

HE LIED.

ADVERSARY



3 LIES OF SATAN IN SCRIPTURE & STORY

Performance Script

SCRIPTURES: NESTLE-ALAND NOVUM TESTAMENTUM GRAECE 28, WITH
ADDITIONAL TRANSLATION BY THE VERY REVEREND WILLIAM J. KEITH

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BILLOBERSTJR@GMAIL.COM

“Crux Sacra sit mihi lux.
Non draco sit mihi dux.
Vade retro satana!
Numquam suade mihi vana.
Sunt mala quae libas.
Ipse venena bibas!”

“Holy Cross be my Light.
No dragon be my guide.
Get back Satan!
Never persuade me with empty things.
What you offer is evil!
You drink the poison yourself.” ~ (*Exorcism ritual, 14th century*)¹

“My old ancestor Satan. I've always felt friendly. Must be in the blood. I've been thinking of attempting his biography. We must not pay him deference, for that would be indiscrete, but we can admire his talents. Any man who has for untold centuries maintained the imposing position of Spiritual Head of 3/4th of the human race, and Political Head of the whole of it, must have executive abilities.” ~ (*Mark Twain, My Ancestor Satan, 19th century*)²

“I want to meet the devil. I want to ask him about God. He must know, if anyone does.” ~ (*Ingmar Bergman, The Seventh Seal, 20th century*)³

“To take the devil seriously is to take seriously our total, spine-tingling freedom. Even in paradise, Lucifer was free to get the hell out. In this world people are free to live for themselves alone, if they want to. The doctrine of hell proclaims that they retain this freedom in whatever world comes next. Thus the possibility of making damned fools of ourselves would appear to be limitless.” ~ (*Frederick Buechner, 20th century*)⁴

1 Western Europe, earliest manuscript fragment ca. 1329

2 *Autobiography and Notebooks* (posthumous)

3 Screenplay, *The Seventh Seal*, 1957

4 *Wishful Thinking*, 1973

“There was war in heaven, Michael and his angels battling with the dragon, and the dragon battling, and its angels. And they were not strong enough for him, neither is their place still found in heaven. Thrown down was the mighty dragon, that ancient serpent, called Adversary and Satan, deceiving the whole world. It was thrown to the earth, and its messengers were thrown with it.⁵ And I heard the loudest voice of all, in heaven: 'Woe to the land and the sea, for the Adversary is descended to you in great fury, knowing that his time is short; his days numbered.' ”⁶

“The Adversary was a man-slayer from the beginning. He does not stand in Truth, for Truth is not in him. When he speaks a lie, he speaks his own, for he is a liar and the father of lies.”⁷ ~ *(The Apocalypse of John, The Gospel of John, 1st century)*

Three Lies of Satan, in scripture and story.
Tonight we hear lies. Tonight we hear truth.
The devil is in the distinction.

#1 You Need More.

From Matthew:

“The adversary was taking Him to the highest mountain, and was showing Him all the individual kingdoms of the world and their renown, and said, 'I shall give all to you if, falling, you should worship before me.'

Then He said, 'Go away from me Satan, for it is written: God the master of you shall you worship, and only Him shall you serve.'

Then the adversary left Him.”⁸

5 REV 12:7-9

6 REV 12: 10, REV 12:12 (*partial*)

7 JN 8:44 (*partial*)

8 MT 4:8-10, MT 4:11a

From Robert Louis Stevenson's story, *Markheim*:⁹

"Did you call me?" Markheim opened his eyes. A flash of ice, a flash of fire, went through him. A gush of blood within, to match the stains of blood without, went over him. Without realizing it, the young murderer dropped his knife.

"I heard you call me." the visitor said, in a dead man's bedroom, above a dead man's shop, above a dead man's body, lying on the floor below, cold as Christmas morning, which it was.

"You are looking for the money, I believe?" Markheim stood transfixed.

Fear held him in a vice. The door had been locked; he was sure of that. He stopped crying, gazed stupidly at the figure before him. Its outlines changed, wavered in the candlelight.

