

GRAND COMMANDERY OF ALABAMA

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Website: <https://alyorkrite.org/grand-commandery/>

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NOT HOME YET

An old missionary couple had been working in Africa for years and was returning to New York to retire. They had no pension; their health was broken; they were defeated, discouraged, and afraid. They discovered they were booked on the same ship as President Teddy Roosevelt, who was returning from one of his big-game hunting expeditions.

No one paid any attention to them. They watched the fanfare that accompanied the President's entourage, with passengers trying to catch a glimpse of the great man. As the ship moved across the ocean, the old missionary said to his wife, "Something is wrong.

Why should we have given our lives in faithful service for God in Africa all these many years and have no one care a thing about us? Here this man comes back from a hunting trip and everybody makes much over him, but nobody gives two hoots about us."

"Dear, you shouldn't feel that way," his wife said. "I can't help it; it doesn't seem right." When the ship docked in New York, a band was waiting to greet the President. The mayor and other dignitaries were there. The papers were full of the President's arrival.

No one noticed this missionary couple. They slipped off the ship and found a cheap flat on the East Side, hoping the next day to see what they could do to make a living in the city.

That night the man's spirit broke. He said to his wife, "I can't take this; God is not treating us fairly." His wife replied, "Why don't you go in the bedroom and tell that to the Lord?"

A short time later he came out from the bedroom, but now his face was completely different. His wife asked, "Dear, what happened?"

"The Lord settled it with me," he said. "I told him how bitter I was that the President should receive this tremendous homecoming, when no one met us as we returned home. And when I finished, it seemed as though the Lord put his hand on my shoulder and simply said, 'But you're not home yet!'"

-- Author Unknown

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PAID IN FULL

Your day in court will come one day, so make sure that you have good representation.

After living a "decent" life my time on earth came to an end. The first thing I remember is sitting on a bench in the waiting room of what I thought to be a court house. The doors opened and I was instructed to come in and have a seat by the defense table.

As I looked around I saw the "prosecutor," he was a villainous looking gent who snarled as he stared at me, he definitely was the most evil person I have ever seen. I sat down and looked to my left and there sat my lawyer, a kind and gentle looking man whose appearance seemed very familiar to me.

The corner door flew open and there appeared the judge in full flowing robes. He commanded an awesome presence as he moved across the room and I couldn't take my eyes off of him. As he took his seat behind the bench he said "Let us begin."

The prosecutor rose and said "My name is Satan and I am here to show you why this man belongs in hell." He proceeded to tell of lies that I told, things that I stole and in the past when I cheated others. Satan told of other horrible perversions that were once in my life and the more he spoke the further down in my seat I sank. I was so embarrassed that I couldn't look at anyone, even my own lawyer, as the Devil told of sins that even I had completely forgotten about.

As upset as I was at Satan for telling all these things about me, I was equally upset at my representative who sat there silently not offering any form of defense at all. I know I had been guilty of those things, but I had done some good in my life -- couldn't that at least equal out part of the harm I've done?

Satan finished with a fury and said "This man belongs in hell, he is guilty of all that I have charged and there is not a person who can prove otherwise. Justice will finally be served this day."

When it was his turn, my lawyer first asked if he might approach the bench. The judge allowed this over the strong objection of Satan, and beckoned him to come forward.

As he got up and started walking I was able to see him now in his full splendor and majesty. Now I realized why he seemed so familiar, this was Jesus representing me, my Lord and my Savior.

He stopped at the bench and softly said to the judge "Hi Dad" and then he turned to address the court. "Satan was correct in saying that this man had sinned, I won't deny any of these allegations. And yes the wages of sin is death and this man deserves to be punished."

Jesus took a deep breath and turned to his Father with stretched arms and proclaimed "However, I died on the cross so that this person might have eternal life and he has accepted me as his Savior, so he is mine."

My Lord continued with "His name is written in the book of life and no one can snatch him from me. Satan still does not understand yet, this man is not to be given justice but rather mercy." As Jesus sat down, He quietly paused, looked at his Father and replied "There is nothing else that needs to be done, I've done it all."

The Judge lifted his mighty hand and slammed the gavel down and the following words bellowed from his lips -- "This man is free -- the penalty for him has already been paid in full. Case dismissed."

As my Lord lead me away I could hear Satan ranting and raving "I won't give up, I'll win the next one."

I asked Jesus as he gave me my instructions where to go next. "Have you ever lost a case?" Christ lovingly smiled and said "Everyone that has come to me and asked me to represent them has received the same verdict as you . . .

"PAID IN FULL."

(I ran this a few months ago and it reminded me of an Old Testament DVD course from several years ago. The Professor noted that in his earliest descriptions in Judaic traditions, Satan was called "The Accuser" and had a role more like Hamilton Burger in the Perry Mason stories and only listed the offenses of the soul he was accusing. In later times he became a tempter and it would be interesting to know when and why that change came.)

-- Author Unknown

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