

On the Road of Life

I was walking on the road of life when I met a Man dressed in a white robe. He had a large basket with Him and He said to me, "Sir, I have a job for you. I want you to take this basket down the road of life, but do not walk off the road no matter what you hear or where you walk!"

"I accept the job. But what am I collecting in the basket?" I asked.

The Man told me, "I'll be waiting for you at the end of the road, and then I'll tell you what you have done," He replied.

I took the basket and traveled on the road of life. Soon I heard the cries of pain, weeping, moaning, calls for help, and the crying of babies. It was hard not to go off the road and give help to the helpless. I kept dragging the basket and found it was getting heavier by the minute. I looked in the basket but found nothing that would cause it to become so heavy.

The basket became so heavy that I couldn't move it! I looked to the side of the road and saw a man. "Sir, I think you need a hand," he said.

"The basket is so heavy that I cannot lift it," I answered.

"Let us both drag the basket," he told me.

"Thank you, sir, for the help. I promised a Man to take this basket to the end of the road. I feel that I am doing something very important," I told him.

"You are," he said.

We both dragged the basket, trying not to give heed to the cries of pain that we heard beside the road.

As we drew near to the end, a Man dressed in a white robe stood in the middle of the road with a large basket.

"I've brought you the basket that you asked me to deliver," I told Him.

"Thank you," He replied. "My name is Jesus Christ, and you have been collecting the sins, troubles, pains, and disappointments of the world. Give me that basket you have brought here and I will give you this new one filled with love, happiness, and the love of God. But you haven't finished yet because I want you to take this basket back down the road of life. You won't need any help this time." He added, "I'm glad my angel was a help to you."

I looked around and the man who had helped me had disappeared. "I am sorry that I didn't thank him. He really helped me."

"That's what it's all about," Jesus replied.

This time the basket was as light as a feather, and the cries of pain had turned to laughter. The people were praising God. Then I realized what Jesus had done. I had taken up the cross and become a disciple of God. The death of Jesus Christ was something I could now relate to. The crucifixion of Christ had done what I had done.

-- Alan Winson