At times Markheim thought knew the visitor, and at times he thought he bore a likeness to himself; and always, like a lump of living terror, there lay in his bosom the conviction that the thing before him was not of the earth.

And yet, the creature had a strange, smiling air of the commonplace. "The money?" it repeated politely. A dozen strange old clocks tolled the hour in the shuttered shop below. "You are looking for the money?"

Markheim made no answer.

The visitor gazed mildly at the ransacked bedroom, and down to the bottom of the stairs, where the legs of the dead shop owner were just barely visible. "He struggled like a hen" said the visitor pleasantly. "He closed the door behind him. "Your dagger lacks that swiftness which is the soul of mercy. But then, it was your first."

"And my last!" cried Markheim, without realizing he had spoken.

"You will improve with practice" said the visitor, "and your lie to gain admission to the shop on Christmas morn was skillful."

"Who are -" began Markheim.

9 first published 1885; adapted for performance

"I should warn you," the visitor continued, "that the maid has left her sweetheart's home early. Her Christmas visit has been cut short by an untimely lover's quarrel. She is returning to the shop now. Soon she will be at the door. If Markheim be found here in his present condition, well, I need not describe the consequences. So - "

"How do you know my name?" cried the murderer.

The visitor smiled. "You have long been a favorite of mine."

"I know what you are." said Markheim.

"What I may be or not be cannot affect the service I propose to render you."

"It can, it does! Be helped by you? Never; not by you! You do not know me. Not yet, thank God, you do not know me."

"I know you to the soul" replied the visitor, with kind firmness. "Shall I show you the money? If I did not care for you - "

"Care for me?!" cried Markheim. "Who ever has cared for me? My life is a -"

"A travesty. A slander. An obscenity. Yes. I know. But I know, too, that you have lived below your potential. All poor men do. Poverty is a foul cloak which muffles men's faces - "

"If you could see my true face-"

"I do see! They do not. He does not. I do.. You have not had your due. True, you are worse than some - "

"I am worse than most" said Markheim. "I know that I am. But my heart is not so. And you are like all the rest if you judge me by my acts alone."

"I judge you not at all" said the visitor calmly. "I judge your Creator. You were born in, and you have lived in, a land of giants, giants who have dragged you by the wrists since you came out of your poor mother - the giants of poverty and circumstance. I know you. I know what you deserve. But my hour is brief, and these are trifling details. I care not in the least by what road you have come so long as you are here. All is mine, and I give it to whom I choose. I choose to give it to you."

"For what price?"

"I offer it as a Christmas gift."

Markheim was cold. He moved to the door.

"Time flies! The maid delays. See! She walks slowly now in her melancholy. She lingers to look into windows, into faces - but still she is moving ever nearer, and remember, it is as if the gallows itself was striding towards you through these Christmas streets. Shall I help you?"

"No. I am leaving! I take nothing from your hands. If I were dying of thirst and it was your hand put the pitcher to my lips, I pray I should find the courage to refuse."

"You pray?"

Markheim's hand was on the doorknob. He half-turned it.

"I have no objection to a deathbed repentance" said the visitor.

At these words Markheim froze. "You lie."

"On the contrary my boy," the visitor exhaled, "When the life is done my interest falls. When my servant draws near to deliverance, he can add but one final act of service: to repent, to die smiling and, in so doing to build up in confidence and hope the more nervous of my surviving flock that they, too, may do so at the last. Try me. I am not so hard a Master.

And when the night begins to fall and the curtains are drawn, I tell you, for your greater comfort, that you will find it easy to silence your quarreling conscience and make a truckling peace with God. I came from such a deathbed just now -"

"You suppose me a creature with no more aspiration than at the last moment to sneak into heaven? Is this your experience of mankind? Or is it because of these red hands that you assume it?"

The visitor laughed.

"Mankind is starving rats on a raft, feeding on the crusts of each other's lives. And murder is to me no special case. All sin is murder, just as all life is war. I offer to help you not because you are a murderer, but because you are mine. My sheep know my voice. I am at your service."

