

Story #261 (Tape #8, Summer 1970) Narrator: Ibrahim Gürsoy, about 70

Location: Camlıdere, kaza of Ankara Province

Date: July 1970

The Hoca and the Priest

A minaret in Istanbul was once struck by lightning. The building split into two and smashed. (I beg your pardon) a Jewish priest was standing by and watching, and at the same time a hoca happened to pass along. The hocas in the old days used to be very ready-witted.

The Jewish priest asked, "Will you not come this way a little, hoca efendi?"

"Why should I, priest? You come over closer to me."

The priest came to the hoca and said to him, "You see, our religion is better than yours. Your minarets are hit by lightning, but our temples are not."

To this the hoca gave the following reply (I beg your pardon): "Our toilets are never struck by lightning."

The Jewish priest said, "Come, hoca, then let us go and visit our temples and then visit your mosques."

The hoca said, "Let us visit our mosques first."

They visited some mosques, but the Jewish priest did not like them. When they visited a temple, there was a picture of Our Reverence Jesus* and Mohammed Efendi in the church. His Reverence Mohammed was eating a loaf of bread with one hand and handling his genitals with the other.

*The honorific His Reverence Jesus is used because Moslems view Jesus as a prophet, just as they do Moses and Abraham. The narrator is confused, however, in calling the priest of Jesus Jewish.

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The priest said to the hoca, "Look, see what even your Prophet is doing. He is eating bread while handling his shameful parts."

The hoca said, "No, that is not the case. Our Prophet is eating bread he has found, and your Prophet is saying, 'Give me some,' and our Prophet is offering him his genitals to eat."

Then the hoca prayed and all the p^laster in the church fell down. When the priest saw this, he changed his religion. [Something unintelligible on tape right at the end of the tale might have made this clearer.]