

Monday, July 28, 2008

Satan's Little Trumpet Player

One day the virtuous woman went to tend one of her vineyards in the northern part of the kingdom.

Shortly after dark, she returned home to her family. As she entered a forest, she was attacked by some thieves who beat her badly.

They took all her possessions and left her for dead.

She laid broken and bruised in a pool of her own blood, slipping in and out of consciousness.

Often in the distance she heard a storm approaching, so she cried out for help. But no one heard her,

for alas, her husband was at the city gates with his concubines and her friends were tending their own vineyards far away.

As the last moments of her life began to slip from her body, she waited to feel heaven's warm embrace.

However, instead of the celestial melodies of angelic harps she began to hear the timber of a trumpet.

The sound grew closer and for a moment life returned to her body. She opened her eyes and gazed upon the trumpeter's face.

The man had the eyes of an angel and the face of a small boy. Yet, his torso was that of a dragon and where legs should be the legs of an ass took their place.

In a small voice the virtuous woman cried out in fright.

"Do not fear" said the horn player. "I have been sent to help you."

"By whom?" she whispered.

"That is not important, you are dying," he answered.

"Can you help me?" she asked.

"Yes. Drink from this cup and I will make you immortal and I will release you from your pain." She looked in the cup and saw a liquid as black as the night that had the sweetest aroma. He tilted the cup to her lips, and poured it into her bloody mouth.

She quickly began to gasp because it had the pungent taste of sulfuric acid.

"What is this?!" She gasped.

"Sin," he said non-chalantly.

"I cannot drink this," she said in horror. "I am a virtuous woman."

He roared with laughter. "Did your virtuosity save you from being beaten? Where was your God when your mouth was split open? Is not your husband for whom you have prayed for daily now consorting with his concubines at the city gates? And how about your friends? Are they not too busy with their own vineyards to notice that you are now dying? The taste of sin is only bitter for those who cling on to naïve notions about righteousness."

"I cannot," she said in defiance. Seeing that his mockery was not working, the trumpeter changed his methods.

"Look I know you love God and He loves you. He understands, you need this. If you

don't drink this you will explode with pain and you will die. Trust me I know. I was left for dead like you one day. I was rejected and beaten not by thieves but by my own family. I was ready to die until one day a kind stranger like myself gave me a release from my pain. I offer you the same freedom, if you but only drink from my cup."

The woman contemplated all that he said. Where was her husband ? Where were her friends ? She was in fact alone and dying. Then like a bolt of lightening the pain in her body electrified her memory and her young children flashed before her eyes. She could not die, but a small still voice said "Trust God."

"No, I am sorry. I cannot." she said.

"Okay I will leave." And he turned to leave. "But I warn you THE STORM will be here soon and no one will be left to save you."

Fear gripped her and she immediately changed her mind. "Wait, I will drink it."

The horn player smiled with wicked glee and his eyes flashed with anticipation as he watch the woman reach weakly for the cup.

"Are you sure you want this ?" He said.

"Yes." She said meekly.

"When you drink this I want you to say that you needed this. No guilt. No remorse. No fear. Again are you sure you want this ?

"Yes." She said more reassured. He tilted the cup again to her lips and this time she drank hungrily gasping after each gulp. Slowly but surely the pain left her body and her naïve notions of innocence also began to vanish and sin became sweeter to her palate.

"Thank you she said. I did need that."

"I know you did, now all I need is your soul."

"What ?!"

"Sin, always cost something." said the horn player. "For seven years I own your soul. We have become one flesh."

"No my soul belongs to the Lord." she said.

"I have no time for arguments THE STORM approaches and you made a choice. Whether you give it to me willingly or not I own your soul."

"There must be another way."

"There is none." He said with a cryptic finality. He stood back and began to play his horn. The scent of bitch's brew filled the air. Slowly her soul began to leave her body, forming waves of sounds. Indeed she was immortalized in song and she felt no more pain. But for seven years the virtuous woman walked the earth soulless, for she had the unfortunate pleasure of encountering Satan's little trumpet player.

THE END.

Thursday, July 31, 2008

Satan's Little Trumpet Player: The Epilogue

Many years later the trumpet player stood before God and God asked Him,
"Why did you take her soul?"

"I was hurting from my past and she was just there."

"You can lie to yourself, but you can not lie to the Holy Spirit." God said burning with anger. "You have done this in the past and I tire of your unrepentant heart. I took your torso the first time you did this and your legs the second time, but this time you have gone too far. You dare touch my anointed one. "

"I didn't know." Said the horn player trembling with fear, for he knew not to upset the master of universe. "I did not mean to hurt her, I only wanted her to be free."

"Who the SON sets free is free indeed. You have no power to free anyone. You sold your soul to Satan and turned your back on me. He adopted you, so now like him you are full of pride and arrogance. He is the father of lies and you dare walk in his footsteps. Now you will surely die."

The horn player felt a tightening grip in his chest as air escaped his body. Blood began to pour from his nose and his body became covered in sweat. In front of him the gates of hell opened to engulf his body. His face was no longer like that of a boy but in fact like that of a serpent.

As the flames licked his feet, a small voice of mercy cried out on his behalf. The virtuous woman full restored back in her own kingdom prayed to God that all her assailants would be saved. She thanked God for his grace that though she drank from the cup of sin, she was not destroyed.

She had repented and prayed:

"Against you and you alone my God have I sinned.
You do not delight in sacrifice, or I would bring it;
you do not take pleasure in burnt offerings.

But a broken and contrite heart You will not to deny.
Let me hear joy and gladness;
let the bones you have crushed rejoice.

Hide your face from my sins
and blot out all my iniquity.

Create in me a pure heart, O God,
and renew a steadfast spirit within me.

Do not cast me from your presence
or take your Holy Spirit from me.

Restore to me the joy of your salvation
and grant me a willing spirit, to sustain me.

Then I will teach transgressors your ways,
and sinners will turn back to you.

Save me from bloodguilt, O God,
the God who saves me,
and my tongue will sing of your righteousness.

I drank from the cup of sin, it was not forced upon me.
I failed to trust you and lost my soul.

Now Forgive him for he knows not what he did.
For I desire goodness and mercy to follow me all the days of my life,
so that I may dwell in the house of the Lord. Amen."

So you see my dear friends that is the legacy of God's love. As scripture states the end of a thing is always better the beginning and what Satan had desired for evil God used for good. What happened to the trumpet player you may ask ? Well that is a story for a different time.

The End

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