

I D I E D

LAST NIGHT

J O H N O R R



© 2015 by John Orr

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means without the prior written permission of the author. The only exception is brief quotations in printed reviews.

ISBN-10: 1941972640

ISBN-13: 978-1941972649

Library of Congress Control Number: 2015937199

Published by Start2Finish Books
PO Box 680, Bowie, Texas 76230
www.start2finish.org

Printed in the United States of America

Cover Design: Josh Feit, Evangela.com

Graphic art by Stewart Yeakely. Used by permission. All rights reserved.

Unless otherwise noted, all Scripture quotations are from The Holy Bible, English Standard Version®, copyright © 2001 by Crossway Bibles, a publishing ministry of Good News Publishers. Used by permission. All rights reserved.

CONTENTS

The Introduction	7
The Awakening	11
The Eulogy	14
The King & I	18
The Demon	21
The Rage	24
The Beast	29
The Light	34
The Plea	40
The Weeping & Gnashing of Teeth	44
The Missing	50
The Happening	53
The Beginning of the End	58
The Conclusion	64

THE INTRODUCTION

Each day, 150,000 souls are hurled into eternity. Some might pass away in a hospital or in the comfort of their own home; others might die in accidents or from any other number of ailments, happenstances, and illnesses. The fact is we all die. The real question is what comes after death?

When we die, there is an energy source that leaves the body; it is the soul leaving the mortal vessel and heading... where? Where does it go?

There are those who think it will be reincarnated, while others believe it will be absorbed into the universe. Still some say nothing at all will happen, or worse, that the soul will burn up or dissolve. If you believe in Jesus Christ, however, you know that there are only two possible destinations for your soul, should you die right now.

The story you are about to read concerns a conservative church official who died but ended up in the wrong place. Although this is a fictional account, it is based upon scriptural

I DIED LAST NIGHT • 8

inferences of the eternal punishment for the wicked. You will see eternity through different lenses. The journey will be disturbing and unsettling.

Jesus is the only person who walked the earth who knew of the glories of Heaven and the despair of Hell. Luke records an event, witnessed by Christ, that reveals the rewards of the faithful soul and the devastation of the wicked. There are those who consider this event to be little more than a parable, a story, but even parables can express heavenly truths. Moreover, this is the only episode wherein Christ used a man's given name, in this case Lazarus; this detail suggests that this event actually occurred.

There was a rich man who was clothed in purple and fine linen and who feasted sumptuously every day. And at his gate was laid a poor man named Lazarus, covered with sores, who desired to be fed with what fell from the rich man's table. Moreover, even the dogs came and licked his sores. The poor man died and was carried by the angels to Abraham's side. The rich man also died and was buried, and in Hades, being in torment, he lifted up his eyes and saw Abraham far off and Lazarus at his side. And he called out, "Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus to dip the end of his finger in water and cool my tongue, for I am in anguish in this flame." But Abraham said, "Child, remember that you in your lifetime received your good things, and Lazarus in like manner bad things; but now he is comforted here, and you are in

THE INTRODUCTION • 9

anguish. And besides all this, between us and you a great chasm has been fixed, in order that those who would pass from here to you may not be able, and none may cross from there to us.” And he said, “Then I beg you, father, to send him to my father’s house—for I have five brothers—so that he may warn them, lest they also come into this place of torment.” But Abraham said, “They have Moses and the Prophets; let them hear them.” And he said, “No, father Abraham, but if someone goes to them from the dead, they will repent.” He said to him, “If they do not hear Moses and the Prophets, neither will they be convinced if someone should rise from the dead.”

— Luke 16:19-31

Today, we have something better than Moses and the Law: we have the Gospel or “good news” of Jesus Christ. The Bible—both the Old and New Testaments—is about Jesus and the salvation of man. It is a handbook for the righteous, so that we do not end up like the rich man in Christ’s story, destined for darkness and agony. Yet, surprisingly, Jesus also stated: “Enter by the narrow gate. For the gate is wide and the way is easy that leads to destruction, and those who enter by it are many. For the gate is narrow and the way is hard that leads to life, and those who find it are *few*” (Matt. 7:13-14).

