



Smells in Joppa

The story of Acts 10:1-48 retold as if in a conversation between a local resident and a visitor

Now Joppa's a seaside resort,
A wonderful place for a stay;
But be careful not to get caught
At the southern end of the bay.

You see, that's a tannery site;
You know what a stench that can make.
Though Simon the Tanner's alright,
The smell there would spoil any break.

Now Simon's a pretty nice chap -
I met him last week by the green;
He's quite a good bloke for a chat,
But keep a few metres between.

He's one of those Nazarenes now.
He told me what they did last month:
Their top preacher – Peter - came down
And went round to Simon's for lunch.

These Nazarenes should take more care -
If Peter's the best of the bunch,
What caused them to send him round there,
Where the smell would ruin his lunch?

There's more to the story it seems,
For Peter went up on the roof,
Where he fell asleep and had dreams
Of creatures with claw and with hoof.

We know that the Law has fixed rules
On what's bad to eat and what's best;
But these dreams gave Peter new views
That primed him for what happened next.

Just then came a knock at the gate;
Some gentiles asked Peter to come
To follow them home and relate
The gospel to soldiers from Rome.

He went, and they heeded his word;
So now they are Nazarenes too.
Soon they'll take this faith round the world
And teach it to goodness knows who.

I smell something bad about this
(And please don't think me untoward)
These heretics could put at risk
Our monopoly on our God.