"You do indeed serve me! The more you speak the greater my resolve to be a better self. I see myself changed, I see these hands clean; the agents of good! I see this heart at peace! Something comes over me out of the past; something of what I dreamed on Sabbath evenings, of what I felt when I shed tears over books or talked with my mother - there lies my life, not with you! I thank you, for I have wandered but now I see at last the city of my destination!"

"Fallen."

"I have been! But are my vices only to direct my life? Cannot the good in me as well as the evil, be a spring of my acts?"

"Fallen. Ever fallen. And who is here to raise you up? I Am. Please yourself in life - and please yourself more amply! Spread your elbows at the board. Know my banquet. Take my hand."

Markheim's lips were dry. "This crime," he cried Markheim "is my last!" He moved again to the door; reached for the knob.

"For the six-and-twenty years you have been in this world, I have watched you fall. Ten years ago you would have stopped at a theft. Yesterday you would have run from the word murder. Is there anything now from which you still recoil? Downward, downward lies your way, and nothing but death will stop you. Content yourself with what you are, for you will never change, and the words of your part on this stage are irrevocably written down. Take my hand. Take your due. Accept your nature. Down."

Markheim was, for a long while, silent. "And what of grace?"

"Have you not tried it? Two or three years ago, did I not see you on the platform of revival meetings? Was not your voice the loudest in the hymn?"

At this moment the sharp note of the door-bell rang through the house.

"The maid!" cried the visitor, his countenance suddenly, violently changed, "She has returned, as I forewarned you! Listen carefully now. There is now before you one more difficult passage. You must say these exact words to her: 'You had better come inside, your master is ill.' Say it with an assured but serious countenance; you are the doctor. No smiles, no over-acting and I promise you success! Once the girl is within and the door closed, the same dexterity with your dagger, the same rough skill, that rid you of her master, will relieve you of this last danger in your path. Then you will have the whole day, the whole night, to ransack the treasures of this house. I will show you the money and I will make good your safety. This is my help to you! There are no windows. There is no other path for you save the gallows now!"

Markheim was on his knees, fumbling for the bloody blade. The features of the visitor shifted wildly, now brightening, now softening, now blazing, now fading. Markheim was very, very cold. He dropped the knife.

"You had better come inside, your master is ill" the visitor repeated. "Say it! You had better come inside, your master is ill..."

The bell rang again, and again. Now a hard knocking. Now a call from the street.

The door to the stairway opened of its own accord.

Markheim went down. The knife was again in his palm. He paused at the bottom, where a candle burned by the dead body. It was strangely silent. Then the bell once more broke out into impatient clamor. Markheim curled his fingers round the dagger, swung open the shop door and confronted the surprised maid on the threshold.

"You had better...You had better..."

And then, "You had better go for the police. I have killed your master!"

In the room upstairs, something sighed.

#2 You Know Best.

From Mark:

“They marched Him to the place of a skull.¹⁰ They took away His clothes and cast lots to see who was supposed to end up with them.¹¹ People passing by insulted him vociferously. They said 'Save yourself! Descend from the cross!' and 'He saved others, himself he cannot save.'¹² There was darkness over the whole land.¹³ He cried out in a loud voice 'Eloi Eloi! Lema Sabachthani?' 'My God my God! Why did you abandon me?'¹⁴ He screamed something, and breathed His last breath.”¹⁵

From Fyodor Dostoevsky's story *The Grand Inquisitor*, in *The Brothers Karamazov*:¹⁶

My story takes place in the 16th century, in the most terrible time of the Inquisition, when, as you probably learnt at school, fires were lighted every day, and in those fires wicked heretics were burnt to the glory of God.

In Spain. In Seville.

Fifteen centuries since He came. Fifteen centuries since He promised to come again in His glory. Fifteen centuries since His prophet wrote, “Behold, I come quickly.”

Behold, He comes.

Of course, this is not the coming in which He will appear, according to His promise, at the end of time. No, in my tale he visits His children only for a moment, here, where the flames are crackling round the heretics. See! He comes once more among men in that human shape in which He walked among men for thirty-three years to appear for one brief moment to the people: the tortured, suffering people, sunk in misery, but loving Him like children.

