



# Did He or Didn't He

by Betty Banizack

Happy Easter, all you out there in Religion Land. Did you have a nice Resurrection Sunday? new hat, shoes and gloves to match? Or did you celebrate as the heathen do and color Easter eggs and hide baskets for the kiddies? Did you hear your clergyman say how wonderful it was to once again celebrate the event of Jesus What's-his-name being raised from the dead...or did you sleep late (as heathen do)? Did you feel a little uplifted afterwards because going to church always makes you feel a little uplifted afterwards? Or did you feel a little uplifted afterwards?

Well, religious or heathen, here you are back in school—same grind, same hang-ups, same "life," Christian and heathen looking alike, talking alike, acting alike, existing alike. "Find the errors in this picture and put a cross over each one. Look carefully now children."

The fanatical Christian will swear on a stack of Bibles that Jesus rose from the dead, the fanatical heathen will swear on a stack of Bibles that it's a lot of garbage. Those in-between couldn't care less, and that includes our "honored and respect-

ed" clergy. Come on, Christians, you tell 'em they're all wrong. Come on Christians, prove that Jesus died and rose on the third day. Get out all your commentaries and theological studies, Christians—you can do it! (oh, and get a Bible out too...if you can remember where it is.) Come on Christians, don't let the heathen back you up against a wall.

You say you can't talk to them? Their reasoning has got you beat? Oh no! You mean you can't even prove it with all those Bible passages you read in the com-

mentaries? But it says so right there! You say they won't accept the Bible as the word of God, huh? Hm-m, that kind of kills it, doesn't it?

God must have really missed it, didn't he? I mean leaving a written record of the sacrifice of his son—and then nobody believing it—all that blood—and those miracles—and those saints coming out of the grave and walking through the streets of Jerusalem and everything. God missed it again—getting Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, and Paul to write about all of that stuff, to say nothing of all the Old Testament prophets prophesying the coming of the messiah and then having that record carefully passed down through the centuries. Boy that's a lot of work. And you say they just won't believe it, huh?

Well, I guess God really blew that one, didn't he? Me? I stayed home. It was a day like any other day—full of life... full of meaning.

Why didn't I go to church on Resurrection Sunday? Well you know the three women who went to the sepulchre on the first day of the week? They had gone to the graveyard looking for Jesus. And

they found the stone rolled away and his body gone. There were two angels there and they said, "Why seek ye the living among the dead?" They were looking for him among dead men's bones.

Jesus said to the religious leaders of his day "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! Ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones, and of all un-

cleanness." Know anybody like that? Any congregation? Any clergy? The religious in his day were so bound to religion that they missed God. To say nothing of the long awaited messiah that was standing right under their noses. Not very kingly to be sure, but nevertheless there he was. They were looking for someone to come with a lot of fancy

(continued to page 21)

