

# AOK|ATHÉE OKIE

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## UNBELIEVERS GO TO HELL!!!



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In a sea of adolescent Jesus freaks bussed in from dirt farms all over the great state of Oklahoma, 6.66 soulless atheists withstood weather, evil eyes, and sophomoric religious chants for a chance to witness "one of the edgier" church run Hell House presentations around the country. With enjoyable Oklahoma Atheist outings to a Judgment House and Hell House under our belts from last year we were psyched up for another night of both maudlin acting and second rate special effects at the Destiny Christian Church Hell House on N. Broadway in Oklahoma City. Little did we know that the most hellish part of our visit would occur before we even got inside.

The reason I wrote that 6.66 atheists were there is that one of our seven members had enough of hell half-way through the evening and he decided to go home early. Those of us that persevered have a new found respect for eternity. We waited in line for, get this, FOUR HOURS!! That's not even the most horrific part. Like the damned in purgatory awaiting our fate we witnessed the blessed pass us by for early entry to the final reward. After we paid our non-refundable \$6.66 (yes there is a

theme here) and waited in line behind 500 Christian youth for a few hours, we were informed that for just \$13 we could get a pass to move to the front. Surprisingly at least fifty people took advantage leaving us to wait even longer for entry.

We witnessed a member of *The Mullets* yelling and cussing at security trying to cash his family's tickets in for a refund after a three-hour wait. Unfortunately these messengers of the WORD were obviously more concerned with the root of all evil than WJWD.

We did end up just outside the entrance to the main event just four hours after arriving. Reinvigorated with the escape from the hellish line and the knowledge that 78 people before us walked out because the house was too much, we entered the inky blackness. We received a firm warning about the graphic nature of what we were about to see and were informed that the security guards would escort us out at any time we wished if we couldn't handle it. Walking down black Glad™ bag lined hallways illuminated by strobe lights we were accosted by Jason, Leatherface, and that hairy little dead girl from *The Ring*. At that point I was getting pissed that it was just a standard spook house, but around the next turn our group was directed to a circle with black lights illuminating our previously invisible mark of the beast entrance stamp on the back of our hands (666 and some barcode, awesome!). I was so distracted by my inverted crucifix glowing on my shirt I didn't hear what they told us, but I think it was something like, "That stuff was fantasy! What you're about to see is real life, bwah ha ha ha!"

Some teenager wearing a headset watching *The Ring* from bed and dealing with miscellaneous angst started yelling about everyone dying and proceeded to guide us through the next several rooms. The first gruesome scene was a rather well done car crash with what looked like a family of four all bloodied up by unseen impalements. Of course there was the obligatory case of Bud prominently displayed so one could be sure of the cause. The previously mentioned teen in angst yelled at me that this could happen to me. The next room was a drug den with what sounded like a voice over of Satan reveling in the death of the seizing little girl on crack. The live white rat rustling through the trash was a great touch, but I couldn't help but wonder where those Christian youth actors got the bongos and other drug paraphernalia. **(continued on back page)**

# Debunking the Beatific

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The Vatican has discovered a cure for cancerous tumors: patients must stand in front of a portrait of Mother Theresa and wait for the portrait to emit photons in their direction. Then they must proceed to place on the site of the tumor a medallion bearing the likeness of Mary. This, the Vatican has certified, is how a West Bengali villager, Monica Besra, was cured of a large stomach tumor in 1998—a certified miracle wrought posthumously by Mother Teresa that paved the way for her beatification October 20, 2003.

Will oncologists start prescribing this cure? They are unlikely to, not because they are insensitive to the plight of cancer sufferers but for many other reasons; for one, Besra did not have a cancerous tumor in 1998: she had a tubercular cyst. In India, the then West Bengal Health Minister, Manju Murshed, the superintendent of the Balurghat District Hospital in Kolkata, Partho De, a physician who treated Besra with a course of medicines for tuberculosis, Dr. Ranjan Mustafi, and Besra's husband, Seiku Murmu, have been widely quoted in the press as denouncing the Vatican's medical findings, insisting that Besra was cured not by a posthumous miracle by Mother Teresa but by nine months of medical treatment for tubercular meningitis, treatment that included Mustafi's medicines and a hospital stay. A crack team commissioned by the Vatican to investigate the claim of Besra, whose medical credentials includes illiteracy, didn't see fit to contact Mustafi, who has said, "I've been shouting against this miracle to anyone who will listen." An exasperated Murmu has found his household the destination of reporter after reporter—his wife now a celebrity.

