

THERE'S SOMEONE AT THE DOOR

It's Easter Sunday. Bill and his three sons are getting ready to go to church to celebrate this special occasion. His wife, Liz, however, will not be joining them. She has never believed in the story of a man named Jesus, the Son of God, who is said to have come to Earth, died on the cross for our sins, was resurrected, and promised eternal life in heaven to those who believe in Him. For years now, she's been too busy taking care of her family and working for a large company in town, to even consider whether there's any truth to this story. With so many religions in the world, she also questions whether Jesus is truly the only path to God and wonders if there's an afterlife. Anyhow, at this point in her life, she doesn't feel the need to come and surrender her heart to Him, as her family hopes she will, and as they faithfully pray for.

This morning, however, there's something different about her. They notice a sense of peace and joy that they've never seen before. And as they're about to leave, she asks them to wait for her. Surprised by this unexpected request, they remain silent, making no comments... Throughout the service, she seems genuinely excited to be there, singing praises to God and hanging on every word the preacher says. They can't wait for her to explain the sudden change of heart.

But once back home, she doesn't say a word about what happened. Instead, she heads straight to the kitchen and begins preparing lunch. When the meal is ready, they all gather around the table. As usual, her husband starts to say grace, but she interrupts him. "If you don't mind, dear, I'd like to pray this time."

He and the boys exchange glances before he says, "Of course, honey, but I have to admit, we're a bit surprised by the change in your behavior this morning. Is there anything we should know about?"

"Yes!" she responds, a gleam in her eyes. "I woke up this morning from the most amazing dream—one I've ever had!" And with that, she begins to tell her story...

"While you and the boys are at church celebrating Easter, I'm here in the kitchen preparing lunch. A knock on the door startles me, and I quickly head over to see who it is. Peeking through the small window at the top, I see a man—likely in his thirties—with long brown hair and a beard, standing on our porch. I don't recognize him, don't bother to find out who he is, and walk back to the kitchen.

A minute or so later, I hear another knock. I assume it's the same man and decide to ignore him. I think that if he's smart, he'll realize no one is home and leave. But I'm wrong...

For the third time, I hear a knock and decide it's finally time to deal with him once and for all. I walk briskly to the door, and without opening it, I start a brief conversation with him.

"Can I help you?"

"I'd like to speak with you for a moment, if I may."

"Sorry, but I don't open the door to strangers."

"I understand your caution, but I assure you, I'm not a stranger."

"Yes, you are. I saw you from my window, and I don't know who you are."

"In a way, that's true... but I know you."

"How could you?"

"Liz, what if I told you something about your life—something a stranger couldn't know?"

Taken aback that he knows my name, I hesitate before answering, "Maybe?"

He then starts telling me about my childhood, special moments in my life, and even things I still keep hidden in my heart... I'm stunned to hear these revelations from a complete stranger and, finally, decide to crack the door open. The man's warm smile leaves me speechless for a moment, but I eventually ask, "Why are you here?"

He doesn't answer, but gazes at me as if he's seeing straight through me, deep into my heart... I can see kindness in his eyes as he asks, "Can we talk? Would you mind if we sit here on this step for a little while?"

I'm uncertain about what to do next, but since we'll be on the porch, I figure if something happens to me, I'll yell loudly enough, hoping someone will hear me and come to my rescue. So, I finally step outside. We both sit down, maintaining some distance between us, and he starts the conversation.

"Liz, it saddens Me that you're not at church with your family, celebrating Easter. I know they've shared My story with you countless times, yet you haven't believed. Still, I've heard their heartfelt prayers for you. So, if you're open to it, I'd like to share some of My final moments here on earth."

I hesitate... This man, pretending to be Jesus, is unsettling. Part of me wants to walk away and disappear inside, but instead, I remain silent and simply nod. And so, he begins telling me his story...

"It all started in the Garden of Gethsemane on that fateful night when I faced the harsh reality that the time had come to drink from the cup filled with God's wrath against sin. I knew the intense pain and suffering I would endure to redeem mankind, and My soul was overwhelmed with sorrow to the point of death. I then fell to My knees and prayed, 'Father, if it is Your will, take this cup away from Me; nevertheless, not My will, but Yours, be done.' Then an angel from heaven appeared, strengthening Me for what was to come.

Soon after, armed soldiers, led by the disciple who had betrayed Me, entered the garden, arrested Me, and took Me before a council of religious leaders for questioning. During the trial, many witnesses were called to testify against Me, but their accounts contradicted each other. Near the end, however, after I confirmed the high priest's question about being the Messiah, the Son of God, I was charged with blasphemy and sentenced to death. But this was only the beginning... A series of civil trials followed, and though there was no basis for the charges, I was ultimately sentenced to be crucified. The religious leaders and the crowd—who had repeatedly shouted, 'Crucify Him'—finally got what they had wished for.

