

# 6/9/24 Sacred Reading

## A Poem by John Roedel

I spoke to a person who is convinced their deceased brother is in hell  
simply because of who they loved

I told them that if hell is real  
I don't think it is a destination

I believe hell is a campsite that gets formed in the hearts  
of people who judge others for living a life that they refuse  
to try and understand

those who condemn others to damnation  
are the city managers of hell on Earth

my love,

let us build a heaven in the space that exists between my life and yours

let us create an endless garden paradise where every single exotic flower is honored

let us form a community of angels who don't try to polish each other's halos

we only have so many heartbeats left inside of us to waste a single one on deciding who  
gets to grow like a sunflower under the light of the hereafter

who knows what happens to us once our bodies release  
our souls like birthday party balloons?

~ why spend an ounce of energy  
on deciding who gets to go to heaven

when we can spend our lives building it here on Earth  
with the bricks of how we treat each other?

until I hear the harps and see the golden gates  
I'm going to consider this world the Promised Land

and I promise to be as kind  
as I can be with your heart  
while we are here together

-And So It Is. Amen.

