



ZWTF

SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 2013 Zapping-you Whenever Thoughts Flow

Sister Abercrombie Goes To Hell

A fine, fair teaching on the biblical topic of *Gehenna*



In case you haven't noticed, the human body emits odor from every place where it intersects itself. These intersections need continually sponged, sprayed or dabbed, then dried. After this, a pleasant-smelling gel or mist must be applied.

These pleasant smells come from hibiscus, tree bark, and sometimes rose hips. Often they arise from great laboratory experiments employing fourteen-syllable chemicals mixed with glycerin. Proctor and Gamble, Estee Lauder, and Oral B have invented deodorant, perfume, and mint floss to hide or temporarily remove the stench of mortality permeating our race.

That's right. We stink because we are dying. I'm sorry to be the one to break this news to you. From the minute we are born, we are dying. This is sad news,

but true. "Have a good day," is a relative phrase. What we mean to say is, "Die well today," or "Have a good decomposition." As for death, we inherited it from Adam.

But here is the worst of it: The moment following our well-meaning attack of them, the intersectional odors just referenced begin once again haranguing our defenses. These odors are no sooner saturated with gel or spray, than the integrity of the pleasant-smelling product breaks down in the face of the bombardment. Eventually, the product gives way. All the way. It gives way like rock gives way to the Colorado River. Only Jesus Christ can eliminate death. He will do this some day soon, I hope. Until He does, our friends who make perfume, deodorant, toothpaste, mouthwash, and body sprays, will continually grow rich.

By the way, were we not dying, we would not smell bad. Immortality is odorless. I have no verse on this, but I'm certain it is so.

Raise *this*, numbnuts

Now, what we need is comfort from the Christian religion. Since we have priests and fancy pastors in suits with framed degrees and fine, brick buildings sporting yellow-daisied church signs in the front yard condemning all who see them, you'd think comfort would come from places such as these. Besides, the name of Christ is on the buildings and is, in fact, the name of the people. This is a *Christian* church; these people are *Christians*. The name "Christ" is a hefty name; not a bad name to advertise with: Creator/Savior, and all that. Didn't Jesus Christ dispel death? Did He not raise Lazarus from the dead? Okay, then. Since Jesus Christ did this, and since we are



now dealing with *Christian* churches, would we not expect to see such Christ-like actions from those known as *Christians*? Is this asking too much?

It most certainly is. For instance, Christians do not raise people from the dead. I do give one man credit for trying, however. This man, Roger, visited my home once and said he had tried to raise a dead woman at a funeral. I wish I were kidding about this, but I'm not. Roger said, "The Lord told me to do this, to claim the power of God." So Roger rose from his pew at the funeral, laid his hands on the corpse, claimed the power of God, and demanded that the corpse come alive.

Being embalmed and lacking several vital organs, the corpse stubbornly refused to cooperate.

The whole scene sounded, to me, very embarrassing, especially for the Lord, Who "told" Roger to do it. "I learned a humiliating lesson that day," Roger confessed to me. Yeah, I'll bet. Let this be a lesson to the reader as well: Christians and Jesus Christ are on completely different wave-lengths. Jesus Christ is not a member of the religion claiming to own the franchise on Him. In addition, Christians are not worshipping the true Christ, but rather a pop-icon caricature. I call this the "Pop Icon Jesus." Paul calls this strange personage bearing no resemblance to the actual Savior: "An-

other Jesus" (2 Corinthians 11:4) Christianity is in love with this handsome, sweet-talking faker. But there is more.

If you must ...

At this stage of the article, you may be tempted to interrupt my inspired text and say: "C'mon, Martin. You're being too hard on Christians. Give them a break. Raising the dead is hard. At least they comfort people concerning death."

Well, you're right about that. According to many Christians I have listened to, unless you become one of them—and quickly—you will commence an eternity of fiery torment the minute you die. I'll admit that I was so comforted when I first heard this, I wanted to send all my money (\$857) to abortion groups so that as many innocent little embryos as possible could avoid burning forever. Better to kill them all before the so-called "age of accountability"—right? Only a small percentage of people believe in Jesus. Why take the terrible chance that the embryos will eventually fall in love with, sing songs about, and eventually believe the pop-icon Jesus?

You call this, "Good News"?

