



The Meaning Of Life And Death By Reverend Fuzzy

Recently, shortly after the death of my Grandfather, I was thrust into a lengthy pondering of the meaning of life and death. After many hours of thought, and the occasional sidetrack, I came up with what I can only describe as the one closest match to an answer that anyone

I know, has come up with, to date... it's like this...

Life and death are the logical beginning, and conclusion to the existence of a physical being, and can be directly compared to being in "God's Army".

I know a lot of you are saying things like "You're full of it", or "You just don't understand". To these folk, I say it's YOU that just don't understand... let me explain...

First, your immortal soul is created (you are drafted), and issued a uniform (your body). Just after, you are deployed (born) into the war zone (the world as we know it), and you spend your initial years, learning how things work, (boot camp). Soon after, due to the blessing of free will that God has given us, and whether or not we're also blessed with a knack for knowledge, and/or traveling the "high road", we make the choices that determine our vocation (rank) in life.

Finally, after many years of fighting the battle, and continually learning new things, your tour of duty is over (just like a worldly Army), and you are recalled (die), returning the uniform (your body) on the way. Then you return home (Heaven), where your deeds are re-counted in the Book Of Life, and then you spend eternity reaping the benefits of a good life, and fighting the battle you were sent to do, or taking on the punishments of ditching your duties, committing war crimes, or defecting. (a bad life).

Disagree? Write me.

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