

Xtians

ASSOC

72

ASSOCIATE

You make it sound like I *want* to believe there is a Hell.

PASTOR

I think you're choosing to believe in it

ASSOCIATE

choosing

PASTOR

yes.

ASSOCIATE

It's not easy for me to believe in Hell.

PASTOR

Are you sure about that?

ASSOCIATE

I think for you, being a Christian is easy

PASTOR

no, it's hard, it's really —

ASSOCIATE

Your parents were Christians,
your parents' parents —
everyone took you to church,

and everyone wanted to see you saved,
and for you, you had nothing to lose
by believing what you believed.

But ya know, I lost everything.
My parents — they didn't believe
in what I believe.

I tried. Again and again, I tried
to bring them to Jesus,
wanted nothing more,
right up until the end,
I tried.
So that my mother, when she died,
I was there in the hospital,

standing by her side,
 telling her about Jesus,
 telling her what Jesus did for me.
 I asked her, "Please please
 hear what I have to say,
 open your heart, just a little."
 And she said, "Baby, I don't like how you sound when you preach at me,"
 she said, "When you talk Jesus talk, you don't sound like you."
 And I said, "That's cuz I'm filled with the spirit."
 And she said, "No it's just creepy is all."

I said, "This is your last chance."

I said, "Mama, listen:

any moment now, you're gonna go,
 and when you do,
 I will never get to see you again."

I said, "In the coming age, after I have also left this earth,
 if you die a believer
 we will be reunited,
 and we will live together in eternity."

I said, "Mama, don't you want to see me again?"

And she said, "Yes, baby, yes, baby,
 of course, I want nothing more."

And I said,

"Then just say you believe, say it with me, say
 'I believe in Jesus, and I believe He died for my sins,' say it with me,"

and she said,

"I would like to say I believe,
 but if I did it would be a lie"

I said,

"But maybe that's enough —
 Say you believe in the hope that as you say you believe you will believe
 and maybe you'll truly believe."

And she said,

"Honey, I am going, I am leaving this earth,
 and I will not spend my final breath,
 sayin' a damn lie,"

and she said, "When I close my eyes,
 my eyes won't open again.
 And when I close these eyes,
 I'll see black,
 and there will never again be
 anything but."

And I said, "Please please please."
 And she said nothing.
 And in a couple of seconds her eyes would close...

But before her eyes closed and closed for good,
 there was a moment,
 a moment that was terror,
 dread,
 pain —
 our eyes connected, and she saw me seeing her

fall,

and at that moment, her hand reached out
 and grabbed my wrist, like she was grabbing for help.

It's not easy for me to believe there is a Hell.
 And it doesn't make me feel good.
 In fact, it hurts, because I know,
 every day,
 that I will never see my mother again,
 and if I do, it will be me, high above her,
 looking down,
 seeing her suffer

for the rest of eternity.

An' I wonder sometimes—Pastor Paul—if my Heaven will be a kind of Hell.

Stop

PASTOR

...

ASSOCIATE

so just

show me.

PASTOR

...

ASSOCIATE

Show me.