

# Pardon My Dying

## A Sequel To Ash Wednesday

Today's first lesson recalls yesterday's Imposition of the Ashes, Genesis

3:19: "You are dust, and to dust you shall return." The second lesson is I

Corinthians 15:49: "Just as we have borne the image of the man of dust, we shall also bear the image of the man of heaven."

*'A conversation overheard,  
at least imagined,  
a private conversation  
between a husband and his wife—  
she on her deathbed,  
he seated close beside,  
both of them hoping still to say  
what needed saying most  
before the end.*

*"Before I leave," she said,  
"I do have something to confess."*

*"Please don't," he said  
"Now's not the time for that.  
If there's confessing to be done,  
let's let it go at saying  
you're my girl  
and that I've loved you always."*

*"That's right," she said, I'm only yours.  
And that you love me, that I know.*

*It's just because you do  
that I believe  
that you could handle  
my confession now."*

*"But don't you understand,"  
he said,  
"that I don't need  
for you to say you're sorry,  
not for anything."*

*"Well," she agreed, "you may not need that  
but I do.  
And I do understand  
that if I have that need  
—the need to make confession  
and to be forgiven—  
you're strong enough to hear me out."*

*"Maybe," said he, "I'm not so strong at that,  
At least I'm not afraid  
that some last, unacknowledged sin  
still stands between us.  
And if I'm not afraid of that,  
why should you be?"*

*"Oh, Adam, you poor dear,  
Is that what you had thought I said,  
that I'm afraid,  
that that was why  
I wanted to confess?  
I'm not afraid, at least not much.  
At any rate that wasn't why  
I wanted to apologize:  
not out of fear*

*but out of hope.*

*I dare to hope that I'm absolved  
and hoping that, I want to hear you say  
I really am.*

*And hoping that I am  
does make it easier to say  
I'm sorry."*

*"All right," said he, "You win.  
What is there to forgive?"*

*"Forgive my dying.  
Pardon this damned mortality."*

*"Your dying? Pardon that?  
But girl," said he,  
"that's something you can't help.  
Dying is . . .  
only natural."*

*"No, it's not natural at all,"  
she said.*

*"Life wasn't meant to die.  
Neither were we.  
We both know that.  
We've known that ever since  
we've known of Easter.  
Death isn't natural at all.  
It's a downright dirty, dastardly demeaning defeat.  
We're not meant to 'accept' it,  
not even if with 'dignity.'  
We're meant to trump it,  
as we shall."*

*"But then," said he,  
"if death is conquered anyway,*

*if we outlast it,  
(and we shall)  
why do you still think  
dying needs forgiving?"*

*"Does that," she asked, "disturb you so,  
for me to say that death  
is what we've brought upon ourselves,  
what we've got coming to us?  
Does that strike you as morbid,  
despite the fact I'm not afraid?  
Despite the fact that it's my hope  
and not my fear  
which frees me to admit  
the shame of dying,  
do you see that  
as merely clinical escape?  
Come, Adam, can't you deal with that?  
I believe you can."*

*"I wouldn't say," said he,  
"that that is morbid.  
Still, it does seem — —  
how shall I say? — —  
a bit too self-important  
for us to take the credit for  
so vast a thing as death.  
Are we, for all our guilt,  
really that influential?"*

*"That does seem hard to believe,"  
she said,  
"unless we manage first to believe  
that God is interested enough to judge  
because he's still more interested*

*in resurrecting and forgiving.  
For him to let us die is judgment,  
not contempt.  
And there's a difference.  
Ignore us? That he never does.  
But deal with us he does.  
That important we all are."*

*"But then," said Adam,  
"why do you  
ask now to be forgiven  
by me?  
Forgiveness, yes. But why from me?  
I'm not the one who judges you."*

*"But you're the one I hurt.  
For, Adam dear,  
I do hurt you by dying.  
You know I do.  
It hurts me, too, of course.  
Death even hurts my vanity.  
Death isn't pretty  
and, as you know,  
I've always liked being pretty.  
But worse than that by far,  
it hurts to have to liquidate  
the fondest love affair  
that any wife could want.  
And it's for that, for interrupting that,  
That I do say I'm sorry."*

*To which he said, "I do forgive,  
I too forgive."*

*"And thanks for that," said she.*

*"Meanwhile, Adam, think spring.  
Think Christ."*

*"I'll see you later, girl."*

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