Father Pakhom

A little peasant comes to a village and sees a crowd, and asks:
— What's this crowd of yours?
— No, they say, we have no priest in our parish! There was Father Pakhom, but he's turned to dust.
— Well, I am, he says, brothers, Pakhom!
— If you're Pakhom, then be our priest!
They accepted him as priest. He served fifteen years among them. He was illiterate; he charged heavily for prayer services and liturgies. One of the parishioners filed a petition with the bishop because he charged too much: twenty-five rubles for prayer services. The bishop arrives on his rounds to the parish and makes him celebrate the liturgy. He begins:
— Blessed be our God...
When it comes to the Gospel, he chants in a singsong and begins:
— I was passing by this place and saw a crowd of people, and asked: “What's this crowd of yours, brothers?” — “Well, we have a crowd, we have no priest in our parish. There was Father Pakhom, but he's turned to dust.” — “Well, I am Pakhom, brothers.” — “If you're Pakhom, then be our priest!” He served fifteen years among them, well, and saved up three thousand rubles. The first thousand to the bishop, the second thousand to me, and the third thousand to the choir.
And the choir:
— Glory to Thee, O Lord, glory to Thee!
The Gospel is finished. And the bishop says:
— Parishioners, I find nothing wrong with the priest; he may serve until death, as long as he has the strength!