

Treatment of a Visitor

Here is a modern-day parable:

One day a man went to visit a church. He got there early, parked his car and got out. Another car pulled up and the driver got out and said, "I always park there. You took my place!"

The visitor went inside for Sunday School, found an empty seat and sat down. A young lady from the church approached him and stated, "That's my seat. You took my place!" The visitor was somewhat distressed by this rude welcome, but said nothing.

After Sunday School, the visitor went into the sanctuary and sat down. Another member walked up to him and said, "That's where I always sit. You took my place!" The visitor was even more troubled by this treatment, but still he said nothing.

Later, as the congregation was praying for Christ to dwell among them, the visitor stood up, and his appearance began to change. Horrible scars became visible on His hands and on His sandaled feet. Someone from the congregation noticed Him and called out, "What happened to you?"

The Visitor replied, as His hat became a crown of thorns, and a tear fell from His eyes, "I took your place."

Rich Pfeiffer, general manager of Pointe Frontier Retirement Community, passed along this story, which he received from a resident. Its message is sobering and reflective.

--Beecher Hunter