All That and a Mercedes (*PREVIEW)*

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(*A and B are standing in line at the gates of heaven, staring in awe and very excited.)*

. . . . .

A: So, uh, how’d you finally, you know . .

B: Oh – lung cancer. Decades of tobacco does that to ya. You?

A: Car crash.

B: Ooo. Painful?

A: No, no – went just like that. (*snaps fingers*)

B: Oh, good! That’s the way to go, I imagine.

A: Yeah. Can’t complain. But I’m sorry for you – cancer! That’s usually a long haul.

B: Eh, it wasn’t fun. But I’m grateful now. If I had gone like that (snaps fingers), I wouldn’t be here now!

A: (a little confused) Really? Why’s that?

B: It was only my last couple weeks in the hospital that my sister really sat down and shared the gospel with me. Well, actually, she’d shared it with me before, but not until my last couple weeks in the hospital did I listen that closely I guess.

A: So, you mean, you weren’t a believer until . . .

B: . . . the very end. Yep.

A: (starting to look angry) Really.

B: And yet, here I am! Isn’t God good?

A: Ya think?

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