Six Afterlives

Scott Hales

These poems belong to a series called “Famous White Men in Mormon Afterlives.” They are thought experiments about eternal life and progression. I wrote them (and several others) in May 2018 after reading Mary V. Dearborn’s Ernest Hemingway: A Biography (New York: Knopf, 2017). Reading about Hemingway’s life reminded me of a presentation I attended several years ago on the many times proxy ordinances had been performed for Hemingway and his four wives in Latter-day Saint temples. Latter-day Saints perform these ordinances because we believe that life continues after death, and that the experience of life after death is virtually the same as what we experience in mortality—except that it is “coupled with eternal glory” (D&C 130:2). Hemingway’s life, then, did not end by suicide in 1961. It continues to this day in the spirit world. Hemingway still inhabits space and adapts to his new surroundings, much the same way we do when we move houses or change jobs.

With eternal life in mind, I began imagining what life might be like for Hemingway and other famous people. How would they adapt to spirit prison or paradise? What would they do differently? I was particularly interested in the “dead white men” who have long been overrepresented as key players in our historical narratives. What would existence be like for them without the privilege they enjoyed in mortality? How would they respond to a world where everyone was truly equal in the eyes of God? Would they find redemption, or would they cling to their old ways?
Hemingway in Paradise

At first he was sincere. He gave up drinking, watched his language, attended elders quorum with Scott and Archie. Maybe he liked that fishing was better in Paradise than in Prison, and the big game hunting was more exciting than expected—even if knowing the lions and rhinoceroses were immortal took some of the fun out of it. And the same was true for the bullfights, although St. Peter promised they would improve once someone finished the temple work of the great Belmonte.

But then a few weeks passed, and he saw that Paradise was no Havana in the summer. It wasn’t even Key West. It was too clean, too well-lighted, too much like Oak Park.

And the hills were more like gray hippos than white elephants.

Sure, he was perpetually thirty, but he wanted to be eighteen and wounded, laid up in an Italian villa with a nurse and a bottle of vermouth, instead of where he was, forever sealed to four women who didn’t really like him, and each afternoon was filled not with death, but life eternal.

Yes, what he really wanted were the lakes of Michigan, the green hills of Africa, the rivers of Spain. But mostly what he wanted was a place where nothing was as truly true as his one true sentence.
Self-Help

Progress, not stasis, was the object and design of existence in heaven.

When Dale learned this, he had dreams of building another empire, bigger and nobler than the one he could not take with him when he died.

Everyone he saw needed help, and if the same sociality existed here as it did there, then the hosts of the dead, both great and small, would still need his expertise in winning friends and influencing people. He started a public speaking tour. He wrote two new books, *How to Stop Worrying and Start Living Eternally* and *The Quick and Easy Way to Effective Exaltation*. But the market for self-help was unexpectedly poor in Paradise. Jesus had beat him to the punch, and, frankly, had a better program.

Dale was devastated. Surrounded by boxes of unsold books, he criticized, condemned, complained. He did not act enthusiastic. How could he? In two weeks’ time, he was back to selling motor-trucks for a living, keeping company with cockroaches and neckties in a cheaply-furnished flat. He was lonely, disappointed, bitter, and rebellious. He couldn't smile.
Edgar Allan Poe did not
die that day in Baltimore.
The drunk, disheveled man
they fished out of the gutter
was his less impressive
double. The real Poe had lit
out for the West on a stagecoach
two weeks earlier, finding
his way first to Kanesville,
then to Salt Lake City. There
he changed his name to Arthur
Gordon Pym, accepted baptism,
made three wives, fathered
twenty-six children, and never
wrote another word of fiction
or poetry for the rest of his
long life. He died in full
fellowship with the church, a
lighthouse keeper on the Great
Salt Lake, a father of sorts
to the whales that called
the lake their home. In Paradise,
he maintained his low profile,
avoiding creditors and every bad
writer he had reviewed with
wit as sharp as an Ourang-
Outang’s razor. He served quietly
as a ward membership clerk, a
guardian angel to alcoholics
and drug addicts, and a muse
to various teenagers with literary aspirations. He found, in short,

his El Dorado. It was there—across the lunar mountains, down the shadowy valley. He had ridden boldly, and it was there.

