

Biblical Cuss Words

This is the moment I have eagerly expected for you. When you counted from one to fifty and spoke your name aloud, that was a powerful demonstration of **the power of your very own tongue** over your thoughts, albeit an appetizer compared to the full course meal. This right now is the full course meal. Get ready. This is when you open fire with both barrels. Your rocket launcher called **the power of your tongue** will blast 1225 words into your raw, cantankerous emotions. This is your moment.

There was a bully who picked on a little boy at school. The little boy told his big brother about it. Big brother follows the little boy back to school and *beats the shit out of the bully*. Stand back and *watch God kick the Evil Queen's wooly bully ass!*

Okay, so here we go. It's time for you to attack. God will pull off an incredible rescue operation for you. Here are the 1225 words, the artillery for your fight. These are the *exact* words I've used for forty years.

Ready? If you're alone, read them out loud right now; don't wait another moment. Read them aloud, not silently—I repeat, not silently, but *out loud* right this very minute. If people are around and you read aloud, they'll think you're crazy. That's okay, just flip them your middle finger and tell them to bite you.

If you think it was stunning that your mind shut down and listened to what your mouth says when you counted from one to fifty—and all you did was speak your full name aloud—*how much more* will your mind shut down and listen to **the power of your tongue** when your proclaim 1225 tiny little slivers of God himself. Watch what happens when those 1225 words roar out of your mouth!

“Speak the words...I'm right here.”

Let's begin. Remember: Aloud, *aloud*, ALOUD. Got it?

1225 “Biblical Cuss Words”

Psalm 145—I will praise you, my God, O king; and I'll bless your name for ever and ever. Every day will I bless you, and I'll praise your name for ever and ever. Great is the Lord, and worthy of praise. His greatness is unsearchable.

One generation shall praise your works to another and shall declare your mighty acts. I will speak of the glorious honor of your majesty, and of your wondrous works. And men shall speak of the might of your awesome acts, and I will declare your greatness.

They shall abundantly utter the memory of your great goodness and shall sing of your righteousness. The Lord is gracious, and full of compassion, slow to anger, and great in mercy. The Lord is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works.

All your works will praise you, O Lord, and your saints will bless you. They will speak of the glory of your kingdom and talk of your power, to make known to the sons of men his mighty acts, and the glorious majesty of his kingdom. Your kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and your dominion endures throughout all generations.

The Lord upholds all that fall and raises up all those that are bowed down. The eyes of all wait upon you, and you give them their meat in due season. You open your hand and satisfy the desire of every living thing.

[You're speaking aloud, right? You'd better be, or I'm gonna slap you clear into next Tuesday. It's called THE POWER OF YOUR TONGUE—not THE SILENCE of your tongue. All right let's continue *speaking*...]

The Lord is righteous in all his ways and holy in all his works. The Lord is near unto all them that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth. He will fulfil the desire of them that reverence him. He also will hear their cry and will save them. The Lord preserves all those that love him, but all the wicked he will destroy.

My mouth will speak the praise of the Lord, and let all flesh bless his holy name for ever and ever.

[You're thinking to yourself, "But I don't even understand what I'm saying." My advice to you is to shut up and do it anyway. You don't need to know what you're saying. Not yet. The words and **the power of your tongue** work regardless. In due time you'll understand them.]

(Incidentally, twenty-two times... TWENTY-TWO TIMES in this Psalm 145 King David urges us to do what I tell you all throughout Shitty to Happy—twenty-two times he says to "Speak praises." See if you can find them, but not right now. Do it later. Let's continue...)

Psalm 146—Praise the Lord, O my soul. While I live, I'll praise the Lord. I will sing praises to my God while I have any being.

Don't put your trust in princes, nor in the son of man in whom there is no help. His breath goes forth, he returns to his earth, and in that very day his thoughts perish.

Happy is he that has the God of Jacob for his help, whose hope is in the Lord his God, which made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that therein is, which keeps truth forever, which executes judgment for the oppressed, which gives food to the hungry. The Lord sets the prisoners free. The Lord opens the eyes of the blind. The Lord raises them that are bowed down. The Lord loves the righteous. The Lord preserves the strangers. He relieves the fatherless and the widow, but the way of the wicked he turns upside down.

The Lord reigns forever, even your God, O Zion, unto all generations. Praise the Lord.

