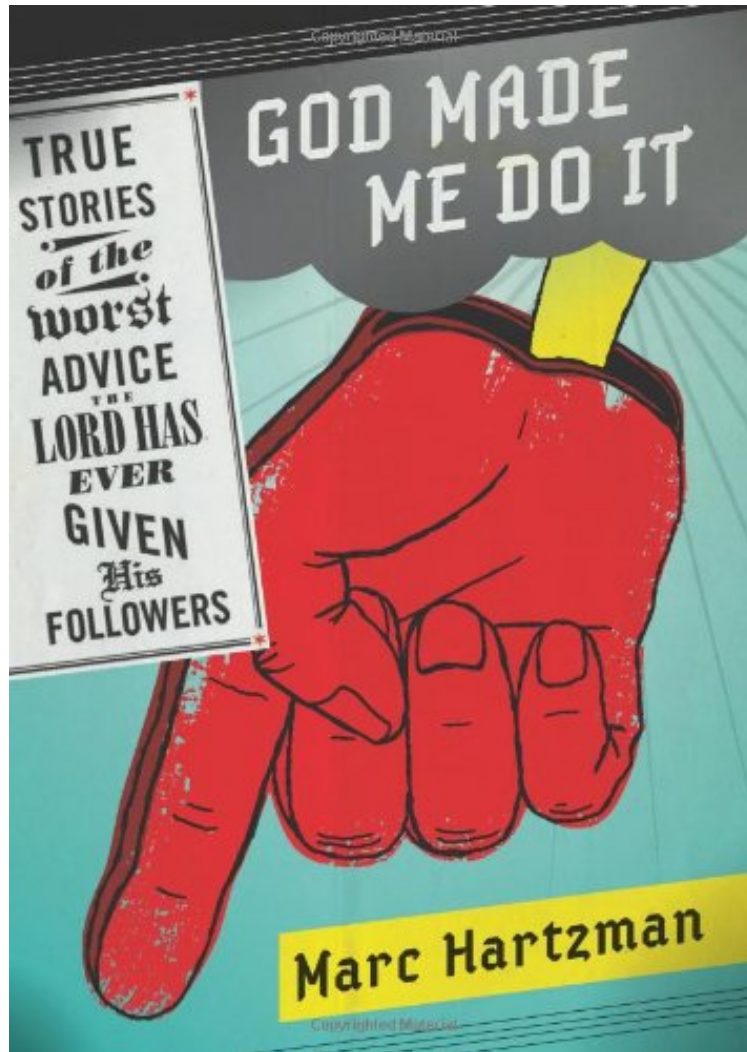


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God Made Me Do It: True Stories of the Worst Advice the Lord Has Ever Given His Followers

Marc Hartzman

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Marc Hartzman : God Made Me Do It: True Stories of the Worst Advice the Lord Has Ever Given His Followers before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised God Made Me Do It: True Stories of the Worst Advice the Lord Has Ever Given His Followers:

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Funny super short storiesBy Kittie AldakkourThese stories really didn't have much follow through and some were only a couple of paragraphs long... really a compilation of all the dumb stuff people professed to do in the name of their belief system. Some of the stories dated way back in time as

well... It wasn't what I thought it was going to be. There were a few laughs.0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Good for a few smilesBy Linda M. CampbellPart of a silly gift basket.2 of 2 people found the following review helpful. stupidity for goodness sake!By Hilary HudginsThe things people do in the name of god are RIDICULOUS. This is a hilarious curation of some of the most asinine "God told me to" tales out there. Loved them all!!!!Aaand, hope it's not wrong that these wrongdoers were my bathroom book for a while. Thanks for so many laughs in one place, Marc Hartzman!

