

“THE ROOM”...A MODERN PARABLE

Mark 4:1-2a

Mark 4:1 *"And he began again to teach by the sea side: and there was gathered unto him a great multitude, so that he entered into a ship, and sat in the sea; and the whole multitude was by the sea on the land. {2} And he taught them many things by parables, and said unto them **in his doctrine,**"*

INTRODUCTION:

A. Parables were Jesus' primary vehicle for teaching truth; **concealed truth** and **doctrinal truth**.

Mark 4:11 *"And he said unto them, Unto you it is given to know the mystery of the kingdom of God: but unto them that are without, all these things are done in parables:"*

1. The term "*parable*" (parabole, Gk.) literally means "*to throw beside*" and is in essence a comparison.

2. The parable "*throws*" a particular situation "*beside*" a spiritual truth *and compares them*.

3. *Parables were designed to stimulate thought and cause the hearer to ponder and reflect on the truth being taught.*

4. *Though they are stories about everyday things, they were intended to pierce to the very heart of spiritual truths being taught by Jesus.*

B. **As already stated**, parables were intended both to reveal and to conceal.

1. The intended meaning of some parables was unmistakable, such as the Parable Of The Vineyard in Mark. 12:12, while others needed explanation, such as those found in Matt. chapter 13.

2. There is a Modern Parable I will be sharing with you in these message that will need no explanation **because its message is unmistakably clear.** **For background information.** – See Pg. 4

“THE ROOM”

In that place between wakefulness and dreams, I found myself in “**The Room**”. There were no distinguishing features except for the one wall covered with small index card files. *They were like the ones in libraries that list titles by author or subject in alphabetical order.* But these files, which stretched from floor to ceiling and seemingly endless in either direction, **had very different headings.**

As I drew near the wall of files, the first to catch my attention was one that read "**Girls I have liked.**" I opened it and began flipping through the cards. I quickly shut it, shocked to realize that I recognized the

names written on each one. *And then with-out being told, I knew exactly where I was.* This lifeless room with its small files was a crude catalog system of my life. Here were written the actions of my every moment, big and small, in a detail my memory couldn't match.

A sense of wonder and curiosity, *coupled with horror*, stirred within me as I began randomly opening files and exploring their content. **Some brought joy and sweet memories; others a sense of shame and regret so intense that I would look over my shoulder to see if anyone was watching.** A file named "Friends" was next to one marked "Friends I have betrayed." The titles ranged from the mundane to the outright weird. "Books I Have Read," "Lies I Have Told," "Comfort I have Given," "Jokes I Have Laughed at". **Some were almost hilarious in their exactness: "Things I've yelled at my brothers." *Others I couldn't laugh at, such as:* "Things I Have Done in My Anger", "Things I Have Muttered Under My Breath at My Parents."**

I never ceased to be surprised by the contents. **Often there were many more cards than I expected. *Sometimes fewer than I hoped.*** I was overwhelmed by the sheer volume of the life I had lived. Could it be possible that I had the time in my 17 years to write each of these thousands or even millions of cards? But each card confirmed this truth. **Each was written in my own handwriting. Each signed with my signature.**

When I pulled out the file marked "Songs I have listened to," I realized the files grew to contain their contents. The cards were packed tightly and yet after two or three yards, I hadn't found the end of the file. I shut it, shamed, not so much by the quality of music but more by the vast time I knew that file represented. When I came to a file marked "*Lustful Thoughts,*" I felt a chill run through my body. I pulled the file out only an inch, not willing to test its size, and drew out a card. I shuddered at its detailed content. I felt sick to think that such a moment had been recorded. An almost animal rage broke on me.

One thought dominated my mind: No one must ever see these cards! No one must ever see this room! I have to destroy them!" In and

almost insane frenzy, I yanked the file out. Its size didn't matter now. I had to empty it and burn the cards. But as I took it at one end and began pounding it on the floor, I **could not** dislodge a single card. I became desperate and pulled out a card, only to find it as strong as steel when I tried to tear it. Defeated and utterly helpless, I returned the file to its slot.