Besra's medical records have gone missing. She says Sister Betta of the Missionaries of Charity, the order founded by Mother Teresa, has taken possession of them. That order has pressured Bulurghat Hospital to credit Besra's cure to a miracle. Prabir Ghosh, head of the Rationalist and Scientific Thinking Association of India, has issued a challenge to the order: He will dissolve his association and turn over its funds to the Missionaries of Charity if the medallion can wrought another miraculous cure.

For Mother Teresa, born Agnes Gonxhe Bojaxhiu, to relieve illiterate Basra of her painful infection would have been uncharacteristic. During her lifetime, as she amassed a fortune on behalf of the Vatican and her order, she preached, sadistically, that suffering and death were "beautiful" duties of the wretched and divinely bestowed means to obtain communion with Jesus. She was no friend of the poor, her many detractors, former volunteers among them, say, Mother Teresa was a friend of *poverty*. "She spent her life opposing the only known cure for poverty," author Christopher Hitchens wrote in *Slate Magazine* on the occasion of her beatification, "which is the empowerment of women and the emancipation of them from a livestock version of compulsory reproduction." In his exposé of Teresa, *The Missionary Position* (1997), Hitchens portrays Teresa as a friend of the rich and powerful, coming to the defense of dictator Papa Doc Duvalier in Haiti, for example, and a political friend of dogmatic far right, causes. Asked in writing by attorneys working the case of savings and loan swindler Charles Keating—who stole \$252, 000,000 from 17,000 people—to return the \$1,250,000 Keating

donated to her, Mother Teresa failed to reply; she did, however, find the time to appeal to the mercy of the court, asking presiding Judge Lance Ito “to do what Jesus would do.”

Sounding more like the Grim Reaper than a miracle worker, in accepting the 1979 Nobel Peace Prize, Mother Teresa said, “We have a home for the dying in Calcutta, where we have picked up more than 36,000 people only from the streets of Calcutta, and out of that big number more than 18,000 have died a beautiful death.” In *Mother Teresa: The Final Verdict* (2003), Dr. Aroup Chatterjee writes, “The sad truth is, Mother Teresa’s organization does not pick up people from the streets of Calcutta—no, not beggars, not lepers, not destitutes, not the poorest of the poor who she loved so much; they do not even pick up the babies and children of these people. They do possess the resources to remove destitutes from the streets, but they do not utilize them.” Chatterjee, who spent years researching Mother Teresa’s life and concluded she was a miserly and eccentric billionaire, refusing time and again to spend money on the poor, has taped “numerous telephone conversations with the Missionaries of Charity at their world famous home for the dying.” In a typical conversation, a nun angrily shouts at Chatterjee, posing as a citizen calling about the citing of a wretched poor dying in the street, “We do not have ambulances!” before hanging up on him. In actual fact, the nuns have a small fleet of donated ambulances, but they use the ambulances, stripped of gurney rails and seats replaced by couches, as personal taxis. No matter where I search, I only find lies,” writes Chatterjee. For example the lies about schools. Mother T has often stated that she runs a school in Calcutta for more than 5000 children. 5000 children!—that would have to be a huge school, one of the biggest in all of India. But where is this school? I have never found it, nor do I know anybody who has seen it!” Susan Shields, who was a sister in the Missionaries of Charity for over nine years, left disillusioned. Assigned to record donations, which came in, Shields says, “at a frantic rate” (checks for \$50,000 were commonplace), she learned that most of the order’s millions sat unused in bank accounts as the Mother Teresa ignored disaster victims in Asia, famine victims in Africa, and the poor in India.