This doctrine of "burning in hell for eternity" (strangely called, "Good News" by the Christian religion) is a tradition of humans, not a truth of rightly-translated Scripture. That's right. Jesus never once taught this ghastly and depressing doctrine, and I will prove it. Now, I'm not saying Jesus Christ never taught good news. I'm just saying His good news wasn't ghastly or depressing. What I'm saying is that what comprises Christian "Good News" is so far removed from what Jesus taught it will make you marvel at what different wavelengths Christianity and the true Christ are actually on.

To be fair, Jesus did say, "narrow is the way" and "few there be who find it." But these sayings of His had nothing to do with being tormented in

flames for eternity, or the avoidance thereof. They had to do with a thousand-year kingdom on earth (Matthew 7:13, 21; Revelation 5:10, Revelation 20:4) and the possibility of being dead during it and therefore missing

"Being embalmed and lacking several vital organs, the corpse stubbornly refused to cooperate."

it. More on this soon.

Those who have distrusted the traditions of humans and done some old-fashioned studying on this subject have discovered that Jesus Christ never threatened anyone with an otherworldly and never-ending “hell,” but with some geographical place named “Gehenna.”

And they can prove it, too, just like me. How? There is a marvelous reference tool sitting at your bookstore this moment called a concordance. A concordance is a three-pound reference tool listing 1) every word in the Bible, 2) the Hebrew or Greek word it was taken from, and 3) the Scriptural context of each word. With this reference tool, anyone able to read can tell precisely the word Jesus used when He threatened the Israelites. Wouldn't this be a good thing to know? I should say!

One thing we can know for certain already is that the word (the place, rather) was certainly not “hell.” Why? Because “hell” is an English word, and the English language (as well as tea and crumpets) was widely unknown in the time of Christ.

Jesus Christ ne parle pas “hell”

It shocks many people to learn that Jesus Christ never spoke English. Jesus probably spoke Aramaic, or possibly some Greek. In any case, His disciples recorded His words in Greek.

This is a monumental truth.

God has made me a herald of this simple yet overlooked revelation, that Jesus Christ did not speak English. I speak with boldness everywhere on this radical truth that unlocks so many Christian “mysteries.” Naturally, I am abused in every church where I announce it. How does it happen? Like this, generally:

I generally stand up in the middle of some hellfire sermon, wave my arms and say, “Listen! Jesus Christ did not speak English! Jesus never did say ‘bless you,’ ‘pull in those fish,’ ‘keep a close eye on that grave stone’ or ‘this lady here is going to hell forever.’ He said words like *ichthus*, *trupema*, *lithos*, *geenna*, and *aionios*. Look at my face! See how trustable it is! I would not kid you people about something like this. Now your question should be: What did these words mean to *Him*? My friends—and you are my friends—we can discover this by examining not only a concordance and a dictionary, but the contexts in which these words appear. But does anyone here want to work that hard for truth? That’s my question. For those of you who do, watch out! The doctrine of eternal torment is about to disappear before your very eyes!”



I spoke at this church last Wednesday. It did not go well.

As the brightness of my revelation sets into the darkened hearts around me, 1) the choir members generally fumble through their song books and sing a loud song, 2) several of the elders and youth leaders stop their ears (with cotton candy and pizza crust from the previous night’s youth meeting), and 3) I am interrogated by a bevy of nuns and stenographers, some of whom threaten to “clobber” me “several times” with “a hard object” such as “a lectern” and record my blasphemy, others of whom promise to go to a bookstore, buy a concordance, and check out what I said for themselves.

The marvel of ensuing Wednesdays

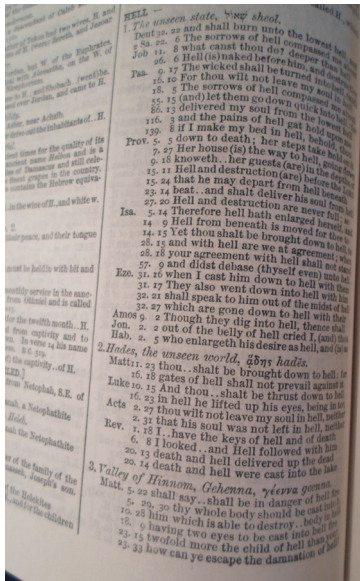
Usually, at least one of the nuns or stenographers will be honest enough to call before the ensuing Wednesday to tell me they have taken the trouble, gone to the bookstore, bought a concordance, looked up the word “hell,” and found “absolutely true” what I told them at their church.