10 MK 15:22

11 MK 15:24b

12 MK 15:29-31 (partial)

13 MK 15:33 (partial)

14 MK 15:34

15 MK 15:37 (partial)

16 Novel segment; first published 1880; adapted for performance

He has come down to the hot pavement of this Southern town in which on the day before almost a hundred heretics had, for the greater glory of God, been burnt by the Cardinal, the Grand Inquisitor, in a magnificent public pyre, in the presence of the king, the court, the knights, the cardinals, the most charming ladies of the court, the whole population of Seville. See, He comes softly. Unobserved. Yet, strange to say, everyone recognizes Him. The people are irresistibly drawn to Him. They surround Him. They flock to Him. They follow Him.

He moves silently among the people with a gentle smile of compassion. Does power shine from His eyes? Do their hearts stir with responsive love? He holds out His hands to them - blesses them. They reach for His garments. A man in the crowd, blind from childhood, cries out, "O heal me and I shall see You!" and, as it were, something like scales fall from his eyes and the blind man sees Him. The crowd weeps and kisses the earth under His feet. Children throw flowers and sing and cry Hosanna. "It is He – it must be He. It must be!"

He stops at the steps of the Seville cathedral at the moment the weeping mourners are bringing in a little open white coffin. In it lies a child of seven, an only daughter. The dead child lies hidden in flowers. The mother of the dead child throws herself at His feet with a wail. 'If it is You...' she cries, holding out her hands to Him, her words choked in sobs.

The priest looks perplexed and frowns, but the procession halts. The coffin is laid on the steps at His feet. He looks in with compassion, and His lips once more softly pronounce "Talitha cumi."

And she rises.

She sits up in the coffin and looks around, smiling, holding the white roses they had put in her dead hands. There are cries among the people. At that moment the Cardinal himself, the Grand Inquisitor, is passing by the cathedral. He is an old man; almost ninety; tall, erect, with withered face and sunken eyes in which there is still a gleam of light. He is not dressed in his gorgeous cardinal's robes, as he was the day before, when he was burning the enemies of the faith. Today he wears his old, coarse monk's cassock. At a distance behind him are his gloomy assistants and slaves and the holy guard. He stops at the sight of the crowd, watches from a distance. He sees everything: he sees them set the coffin down at the Stranger's bare feet, sees the child rise up. His face darkens. He bids the guards, "Take him!"

Such is his power that the crowd immediately makes way for the guards. In deathlike silence they lay hands on Him who has come, and lead him away as the crowd instantly bows to the earth as one before the old Grand Inquisitor. He blesses them. The guards lead their prisoner to the gloomy dungeon in the ancient palace of the Holy Inquisition. They shut him in.

The day passes. Hot, dark, burning, breathless night of Seville. The air fragrant with laurel and lemon. In the pitch darkness the iron door suddenly opens, and the Grand Inquisitor stands before his prisoner, a light in his hand. He is alone. The door closes behind him.

He stands in the doorway and gazes into that face. At last, he comes up slowly, sets the light on the table and speaks: "Is it You?"

A wild fantasy? A mistake on the part of the old man? He was ninety. He might well have been crazy. Or he might simply have been struck by the appearance of the Prisoner. The ravings, the delusion of an old man's mind, scorched by the burning of a hundred heretics the day before? Does it matter to us? A case of mistaken identity, a wild fantasy - all that matters is that the old man speaks; that he speaks openly now to this Stranger of things he has thought in silence for ninety years.

The Prisoner is silent but meets the old man's eyes as he speaks.

"Is it You? Do not answer. I do not want to know. You should not have come. There is nothing here for you. Not now. We have paid dearly for your ignorance but we have corrected your mistakes, and done it in Your name, and it is finished! What have we to do with You?"

You are not welcome. Your confusions are not welcome. Your vague, enigmatic, singular seductive hope is not welcome. Nor your miracles. The girl will die again! Other blind men do not see! Lazarus went twice to the tomb! What was the purpose of any of it? You came, You laid upon poor worms' shoulders more than they could bear, and You ascended in glory. Your glory. Them you left naked.

