

"LIFE THROUGH THE LENS"



THROUGH THE WINDOW

There is a man. Daily he stands looking out from his lounge room window. One day he mutters to himself, "I don't know. The view doesn't appear as clear as it once did. He shrugs, closes the curtains and goes back to reading the daily paper.

Then one day, while he is looking through the window, there is a knock on the door. He closes the curtains. On opening the door, standing on the doorstep is a very good friend. He invites his friend in for a cup of coffee and wanders off to turn on the kettle. His friend, standing in the lounge room, comments, "Mate, it's a bit dark in here. Mind if I open the curtains?" "Help yourself" is the distracted reply.

The man comes to stand by his friend, hands him a cup of coffee. They stand gazing at the window. His friend takes a sip of coffee, "As I came up the path, I noticed the garden looks good!" "Thanks. I've got a good gardener. But I don't get to see it that much." With a nod, his friend replies, "Yeah. Window could do with a bit of a clean. I know it's pretty big and high, but I can come round and give it a go over." Taking his friend's empty cup and limping toward the sink, the man replies, "Thanks, mate. Don't bother. She'll be right."

There is a man. He stands looking through the now opaque images of life. He notices the "splotch of sadness", steadily growing out from one corner towards the dark memories of "hurt". In the middle is what was once only a speck. Still, over time, "longing" mixed with "wistfulness" is growing and covering more of the image. The "grey fingers of loneliness" continue, like mould to grow upward, threatening to obliterate what little "light of joy" remains. Where once the brightness of joy, peace, happiness, fulfilment, all washed through his life, now they struggle to make an impression.

There is a man called Jesus. He stands by the man and says, "I am here to help. I have the power of a loving God. My whole reason for being is to love and support you and all who need my presence. Read about my love through the pages of my story of love. You will find the book in many places, even on the web. It is called "The Bible". Or, you can trust me and my words and just talk to me. You may not see me, but I am here.

Will you accept the help and talk with the one standing by you, even if you cannot see him? You might be surprised how clear life can become.

God bless,

Kevin