Few! How that word haunts us all! After all, what is a few? Only eight souls were saved during the flood.¹ Only four escaped Sodom before its destruction, including Lot’s wife who

I DIED LAST NIGHT • 10

was turned into a pillar of salt!² The percentage of souls saved today might be better than it once was, but God alone knows the truth. He does not want anyone to perish, for he hopes that all will come to repentance.³

Is there then any assurance of salvation? Can any of us be certain to reach eternity? *Yes!* As John, an apostle of Jesus, wrote, “Whoever has the Son has life; whoever does not have the Son of God does not have life. I write these things to you who believe in the name of the Son of God that you may know that you have eternal life” (1 John 5:12-13).

This is the promise of Jesus Christ, the promise of salvation and eternal glory by our Creator’s side. It is a simple thing, is it not, to believe in the name of God’s Son? The only thing you truly own in this life is a choice. But it is a decision that will change everything you love in life. Should you decide to go down *this* road, you will be changed forever!

After you pass from this world, after you are laid in your grave, you will never again return to the mortal realm. Consider now your own eternal destiny. Where will that one decision lead you in the end?

Where would you be if *you had died last night?*

Notes

1. Gen. 7:7; 1 Pet. 3:20
2. Gen. 19:15-16
3. 2 Pet. 3:9

THE AWAKENING

I can't breathe. I gasp and taste ash and smoke.

"Help me!"

It's so hot. Why is it so hot?

"Where am I? Help me! Help!"

I close my eyes against the heat. My flesh blisters. My lungs burn.

Hell. I'm in Hell! Why!? How!?

I remember now. I died last night. I died. The last moments of my life are branded into my memory. My family was beside me. My wife was sobbing; my daughter, too. The boys want to leave; they want to be anywhere but there. Were there others? Yes. They were comforting my family.

"He's in a better place now," they were saying as my soul drifted upwards.

A better place.

But I'm not! I'm *here!*

The air hurts! The smoke is filling my nostrils. I'm so

I DIED LAST NIGHT • 12

thirsty; I've never been so thirsty. Or tired. Why am I so tired!?

Please! Someone!?

I'm in agony!

Then I hear a loud voice echoing around me—or is it only in my mind? It is a whisper; it is a shout. “He will be tormented with fire and sulfur in the presence of the holy angels and in the presence of the Lamb. And the smoke of their torment goes up forever and ever, and they have no rest, day or night” (Rev. 14:10-11).

“But I don't belong here!” I cry. No one hears me though, for I am alone. There are people all around me, suffering torments and longing for the life they lost, but no one hears me. No one sees me.

I am alone among billions of desperate souls.

I begin to cry; the salty tears burn my seared, blistered skin. This is not where I thought I'd be. How did I get here? What did I do wrong?

Days have passed on earth, but time does not exist here. Not in Hell. They are having my funeral. My body is lying in an expensive casket. The preacher is trying to comfort my family. “He's still with you,” he says to them.

But I'm not. I'm here.

“Maybe we'll see him in Heaven someday,” my wife whispers, hopefully.

But they won't. I'm here.

“Don't listen,” I scream. “There's no happy ending here!”

But they can't hear me. My voice is swallowed by the smoke and fire. I tried not to think about this ending when I was alive. I was good in life, good at keeping away from bad

THE AWAKENING • 13

situations, and if I found myself between a rock and a hard place, I could get out of it again. But there's no getting out of this. There's no escape!

This is reality; my reality.

Then I hear the preacher say: "If he was here today, he would beg and plead with you to get your lives right with the Lord."

But no one is listening. They lay my dead body in the ground. My wife puts flowers on my grave. Tears are drying; hearts are already beginning to mend. My boys are just happy to be done with it all. Days turn into weeks, weeks into months. Life moves on.