Does God, in His infinite wisdom, convince people to get rid of their car insurance? Does He encourage cannibalism? Does the God of more than six billion people actually have time to root for the Minnesota Vikings? According to some, yes. How do they know? God told them. Luckily, God also told Marc Hartzman to write this book, a collection of the most shocking, absurd, and hilarious things people have ever claimed God asked them to do, and to present them for your pure reading enjoyment. Including: The man that God told to perform surgery on himself God's generous offer to miraculously fill his believer's gas tank The fateful day God (assumedly feeling nostalgic for his teen years) asked a man to TP a police station The woman God instructed to direct traffic—topless And, sadly, many more

"A dash of morbidity and a good helping of irony - biblically speaking, it sounds like something God would find funny." - The Boston Phoenix"The phrase "God told me to" is an excuse people offer for all sorts of behavior from harmless pranks to horrendous crimes. It also is the punch line for the funny tales in "God Made Me Do It: True Stories of the Worst Advice the Lord Has Ever Given His Followers" (Sourcebooks). Author Marc Hartzman is an advertising writer who has produced books about circus sideshow performers and bizarre items sold on eBay. In this new book, his affinity for the zany extends to an entertaining cast of characters, including Bob, who built a life-size Jesus out of toothpicks" - Boston.com"No one likes taking responsibility for idiotic decisions, but Bizarre writer, Hartzman, proves the deluded won't think twice about putting God in the frame. Killing the wife over dirty dishes, invading Iraq, and DIY operations have all been laid at the big man's door. The moral of the story? It's all His fault. " - Bizarre Magazine About the AuthorAccording to ABCnews.com, Marc Hartzman is "one of America's leading connoisseurs of the bizarre." He is the author of American Sideshow: An Encyclopedia of History's Most Wondrous and Curiously Strange Performers and Found on eBay: 101 Genuinely Bizarre Items From the World's Online Yard Sale. He lives in New York, NY.Excerpt. © Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved.It is my profound honor to offer this book to you, the reader, and esteemed brethren everywhere. For it was I who was chosen to deliver it, not any one of the other several billion people milling about this wondrous planet. Whether it was through the greatest eenie-meenie-miny-moe the world has ever known or a well-informed divine decision, the Lord tapped me for this book. It all began one partly cloudy evening when a healthy patch of shrubbery spontaneously burst into flames in my vicinity. I instinctively began to run from it, fearing for my own safety, but as I took that first step, I heard a deep, booming voice call my name. I immediately knew it wasn't James Earl Jones; we'd never met and he, too, would've fled from the horrific inferno. It was God. There He stood aglow, majestically adorned in a freshly ironed white tunic with His wavy, snowlike hair and long, flowing beard fluttering in a glorious breeze. The accuracy of God's numerous portrait artists over the years was simply uncanny. With the heat blazing in my face, I dripped in sweat as God and I began our chat: God: Marc, I am the Lord your God, and I command thee to write a book! A book documenting my more recent conversations with my children of the world-my political leaders, my overpaid athletes, my murderers, my preachers, my bumpkins, and whoever else's ears I've whispered into. Spread the Lord's lesser-known and most outlandish words unto all who will listen. MH: Is this burning bush really necessary? You know arson is illegal. We've come a long way since Moses. God: This is exactly the point this book needs to make. Listen carefully, little man: Almighty as I am, supreme as I may be, I screw up now and then. I've got 6,706,993,152 people to look after and even more prayers to listen to. I've got heaven to manage, new creations to ponder, and that pesky Satan to thwart. I'm busy as hell. So sometimes, every here and there, I say things that might be regrettable. MH: So you're making excuses? God: Do you have any idea what a typical Sunday is like? Congregations from every corner of the Earth talking at once, starving people across the continents begging me for food, shouts from every hospital sick bed, and millions of fist-pumping shmohawks yammering on about their football team needing to win. And what makes you people think Earth is the only planet I'm in charge of? I'm a tug of war being yanked from infinite ends. MH: But you're omnipotent. And, I might add, omnipresent. God: I'm exactly what people define me as. Right now, I'm what you want me to be. In fact, are you really sure I'm even talking to you? Will anyone believe you? What will you say when the fire department arrives and you're charged with second-degree arson? You can speak to me every day, and no one will question you. But the moment you let someone know I answered, someone will offer you medication and an insulting smirk. Everyone wants to think an all-powerful being can't speak. Now, skedaddle-I hear sirens. Write the book, sell a million copies, and buy yourself something nice. Like I said, I command thee. And now I must go; there are sneezes I need to bless. Toodles! MH: Wait! Quick question-if you created everything, who created you? Who?!? God: [Drifting toward the heavens, offering a thumbs-up] MH: Goddamn it!