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Sent: Thursday, September 22, 2011 1:12 PM
To: Jeffrey Epstein
Subject: Father John

Father John

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.

Sister Magdalene was also instructed not to look at Father John's nakedness if she could help it, do whatever he told her to do, and pray.

The next morning the old nun asked Sister Magdalene how the Saturday night bath had gone.

'Oh, sister,' said the young nun dreamily, 'I've been saved.'

'Saved? And how did that come about?' asked the old nun.

'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.'

'Did he now?' said the old nun evenly.

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 of Heaven into my lock.'

'Is that a fact?' said the old nun even more evenly.

'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.'

'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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