“I thought you were crazy,” said one of them recently, Sister Helena Abercrombie of the Order of the Traditional Way of Looking at Things. “And you are. But what you told us is objective truth. And objective truth, to my knowledge, doesn’t care whether the messenger is crazy, sane, pimpled, dead, or the second coming of Elvis. Objective truth is written, recordable, verifiable to our eyes and to heck with the messenger. To heck with you, Martin Zender! All I am telling you is, Jesus Christ never did utter the word ‘hell’ in all His life. It is true. He never threatened anyone with hell, no, not at all. I have been duped all these years.”

“God bless you, Sister. Tell me, what did Jesus

threaten them with? I already know, but I want to hear it from a person wearing a wimple.”

“Bless you. In the Greek vernacular, He threatened them with *Geenna*. I found this out in my Young’s Analytical Concordance, which I bought at the bookstore. Page 474. Here is a tool of the people! Truly, this tool empowers us to examine and understand Scripture for ourselves. And all for around twenty bucks! No more of Father Barnascaroff’s nonsense for me. I have copied the very page of my discovery and have sent it to you, that you may reprint it for the benefit of your readers.”



“Yes. Thank you. I have it right here. The readers are looking at it now.”

“Excellent. This *Geenna*, it is an actual geographical location, a proper place, the Valley of Hinnom, outside Jerusalem. Today, we call it Gehenna.”

“A valley outside Jerusalem? Jesus threatened people with a valley outside of Jerusalem?”

“Not people, generally, but Israelites. Israelites only. But, yes. It is a valley to the west and southwest of that fair city, forming part of the border between Judah and Benjamin.”

“Please, Sister. Expose its etymology.”

“Young man, I like the way you talk. The word Gehenna comes from *Ge-ben Hinnom*. *Ge* is the old Hebrew word for ‘valley,’ *ben* means ‘son’ and *Hinnom* was the gentleman’s last name. Apparently, this Hinnom fellow gave or bequeathed this valley to his sons. Maybe it was a birthday present, who knows? In any case, the Jews burned their garbage there.”

“Say it again, Sister.”

“Maybe it was a birthday present, who knows?”

“No. I mean about what the Jews

used the valley for.”

“The Jews used this valley as a landfill, to burn their garbage. It is well-documented, believe me. I looked it up in encyclopedias, Bible dictionaries, the Internet, everything. *Ge-ben Hinnom* was a smoldering rubbish heap. But—and I shudder to report this—occasionally the Israelites would ... would ... sacrifice their children there, whenever it fancied them to take up with a foreign god. Molech, for instance.”

“Yes, I’ve heard of him. A detestable god.”

“Yes, a rabble-assed son of a wench. Excuse my Latin there, I got excited. I should not speak so. Please do not print that. Or print it—what do I care? Molech. A despicable god, despicable to his slimy, slithering core. Can you imagine asking your worshippers to burn their children in a garbage heap? I can’t stand to think about it. I break out in a sweat and my armpits start to stink.”

“Yes, but far better than burning them there for eternity.”

“What are you getting at? I don’t like your tone.”

“The children, Sister. Did they burn forever? Did they keep living and screaming and burning forever?”

“Oh, I see your point now. Accept my sincerest apologies. Heaven help us if the poor children did what you just said. Burn forever? *Pshaw! Imagine it!* Now you have incited my wrath. Bite your tongue and swallow it whole for the very mention of it. God help us if the innocent tots did not immediately perish. What human could last five minutes in such a flame? Or even a minute and a half? Besides—I went to Gehenna.”

“You did?”

“Shut up and let me talk. *Please*. I *had* to go there. I had to see it. And see it I did, this past Monday. And more. I walked through it. Yes, I walked through hell. I see the surprised look on your face. Please leave me alone and let me finish. Try, for my sake, to control your facial tics. A pleasant little place now, this valley so many modern translators unaccountably render ‘hell.’ I see the transgression of it now, the crime and inaccuracy of the faulty



translation. It's 'Gehenna.' And it's right there in the concordance, right before the eyes of anyone caring to look. And not just that. These translators also used 'hell' for other words, such as *hades*, *sheol* and *tartarus*. All these words with different meanings, not one of them answering to eternal torment. Such enlightenment I've received. Why, if someone told me to 'go to hell' today, God forbid it, I would have to ask them 'Which one?' It's unconscionable, how the translators have treated these different words. So many are confused about hell because of it. You will spell that correctly, won't you?"

