

nov 18

the storm

"and they came to Him and awoke Him, saying, 'Master, Master, we are perishing!' then He arose and rebuked the wind and the raging of the water. and they ceased, and there was a calm." luke 8:24

and now, a story.

-----

after a few of the usual Sunday evening hymns, the church's pastor slowly stood up, walked over to the pulpit and, before he gave his sermon for the evening, briefly introduced a guest minister who was in the service that evening. in the introduction, the pastor told the congregation that the guest minister was one of his dearest childhood friends and that he wanted him to have a few moments to greet the church and share whatever he felt would be appropriate for the service. with that, the elderly gentleman stepped up to the pulpit and began to speak.

"a father, and his son, and a friend of his son were sailing off the pacific coast," he began... "when a fast storm blocked any attempt to get back to the shore. the waves were so high, even though the father was an experienced sailor, he could not keep the boat upright and the three were swept into the ocean as the boat capsized."

the old man hesitated for a moment, making eye contact with two teenagers who were, for the first time since the service began, looking somewhat interested in his

story. the aged minister continued with his story...

“grabbing a rescue line, the father had to make the most excruciating decision of his life: to which boy would he throw the end of the lifeline? he had only seconds to make the decision. the father knew that his son was a christian and he also knew that his son's friend was not. the agony of his decision could not be matched by the torrent of waves.

as the father yelled out ‘i love you, son!’ he threw out the lifeline to his son's friend. by the time the father had pulled the friend back to the capsized boat, his son had disappeared beneath the raging swells into the black night. His body was never recovered,” the old man said sadly.

by this time, the two teenagers were sitting up straight in the pew, anxiously waiting for the next words to come out of the old Minister's mouth.

“the father,” he continued, “knew his son would step into eternity with Jesus and he could not bear the thought of his son's friend stepping into an eternity without Jesus. therefore, he sacrificed his son to save the son's friend. how great is the love of God that he should do the same for us? our heavenly Father sacrificed His only begotten Son so that we could be saved. i urge you to accept His offer to rescue you and take hold of the lifeline He is throwing out to you in this service.”

with that, the old man turned and sat back down in his chair as silence filled the room. the pastor again

walked slowly to the pulpit and delivered a brief sermon with an invitation at the end. however, no one responded to the appeal. but, within moments after the service ended, the two boys were at the old man's side.

“that was a nice story,” politely stated one of the boys, “but i don't think it was very realistic for a father to give up his only son's life in hopes that the other would become a christian.”

“well, you've got a point there,” the old man replied, glancing down at his worn bible. as a big smile broadened his narrow face, he looked up again at the boys and said, “it sure isn't very realistic, is it? but i'm here today to tell you this story gives me a glimpse of what it must have been like for God to give up His only Son for me. you see... i was that father, and your Pastor is my son's friend.”

-----

have we ever stopped to think how it must have grieved the heart of Father God to give up His only Son. even discounting the fact that He knew the ultimate end of it all, how it must have grieved Him to see His Son enduring such pain and mockery. that's love unmatched by any ever known by man. i beseech you in Christ's stead... grab the lifeline offered you. grab it with all your strength and never let go!!!