[Pop Quiz. Are you speaking aloud? If you're only reading, and not speaking, it won't work. That's why it's called THE POWER OF YOUR TONGUE, so SPEAK IT OUT LOUD. Let's continue...]

Psalm 147—Praise the Lord, for it is good to sing praises unto our God, for it is pleasant and praise is beautiful.

The Lord does build up Jerusalem. He gathers together the outcasts of Israel. He heals the broken in heart and binds up their wounds. He tells the number of the stars. He calls them all by their names.

Great is our Lord, and of great power. His understanding is infinite. The Lord lifts up the meek. He casts the wicked down to the ground.

Sing to the Lord with thanksgiving. Sing praise upon the harp unto our God, who covers the heaven with clouds, who prepares rain for the earth, who makes grass to grow upon the mountains. He gives to the beast his food and to the young ravens which cry.

He delights not in the strength of the horse. He takes not pleasure in the legs of a man. The Lord takes pleasure in them that reverence him; in those that hope in his unfailing love.

Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem. Praise your God, O Zion, for he has strengthened the bars of your gates. He's blessed your children within you.

He makes peace in your borders, and he fills you with the finest of the wheat. He sends out his commandment upon earth. His word runs very swiftly.

He gives snow like wool. He scatters the frost like ashes. He casts forth his ice like morsels. Who can stand before his cold?

He sends out his word and melts them. He causes his wind to blow and the waters to flow. He shows forth his word unto Jacob, and his statutes and his judgments unto Israel. He has not dealt so with any nation, and as for his judgments, they have not known them. Praise the Lord.

Psalm 148—Praise the Lord. Praise the Lord from the heavens. Praise him in the heights. Praise him, all his angels. Praise him, all his hosts.

Praise him, sun, and moon. Praise him, all you stars of light. Praise him, you heavens of heavens, and you waters that be above the heavens. Let them praise the name of the Lord, for he commanded, and they were created.

He's also established them for ever and ever. **[You're speaking aloud, right? It won't work if you don't.]** He's made a decree which shall not pass. Praise the Lord from the earth, you dragons and all deeps, fire and hail, snow and vapor, stormy wind fulfilling his word, mountains and all hills, fruitful trees and all cedars, beasts, and all cattle, creeping things and flying fowl, kings of the earth and all people, princes, and all judges of the earth, both young men and maidens, old men, and children.

Let them praise the name of the Lord, for his name alone is excellent. His glory is above the earth and heaven. He also exalts the strength of his people, the praise of all his saints, even of the children of Israel, a people near unto him. Praise the Lord.

Psalm 149—Praise the Lord. Sing unto the Lord a new song, and his praise in the congregation of saints. Let Israel rejoice in him that made him. Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.

Let them praise his name in the dance. Let them sing praises unto him with the timbrel and harp, for the Lord takes pleasure in his people. He will beautify the humble with every good and perfect gift.

Let the saints be joyful in glory. Let them sing aloud upon their beds. Let the high praises of God be in their mouth and a two-edged sword in their hand, to execute judgement upon the heathen, and punishments upon the people, to bind their kings with chains and their nobles with fetters of iron; to execute upon them the judgment written. This honor have all his saints. Praise the Lord. **[We're on the home stretch...keep speaking my friend, keep speaking...]**

Psalm 150—Praise the Lord. Praise God in his sanctuary. Praise him in the firmament of his power. Praise him for his mighty acts. Praise him according to his excellent greatness.

Praise him with the sound of the trumpet. Praise him with the psaltery and harp. Praise him with the tambourines and dance. Praise him with stringed instruments and organs.

Praise him upon the loud cymbals. Praise him upon the high-sounding cymbals. Let everything that has breath praise the Lord. Praise the Lord. **[Whew! You did it!]**

Did you notice that you can praise him by dancing? And with loud music? And with all musical instruments, like drums, congas, loud cymbals, and stringed instruments? He is a *party God*. He's a *happy God*. And *he wants you to be happy, too!*

Now, speak it through TWO MORE TIMES. *Do it now! TWO MORE TIMES*. When you do, Congratulations! You just completed your first 21-minute mission called ***The power of your tongue***.

YOU DID IT...!!!

And there you have it, Ladies and Gentlemen—1225 powerful words that by **the power of your very own tongue** will pound you full of peace and happiness, anytime you want, and every time you want.