Jonathan Edwards, Champion

Disappointed that hell was not as real as he’d imagined, Jonathan Edwards cheered himself up at the rec center Ping-Pong table. He bought his own paddles and a carton of white plastic balls. He studied *A Congregationalist’s Guide to Table Tennis* and, more furtively, *A Complete Idiot’s Guide to Ping-Pong*. When his mind grasped the basic theory of the game, he recruited an opponent from the foosball table and sent his first ball flying.

He was not, to his surprise, a naturally gifted player. His early efforts seemed uninspired—embarrassing even. Hand-eye coordination was not a skill he had learned at Yale as a pimply eighteenth-century teen. He flinched when the ball came at him, afraid it would smite him in the face. Sometimes he swatted and missed or connected too hard with the ball, hurling it across the room like a damned soul into a pit of fire and brimstone. Ping-Pong was a game of skill; it had a learning curve. No grace, irresistible or otherwise, had a role in selecting who won
and who lost. It was the player with
the paddle, not God, who determined
where the ball would land. Winning
was a matter of will, not unconditional
election. Yes, one became a champion
because he persevered—but he per-
severed because he willed himself
to do it.

It took him six months, and some soul
searching, but Jonathan Edwards became
the Ping-Pong champion he longed
to be. At the rec center, they called him
“The Spider.” He gave into his depraved
nature, and easily won every game he
played. He cast away his Puritan garb
and started wearing designer sunglasses,
high-end workout clothes, and gold chains.
If a garment screamed reformed theology, he
sent it to Goodwill or Deseret Industries.
He became a new man. Rather than
look to the sky or the dust beneath his
feet, he cast his eyes across the net,
unafraid of the moment.

A Man among the Gentiles

The admiral did not understand
why his ships still sailed the icy
fires of hell. In 1492, God had
wrought upon him to sail the
ocean blue. If he had stayed home,
others seeking liberty would’ve never
found their new world. White
and delightful Europe needed
a release valve. He gave it to
them and spread Christianity in his
wake. So why was he still tormented,
racked with the pains of a damned

soul, when all he had done was
follow the Spirit? What he had done,
he had done quickly and in God’s

name. If that was a crime, clap
him in irons; he had been in prison
before. Time would vindicate

his method. For what were rape,
slavery, conquest, and genocide when
one had a role in God’s immutable

plan, when life in this round world was
cheaper than accountability? No one
he knew would have done anything
different. Yes, God and His Spirit
had wrought upon him—and him alone.
He would stay the course, see his

voyage to the end, come Hell or
Hell’s high waters. His ships were fleet,
and they could weather the storm.

Breakfast

Every Friday morning, Harry
Houdini and Sir Arthur Conan
Doyle meet for breakfast at
a café downtown. In life, they
used to puzzle for hours over
the question of life after death.
Harry’s skepticism had kept
the conversations lively; Doyle’s
long-suffering had kept them friends. So it was in the Spirit World: neither man could help returning to the topic, even though the Big Questions had all been answered. It was now the finer points, the hows and whys of eternal existence, that brought them together like sunshine to a mountain peak or frost to a window pane. Keeping in character, Harry was a how-man, Doyle a why. One pondered walls, boundaries, padlocks on pearly gates. The other sought the elementary: the clue, the solution, the lost in a found world. Since coffee and certain teas were unavailable, they settled for Postum and juice. Doyle liked ham and eggs and an English muffin. Harry usually ordered pancakes and fruit cocktail. On Fridays when it rained, they sat indoors, at a table by the window. If neither friend had much to say, they would eat contented, each enjoying the moment, as puddles formed on the chairs outside.

Scott Hales is a writer and historian for the Church History Department in Salt Lake City. He has a BA in English from Brigham Young University and an MA and PhD in English from the University of Cincinnati. He currently works as a story editor and writer for Saints, the new four-volume history of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He lives in Eagle Mountain, Utah, with his wife, Sarah, and their five children.