

I thought the Bible belt had the South for its location,
 But now that I've been here I've had real education:
 For you might have thought that Rev. Moon was just a bit deranged,
 But after you come to Ben Lippen, you'll know he's perfectly sane.
 For I've found a southern religious cult, Nantahala, by name,
 And I've gone on their mission impossible and will never be the same!
 They said that I must undergo in this their initiation
 And only a river raft trip would will their approbation.
 "Be gone your unbelief," they cried "and just take up your oar,"
 But why had not one e'en one of them gone on a raft before?
 Or maybe someone had but never lived to tell the story
 And maybe I best hear it not, I suspect it is too gory.
 One follower of the cult spoke up "All sure will be all right
 Just be absolutely certain now you've had the final rites."
 Now maybe this was a southern form of the gift of exhortation,
 But in the north, there might have been another interpretation!
 For had he spoken of "last rites: in a northern congregation,
 The elders would have pulled him out for a little observation.
 "We welcome brothers" they begin, "from all parts of our nation,
 But we sincerely hope you're not needing letters of commendation."
 Well, after the "last rites", you see, I bought my reservation,
 From Brother Andrews who was quick to give a stipulation.
 "There'll be no turning back now; do you have any last request?"
 "Yes, sell me some life insurance, I hear yours is the best."
 And the worst part was not that he, alas, refused to hear my plea,
 But I wasn't even given a lecture for all of my good money!
 I mean the one on how you never need a policy
 The lecture I'd have welcomed on eternal security.
 As we rode the bus to the rapids, would you now believe?
 The rapids started looking calm unless meant to deceive.
 And just then of my sister friends pointed out to me
 "Now don't start getting a feeling of false security."
 To which I replied, "But that's what I want, some false security"
 And that sure beat the sign on the road, posted for all to see,
 Asking, in fact, "Do you know where you'll spend eternity?"
 And I chose not to ponder of this sign's location,
 Standing as it does just before the rafting station.
 No, we're in the Bible belt so there must be no connexion
 And with just a few short moments to live---who can think of election?
 But before embarking on this solemn, final journey,
 We were asked to sign a contract with this good old rafting company.
 A legal document with responsibility, not on them, but all on me!
 For 'in the event, it stated, I didn't perchance survive--
 Even with Captain Murphy's pledge to bring all back alive,
 Then all my worldly goods and things go to the company
 For giving me the privilege--the privilege to die at sea
 In return they said they would search for all the missing bodies
 And that for a modest cost they'd attach conference ID's.
 But as we got underway there was one cheerful note
 As I started to see familiar faces on other rafts afloat,