

“Luke 13: 34”
March 4, 2007
By Rebecca Enney

Barabas got a Wii! Have you heard about that new game that you play on your TV? You use a remote control and swing your arm or hand in the air and it makes your character on the TV screen move.

It was Barabas’s birthday last Wednesday and his father, Frank, who lives in Los Angeles and is the janitor at Disney Internet Group on Lenkershim Blvd in North Hollywood, sent this rather extravagant gift, a Wii! But it was so late on Wednesday that Uncle Floyd did not have a chance to set it up, so on Thursday night before bed Uncle Floyd got it all figured out. They tried playing it right away but it was hard to learn and it was bedtime.

“I reckon you’ll have plenty of time for this game. I promise we’ll play tomorrow. No need to hurry.” said Uncle Floyd with a smile and a wink. But Barabas went to bed feeling very unsatisfied. He wanted to play on the Wii NOW! And then on Friday night Uncle Floyd was busy with the Spaghetti Dinner at church and they did not get home until way after bedtime.

So, here it is Saturday morning. Sam is coming over to play. That is Sam WAS coming over to play. Ten minutes ago the phone rang and it was Sam’s father, Mr. Konde, calling to say that Sam is sick and can not come over!

Barabas had thumped down on his bed in disappointment and laid there next to his dog Jeter, who . . . started . . . coughing and choking and then threw up on Barabas’s bed. On the quilt that Mrs. Potato Head made for him!

“Get off my bed!” shouted Barabas at Jeter. “Stop that!”

Jeter jumped off the bed and finished throwing up on Barabas’s sleeping bag.

Sometimes life is full of good times, but sometimes, like for Barabas lately, it feels like life is full of broken promises and disappointments.

“I wish I could just go someplace and hide.” thought Barabas, feeling very sorry for himself.

When baby chicks want a place to hide they run for shelter under the wings of the mother chicken. She lifts up her wings and her babies run right underneath her and she pulls her wings down and there they are safe from the onslaughts of the world.

Jesus wants to shelter us from the onslaughts of the world. He said “How often I have desired to gather your children together as a hen gathers her brood under her wings.”

Jesus opens himself to be our shelter. This is the place to take your **DISAPPOINTMENTS** and **BROKEN PROMISES**.
(Place cards under Crucifix veil.)



This is the place where Mrs. Potato Head can take her **GRIEF** when she is so lonesome, where Pastor Ed can take his **WORRIES** about his ministry to the people in his congregation, where Mr. Gym Teacher can take his **FAILURES** to manage his money better, where Frank, way out in Los Angeles can take his **FEARS** about slipping back into his old ways with alcohol, where Uncle Floyd can take his **FRUSTRATION** about not having enough time to spend with Barabas, his beloved nephew and adopted son.

This is the place, at the foot of the cross, where WE can take cover from the onslaughts of the world. Dearest Jesus, thank you for being our shelter. AMEN