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Teenagers Talk...Wild Oats and Harvest

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TEENAGERS TALK . . .

**WILD OATS AND
HARVEST**



WILD OATS AND HARVEST

Where was I? What was I doing there? How did I get there? I guessed that I got there after the big noise. But the answers to the other questions I didn't know.

I timidly turned to my left and saw nothing but people, as far as my eye could see. I turned to my right and there too were oceans of people, all quiet, all with the most horrible look in their eyes. I turned quietly around. I seemed to be between two enormous clouds, one for the ceiling and one for the floor. In front of me there was a desk towering so high that I could not see who or what was behind it, but I did not have to see, I knew.

On one side of me there was my father. He looked so peaceful and his eyes were warm and happy. On the other side of me there was my mother whose bluish-gray eyes stared pleasantly at the black desk. I glanced over my shoulder and saw my sisters. I saw my grandmother and I wanted to cry, "Granny, O Granny, I thought you were dead!" but it would have broken the silence. I quickly saw that around me in a circle was my immediate family and then my other relatives in another circle, and then my closest friends, and then all the people I had ever known were circled around me and were watching me.

There was a sharp noise like that of a trumpet. A book was opened and the cover fell with a thud to the top of the desk. Then

the other books were opened. At least I wasn't first, I didn't want to be first.

Thousands of people went before me, but it still seemed like I was first. Even those who were weeping and screaming now became silent. A voice from the top of the desk came like thunder saying, "CLYDETTA FULMER." It echoed again, and again, and again. A thousand daggers tore at my stomach, I knew it was my turn.

Again the voice from the top of the desk spoke but this time it was still and small. It said, "Clydetta Fulmer of the sixteenth generation of Fulmers, step forward." I fell to my knees and began to cry, "Forgive me! God! God! God! O Forgive me!" The voice said, "Silence."

On a gigantic movie screen all my thoughts were projected. The people that knew me were horrified. Some said with great disdain, "She thought *that!*?" and others uttered shocked "oos and ahs." I was not really embarrassed. This was much too serious for mere schoolgirl blushes.

Everyone became silent.

I began to shake violently and by then I was wet with a cold sweat. The voice spoke, this time like thunder and with anger, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into the eternal fire which is prepared for the devil and his angels!" I fell upon my face and began to claw and bite myself and I screamed again and again, "Have mercy! O my God I love thee! Have mercy. God, God!"

Two men clothed in white with eyes like fire came to me. They took my arms and lifted me up. I was still screaming. I turned and looked at my family. They didn't look sad, but repulsed! How wretched is the sight of a damned person!

The men led me to the left side. I couldn't cry and I couldn't scream. I just stood there among the thousands; and as I stood there in the midst of the weeping, cursing, biting, screaming mob I began to think of all the opportunities I had had in life that could have put me on the right side, the blessed side, and I too began to cry.

After a while some of the men in white clothes opened two doors from the bottom of the cloud. All of us on the left side were herded, like cattle, through the two doors down a great ramp. There we stood in the black pit. We all pushed and squeezed to get as close as we could to the ramp so we could get a last look at the pure light.

A sudden hush fell on the ocean of people. Every muscle in my body tensed and again I was shaking uncontrollably. In the opening at the top of the ramp was God's face! It was brighter than the light of a million furnaces and it glowed with love. It was so pure that some could not behold it and fell prostrate on their face. We stood spell bound. And then the horror of horrors! the climax of all tortures! God turned his face away.

Then the great doors were shut and all was darkness. The multitude wailed a wail that shook the very foundations of hell. Then with

one great explosion the fires of hell were ignited.

The fire, the brimstone, and the mental anguish were fused inseparably into this hellish nightmare, but it is no nightmare. I call on God to relieve my pain; but there is no God, he has turned his face away. And I remember. Oh, only if I could not remember!

I remember my life, and all the opportunities I had to do good. I remember the Christian school I attended and all the sermons I heard. I remember my Christian home and the members of my family who are now around God's throne. And I remember the Day of Judgment, that fateful day when I was sent to his torment. That was yesterday, or was it today? or was it ten thousand years ago? There is no time here, only misery.

Oh, only if God would say to me, "Burn in hell one day and then come to heaven and join the blessed." Or if he would say, "Burn one million years and then join the loved and blessed." O, only if there was an end to this torment. Oh God, Oh Satan, I implore you! Let this body be burned up! Let my soul be disintegrated!

O, only if these everlasting worms would quit eating away at my body for one minute! I bite and claw myself but no blood comes forth. I curse and scream, but to no avail. I pray, but God does not hear me. O my wretched soul!

Why, O why did the world have to end while I was young? I was only sowing my wild oats.

By
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