

The Man at the Door

I walk through the streets at dusk and look at the houses:
The lights are on, but I can see no movement,
The fires are lit, but there is no warmth;
Mere shells of stone - no flesh and blood breathes life.

I look again and see a figure at the door,
Collar turned up against the weather.
He waits, wanting to enter
And deliver gifts of life, love, peace, and power.

I look around and see the same figure at each door.
I know it's the Son of Man, but how can he be in so many places?
He turns. and I see His face, it's the face of a believer.
Each face is different, one face is even mine.

My thoughts

Jesus calls each believer to be his representative in this world.

See Matthew 28¹⁸⁻²⁰: *And Jesus came and said to them, "All authority in heaven and on earth has been given to me. Go therefore and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, teaching them to observe all that I have commanded you. And behold, I am with you always, to the end of the age."*

Pete Bennett

5th May 2014

On holiday near Arisaig, Scotland
