



August 2024

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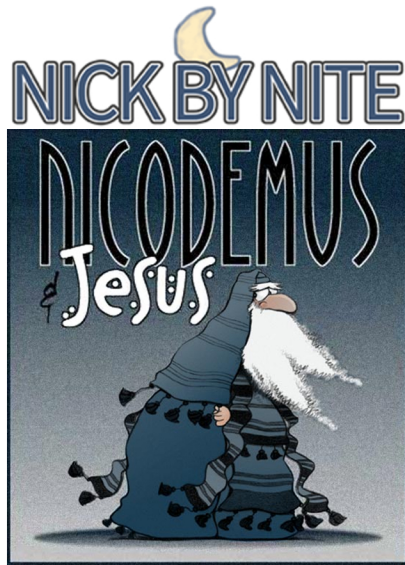
BORN AGAIN
 CONDEMNED
 DISCIPLES
 FLESH
 GOD

HEAVENLY
 JESUS
 KINGDOM
 LIFTED UP
 LIGHT

NICODEMUS
 PHARISEE
 RABBI
 SAVED
 SON OF MAN

SPIRIT
 TEACHER
 TRUTH
 WIND





A Story of Salvation

By Paul Dallgas-Frey

... continued from last time

It was a robe obviously made with incredible love.

He put it on right away. Everyone in his little town had gotten one, and that next day, they all looked so magnificent.

Of course, Nicodemus wore his everywhere.

He TRIED to keep it clean. He really did.

But then he got into a fight with his little brother one day, and got a grass stain on the knee that just wouldn't come out no matter how hard he tried to wash it.

And one day he lied to his mother about where he was going, and the next morning his robe didn't seem quite as bright as it did before. He cheated on a test once - just one answer, honest! but the next day the designs on his sleeves seemed a little duller. And then he stole that biscuit from his little sister - the one she had been saving for after school - and a bit of jam spilled on the front of his robe, and there was another stain that wouldn't go away.

Still, he tried to keep his robe clean as best he could.

Not everyone did. Some didn't care how dirty or torn or tattered their robes got, as long as they were having fun. It didn't matter to them at all if they were ruining an incredible gift.



And then one day many years later there was another note on the door.

"The King is Having a Feast. At the sound of the trumpet, all will come."

Now, the King's palace was deep in the woods, and no one from Nicodemus's little village had ever been there before.

But there were stories.

There were stories of music and dancing, and laughing all night long, until you could hardly stand up. There were stories of food piled so high on great long tables that there was hardly anywhere left to eat. And tall, crystal glasses filled with sweet drinks that tingled your toes but never rotted your teeth no matter how much you drank (or gave you a stomach ache either!).

And there was a great fireplace. Every night by the flickering light of the fire, the King would tell stories like no one had ever heard before - amazing stories, and they always seemed to be just about you. And the endings were always just perfect, better than you could ever dream up yourself.



continued next time ...