

Heavenly See

by

Sam Aurelius Milam III
c/o 4984 Peach Mountain Drive
Gainesville, Georgia 30507

This story first appeared on page 3 of the July 2008 *Frontiersman*. It was first presented here on Wednesday, August 7, 2019.

This document is approximately 583 words long.

Additional stories are available on my personal website.

This story is LiteraShare.

That means that it isn't for sale and that it isn't protected by a formal establishment copyright. As the author, I ask you to extend to me the courtesy that is reasonably due. If you copy the story, then copy all of it including my name and address as shown on each page, and this LiteraShare Statement. I invite you to provide such copies for other readers. If you quote from the story, then do so accurately and give me credit. If you care to make a voluntary contribution to me, then I prefer cash. For checks, money orders, or PayPal payments, please inquire.

This page was intentionally left blank.

Here's health to you and to our Corps which we are proud to serve.
In many a strife we've fought for life and never lost our nerve.
If the Army and the Navy ever look on heaven's scenes,
they will find the streets are guarded by United States Marines.

—The third stanza from *The Marines' Hymn*

Source: International Lyrics Playground

What would be the point of having Marines guard the streets in Heaven? Imagine the scene.

Smoke from the preliminary bombardment drifts across the Heavenly Landscape. At the Beach, just outside of the Pearly Gates, empty landing craft bob in the waves. In the distance, troop carriers and cargo ships loom darkly. Smaller craft are ferrying supplies ashore.

God watches uncertainly as a group of dirty grunting Marines pushes a U.S. flag upright, atop the Throne. The flag has a golden fringe. A Marine film crew has them do it over and over again, trying to film it correctly, so that it will look spontaneous. Once the standard is upright, the successful Marines support it with salvaged Golden Cobblestones, pilfered from the Golden Streets, to keep it from falling over.

Throngs of cheering Angels line the bombarded Golden Streets, waving tiny U.S. flags. They're free at last. Gabriel plays a medley of John Philip Sousa marches on his Horn. St. Peter sits at a folding table in a field tent and discusses the terms of occupation with the admiral and his staff. Jesus brings them coffee and donuts. Satan begins to organize a Secret Underground Resistance Movement. Cherubim and Seraphim begin the long process of clearing the Golden Rubble that's left over from the bombardment. Grim faced marines guard the Golden Streets, suspiciously watching all of those Angels. The Angels whistle innocently, scuff their Golden Slippers in the Dirt, and keep their Hands balled up in their Pockets, hoping to hide the Bulging Purses that are filled with pilfered Golden Cobblestone Fragments.

A 13-hour documentary called *Victory At Sea* is filmed in IMAX HD. The ghost of Richard Rodgers is rounded up to write the score. The Herald Angels perform the sound track. The ghost of Leonard Graves does the narration. The footage of the marines erecting the flag is used for the opening credits. Work begins on retakes, to replace the combat footage with something that looks more authentic.

Nobody questions anything in the documentary. It's all accepted as The Gospel Truth. Everybody who watches it is moved to tears.

This page was intentionally left blank.