhere, we have to draw a line that must not be crossed. Let's keep it simple. Here it is: we shouldn't kill people. Everybody has a piece of the puzzle.

Ras Brother Poppa Gets His Throat Slit!

Our Abbot was mightily impressed when he first met Ras Brother Poppa (Jerry Lee) at the Georgia Renaissance Faire twenty years ago. At the time, he was the leader of a performing company of Rainbow Gypsies and he was the only guy in the campground with three monkeys and a full sized hot tub. He went on to own several games and businesses at renaissance faires throughout the country. He was also, along with Brother-Can-You-Spare-a-Dime and Brother Oh, Brother, one of the three founding Brothers of the Blue Moon Monastery in Alachua, Florida. He has been spending the past few winters in Costa Rica. This summer, Ras Poppa came down with a nasty case of throat cancer. He underwent a regimen of

chemotherapy in Florida and finally ended up having surgery. The doctors think that they removed most of the cancer and after recovering for a while at the Florida monastery, Ras Brother Poppa returned to Costa Rica. Remaining steadfastly loyal to a major tobacco company, he continues to smoke a pack or two a day. No one can accuse him of being a quitter.



This picture, sent to us by Ras Poppa's brother, Jim Lee, shows Brother Can-You-Spare-a-Dime, (Ray St. Louis) Brother Oh, Brother (David Ballard) and Ras Brother Poppa (Jerry Lee) holding a monastic conclave at the Blue Moon Monastery in Florida. If you look closely, you might be able to see part of Ras Poppa's scar that stretches nearly from one ear to the other.

Fun on Facebook

Facebook is a social networking site on the Internet. Its a way for people to keep in touch with their friends without having to contact them individually, or at all, for that matter. The Benevolent Order of Scurrilious Monks has a group on Facebook. The group is open to Monks only. If you would like to join, you need to go to www.facebook.com to set up a Facebook account. Then you need to ask Brother Costello (David Roe) to be your Facebook friend. Our Abbot is planning to send a lot of Email invitations to join Facebook sometime around the end of the year. No one is under any obligation to join. If you don't want to open a Facebook account, simply ignore the invitation.

The days of paper *Abbot's Reports* will have to end sooner or later. The logistics become more difficult every time we appoint new Monks. If you are amongst the 25% of Monks who have not yet taken the daunting

step of buying a computer, we urge you to bite the bullet and get one soon. Its getting to the point where the advantages are starting to outweigh the inevitable difficulties. The darned things are disposable. You can pick used ones up for free.

Welcome to the Club

The process for appointing new monks remains shrouded in mystery. Although it is a source of great joy for some, we should remember that it is a source of pique and sorrow for many others. This is why it happens so infrequently. Please try to be considerate of those not chosen. There are many reasons why people are excluded. Usually, its just a silly oversight. Sometimes, there are personality clashes. A few have been excluded because we were unable to find their contact information. As a general rule, spouses and business partners of Monks are excluded. When we have trouble deciding, sometimes we wait to see what's going to happen. In order to minimize the public celebrations and the consequential feelings of rejection, we are appointing new Monks now in the dead of winter so that most people won't even notice. So, with a minimum of hoopla, we hereby announce the appointment of the following people as Scurrilious Monks. It looks like the total is now 97 living and 5 on the other side. Congratulations or condolences (whichever is more appropriate) to our newest Brothers:

- Bret Blackshear
- Gabriel Quirk
- Chris Arnold
- Julie Mondin
- Jim Hancock
- Gordon Boudreau
- Cindy Wexler
- Mitch Cohen
- Al Craig
- Owl Morrison
- David Epley
- Di Taylor
- Danielle Dupont
- Sean Poole
- Keridwyn Hershberger
- Maria Jones
- Fred Ledden
- John Osborne
- Jim Nelson

What Does This All Mean?

Its not as bad as you think. The Benevolent Order is a registered 501(c)(3) non profit religious organization. Some of us have been Monks for thirty years and its never done any of us much harm. As you may have already noticed, we host Weenie Roasts. Every one of you is now privileged to be able to host his or her own Benevolent Order of Scurrilious Monks Weenie Roast any time, any place. In addition, every Scurrilious Monk is welcome to have a Side Order of Friars. Every Monk has sovereignty over his or her Side Order and each may appoint or recruit as many or as few Friars as he or she likes. You'll also have another choice to make. Each Monk gets to choose a Holy Name. We strongly suggest that it start with "Brother..." And as if all of that were not enough, each of us has the opportunity to be a part of a phenomenon that we expect to live on for hundreds of years longer than any one of us. We hope to create monasteries adjacent to renaissance faires where we can spend our golden years among good company--people who may have some vague notion of what we're talking about when we ramble on about the old days. We wish to build big stone buildings that will last long enough so that Scurrilious Monks of the 22nd century will still be able to travel from one faire to another without having to drive old school buses or pull big camping trailers. Visualize clean, comfortable monasteries where rennies can live with conveniences that are almost like those that people on TV enjoy. Brother Geek (Joni Massengale) has just sent our Abbot some Computer Aided Design software. There is simply no stopping us now. We'll need everything from barns to theaters. From living quarters to television studios. From automotive shops to restaurants. From RV hookups to sports arenas. We are all presented with a remarkable opportunity to create something magnificent and the grander our plan, the more likely it is that we will be able to find funding for it. We are operating on the theory that its easier to get a grant for ten million dollars than it is to get one for ten thousand dollars. Everyone thinks in terms of hundreds of billions and trillions now. Millions are just petty cash.





Bret Blackshear



Gabriel Quirk



Chris Arnold



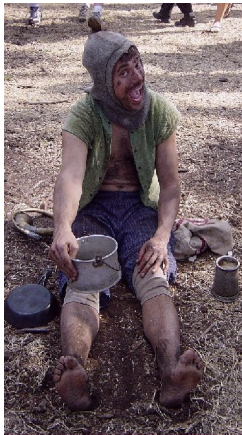
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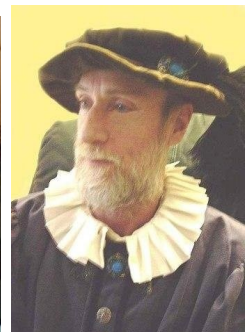
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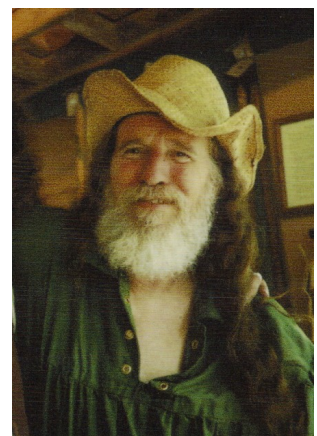
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