

CHURCH IS "FOR THE BIRDS"

One cold, blustery night a family who lived out in the country was getting ready for the church service on Christmas Eve. As the mother and children were readying themselves, the father decided to opt out. In his words, "That church stuff is fine for you, but I do not really believe in it. It's "for the birds." I will stay home and read the paper."

Soon after the others left, the man heard a thumping against the window: 'What is that?' he thought. 'Is someone throwing snowballs?' When he looked out the door he saw several birds fluttering against the window, trying to take shelter. 'I need to do something', he thought, 'or they will all freeze to death!'

The man made his way to the barn. He opened the doors and turned the light on to attract the birds, but they paid no attention. 'I know just the thing,' he thought. So the man went back to the house for some breadcrumbs. He dropped them one by one along the path from the house to the barn. But the birds just huddled together on the front lawn trying to stay warm. Then the man had another idea. 'Maybe I can run up from behind them and shoo them toward the barn.' But, as he ran toward the birds they all scattered their separate ways and flew back near the window. 'Boy,' thought the man, 'I cannot understand it. Maybe they are afraid of me. Perhaps if I dress up like a bird I can show them the way. No, on second thought, I guess I would have to *become* a bird.' At that moment the church bells rang and the man understood the Christmas story for the first time-- that God became a man--took human form so He could model a holy life among us, and then bear the punishment for our inability to live righteously.



Author unknown

Picture source: www.qtm.net/~mitchj/barn.html