You knew the way. I do not doubt that you knew the only way by which men might be happy. Why did you reject it? You had so many chances. A wise and dread spirit talked with You in the wilderness. In books it is called 'the temptation' but if there has ever been on Earth a real stupendous miracle, it took place on that day.

Three questions. Could anything truer be said than what that great and wise spirit revealed in three questions? The statement of the three questions was itself the miracle!

Imagine, for the sake of argument, that those three questions had perished utterly from books, that we had to restore them; invent them anew; and to do so we had gathered together the wise of the earth; rulers, priests, poets, philosophers; and set them the task to invent three questions to express the whole future history of the world and all the unsolved contradictions of human nature. Could all their wisdom invent anything equal in depth and force to those three questions which were actually put to You by the wise and mighty spirit in the wilderness?

I might speak of any one of the three – let us speak only of the first. You remember?

The great and wise spirit said to You this: 'Your hands are empty. You have nothing to offer this race save some vague promise of freedom which men in their wicked, unruly ignorance cannot even understand. They fear freedom! They dread freedom more than death! But turn these stones to bread - here, in this parched, barren wilderness - turn rock to bread, and mankind will run after you like a flock of sheep, worshipful, obedient and happy.' But You would not.

'Man does not live not by bread alone.' No, but You knew that for the sake of bread men will follow even darkness, crying 'Feed us first; *then* ask of us virtue!' Do you not know? Have you not heard? Was it not told you from the beginning? Men are weak. Men are vicious. Worthless, rebellious. How can the bread of Heaven compare with Earthly bread in the eyes of a pitiful, ignoble, sinful race? And if, for the sake of the bread of Heaven, thousands did follow You, what of the millions and tens of thousands of millions of poor creatures who have not the strength? Or do You care only for the strong few but not for the weak many – they, numerous as the sands of the sea, who are weak but who love You?

Thus You answered to the first question, and to the second, and to the third. There are three powers alone able to conquer and hold captive forever the conscience of man: Miracle, Mystery and Authority. You rejected all three. You would not transform. you would not leap. You would not kneel. Rejecting these you rejected us. Oh, of course, you did it proudly and like unto God, but the impotent race of men, are they gods? Are they like You? Could they face such a temptation as You did? Is their nature such that they, at the hardest, deepest moments of their small, agonizing lives, could cling as You did only to silence?

You knew that Your answers to the three questions would be recorded in books; would be handed down to remote times and utmost ends of the earth; and You hoped that man, following You, would cling to God and not ask for a miracle. You were wrong.

Man seeks not so much God as the miraculous. He cannot bear to be without the miraculous, and man will create miracles of his own, shabby though they be, if God will not.

You would not deign to come down from the Cross when they shouted, mocking and spitting at you, 'Descend from the cross and we will believe You!' You did not descend.

Why?

Because You would not enslave man by a miracle? Because You crave faith given freely, blindly, not based on miracle? Because You crave free love, and not the worship of a slave bowing to the might of that which overawes him? You do think too highly of us.

Look round and see. Judge. Fifteen centuries have passed. Whom have You raised up, truly? Who raises You up, truly? I swear by myself: man is viler and baser than You did ever believe him to be! By showing respect, You failed to show love. You! You who loved them more than Yourself. I know that You did, for so I loved You, once. Oh, that you had respected us less. That would have been more like love to we who will bend, if You bend us, but who will not ourselves bend."

The old man was spent with sorrow.

For the aged Inquisitor, had himself, in a long-gone youth, left the world and eaten roots in the desert and made frenzied efforts to subdue his flesh and make himself free, and hungered for the Master's touch. He had listened long for the blessed voice. Until, hungering and thirsting and listening and waiting, he began to think. He began to think upon mankind. And the more he thought, the more it seemed to him that millions of God's creatures had been created as a mockery, as poor rebels who can never turn into giants, wandering geese for whom the Son of the great *I Am* dreamt His ridiculous dream of harmony.

And seeing all that, he left the desert and turned back, and he resolved to take the rejected advice of that great dread spirit in the wilderness, for the benefit of these feeble creatures, who must, he thought, have been created as a joke.