But time means nothing here in the pit. In this place of torment, you relive each event over and over again. Each lash of the whip, each kiss of flame, each spear of pain: I'll feel each a thousand times over without sense of time passing. For eternity I'll linger here, but will always feel as if I had just died last night.

THE EULOGY

I can still hear the preacher talking about my life. When was it? A year ago? A week? Yesterday?

He shared that I was raised in the church. I was baptized into the church. I married in the church. At one time, I was a deacon in the church. I even attended the church where my funeral occurred. The preacher said I was a good businessman and well respected in the community. I served in the military for six years. I served on the school board. I was a community leader. I was in a travel club when I retired. I was a good provider for my family and taught my children the value of a dollar. I provided them with a good education; they grew up to have good jobs. I loved to play golf and spend time with my friends...

A few, brief sentences. This was my life. This is who I was.

The preacher concluded by comforting the mourners with a few lines from Scripture. Everyone thanked him and said he did a wonderful job; how well he had described me;

THE EULOGY • 15

how well he must have known me.

One of my granddaughters slipped a note into my casket. “I love you, grandpa,” it read in pink crayon.

Six of my friends carried my body to the graveside. One of them said, “Well, I guess he and Saint Peter are teeing up in Heaven now.”

Every man ought to hear his own eulogy before he dies. In the eyes of the community, I should be in Heaven. I lived the American dream; I prospered with very few hardships. I was a good person—good to others and faithful to God.

How did I come here? I never thought this would happen to me. I’m in trouble, and there’s no hope of ever getting out. I remember the sermons and lessons; it’s only going to get worse after Judgment.

Why? Why am I here!? What did I do to end up here? What did I do that was so wrong?

“Why, God?” I cry out. The acrid smoke burns my throat and lungs. “Why would you send me to Hell?”

A peculiar voice answers me from the darkness. “You Englishman don’t know anything,” he says. “You are not in what you call Hell. Not yet.”

“Who are you?” I demand.

“I am Libni of Jerusalem,” replies the disembodied voice. “I lived during the time of Christ. I believed in him but was too afraid to confess him as the Son of God.”¹

“Why?”

“In my day, our livelihood depended on obeying those in charge, and they didn’t believe in Jesus. Anyone who did was thrown out of the synagogue, ostracized from the communi-

ty, unable to do even the simplest business in Jerusalem.“

“And that is why you’re in Hell?”

“I told you before,” he answers, with open annoyance. “This is not Hell. ‘Hell’ is a place from Norse mythology; it was the underworld. Christians used this word and idea to explain the Greek ‘gehenna,’ which was a fiery pit, a dumping ground for our refuse, animal carcasses, and the bodies of criminals. It burned continually behind the southwest wall of Jerusalem. It was a place of carrion birds and maggots, putrid smells and a fog of smoke. Once it was a place for pagan worship where many people sacrificed their children. It was a place of abominations. It was just the place for you gentile dogs.”

“For me?” I ask, balking at his absurdity. “But you’re here, too.”

“I know,” he replies. “But we Jews were God’s true people; we were not destined to this fate. Only the Gentiles—the true filth and trash of the world—were meant to linger here.”

My blood boiled. *What a self-righteous hypocrite!* I thought angrily. Then I remembered telling people they would go to Hell if they didn’t believe like me, if they didn’t worship as I did, if they didn’t live as I did. How was I any better than Libni, with his words of hate and judgment?

“You are only in Sheol, the grave,” the voice continues, echoing around me. “You and I are in God’s fiery pit.”

“You mean, it gets worse?” I whisper.

“Yes, fool!” Libni’s voice echoes. “Jesus told us how much worse it would be once we were cast into the lake of gehenna. ‘If your right eye causes you to sin, tear it out and throw it away. For it is better that you lose one of your members than

THE EULOGY • 17

that your whole body be thrown into gehenna.”²

My eyes begin to tear; from remorse or smoke, I cannot be sure. “My right eye was greed and fear,” Libni says from afar. “What was yours?”

Notes

1. John 12:42-43
2. Matt. 5:29