

“Day Dreamers” - a word from Chris Hill

The Unexpected Visitor

Imagine the sun has disappeared from the noon day sky. One moment everything was clear and sunny, and in an instant, dark purple storm clouds assemble like a sky born armada, and block all light from the earth. The wind kicks up from the east, the sun rapidly retreats, and shadows swallow the city. Tangible fear like spiders legs creeps down the spines of every superstitious soul, as the darkness cradles the city like a babe in a mother's arms.

Then you look up at the moon and it has seemingly hemorrhaged. It now hangs like a huge drop of blood in the darkened sky. Dogs begin to howl across the city, raising strange and eerie songs. They howl at the scarlet moon and the darkened heavens seem to make their eerie voices echo and reverberate across the premature night.

Then imagine that the earth begins to quake. Your house and all that you own begin to rumble with the force. All of your life you thought certain things were firm and unmovable but in a moment you have discovered that even “terra firma” is not firm, as the ground itself ripples like water in a pond. Your valuables are thrown to the floor with the shaking and the very foundation of the house is moved.

Young men run into the streets to confront the danger. But the old women gather their small children to their knees to protect them from the sound of an invisible army marching out of the dark.

The sky is darkened, the moon has turned to blood, the earth is shaking and in that moment you know that you have done something horribly wrong. Imagine the fear that grips you as you realize that you took part in the unjust killing of a **just man**.

It was you who stood outside the court and cried out for His blood. You who wanted to trade His life for the life of that brigand, Barabbas. And you who shook your fist and you who were so caught up in the passion of the moment - you had forgotten how much good this man had done.

Sure blasphemy was blasphemy and His claim to be the Son of God was both scandalous and preposterous. Why the thought of a Messiah from Nazareth was ridiculous. At least that is what you thought before. But now that the earth is shuddering like a widow at a funeral, now that the moon has gone red-faced with shame and sun has clothed herself with a black veil as if in mourning. Now that you have seen nature's reaction to this execution, you wonder if they have crucified more than a mere carpenter.

You run back to your house and lock the door as fear grips your heart. The darkness is almost tangible and the cry of the dogs echoes through the streets of Jerusalem. You huddle in the darkness unsure of what to do until a soft knock comes to your front door.

You carry your candle, open the latch, pull open the heavy door and standing in the door way before you is your grandmother. It is almost the time for the celebration of Passover. Your grandmother is a very pious and holy woman who has always kept the holy days. She has true faith in God, not the empty religion of other people. She does not just go through the motions; she truly believes and loves God. She even loved this Jesus who had been crucified today. She was one of the first to believe that He was truly the Messiah.

She is a righteous and holy woman and she stands in your doorway and says no words. She just smiles the biggest smile you have ever seen her smile. Her eyes are twinkling and she has a look about her that defies the darkness itself. She smiles at you in a way that lets you know that all will be just fine. And then without a word spoken between you, she walks away from your door way and off into the premature night.

You stand speechless as she walks away from you. You have no words for this **unexpected visitor**, for she has been dead for the past two years. (See Matthew 27:52 -53).

Expect the Unexpected!
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