Leaning my forehead against the wall, I let out a long, self-pitying sigh. And then I saw it. The title bore "**People I Have Shared the Gospel With**" What a relief! The handle was brighter than those around it, newer, almost unused. I pulled on its handle and a small box, not more than three inches long, fell into my hands. **I could count the cards it contained on one hand**. And then the tears came. I began to weep; sobs so deep that they hurt. They started in my stomach and shook through me. I fell on my knees and cried. *I cried out of shame, from the overwhelming shame of it all.*

The rows of file shelves swirled in my tear-filled eyes. *No one must ever, ever know of this room.* I must lock it up and hide the key. But then as I pushed away the tears, *I saw Him*. No, please not Him. Not here! *Oh, anyone but Jesus!* I watched helplessly as He began to open the files and read the cards. I couldn't bear to watch His response. **And in the moments I could bring myself to look at His face, I saw a sorrow deeper than my own.** He seemed to intuitively go to the worst boxes. *Why did He have to read every one?*

Finally, He turned and looked at me from across the room. He looked at me with pity in His eyes. But this was a pity that didn't anger me. I dropped my head, covered my face with my hands and began to cry again. He walked over and put His arm around me. He could have said so many things. But He didn't say a word. **He just cried with me.** *Then He got up and walked back to the wall of files. Starting at one end of the room, He took out a file and, one by one, began to sign His name over mine on each card. "No!" I shouted rushing to Him. All I could find to say was "No, no," as I pulled the card from Him.* His name shouldn't be on these cards. **But there it was, written in red so rich, so dark, so alive.** *The name of Jesus covered mine.* It was written with His blood.

He gently took the card back. He smiled a sad smile and began to sign the cards. I don't think I'll ever understand how He did it so quickly, but the next instant it seemed I heard Him close the last file and walk back to my side. He placed His hand on my shoulder and said, "It is finished." I stood up, and He led me out of the room.

There was no lock on its door. When I inquired as to why, He said, ***"Records are still being kept, and there are still cards to be written."***

I was faced with the reality that the only way that I was to avoid facing this part of the record of my life is that I had to repent and accept Jesus Christ as my personal Savior.

It was then I remembered **John 3:16** *"For God so loved the world that He gave His only son, that whosoever believes in Him shall not perish but have eternal life."*

I now understand the kind of life that He expects me to live for Him. Can I do it? Can you do it? If the Apostles Paul's Lord and Master is our Lord and Master, then we can. Paul said, *"I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me."* ---Phil. 4:13

CONCLUSION: 2 Cor. 5:10 *"For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad."*

A. Is there any part of the record of your record that you don't want to face?

1. Things that you are ashamed of? Things that would embarrass you and hurt Jesus when you stand before Him? How many cards will be found in the one file entitled, "Souls I have witnesses to?" Can they be counted on one hand?

B. What does Heaven's record contain about you since God saved you? It's being added to each day.

1 Tim. 5:24 ***"Some men's sins are open beforehand, going before to judgment; and some men they follow after. Likewise also the good works of some are manifest beforehand; and they that are otherwise cannot be***

hid."

C. Do you have some sin(s) in your life that you don't want to follow you to judgment? Now is a good time to repent of them, confess them to Jesus, and send them on before-hand to judgment, so that you won't have to face them when you stand before God in the judgment.

1. Since we are to be rewarded according to our works how large will your reward be?

THE STORY BEHIND THE STORY "THE ROOM"

Brian Moore died May 27, 1997, -- the day after Memorial Day. He was driving home from a friend's house when his car went off Bulen-Pierce Road in Pickaway County and *struck a utility pole*. He emerged from the wreck unharmed but stepped on a downed power line and was electrocuted.

Brian seemed to excel at everything he did. He was an honor student. He told his parents he loved them "a hundred times a day". He was a star wide-receiver for the high school football team and had earned a four-year scholarship to Capital University in Columbus because of his athletic and academic abilities.

He took it upon himself to learn how to help a fellow student who used a wheel-chair at school. During one homecoming ceremony, Brian walked on his tiptoes so that the girl he was escorting wouldn't be embarrassed about being taller than him. He often escorted his grandmother, Evelyn Moore, who lived in Columbus, to church, *but he never said anything about having accepted Jesus as his personal Savior.*

Only two months before his death, Brian had handwritten this parable about encountering Jesus in a file room full of cards detailing every moment of the teen's life.

Brian had been dead only hours, but his parents desperately wanted every piece of his life near them -- notes from classmates and teachers, his homework. *A cousin of Brian found this hand-written account while cleaning out the teenager's locker at Teary Valley High School.*

But it was only after Brian's death that his parents, Beth and Bruce Moore, realized that their son had described his conversion experience with Jesus in this parable he titled "**The Room**". *"It makes such an impact that people want to share it. You feel like you are there."* Mr. Moore said.

Years after his death, his family still struggles to understand why Brian was taken from them. *"I think God used him to make a point. I think we were meant to find it and make something out of it,"* Mrs. Moore said of the paper. **She and her husband wanted to share their son's vision of what he faced after death and posted it on the internet.**

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