

When I search my mind for times in my (distant) past that I thought about hell, I conjure up two very different moments. Today when I think about them it is with a good sense of humor.

The first is when I must have been maybe eight or nine. I was at some kind of summer camp, and we had a daily camp meeting where we would sing songs and someone would come talk to us. One day there was a local minister who came and told a story about a person who went first to hell and then heaven.

When he went to hell he found that there was an enormous table filled with fantastic food - everything that everyone could imagine wanting. But all the people there had three-foot long forks strapped to their arms, and it was impossible for them to pick up the food and bring it to their mouths. And so they were starving in the midst of plenty.

He then went to heaven and again, there was the enormous table and the fantastic food. At this point of the story I expected him to say that the people in heaven didn't have those monstrous forks. But no, he continued - everyone in heaven...

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