

A Doomed Race
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The night was dark and cloudy. The moon a glowing blood red. I stood there faced with an impossible task. The enemy is great and powerful. I seemed alone against a dark and merciless army. I had no choice. They would come for me either way. I couldn't run for I was surrounded. As they grew closer to my position I began to make out different legions, of which there were precisely six. Each wearing different colored armor. I stood bold, as they grew closer. Soon I could make out their faces as they marched ever closer. They were hideously grotesque. Most had a basic humanoid build to them, except the majority of them were at least twice the size of the average man. Some had sickly green eyes, while others had spear like bones emerging from their fists. Still others had blood red pupils that seemed to stare right through your soul. Closer still they grew. I started to truly realize how absolutely hopeless my situation was as I heard them chant, "You don't have to die, look at us we are powerful. Join us and we will make you powerful beyond your dreams." They repeated this over and over as if they were trying to convince me. I knew better. I stood ever bolder, drawing every bit of strength and courage I had available just to stand in defiance to this horrible situation. Closer and closer they came. It wasn't long before I could make out symbols on the armor of the approaching enemy. Those with the sickly green eyes had armor of gold with the symbol of greed solidly imprinted on their chests. Those with the blood red pupils had armor made of bones and the symbol of murder. There were at least four other symbols. There was the symbol of hate, the symbol of lust, the symbol of deceit, and the symbol of the thieves. Each symbol seemed to be credited to a legion. As they marched closer and closer they continued to chant their creed over and over again. "Join us and we will make you powerful beyond your dreams!"

Closer and closer they grew until as suddenly as they had appeared they stopped marching. I searched the legions for a clue as to why. The cold air was quiet. I stood boldly waiting to be overcome. Then the six legions began to cheer with a mighty roar. Their leader had arrived. One would think that someone who could command such a terribly hideous army would himself be hideous. I was wrong in assuming this. In fact as he flew over his roaring legions I noticed how, except for the wings hinged on his back, he looked like an average man. His evil legions began to roar even louder than before when he gracefully landed in front of me. Until with a simple slow wave of his hand they were instantly silenced. He then turned to me and said in a still calm voice, "Join me. I am powerful and can make you powerful." I stared intently into his eyes and simply replied "Never!" To which he replied, "It is a shame, for I shall have to destroy you. You shall now face a fate worse than death." As I readied myself to be tortured and killed I, along with everyone else heard a resounding "STOP! This one is not to be harmed!" Suddenly the man became enraged and grew into the largest and most hideous beast of them all. Upon his chest were contained all the symbols of each legion. His large wings stretched out into the air as he shouted, "Who dares go against me!" Then suddenly up in the sky everyone could see who had so mercifully intervened on my behalf. He was on a cloud that seemed to support him. Glory reigned down from above as he approached where I was standing and stood in between the leader of the six evil legions and myself.

The evil legions began to silently tremble in fear at the sight of this obviously great and merciful being. The evil leader pronounced "I will destroy you in his place." The man of glory simply

smiled. Enraged at this the evil leader launched a massive attack against the wonderfully merciful being that stood in on my behalf. The battle raged for hours, and just as the merciful man began to weaken the evil leader dealt a crushing blow. The man lay dead. I ran to his side and wept. This man fought bravely on my behalf and now he was gone. I was speechless. All I could do was weep as I buried the man. The evil leader stood there taunting me with “you should have joined me, he was a great man. He might still be alive today if it wasn’t for you.” After I buried him I realized that the evil leader and the six evil legions hadn’t left. In fact the leader of the six evil legions was laughing and almost giddy. After all it certainly appeared as if he had won. Why shouldn’t he be happy? However his laughing had the opposite effect on me. I began to weep and grieve for this man. This happened for days.

On the third day that this man lied in his grave, while still grieving, I noticed that the evil leader and the legions weren’t laughing anymore. I began to fear that they might now come for me. Surely I would fall. Obviously the merciful man that stood in my place was more powerful than I could ever be and he fell. The evil leader approached me and said, “I cannot let you live unless you join me.” With tears still in my eyes I stood up and mustered all my strength. I replied, “Sir, you said you would take him in my place.” He promptly stated, “Yes, I did but I’m a liar. I’m greedy, and I want to destroy what is good.” I looked him straight in the eye and said, “I will never join you. You are evil.” He replied, “Have it your way.” Then as he raised his hand to destroy me there was a great earthquake. Soon I found myself jolted in amazement. The grave I had prepared for that merciful man was empty. There was just this massive hole in the ground. The evil leader cautiously lowered his hand as a loud and thunderous voice rang from the heavens. It declared, “STOP! This one will not be harmed! For my Son lives!”

Now the evil leader had an extremely worried look on his face when he saw what occurred next. In the heavens there was a mighty army of seven legions. Unlike the six evil legions they were all dressed in glowing white robes and were armed with swords of fire. Furthermore, all seven legions had only one symbol firmly fixed on the chest. It was the symbol of Love. The evil leader, in his arrogance, shouted into the heavens “Prove it! Prove he’s Alive!” From the heavens came a splendorous roar, “Rise up, O Judge of the earth; pay back to the proud what they deserve.” The evil leader was startled as someone tapped his grotesque shoulder. When he turned to see whom it was, the arrogance drained from his face. The man, who had so mercifully taken my place before, was back. The evil leader trembled as he said simply, “How?” The man of glory answered “I died so this person can live. Then I conquered death, and now I’m returning to finish our fight.” Suddenly the evil leader attacked the one who conquered death with all his fury and might. My fear quickly dissolved as the man of mercy simply grabbed the evil leader by the neck and threw him into the ground. The man of Glory turned to the seven legions and launched an attack against the six with a simple slow wave of his powerful hand. Then he turned to the beaten, evil leader of the now dying six legions and said, “Your reign of evil is over. You will now experience eternal death.” With a loud screech the once powerful evil leader seemed to vaporize. I turned to the glorious being that saved me from a fate worse than death and asked, “Sir, what is your name?” He replied with what seemed to be his typical simple smile and in a loving soft voice he said, “My child. I am Jesus of Nazareth.”

NOTE:

“Rise up, O judge of the earth; pay back to the proud what they deserve.” –Psalm 94:2 NIV