My story ends like this:

All is quiet in a dungeon in a palace in Seville. Hot, dark, burning, breathless night of Seville. The air fragrant with laurel and lemon. In the pitch darkness the iron door suddenly opens, and the Grand Inquisitor kneels before his Prisoner, a dying light in his hand. He sees that the Prisoner has listened intently all the time, looking gently in his face. The old man longs for Him to say something, even if something bitter and terrible.

He longs for a Word.

He waits.

He has waited so long.

The silent Figure rises, approaches the trembling old man, softly kisses him, extends His hand. That is His answer. That is all His answer.

The old man shudders. His lips move.

“Go. Go and come no more. Come not at all, never, never!”

The door closes. He is alone.

And it was night.

#3
It's All You.

From Luke:

“He withdrew from them, about a stone's throw, and kneeling, He prayed. 'Father! If You will, take away this chalice from me! Yet, not my will but Yours be done.' He saw a messenger from heaven and He was strengthened. And struggling, He prayed more earnestly, and His sweat became as clots of blood falling to the ground.¹⁷ And coming to the learners of Him found them sleeping from grief. And He said to them 'Why are you drowsing? Rise, be praying lest you be tested (as I am)!' He is still speaking and – See! A throng, and Judas, one of the twelve, with them. And Judas comes near, to wrap his arms around Him. Now He says to him, 'Judas, with a kiss you abandon the Son of Man?'¹⁸ ...but this is your hour and the power of The Darkness.”¹⁹

From *Your 3:00 AM Therapist*:²⁰

“Right on schedule! I like that about you. Good to see you tonight.

Let's see, we were talking about truth last time, yeah?

Ti estin alethia?

Quid est veritas?

What is truth?

Pilate asked the right question.

Of course, one question leads to another. How about this one:

'Where is truth?'

I been thinking about that one. I came across a quote I thought might be helpful to us in our work. Einstein, I think. Or Sagan. Or somebody. Anyway, it goes:

17 LK 22:41-44

18 LK 22:45-48 (*partial*)

19 LK 22:53 (*partial*)

20 Original material by BOJ

'The universe is all there is.
The universe is all there ever was.
The universe is all there ever will be.
If there is a Truth of the Universe it will be found in the universe.
Where else would it be?'

This is why Einstein was no good at parties! But yeah, he's right, right? If there's a truth for a thing it's gotta be found in that thing. Truth of the universe will be found in the Universe. Indisputable. Logical. But so darned cold.

Let's warm it up a little. How does this one strike you:
'Who is truth?'

Well. As the Emperor in *Amadeus* said, 'There it is!'

Who. Not what, or even where, but Who. It has to be a Who, hmm? If there's a truth for people it can't be found in a nebula. Can't be found in a tree. Flesh needs flesh. Blood needs blood. Truth for people has got to be in a person. I suppose that's why we have all those cartoons of God as an old guy in sandals on a cloud. Skin for skin.

You believe in God? Me too.
You believe he made all things? You're right.
You believe he made you? He did.

Now why do you think he did that? Made you, I mean?

Same reason he made dirt. Or a star. Or a jellyfish. He made you to be what you are, which is what he made you to be. Why on earth else would he make you? It's not complicated - every created thing exhibits a created nature. A perfect nature – well, perfect for the thing it is, anyway.

Fire's nature? To burn.
Water's nature? To quench.
Rock's nature? To...be a gosh-darned rock, I guess.

Lava flows. Spiders spin. Bulls gore (and who can blame them?)

For every sock a shoe.

For every created thing, a created nature; an obvious nature, an indisputable nature, an irrefutable nature, precisely suited - as if designed by some master engineer - for its tiny corner of the creation.

Don't ask a worm not to wriggle. He'll laugh at you, if a worm can laugh. Don't ask lightning not to strike, not when everything in it screams 'Now! Strike!' Everything on this narrow world in this wide cosmos says, without shame, in chirps or groans or growls or meows or math or DNA: 'We are what we are. We will be what we will be. We are as you made us.'

Everything, that is, except you.

Well, not *you* in particular – you're smarter than that – but humankind. They say it. Don't you love the moral mythologists; the guys who want you to believe you came with a factory defect? And they (wouldn't you know it) have your recall notice! Sorry, but the master engineer had the blueprints sideways when you came off the line! He got everything else just right, but not you!

