

Moonrise Monologue: July 21, 2015

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Unless you track the moon, you don't know when it's going to rise. When you do see a moonrise, it's usually unexpected.

I was in 7th or 8th grade. I was walking home from school. It was shortly after sunset.

As I walked home, instead of the expected continuing darkening of the sky in the east, the sky there was brightening, as if the headlights of a huge car were looming over the horizon. I realised that the brightening on the horizon heralded a moonrise. I had never seen a moonrise.

I stopped and watched. The horizon brightened like it does for sunrise. Spectacularly, the sky lit up as the moon rose through the horizon and then silhouetted the trees. There it was, my very first moonrise. From its outline through the trees, to my delight, I saw the moon was full.

However, as the moon cleared the trees, I was horrified to see that the moon was orange. I had never seen or heard of an orange moon. It stayed orange well after it cleared the trees.

I knew what was happening straight away; it was the end of the earth. I knew that this was going to happen someday, I just didn't know how it would happen, or if it would happen in my lifetime.

Something horrible was happening to the earth, but what? The whole of the surface of the earth would have to be red for it to be reflected in the moon. But there were no other signs of alarm; no earthquakes, no conflagrations, no-one running around screaming "the end of the earth is here, turn on the radio to listen to the govt's plan telling you what to do".

What to do? An adult walked past as if everything was normal. He didn't even look up at the moon, though I was staring straight at it. A normal person would have stopped to look at the beauty of the full moon, grazing the tops of the trees, just above the horizon, even if he didn't understand that it signalled the start of the apocalypse. Adults were useless. I would have to handle this myself.

All I can say is thank goodness for the church. They were the only people who'd prepared me for this. They told me of the coming of the end of the earth. Well, of course, I did what they told me. My heart was pure and I loved Jesus.

But now I was looking at the orange moon. I realised with dread that no-one had ever checked whether my heart was pure or if I loved Jesus enough. You just had to keep doing it over and over, without ever knowing whether you'd done it properly. What if I'd done it all wrong, all this time, and all my efforts had been for nothing? What if at the moment of destruction of the earth, I would be found wanting?

Neither had anyone told me what to do when the actual moment arrived. Still, as unprepared as I was, the church was the only one that had made an honest effort to ready me for this event, which was now was playing out all around the earth. They were the only ones who cared.

I watched the moon paralysed. There wasn't anyone I could tell about the unfolding disaster. I couldn't talk to my mother. She would laugh at my worries, giving an explanation that was the Word Of God, while all around me the earth was being destroyed, an event my mother wouldn't notice. It would be more important to her that I tidy my room and comb my hair in time for dinner.
