

## *Resurrection of the Dead*

Karl Parker

“An apple would lose its weight. They could weigh it and prove that a bug had eaten it. This bug made me get lost—that was three thousand years ago—and made the words get lost when *I must remind you of the gospel that I preached to you; the gospel which you received, on which you have taken your stand, and which is now bringing you salvation. Remember the terms since they came from my teeth.* I was full of bugs, and the bugs ate all the food. A big one was cut out of my stomach, and another one was taken out of my spinal column. The bug put its teeth into my teeth and ate my food. Another bug that looked like a wasp flew up against my jaw and knocked my teeth out. There was a second tiny bug in human shape—it was riding on the wasp bug. *This is the resurrection and the life. But, you may ask, how are the dead raised? In what kind of body*

*was another bug that looked like a ship. As I stood on the dock, looking around, the keel of a ship knocked against my jaw. What stupid questions! The seed you sow is not the body that shall be, but a bare grain, of wheat perhaps, or something else; and God gives it the body of his choice, each seed its own particular body. All flesh is not the same, which is why the words got lost. I was also lost. That was three hundred years ago. And then the bug made me lose myself again. But the bug was also lost. I used to have a bug like a lion and one like a monkey so there is human flesh, flesh of beasts, of birds, and of fishes—all different. There are heavenly bodies who took the bug away from me because there was no room for it and earthly bodies; and the splendour of the heavenly bodies is one thing, the splendour of the earthly another. Once there was a bug like a gorilla. It stood in my way, and I almost had a fight with it. The sun has a splendour of its own, the moon another splendour, and the stars yet another, which is why I am afraid to offend the bug. If I did*

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*that, I might not be reborn. Some people are not reborn because the bug that governs rebirth is the one that has a head like mine and eats the food when it differs from another in brightness.* So it is with the resurrection of the dead: what is sown as a perishable thing gets in my insides. Then becomes a physical body; it is raised a spiritual body. I called it mine, the food sown in me. This happened after I went home after someone else's death. *If there is such a thing as a physical body, there is also a spiritual body. It is in this sense that 'The first man became a living creature,'* whereas the last man has become a life-giving spirit in service of the struggle with teeth, of whether other people have the right to put their teeth into mine. The two sets of teeth are apt to knock against each other. I went to the dentist once, because I felt so uncomfortable. Observe, the spiritual does not come first; the *physical body* comes first, and *then the spiritual body. The first man is from earth, but I do not like to talk about these things because I might use the wrong words and hurt somebody—you, for*

*instance. No-one takes me home for so much trouble. If my teeth eat food before it turns to dust, the second man can be from heaven. The man made of dust in the right way does not make mistakes. We have worn the likeness of the man made of dust, so we shall wear the likeness of the heavenly man. What I mean, friends, is this: when I had the bad dream I thought I must have eaten green apples and that made the trouble inside me. Listen! I will unfold a mystery: we shall not die, but all shall be changed in a flash, in the twinkling of an eye."*