

“...The heart of the sons of men is full of evil, and madness is in their heart while they live...” (Ecclesiastes 9.3)

*Wherewith shall I come before the LORD,
and bow myself before the high God?
He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good;
and what doth the LORD require of thee,
but to do justly, and to love mercy,
and to walk humbly with thy God? (Micah 6.6,8)*

What the chapel doors say to me

Woe, beware

You have probably smiled broadly, like I have, when watching and listening to a primary-age children’s choir singing most anything. I have smiled while watching groups of primary-age children put their fingers to their lips and sing, “Shhhhhh.”

“The chapel doors seem to say to me,
“Sh, be still.”
For this is a reverent place to be,
“Sh, be still.”
We gather here on the Sabbath day
To learn of Jesus, to sing and pray.
So when we come through the chapel doors,
“Sh, be still.”¹

But today, the chapel doors seem, to me, to say something different.

“The chapel doors seem to say to me,
“Wo, beware”
For this is a dangerous place to be,

¹ “The Chapel Doors,” *Children’s Songbook*, #156

“Wo, beware.”

The chapel doors need not have changed their tune. But, what with all the maskless anti-heroes and unvaccinated false patriots passing in and out of its doors, it really had little choice. The chapel that once prided itself as a place of refuge, a safe place where members could hear the pleasing word of God, become a danger zone, an unsafe place where the spoken word can bring sickness and death and the unmasked and unvaccinated un-saints shout by means of their arrogantly unveiled faces that they care nothing for anyone other than themselves.

Lord, was it i?

So which of them was it? Which of the scoffers of masks and rejectors of a mercifully God-given vaccine was it that stood in the chapel and breathed COVID poison into the now fatally damaged lungs of our dear sister as they shook her hand and spoke the pleasantries that sent, arrow like, their poisonous spray into the heart of their victim?

It's true. She was no *innocent* victim. She chose victimhood by the insane leaders she chose to follow. She too had scoffed at masks and went proudly unprotected. She too had rejected God's mercy; rejected the vaccine He so graciously made possible through scientific revelation. So, I guess you could say that she has not gotten any more or any less than the law of restoration, the law of consequences, the demands of cause and effect requires. But still. I would not want to be the one; one of the many, many dozens who have to ask themselves this question: “Lord, was it I?”

I would not want to be one of the many, many dozens of unsaintly Saints who must now pray, and pray, and pray that they were not the assassin.

I would not want to be one of the many, many dozens of unsaintly Saints who must now hope, and hope, and hope that they will not be faced with such a question come judgment day.

I would not want to be one of the many, many dozens of unsaintly Saints who must now worry, and worry, and worry that on that fateful judgment day they will look into the sad eyes of a pained Savior and see the truth shining there; see in the Savior's sad eyes the devastating answer, "Yes," to their reluctant question, "Lord, was it I?"

"Yes, it way you. It was your poisonous spittle that wrecked such havoc in your sister's body. It was your inane pleasantries that ended life as she knew it, as God intended it. It was your false righteousness that altered the lives of her family, denied a son, daughter, grandchild, great grandchild another moment of love and learning in her presence. Yes, it was you who ended a life I so happily and expectantly created. It was you who became an enemy to life. An enemy of God."

I have plenty to pray, and hope, and worry over when it comes to my own appearance before that judgment bar. I possess enough beams in my own eye to build a mansion, as all mansions are, of ungodly proportions. But I will, at least, know this much on that day: it was not I who scoffed and rejected and then injected into the lungs of our dear sister the poison that killed her.

As I think on such things, the denialism of delusion becomes understandable. Who wants to face such questions? Who wants to ask themselves such questions, let alone hear such questions answered from the Savior's own mouth? "Yes, it was you."

Better to just lie to oneself. But, alas, the days of denial will come to an end. Abrupt. And painful. And devastating. That day will be.

"I say unto you, can you imagine to yourselves that ye hear the voice of the Lord, saying unto you, in that day: 'Come unto me ye blessed, for behold, your works have been the works of righteousness upon the face of the earth?'

Or do ye imagine to yourselves that ye can lie unto the Lord in that day, and say—'Lord, our works have been righteous works upon the face of the earth'—and that he will save

you?

Or otherwise, can ye imagine yourselves brought before the tribunal of God with your souls filled with guilt and remorse, having a remembrance of all your guilt, yea, a perfect remembrance of all your wickedness, yea, a remembrance that ye have set at defiance the commandments of God? I say unto you, can ye look up to God at that day with a pure heart and clean hands? I say unto you, can you look up, having the image of God engraven upon your countenances?”²

Conclusion and benediction

I miss the quiet safety of the old chapel doors. I miss the refuge from the storm that the chapel offered. I am sorry and pained (and occasionally angered) that so many who call themselves saints, but aren't, have thrown the chapel doors wide open and willingly invited the storm to invade the sacred peace. I am sorry that the Savior cannot calm a storm that false disciples welcome with open unvaccinated arms and smirking maskless faces.

Am I sorry that come judgment day these false “brothers” and false “sisters” will face some tough questioning about their arrogant attitudes and belligerent behavior during the pandemic of 2020-2021? No, it is only right that they be faced with their wickedness, as I will be with mine. This too might be an act of grace as, perhaps, there will still be time and space for the light of revelation to enter and for repentance to be granted.

But for now, we all suffer due to the false doctrines and the intransigent wickedness that false doctrines always produce. For, “whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it.”³

O LORD God, to whom vengeance belongeth;

O God, to whom vengeance belongeth, shew thyself.

Lift up thyself, thou judge of the earth:

render a reward to the proud.

² Alma 5.¹⁶⁻¹⁹

³ 1 Corinthians 12.²⁶

*LORD, how long shall the wicked,
how long shall the wicked triumph?
How long shall they utter and speak hard things?
and all the workers of iniquity boast themselves?
They break in pieces thy people, O LORD,
and afflict thine heritage.”⁴*

Even so, come, Lord Jesus!

⁴ Psalm 94.¹⁻⁵