

THE MISSIONARY

by

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John got up and answered the urgent summons that was rapped on his flat's door. The opened door revealed a young man dressed in a white shirt and dark trousers.

"Yes?" asked John, "can I help you?"

"No," answered the young man. "But, perhaps I can help you... I've a message for you from God."

"Oh!" said John, taken aback. "Er... that's nice... what's He want?"

"It might be better if we talk... inside."

"Yes... Yes of course... Please do..."

The man slithered in and coiled up on the sofa.

John sat opposite, and said, "You mentioned something about a message... a message from God."

"Yes." replied the young man. "God is unhappy with the people of the Earth and is sending out a warning."

"I see... but what's that got to do with me?"

"I've been directed by God to come to you and to warn you... And further, God has told me to direct you to a safe refuge."

"I'm sorry... I don't understand. Why do I need a safe refuge?"

"Because God is very angry and He's going to destroy the wicked.... As he has in the past!"

"I don't know... I didn't think that I was a very wicked person," said John defensively.

"It's not just that," continued the man patiently, "God is also going to destroy everyone who is not an initiate of his true system... And that's why I'm here... To talk to you about what God wants you to do... Would you like to know more?"

John just looked at the young man.

"I said... WOULD YOU LIKE TO KNOW MORE?"

John heard himself respond, "No... Not really... I'm not that interested in religion."

"This isn't religion, my friend, this is God talking... And He's specifically talking to you!"

"Hold on a minute... how do I know that He wants to talk to me... He hasn't said anything to me recently."

"That's why I'm here... You're a sinner... You're spiritually deaf... And you aren't an initiate of his true system... So you see, He can't speak to you... He doesn't deal directly with sinners... So, that's why He's sent me to you... I'm his servant."

"OK..." said John slowly and suspiciously. "So... What does God want to talk about?"

"Through His authorised servants... us," began the young man, "God has established His true system upon the earth. And only through this system of human blood sacrifice can you can be saved."

"What do you mean, '*only through this system of human blood sacrifice*' I can be saved?"

"What I mean is... you're a sinner... and your sins have to be paid for. That is... they must be washed away. And it's only through blood sacrifice that this can be done. Now, this can't be done by you, so the blood of someone else must be shed to make payment for you."

"Do you mean another human-being?"

"Yes."

John stared in horror.

"Yes..." smiled the young man, "it's a bit of a shock at first... But, you've got to remember that it's not us who invented it. It's the way that God wants to handle it... The price has got to be paid, and that's the way He wants it paid."

"You mean that God has set up a system to carry out this process of blood... blood whatever."

"It's sacrifice... blood sacrifice... Oh, yes, it's been going for a long time - longer that you'd imagine."

"You mean it's going on right here... right now?" interrupted John.

"Yes, of course it is... That's why I'm here."

"But, don't people object to what's going on?"

"No... In fact the opposite is true, and we find people welcoming the opportunity to have their sins cleansed by participating in a blood sacrifice ritual."

"Good heavens... how often is it necessary to do this ritual?"

"Because of the wickedness of today's people," explained the young man, "God recommends that the blood ritual be carried out on a weekly basis."

"Weekly! That's a lot of blood..."

"Yes, the problem is that most people are sinning on a daily basis and it's not a good idea to let it build up in one's life... You know, just in case you die. So weekly blood seems to suit and accommodate most people."

"Could I go and sin knowingly, then attend one of these blood rituals, and obtain forgiveness?"

"Yes you could... and some people do. But that's not really the idea."

"Ok, how's it done?"

"Right... you go to a sacred meeting place with everyone else who is seeking the blood sacrifice cleansing... We have special places to do it in... where we won't be disturbed. Remember, this is a

sacred ritual and we don't like prying eyes." The young man was getting animated, his eyes sparkled, and his tongue flicked over his lips as he continued, "Everyone gets worked up through music, words, singing, chanting, and the ritual exhortations... Then... Then comes the blood..."

