

JESUS IN THE HOUSE

One day he decided to invite the Lord to come home and stay with him. When the Lord arrived, this young man offered him the very best room in the house. The room was upstairs and at the end of the hall. "This room is yours, Jesus! Stay as long as you like and you can do whatever you want to in this room, remember Jesus, its all yours."

That evening after he had retired for the night there came a loud knocking at the front door. The young man pulled on his robe and made his way downstairs. When he opened the door he found that the devil had sent three of his demons to attack the man. He quickly tried to close the door but one of the demons kept sticking his foot in.

Sometime later, after a great struggle, he managed to slam the door shut and returned to his room totally exhausted.

Can you believe that," the man thought. Jesus is upstairs in my very best room sleeping while I am down here battling demons. Oh, well, maybe he just didn't hear. He slept fitfully that night. The next day thing went along as normal and, being tired as he was, the young man retired early that evening. Along about midnight, there came such a terrible ruckus at the front door that the young man was sure that whatever it was would tear the door down. He stumbled down the stairs once again and opened the door to find that were dozens of demons now trying to get into his beautiful home.

For more than three hours he fought and struggled against the demons from hell, and finally overtook them enough to shut the door against their attack. All energy seemed to fail him. He really didn't understand this at all. Why won't the Lord come to my rescue? Why does he allow me to fight all by myself? I feel so alone. Troubled, he found his way to the sofa and fell into a restless sleep.

The next morning he decided to inquire of the Lord about the happenings of the last two evenings. Quietly he made his way to the elegant bedroom where he had left Jesus. "Jesus," he called as he tapped at the door. "Lord, I don't understand what is happening. For the last two nights I have had to fight the demons away from my door while you laid up here sleeping. Don't you care about me? Did I not give you the very best room in the house?"

He could see the tears building in Jesus' eyes but continued on, "I just don't understand, I really thought that once I invited you in to live with me that you would take care of me and I gave you the best room in my house and everything. What more can I do?"

“My precious child,” Jesus spoke so softly. “I do love and care for you. I protect all that you have released into my care. But, when you invited me to come here and stay, you brought me to this lovely room and you shut the door to the rest of your house. I am Lord of this room but I am not Master of this house.

I have protected this room and no demon may enter here.”

“Oh, Lord, please forgive me. Take all of my house -- it is yours. I am so sorry that I never offered you all to begin with. I want you to have control of everything.” With this he flung open the bedroom door and knelt at Jesus’ feet. “Please forgive me Lord for being so selfish.”

Jesus smiled and told him that He had already forgiven him and that He would take care of things from now on. That night as the young man prepared for bed he thought, I wonder if those demons will return, I am so tired of fighting them each and every night. But, he knew that Jesus said that he would take care of things from now on.

Along about midnight the banging on the door was frightening. The young man slipped out of his room in time to see Jesus going down the stairs. He watched in awe as Jesus swung open the door, no need to be afraid.

Satan stood at the door, this time demanding to be let in. “What do you want, satan?” the Lord asked. The devil bowed low in the presence of the Lord, “So sorry, I seem to have gotten the wrong address.” And with that, he and the demons all ran away.

There is a moral to this tale. Jesus wants all of you, not just a part. He will take all that you give Him, but nothing more. How much of your heart have you given to the Lord? Are you keeping a portion of it away from Him?

Perhaps the attacks are coming more and more each day. Why not let the Lord fight the battles for you? He is always victorious. I have found that God made man simple, all of man’s complexities are of his own devising.

-- Author Unknown

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