

# DEATH THE DOOR

Death is a 'No No' subject to all but this 68 year old.

I look back on a splendid life and forward to Heaven knows what?

This applies to The Grave in particular; will it be oblivion or Heaven? Either way, I can't lose.

Either eternal rest after that bone shaking life or (and thank the Lord I'm talking to Magna readers) Heaven.



I don't believe in Hell. Eternal torture is not my cup of tea, however good a stick it is to poke me with in the right direction. Without wishing to flaunt my virtue I don't think I need poking. Jesus had to poke and by all accounts the 21<sup>st</sup> century world needs poking. But when we get there it is gonna be fun. If it happens that is. I believe I don't know.

For the Christian death is a mere blip in our consciousness. One minute we are in our body. The next

minute we are floating out of the window and up to the stars above. We will feel great pleasure. St. Peter will swing wide the pearly gates and a great chorus will fill the air. And there's mum and dad! And, Captain, the irascible Scotty! And we don't have to eat anymore and there is more music down every street and people will be allowed to smoke as they drink in pubs and planet Earth can be visited in a trice whenever we like. I believe. I do not know.

So you are afraid of death? The corns on my aching feet tell me I am not. Death is the door to alternative delights. Not tempting enough to prompt suicide but not be feared either. One day they will abolish old age altogether. The admin problems will be colossal. Then finally Blair will be persuaded to hand over to Brown. Mortals will become immortals and birth control will be desirable. But only if there is a man-size gap not left on Earth.

I have not welcomed death all my life but a 68 year old smoker must give it a thought and put his thoughts on paper. No more nine to five – that is what thrills me! But a vacuum or a Christian belief ahead sobers me somewhat. Unless I am really pleased by the prospect which I think I am. And now back to the bingo and tales of derring-do at the olds folk's day centre. And you the people of London, go about your business.



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