

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.