*An Improper Trust*

She couldn’t take another year in prison. She couldn’t even think about it. It had become so loathsome that it was almost preferable to die than to waste away any longer behind those walls. So her appeal began, not to the Governor, nor to the warden, but to the prison undertaker. The undertaker was responsible for all inmates that died. He placed them in coffins, sealed the coffins, and took them out for burial. After some time and female wiles, she was finally able to persuade the man to help her escape. The plan was simple. The next time someone died, he would allow her to get into the coffin with the dead body. He would then nail the lid shut, take it out to the graveyard, bury it, and return under the cover of darkness to open it and free her. There would be enough oxygen in the coffin for that amount of time.

Eventually the opportunity came. Someone died. According to plan, she sneaked into the darkened parlor and crawled into the coffin with the body. Shortly after that, the lid was nailed down. She felt the movement of the coffin as it was carried out to the waiting wagon. There was a rocking motion as it was pulled out of the prison yard, through the gates that were locked upon her for so many years, beyond the walls that she could never climb. She felt the wagon stop in the beggars’ graveyard, sensed the downward motion of the coffin as it was lowered into the hole dug for it. A swelling sense of victory filled her. The ploy was going to work. She heard the clunking noise of earth being shoveled onto the coffin, until at last she could hear no more. Now it was only a short wait until the undertaker would come for her. Being curious, she lit a match to see who had died. In the brief flare of light, she saw who it was. It was the undertaker. She screamed, unheard by the world above her.

This fictional story, first aired on Alfred Hitchcock Presents, unintentionally poses a question. In whom do you put your trust for salvation? Is it in a person, perhaps a religious teacher? If so, are you sure that he or she won’t end up in the coffin with you, a victim of death just as powerless as you? Do you trust religious practices? Then you must ask yourself if all the dietary regulations and meditation techniques in the world will free you when death and judgment come to call. Perhaps you haven’t thought about it. You may have implicitly trusted that your sins will have no consequences, that you will float into a celestial paradise with no questions asked about your past life. And then, maybe you are trusting that there isn’t anything beyond the grave. Will you find out a little too late, perhaps one second beyond death, that you were wrong? At that point, protests and tears will not change a thing.

The Bible recommends one means of salvation, one Savior, one name: Jesus Christ. We are told, "And there is salvation in no other, for neither is there another name under heaven given among men in which we must be saved." (Acts 4:12) The phrase salvation in no other guarantees that, in the end everything will fail us most disastrously, except for Christ.

*J Myer*