

It was time for Father John's Saturday night bath and the young nun,
> Sister Magdalene, had prepared the bath water and towels just the way
> the old nun had instructed.
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> Sister Magdalene was also instructed not to look at Father John's
> nakedness if she could help it, Just to do whatever he told her to do,
> and pray.
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> The next morning the old nun asked Sister Magdalene how the Saturday
> night bath had gone.
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> 'Oh, sister,' said the young nun dreamily, 'I've been saved.'
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> 'Saved? And how did that come about?' asked the old nun.
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> 'Well, when Father John was soaking in the tub, he asked me to wash
> him, and while I was washing him he guided my hand down between his
> legs where he said the Lord keeps the Key to Heaven.'
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> 'Did he now?' said the old nun evenly.
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> Sister Magdalene continued, 'and Father John said that if the Key to
> Heaven fitted my lock, the portals of Heaven would be opened to me and
> I would be assured salvation and eternal peace. And then Father John
> guided his Key to Heaven into my lock.'
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> 'Is that a fact?' said the old nun even more evenly.
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> 'At first it hurt terribly, but Father John said the pathway to
> salvation was often painful and that the glory of God would soon swell
> my heart with ecstasy. And it did, it felt so good being saved.'
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> 'That wicked old bastard, said the old nun. 'He told me it was
> Gabriel's Horn, and I've been blowing it for 40 years!
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