

my joyous yet very selfish years on earth. Just knowing that while I was on earth I was in God's hands, and that I was never completely apart from Him, makes my current sorrow even worse. And now I know there is never to be another chance to be with Him. Spending eternity without God is like experiencing death over and over again – never to stop. Loneliness that is indescribable in human terms is now gripping me as I stand in my eternal isolation.

Even though God was responsible for my very existence and for all the good things that entered my life while I was alive, I never once gave Him what He wanted from me, acknowledgement of God and love for Jesus Christ was the farthest thing from my mind. The simple yet totally obvious fact that relates to my current situation is that all I had to do was believe in the One who God sent to earth to save mankind from their sins. That all sounds so simple now and yet impossible for all those who, like myself, have crossed the plane into this new dimension called Hell.

The above scenario is a fictional presentation of Hell. The supernatural cannot be explained in human terms, and certainly not with our limited cranial abilities. No one who places themselves in Hell for eternity will ever return to give testimony to the rest of humanity as to just what transpires there, so I contrived a plausible, yet fictional, adaptation of Hell, one that most readers should be able to grasp.

Jesus gives a great example of what hell is all about in Luke chapter 16 beginning in verse 19. Jesus is not speaking in parables in this situation, He's giving us a factual set of circumstances, in other words the conversation between Abraham and the rich man really happened. Jesus tells us that it really wouldn't matter if He were to send one back from the grave to explain what Hell was all about. Just like the fictional example given above, people who are deceived into believing the lies of the enemy will not be persuaded even if someone was to rise from the grave, show up on the world stage, and proclaim what was truly going on down there. **“And he said unto him, If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead.” Luke 16:31.**

Jesus was nailed to a cross some 2,000 years ago, and He, just a few hours later gave up the ghost. Yet in just three days Jesus arose from that grave and was seen by His disciples and the women that followed Him, even to 500 others. He remained on this earth for some 40 more days. All of this is recorded in the most historical book of all time, the Holy Bible, yet most refuse to believe this truth. Thus the above fictional scenario will become factual for all those who continue to reject Christ as Saviour and Lord.

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(Written by Ron Graham)

Hell and Condemnation

“The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God.” Psalm 9:17.

It's true, there really is a Hell. I know because I'm standing in the midst of the most horrible place anyone could imagine. Truth be told, no human being could ever come close to imagining what I am seeing and experiencing without experiencing it personally for themselves.

What I am seeing cannot be described in human terms. Why am I here? I rejected God's free gift of salvation, and if you keep reading you might just avoid spending eternity with me.

You see, I died and instantaneously there I was in Hell. I knew immediately where I was and that I was surrounded by others who I perceived knew exactly where they were also. “Hell and destruction are never full;” Proverbs 27:20. There is no denying the truth any

longer. All of us standing in this most unholy realm of godlessness were instantly confronted with the overwhelming truth of our failure to acknowledge the one true and living God of all Creation.

I see a huge cave-like chamber so immense it's beyond my ability to describe it in size. It seems as vast as the universe itself but without stars, it is pitch black like a huge black hole, and yet I can see through the blackness into a deeper blackness. From a human standpoint this place defies explanation, yet I see it. I feel the presence of multitudes all around me but no one speaks, and as I reach out to touch another person there is nothing but blackness. I also feel that each person, including myself, knows that enduring this chamber of horrors is only temporary. I can feel that there is something else coming something that will be even more horrible and impossible to endure, something which will ultimately be our self-imposed punishment for eternity.

As I stand here I'm weighed down with fear and sorrow. My very first thought is that I had been given every opportunity, while I lived on earth, to avoid such a place. Before I died I was an intelligent man. Not given to believing in fables and myths, and I had a good grasp on what I thought was reality. There is no denying the fact of the matter that I had allowed the world to deceive me and convince me that

there was no God. The evolution of pond scum into living beings keeps coming to mind as a major satanic deception.

Interestingly, as I stand here silent in all this blackness I understand fully why I had allowed myself to be so completely deceived. A life of denying God is laid before me. Everything I had ever done on earth is vividly playing back across the recesses of my memory. All the evil I was responsible for torments me, even all the good deeds I had ever accomplished are laid before me as a proof that all the good deeds one can perform mean nothing to God unless they are done through the born again experience of believing and trusting in His only begotten Son Jesus Christ. These scenes are exploding out from all the blackness as though being played on a huge theatre screen that only I can see. Excluded from all this playback is any semblance of happiness. There is to be no further joy for me for eternity now that I am in this Hell, and I know it. I realize that this place which was created by God as a future eternal dimension of torment for Satan and his angels is, along with all its awful horribleness, now mine also. **“Therefore hell hath enlarged herself, and opened her mouth without measure:”** Isaiah 5:14.

I realize that my torment is never to depart but is only going to get worse as more and more join us in our new eternity. I have no clue as to

just how long I've been here because time is not a factor in this particular dimension, but that awful playback continues for what seems like millennia. One thing I know for sure, eternity has no end. Dread and sorrow fill every fibre of my being as I stand here remembering the opportunities I had been given as they are piled one upon another to remind me of what I had rejected while I was alive on earth. Over and over again it plays in my mind that people – friends and family – brought the truth to me explaining about Jesus Christ and His sacrifice on that cross. Each time the scene plays, further and further into the depths of Hell I slide. The deeper I slide the stronger my dread grows while I anticipate the next flash of memories depicting my refusal to accept the truth of the Gospel of Christ.

My new existence is just as real and vivid as all the time I had lived and ignored the plight of my fellow man while I enjoyed all the pleasures I could on earth. Only now there will never be happiness and joy again. All the evilness I had dabbled in throughout all those years as a living being, along with all the sorrow I had effectively dealt out to my fellow man, is now mine to endure for eternity.

But the worst thing about being in Hell is knowledge. All the knowledge of who God is and what He had done for me is perfectly and completely apparent. I now fully understand that it was He who sustained me through all