"Hell?"

"Unconscionable."

"I have a spell-checker."

"I hope you pay her well, whoever she is. Anyway, Jesus sometimes threatened the Israelites with *hades*, which I have discovered to be but the grave. But most often He threatened with this 'Gehenna.' Never with 'hell.' And this place, Gehenna, it is right there on your atlas of

**"I picnicked in hell.
Yes, sir, I crossed my
shapely little legs, sat
Indian-style, and put
my nose up against a
hellish little breeze."**

eggs, and that is the worst torment I suffered there."

"Incredible. And the children. There were none?"

"Children? Yes, there were children. There were many picnickers that day. In fact, one of them, a young boy named Leo, dressed in a Batman T-shirt ..."

"No. I mean the children sacrificed to Molech these many thousand years ago. None of them were present, to ruin your meal?"

"Why, I—there you go again! The *children*? The innocents sacrificed to Molech? What has possessed you to suggest such an impossibility?"

"Imagine them, crying, screaming, burning ..."

"*Farkov! Madennda de Farkov!* Grind your teeth to powder, swallow it, and gag! The very thought is too repulsive to entertain for even an instant!"

"Of course. I know that. And I'm sorry I had to make you entertain it. But I did it for a reason. Because this brings me now to the threats of Jesus, that it would be better for an Israelite to pluck out his eye than

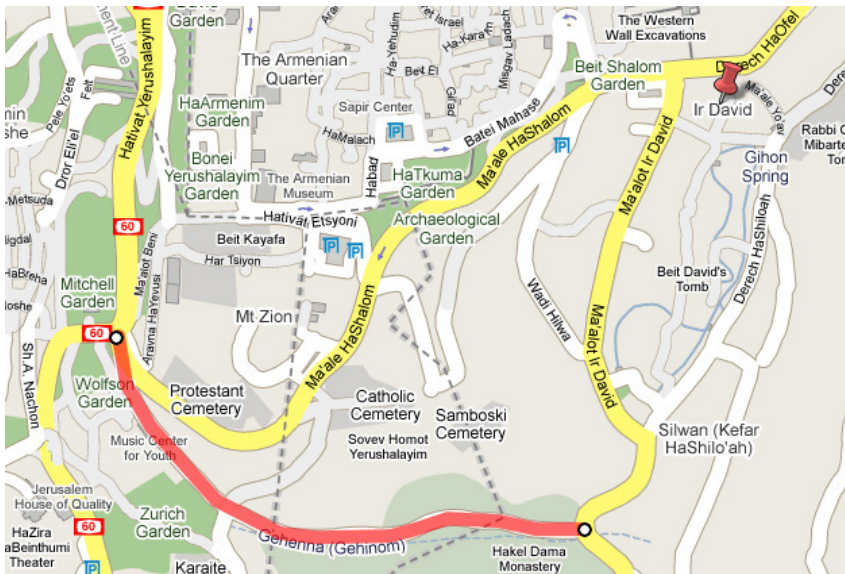
to go to the fires of Gehenna, where, according to the gospel of Mark, 'their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.'

"Allow me to emit a heavy sigh. *There*. I am becalmed, being the better for having finally realized your point, which of course is the impossibility of a body in Gehenna being eternally burned. Accept my apologies for the outburst. I am sorry to have resorted to exotic language there. You speak of the Isaiah prophecy, no doubt."

"No doubt. Will you read it for us?"

