

I asked if there was a
problem and he just told
me to be patient.
I asked him nervously
if I was to be
sent to some other place.
he shook his head.
I asked him when I'd be
let in, when I could
see God, there were
a lot of questions I
had.
he told me to have a
seat, that everything
would be worked out
shortly.
I did what he said and
began thumbing idly
through a magazine.
Gabriel got on the phone
again and then disappeared.
after what seemed like an
eternity he came back
and mumbled something to me.
I asked him to repeat what
he'd said but just as he did
I felt a sucking sensation
through my body and heard
a loud POP!
I awoke in my death clothes,
the stink of days still on me,
disappointed to be back.

DANIEL

down there in the den
with all those lions and
all i could think
about was a nice fat
roast beef sandwich
and a beer, and to this day i am
still unsure why God spared me.
we have discussed it but
He just tells me, "I liked you
Daniel," and i guess

that
has to be enough. when
i met those three brothers
also spared from a similar
yet different fate, they
said they got the
same answer.
it's good to be liked by God
it seems. since then, on this
circuit, the tours and speeches,
and conventions,
i tell people what God told me
and they find it hard to believe.
they ask,
"what did you pray in the den?"
i tell them,
"nothing, i thought of roast beef
and beer."
they ask,
"what did you promise God in
return for your life?"
again i say,
"nothing, He chose to save me
based on some simple design."
"then what is your advice
to us?" they plead.
"i have none, i know
not the mind of God."
i have nothing more to tell
them.
the promoters are tired of my
vague answers and inability
to perform miraculous feats,
attendance is starting to wane,
soon i'm sure
i'll have to look for other
work, not having a trade or
education this will be hard.
maybe a deli owner, or a lion
tamer, or insurance like
my father.

—Mark Begley

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