

A LETTER IN THE NIGHT

One day a woman named Louise fell asleep in her bed, and dreamed a very dreadful dream. She dreamed that someone in Hell wrote a letter to her, and it was to be delivered to her by a messenger. The messenger passed between the lakes of burning fire and brimstone that occupies Hell, and found his way to the door that would lead him to the outside world.

Louise dreamed that the messenger walked to her house, came inside, and gently but firmly woke Louise up. He gave her the message, saying only that a friend had wrote it to her from Hell. Louise, in her dream, with trembling hands took the letter and read:

My Friend,

I stand in hell right now, And feel that
you're to blame somehow.

On earth, I walked with you day by day, And
never did you point the way.

You knew the Lord in truth and glory, But
never did you tell the story.

My knowledge then was very dim; You could have
led me safe to Him.

Though we lived together on the earth, You
never told me of the second birth,
And now I stand this day condemned, Because
you failed to mention Him.

You taught me many things, that's true, I
called you "friend" and trusted you,
What I've learn now is too late, You could
have kept me from this fate.

We walked by day and talked by night, And yet
you showed me not the Light.

You let me live, and love, and die, You knew
I'd never live on high.

Yes, I called you a "friend" in life, And
trusted you through joy and strife.

And yet on coming to the end, I cannot, now,
call you "My Friend."

In Deep Agony & Pain,
Marsha

After reading the letter, Louise awoke. The dream was still so real in her mind and sweat dropped from her body in pools. She swore she could still smell the acrid smell of brimstone and smoke from her room.

As she contemplated the meaning of her dream, she realized that as a Christian, she has failed in her duty to share the gospel with her friends. As she thought of that, she promised herself that the next day, she would call Marsha and talk to her about God and invite her to come to church with her. The next morning she called Marsha and this was the conversation:

Yes, Bill, Is Marsha there?

Louise, you don't know?

No, Bill, know what?

Marsha WAS KILLED LAST NIGHT IN A CAR ACCIDENT.

I thought you knew.

Will we wait till it is too late?