God. I wonder if they realize how ridiculous they sound.

I think they do. I think that's why they need soft lighting to sell it.

There's a little poem I love. Called "Bad Dog." Saw it online.
Goes like this:

*'Why is it when I'm doing what dogs do,
What dogs are designed to do,
Then I'm a Bad Dog?*

*Why is it when I'm not doing what dogs do,
Denying my very canininity,
Then I'm a Good Dog?*

*Don't chew, don't bark, don't pee...
Why can't I be the dog I was
meant to be?'*

No now, pup, don't you be what you are!
Don't you dare do that. You're broken.

Gotta fix you.
Gotta cut you.
Gotta save you.

It makes no sense! Why? Why would God give you - alone among all the rest of a pretty darned perfect creation - a nature that is *not* your nature, that is not *his* nature? Why would he make you the sole exception - the poor wriggling worm who every time it wriggles gets lashed and told 'Bad worm!' Why would he do that??

He did not do that.
It sounds like a joke because it is one.
It smells like a lie because it ain't true.

There's nothing wrong with you. Nothing. No. Thing. Not one.
You are beautiful fire. Why would you not burn?

In you dwells no bad thing. How could it? You're made in the image! His nature is your nature! Your nature is his nature!

What is truth?
What you are.

Where is truth?
Where you are.

Who is truth?
Say it: **I Am.**
Say it!

And the eyes of them were opened and they knew that they were perfect.
Just like their father.

Well.

That's the head truth. Let's bring it down into the body, shall we?

Eyes closed.

Breathe in...deep...out...in...out...in. Good.

Now spread your elbows.

Just spread 'em out a little from your body. Uh huh.

Now a bit wider.

Even wider. If there's resistance, push back on it.

You feel that? Feels good, yeah? Now sit tall. Own the space. Own it! Oh yeah.

Now, quick, eyes open! Look at the people around you. Feel them. Smell them. Own them. Don't you dare lower your eyes! You make them see you!

Do you like them?

I don't mean do you love them. I mean do you even like them?

They don't like you either!

This is natural! This is good! It is a natural separation. Feel it. Feel the distance between you and the others. Isn't it good? Isn't it?

This is the good news I bring you, if you will receive it: You are your father's own.

You know by instinct what you are. You know by instinct what he is. You're the same.

He roars. You roar. He thunders. You thunder. He strikes...

Who is truth?

Say it...

You don't know these people. You never can. You are not their keeper. You never were.

Draw back. Fall back.

It is natural to do it, it is unnatural to eschew it, and any dogma, any dog man, anything that tries to compel you in another direction is a liar or dead or both.

There's your truth. If you will receive it.

Do You know Dickens? I love Dickens.

This is from *Bleak House*:

“What connection can there be between the townhouse, the poorhouse, the churchyard, the priest, the outlaw?”

What connection between the many people in the innumerable histories of this world from opposite sides of a great gulf?

What connection can there be?”

What connection can there be?

No connection.

No connection.

No connection!

Say it.

Say It!

Fine.

Just think it.

It's the same damned thing.

“Farewell happy fields where joy forever dwells
Hail horrors, hail infernal world, and thou profoundest hell.
Receive thy new possessor. Here at last we shall be free!
Farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear.”

“Oh punisher, be thou as far from granting, as I from begging Peace?
Be it so.
Is this the seat that we must change for heaven?
Be it so.
This mournful gloom for that celestial light?
Be it so!
Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven.”

(to audience) “I bruise your heel.
You bruise my head. Ah,
A world who would not purchase with a bruise?”

~ *(John Milton, Paradise Lost, 17th century)*²¹

Tonight we hear lies.
Tonight we hear truth.
The devil is in the distinction, and that's the hell of it.

(exiting)

“Crux Sacra sit mihi lux, non draco sit mihi dux, vade retro satana! Numquam suade mihi vana, sunt mala quae libas, ipse venena bibas...”

²¹ *Paradise Lost*, 1674 Edition, adapted