"How many initiates do you have?" interrupted John.

"You'd be surprised... In fact they're the majority of our society."

"Who does the sacrificing?"

"Oh, that's done by the sacrificial priest..."

"How does it work?"

"The sacrificial priest is clothed in a white robe and officiates at a high altar that is illuminated by two large white candles. The altar is situated at the far end of the room. Before the blood ritual itself, the priest usually teaches on the doctrine and necessity of the blood sacrifice and encourages all present to come forward and partake of the flesh and blood that has been previously prepared. The initiates then go forward and eat of the raw flesh, and drink of the warm blood."

"You mean that the people go to the altar and actually eat the flesh, and drink the blood of the dead victim!"

"Of course they do... How else could they receive the cleansing effect of the ritual? The cleansing is the consequence of them receiving the victim's life force within themselves."

"But that's... that's disgusting!"

"It does seem so at first, but after you've done it a few times you'll get into it... and what a relief it is... to know that your sins are gone and you're acceptable to God, and you know that you're saved out of this wicked generation."

"Does God manifest himself and personally confirm the acceptance?"

"No... Remember you're a sinner, and God can't manifest himself to sinners. However, through meditation and calling on God's name you will eventually get your personal testimony. It takes time, but if you keep at it and pay your dues, and regularly attend the blood ritual, you will receive the knowledge that it's all true... Also, don't forget that the sacrificial priest is interceding on your behalf, and during the blood ritual he speaks to God and forgives your sins.... Later he again speaks to God and confirms your works and payments. Isn't that fantastic?"

"Are you telling me that you have to pay money as well?"

"Of course you do. You must also sacrifice to obtain the benefits of sacrifice. Remember, the religion that does not require the sacrifice of all things has not the power unto salvation."

"How much does it cost?"

"An average figure is 10% of your gross annual income."

"What! ... What happens to all the money?"

"Oh, that goes into paying the sacrificial priest, looking after the building, sending out missionaries like me, running the propaganda system, printing God's will etc."

"Hmm... how does one become an initiate?"

"Ah, I see that this interests you... Initiation is simple - you come along to the meeting place, and there you express your desire of initiation to the priest. First, you will confess your sins and accept the blood system. Second, you'll be ritually washed to cleanse you from the past. Third, you'll be initiated by the

partaking of the flesh and blood that saves. By these acts you'll be born again through the system of blood... I quiver just thinking about it."

"And that's it?"

"No... I haven't told you the best part yet. Finally, to ensure that you don't fall from the system, you become possessed by a guiding spirit... So it doesn't matter where you are, the guiding spirit will be in you and will be your higher self. You will receive this possession as the final part of your initiation into the blood system."

"How will I know when I've been possessed?"

"You'll know... When the guiding spirit is commanded to enter, you'll be so overwhelmed that you will collapse and have a rapturous fit... You'll foam at the mouth and writhe about as the spirit penetrates and possesses you. All your evil demons will come out of you... screaming. The guiding spirit is powerful, and once you're under its control you'll never have to think for yourself again..."

The young man was panting, his eyes rolled and bulged, and he seemed ready to give John a demonstration of the rapturous possession.

"And... if I don't get involved," said John quickly, "what'll happen?"

"That's simple... you'll go to hell for eternity. Where you'll be eaten by, never escape..."

"Is there no other way?"

"No... there is no other way... This is the only true system of God, decreed by his own voice through his servants. Come, God waits for you..."

"Then..." said John after a moment, "I'm afraid that you'll have to tell God that I decline His offer..."

"But why?" cried the young man.

"Because I... and I alone choose the path that I shall walk. And I... I alone shall accept the responsibility of my choosing."

The young man stood up and sadly shook his head, and left.

As he watched the young man walk away, John called to him, "Oh, by the way, what is this blood system called?"

Glancing over his shoulder, the young called back, "It's called CHRISTIANITY..."

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