And not one of the 1225 words needs a dictionary. Except psaltery...it's a dulcimer. (I have no idea what a dulcimer is. I'm kidding. It's a psaltery.)

Listen to me, thousands upon thousands of times over the last four decades **the power of my very own tongue** and these 1225 words have protected me, and thousands upon thousands of times **the power of my tongue** and these 1225 words comforted me in the midnight hour when my heart ached so badly that you think you can't go on another day. These 1225 words and **the power of my tongue**—thousands and thousands of times—have overhauled my emotions, healed my broken heart when pain shattered my world, shielded my immature self from people's painful cruelty, and calmed me when fear of failure gripped my heart. These 1225 words and **the power of my tongue** have motivated me when I felt lazy, encouraged me when I felt depressed and softened me when I felt angry. They've given me happiness in place of sadness, hope in place of despair, and these 1225 words have been, and still are *my best friend*, my closest and dearest friend because when I unleash them **by the power of my very own tongue** they comfort me when my heart feels so broken and all alone in this world.

You might think, "But...it's so simple."

Yes, it's simple. If it were complicated, only geniuses and college graduates would get it. Well, college graduates I'm not so sure about. It's so simple that even if you have the attention span of a goldfish you can do it. A goldfish has a three second attention span which is two seconds longer than mine.

Listen, if this was hard, nobody would do it, but, right on the other hand, it's so simple that I must continually harp on you to DO IT.

It's simple, yes...so simple, it confounds the wise. The "wise" are the experts I mentioned earlier: the therapists, psychiatrists, counselors, preachers, and book authors, who incessantly harp that you *should* be happy, that it's *important* to be happy, and that your happiness is *top priority*. **All their statements are true.** However, I would do cartwheels naked on the fifty-yard line at the Rose Bowl game in January if these wise experts would acknowledge (and some of them will) that we can scream these words with the anxiety we feel, and venomously speak them with the *anger* that drives us crazy...and sarcastically shout them with the *bitterness* and *unforgiveness* we feel toward people that have burned us. I'd even do cartwheels naked with a double twist if these wise men would acknowledge that *despite our bad attitude and lack of sincerity*, these 1225 Godly words will—despite our insolent and immature defiance, and by **the power of our very own tongue**—miraculously pound into us a heart full of tenderness, calmness, perfection, AND joy unspeakable and full of glory AND peace that passes all ability of the human mind to understand... and I don't even know how to do cartwheels.

But alas! Many experts refuse to acknowledge this astonishing wonder that when you speak these 1225 words via **the power of your very own tongue**—especially when you speak them with the passionate venom of an asp also called the Evil Queen, will *force* us to be happy, joyful, and peaceful when we're angry, when we're hurt, all alone, and miserable, and depressed. Nope, not a chance they'll acknowledge the inexplicable power of 1225 words when you shout them filled with vitriol, anger, frustration, and even hatred toward God.

And some of the religious people are the worst. Many of them argue, cajole, and bible thump their deeply held conviction that biblical cuss words, especially in the sexual fantasy sexcapade, is heresy. They call me backslidden, a black sheep, and a heretic, but their podunk accusations are scrawny compared to the privilege, and the honor, and the excitement to share with you the wisdom garnered from forty years of testing **the power of my very own tongue** and the power of 1225 words to set you free.

I've unleashed **the power of my tongue** to ramrod these 1225 words down the Evil Queen's throat for four decades, and I'm pleased to announce that you now have the secret how to be happy.

This is the secret how to force-feed peace and happiness into your heart.

This is the secret how to unearth the forces of peace and happiness that lie dormant in you.

This is the secret HOW to trust God, because ever since that sunny summer California afternoon back in 1983 when my green convertible died, I've tested these words and **the power of my tongue** to the outer limits so that I could experience the infinite frontiers of **the insurmountable power of our very own tongue** and 1225 words; I tested these words and **the power of my tongue** in every conceivable manner so that I could prove to myself...and to

you...how easy it is to *force-feed* our hearts full of more peace than we can understand and do it more effortlessly than we could ever imagine.

I would, without question, trade my earthly life if every person on this planet had this knowledge and *acted* on it, and thus experienced the fullness of the joy and the peace that passes all understanding that comes from God who loves you more than you could ever imagine. Yep, I'd give my life, and that way my hemorrhoids would never bother me again.