"Why not? I have already been kicked out of my Order for having found the truth. As soon as I returned from Jerusalem and reported my findings, Sister Mon-

golia put her square, black heel to my right buttock and pushed. Sister Rhesus did not open the door in time and I banged my head on the edge of the door. I didn't want to tell you at first that I'd been literally kicked out of the Order. I saw stars, many stars. But our Order is not too fond of truth, you know. Happen upon some fact that contradicts one of its hoary doctrines and—*pffft!*—you are gone with a heel mark and a fine view of the solar system. So now I'm cleaning the home of an elderly gentleman here in Bridgeport and working evenings at the Subway."



the holy land. You should reprint one of these maps, just to show your readers the verity of it. It has a latitude and a longitude, this place. Yes, I walked through it Monday afternoon. And more. Far more. On Monday afternoon, I picnicked in hell. Yes, sir, I crossed my shapely little legs there and sat Indian-style, my nose up against a pleasant, hellish little breeze while I ate Little Debbie oatmeal cakes. Then, if you can believe it, I actually mayonnaised my sandwich. I mayonnaised my sandwich in hell! Torments? Mr. Zender, I had to flick ants from my deviled



“This is sister Mongolia—a pride-infested sub-woman. She placed her black, square heel against my right buttock and pushed. Sister Rhesus—aptly named after a breed of monkey—failed to open the door—on purpose. I banged my head and saw stars, yes, a fine view of the universe. I did not want to tell you I’d been literally kicked from the Order.”

“I’m very happy to hear all of this, happy for this tremendous flurry of activity that has taken place in only three days. But the verse?”

“The verse. Yes, of course. I have it right here, knowing you would ask for it. All of your readers are listening?”

“With bated breath.”

“I am fond of that. It is good to be like that, to have one’s breath that way. And so now I will speak of this. The Israelites who heard the Savior’s threats of Gehenna, they surely quaked to hear it. They were very well aware of it, even acquainted with it. Oh, they knew well of it, very well. For their prophet Isaiah had written of it long ago.”

“Saying ...”

“I’m coming to it! For the love of Saint Christopher, rest your soul, Zender. The prophet Isaiah said in the sixty-sixth chapter, verses twenty-three and twenty-four, ‘And it shall come to pass, that from one new moon to another, and from one Sabbath to another, shall all flesh come to worship before Me, saith the Lord. And they shall go forth, and look upon the carcasses of the men that have transgressed against Me: for their worm shall not die, neither shall their fire be quenched; and they shall be an abhorring unto all flesh.’ So there it is.”

“The kingdom.”

“Of course. The thousand-year kingdom on earth. This is not heaven, not the final destiny of anyone, but a kingdom right on this oblate dirt clod of ours that will last a thousand years. A thousand years. Not eternity. Not anywhere near eternity.”

“And this in Isaiah is Gehenna, obviously.”

“If it were any more obvious, Mr. Bible Scholar, one of the worms would nip you in the buttocks. It is a depository for criminals, this Gehenna. And a proper government, finally, during this thousand years. Nothing like today, with criminals rotting in jails, rapists out on parole, mass-murderers talking to their lawyers over little telephones. I’m surprised Charles Manson isn’t out by now, working as a grease monkey at a Sunoco station somewhere in the Mojave desert, stuffing his slimy quarters into some dark hardware cabinet. Not in *that* kingdom. In *that* kingdom, sir, Mr. Manson would be a carcass, and a right hot one.”

“Say it again, Sister.”

“A right hot one.”

“A right hot what?”

“Carcass! That’s what’s in Gehenna. Carcasses. Bodies. Dead bodies, naturally. Why, Mr. Manson would be a dead body there, not that he’ll even be alive then. But it’s right there in Isaiah.”

“Have you ever seen a carcass that was screaming and crying out in agony?”

“Only once, in a movie the sisters and I rented. Realistically? No. It is impossible. Carcasses do not scream or cry. They just lie there looking carcass-like. I was all wrong about this ‘hell.’ I just repeated what I’d been taught all my life, never bothering to look up the facts. There are no screaming, tormented people in this particular ‘hell.’ Or in any ‘hell.’”

“What about the worms and fire?”

“They aren’t tormented, either.”

“No, I mean, why are they in Gehenna?”

“To dispose of the carcasses, of course. There will be no lack of worms or fire as long as there are carcasses in Gehenna. There will be no picnic baskets in Gehenna during

“Carcasses do not scream and cry. They just lie there looking carcass-like.”

—Sister Helena Abercrombie

the thousand-year kingdom, I can assure you of that. My research has confirmed it.”

“Gehenna will not be a pleasant place.”

