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Two Old Friends

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Two old friends died on the same day. One was a Christian and one was a Jew. In death, as in life, they found themselves together, walking the long staircase to heaven. The men had never talked much of matters of faith, but now their minds whirled with religious thoughts. Ahead of them the light of heaven shone down and seemed to make their souls transparent. The Christian and the Jew trembled.

"I have a lot on my conscience," said the Christian, "but I have hope of getting through the first door."

"My sins are small but many," said the Jew, "but the way should be direct for me. I am of the chosen race."

The Christian paused, tired from the thoughts of his miserable life. He had doubted heaven so often and now it loomed above him.

The Jew paused, too. He was a good man, never too poor to lend a helping hand. But as he waited for his friend, he began to think about the Laws. There were too many to count. Had he kept them all, he could never have stopped to help anyone.

The Christian started on again. His brow was beaded with perspiration. He confessed to his friend that he had taken his vows of faith lightly, and now he feared the judgment.

The Jew wiped a tear from his eye, for he knew he had always claimed he held steadfastly to the Torah, but his heart had waivered more than once.

The brilliant light began to envelop the men now. The Christian fell on his knees, for he saw Jesus before him making the sign for peace. The Jew did obeisance too, as he was confronted by Moses, holding tablets with laws from ancient times.

"They will plead for you," a voice thundered from the midst of the cloud of light that thinly veiled one glorious door leading to heaven. "All is ready."

By: Marilyn Giesto

"Chronic remorse is a most undesirable sentiment... Rolling in the mud is not the best way of getting clean."

Aldous Huxley