Volunteers were not allowed to administer painkillers beyond aspirin. “She once said to a woman in pain: Jesus is loving you,” Chatterjee writes. Chatterjee recounts another scene in one of Teresa’s primitive, ill equipped Homes for the Dying: “According to Mother Teresa’s bizarre philosophy, it is ‘the most beautiful gift for a person that he can participate in the suffering of Christ.’ Once she tried to comfort a screaming sufferer: ‘You are suffering, that means Jesus is kissing you!’” Furiously, the man shouted, ‘Then tell your Jesus to stop kissing me!’”

In debunking the Teresa mythology, Chatterjee, Shields, and Hitchens, among many others, remind us that willful ignorance and gullibility are provinces not only of earlier eras but also of modern times.

—end—

## INFIDELS IN HELL (continued)

The next room was my favorite. We entered a reception area with desk, computer, laminated inspirational posters and the most annoying whiney receptionists. I was a bit confused at first about what exactly was going to happen, but I had great hope that the receptionist would get violently killed. Do you remember the joy you got when the wheelchair guy in the original *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* finally got it? "Hey guys? Hey guys! Hey guys! AAAGGGGHHH!" Yea, it was like that! The crazy with a 12 gauge came out and she started screaming. Her coworker came out and they both got a point blank head full of lead. Of course, we got a strobe flash, a loud bang, simulated blood splatter from an off stage water bottle and brains (presumably animal viscera) were thrown on the wall. It was kind of gross, but that chick really got what she deserved.

We next were shuffled into a room where the young actor with the best gig sits on a bed reading a *Penthouse*. His wife entered and started yelling. The guy said that he wouldn't have to resort to that stuff if she would just put out every once in awhile (A blatant reference to submissive wives and their proper role). Instead of submitting like a good wife and giving the guy a quick hummer, she slapped him. Bitch! We'll you know what's going to happen next. Her kids, overhearing how their mother rejected her proper sexual role, applied a pistol to their soft palette resulting in another round of strobe flash, bang, and blood and gut spatter. Yes!

I suppose that was enough reality because the next scene was a surreal juxtaposition of a loin clothed Jew being beaten by the men in black. I wasn't sure if we were in Nazi Germany or what. I guess those jackbooted thugs were supposed to be a weird representation of Roman Centurions because the next scene made it clear that the target of all of those blows was none other than the famous itinerant magic man from Nazareth, Jaysus! Backlit through a gauzy screen I saw the most disturbing scene of fictitious deistic sacrifice my eyes have ever witnessed. Hoisted upon a giant crucifix the bloodied and flayed messiah writhed and screamed in pain as spit, blood, sweat, and chunks of torn flesh dripped to the floor. The back lights dimmed and a video was projected onto the gauze. The pastor of the sponsor church warned us of microchips in our hands and foreheads (as predicted in Revelations, *oooh scary*) and then voiced the mantra of the night, "You're all going to die!"

I guess all of that was supposed to "shock and awe" us into repenting in the following counsel room, but after four and a half hours of hell followed by ten minutes of entertainment I was ready for a restful night still sure of my atheistic ways. Even if I was somehow moved by their presentation I would have been too turned off by their greed and poor planning. Oh well, at least I have another memory.

## October 2003 Freethought Calendar

### **Nov 13<sup>th</sup> – Church/state meetup – 8:00 pm**

Please vote for your favorite location at  
<http://churchandstate.meetup.com/>

### **Nov 18<sup>th</sup> – Atheists meetup – 7:00 pm**

Please vote for your favorite location at  
<http://atheists.meetup.com>

### **Nov 22<sup>nd</sup> – Agnostics meetup – 1:00 pm**

Please vote for your favorite location at  
<http://agnostic.meetup.com>

### **Nov 28<sup>th</sup> – Galileo's Café – 7:06 pm**

Food, fellowship, fun!



Visit <http://www.CafePress.com/AOK1>  
(or AOK2, AOK3, etc. and so forth...)

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