“Not at all. But it will be a sane place. A reasonable and rational place. Only criminals need apply. It is certainly irrational to suppose that all of the billions of wicked people who ever lived will be consciously writhing for eternity in a quarter-mile valley southwest of Jerusalem. How preposterous. Why, most of humanity will not even see Gehenna, for the unbelieving

dead do not live until the thousand years are finished. That's Revelation twenty, verse five, in case you've forgotten. The gullibility of anyone who even entertains the orthodox notion—my goodness. But I was once one of them.”

“Sister Abercrombie, regardless of what has happened in the past, you have been of tremendous assistance to me and to my readers. We all appreciate your bravery, your honesty, your thoroughness in your quest for truth.”

“I amaze myself, even. We will speak again.”

* * *

Carcasses in Gehenna. Smoke and worms. What good news is this? It is good news for the law-abiding citizens of the land, in that day. It is good news for the criminals, for they are relieved of being criminals and eating prison food for the rest of their lives. They die without suffering. The better news is that the thousand-year kingdom, thought to be “heaven” by so many people, is only a small, early stage of God's larger operations.

The people killed in Gehenna will rise again, at the Great White Throne judgment. This will be a righteous judgment; the throne is white, not black. Many will go from this judgment into the lake of fire, which is the second death. Once again, they will be dead. Only three are tormented alive in the lake of fire: the beast, the Adversary and the false prophet (Revelation 20:10). All humans cast there will die (Revelation 20:14-15).

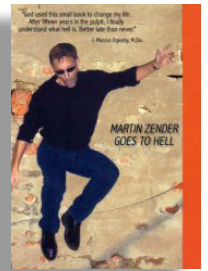
Is this the end for them? No. It is not the end because these people have a Savior, Who is Jesus Christ. Because of His death and resurrection, this Man justified all who were condemned in Adam (Romans 5:18-19). There will yet be life for these many people, because Jesus Christ abolishes death (1 Corinthians 15:22-28, 2 Timothy 1:10). God is the Savior of all humanity (1 Timothy 4:10), not just a few. Yet not all are saved at once, but each in his own order (1 Corinthians 15:22). Christ gave Himself a correspondent ransom for all, but the testimony of this truth will occur in its own eras (1 Timothy 2:6).

The fulfillment of God's ways cannot end at Gehenna's edge. While a smoldering carcass is a vast improvement over what Christianity makes hell to be, it is far from the end. The angel said to Joseph in the first chapter of the book of Matthew: “Mary shall bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name Jesus: for He shall

save His people from their sins.” If you suppose that a smoldering pile of bones in Gehenna is saved from sin, then embrace the absurdities of the Christian religion. If you think Jesus somehow meant what He said, but you're not sure how, then I have wonderful news for you.

I hope I have whetted your appetite for more information. Order my book, *Martin Zender Goes To Hell*. I invite you to look into the facts of Scripture. Do not simply believe what others have told you. I want you to search; *they* do not. Scrutiny will only prove to you that what I am telling you is true.

http://martinzender.com/books_etc.htm



KEY FACTS:

- ▶ **Jesus did not speak English.**
- ▶ **Jesus said “Gehenna,” not “hell.”**
- ▶ **Gehenna is a small valley in Israel.**
- ▶ **Gehenna is the only geographical location which the KJV (along with the NASB and NIV) did not faithfully translate.**
- ▶ **Gehenna is a 1,000-year judgment only.**
- ▶ **The unbelieving dead do not rise until Gehenna is gone (Revelation 20:5).**
- ▶ **Gehenna contains corpses, not screaming bodies (Isaiah 66:24).**
- ▶ **Jesus threatened Israelites only with Gehenna (Matthew 15:24).**
- ▶ **Worms and fire are practical; they consume dead bodies.**
- ▶ **The fire is merely “unextinguished” (literal Greek).**
- ▶ **An unextinguished fire differs greatly from a fire that “never shall be quenched” (KJV), much as an “unexplained mystery” (which might eventually be explained), differs greatly from one that shall never be explained.**
- ▶ **The KJV says that the fire on the temple altar will “never go out” (Leviticus 6:13). Yet it eventually did.**
- ▶ **A proper translation is “shall not be quenched.” An incarcerated prisoner “shall not be released” until he has served his time. The worm of Mark 9 “is not deceasing.” This will continue until the day it dies.**
- ▶ **Translation and verb tense are critical to truth.**
- ▶ **The Christian religion is one of fear, not fact.**