I was then handed over to the soldiers, who flogged, mocked, and spat on Me. As if that wasn't enough, they stripped Me of My clothes, and put a purple robe on Me, twisted together a crown of thorns and placed it on My head... They put a reed in My right hand, knelt before Me, mocked Me, and said, 'Hail, King of the Jews!' Ultimately, tired of their cruel games, they forced Me to carry a heavy cross to the place where I would be crucified."

He pauses for a moment, takes a deep breath, and then continues his story. This time, though, I can see the pain written all over his face...

"They nailed Me to the cross, and as I hung there in excruciating pain, the soldiers cast lots for My clothes while the crowd mocked Me from a distance. Yet, in the midst of unbearable suffering, I prayed—asking My Father to forgive them, for they did not know what they were doing... As I laid down My life for the sins of the world, I cried out, 'My God, My God, why have You forsaken Me?' In the end, as it was foretold, I said, 'I thirst,' and they brought to My lips sour wine. After drinking, I declared 'It is finished', and surrendered My spirit."

He remains quiet for a while, seemingly lost in thought... But I remember what happened next. After His death, a soldier pierced His side with a spear. Then His body was taken down from the cross and laid in a grave—sealed and guarded by armed soldiers.

At this point, I can't bear to hear another word from this strange man—all I want is to get back inside. Yet, I'm still intrigued by the truths he's revealed about me, so I choose to stay and hear him out a bit longer.

"What are you talking about?" I finally ask in a sarcastic tone. "If you're telling the truth—which, honestly, I don't believe—then what are you doing here? You should be in the grave!"

"I know I should, but I am not," He replies calmly. "As I had foretold, on the third day after My death, I rose again. I was buried, but I am indeed risen! See and touch the scars on My wrists, feet, and side."

I reluctantly glance at the scars, but I'm afraid to touch them... How can I be sure they're from his crucifixion? After all, most people know this story. Could this man have done this to himself? If so, why? And why did he come knocking on *my* door?

He continues, “What saddens Me, Liz, is that you have never truly considered whether My story is true. You have always been either too busy or kept putting it off for another time. But the truth is, you may not have as much time as you think. Your life could be taken in an instant, and then it will be too late to question whether My story was actually true. Such a sobering reality to think about, but possible nonetheless...

And so, here I am, the Son of Man and the Son of God, who was sent into this world not to condemn it, but to save it. I am the way, the truth, and the life; no one comes to the Father except through Me. God, in His infinite love, mercy, and grace, sent Me so that all who believe in Me, truly repent of their sins, and surrender their lives to Me, will not be condemned to eternal punishment in hell—a place of endless torment.

I endured pain and suffering, shed My blood, died on the cross, and resurrected from the grave, all to redeem humanity from their sins, reconcile them to a holy and righteous God, and offer them a personal relationship with Him. Through My sacrifice, I made it possible for all to inherit eternal life in heaven, where death, pain, and sorrow will be no more, and where they will dwell in My presence forever. For it is by grace alone, through faith, that you are saved. It is the free gift of a loving and merciful God, offered to all.

Your eternal future depends on these truths, Liz, which is why I came knocking on the door of your heart this morning. But you have a choice to make: Will you open it, or not?”

His words are so powerful and compelling that all I can think about at this very moment, is asking Him to forgive me for my stubbornness, pride, and selfishness; for ignoring and doubting Him all these years; and for the things I've done in the past that now fill me with regret... Unable to hold back any longer, tears begin to slowly roll down my cheeks, and I ask Him if He would give me the new life He speaks of.”

He smiles, His eyes filled with compassion, and says, “Liz, all is well... You have been forgiven and are now a child of God! Seek first His kingdom and His righteousness, and all you need will be added to you. The Holy Spirit, who now dwells within you, and the Bible—the inspired Word of God—will teach you how to live in a way that pleases your Father and follow Me. For I am the Light of the world! He who follows Me shall not walk in darkness, but have the Light of life. Challenges will come, but take courage, for I am always with you. You will face trials and difficulties in this world, but take heart, for I will never leave you nor forsake you... Peace I leave with you; My peace I give to you. Not as the world gives do I give to you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.”

In that instant, a deep, overwhelming peace fills my heart, unlike anything I've ever felt. And as I'm still trying to fully grasp what has just happened, Jesus stands up, smiles tenderly at me, and slowly walks away... I sit still, watching Him until He disappears into the distance.

On this, I woke up, realizing that it had only been a dream—yet one that had felt unbelievably real! I glanced at the clock on the nightstand across from me. A Bible sat on it, open to a page with a single scripture highlighted in red. Out of curiosity, I picked it up and started to read... John 3:16, ‘For God so loved the world that He gave His one and only Son that whoever believes in Him shall not perish but have everlasting life.’ In that moment, it was as if God had removed a blindfold from my eyes. I clearly saw and understood what Jesus had done for me on the cross, and an overwhelming feeling of sorrow washed over me...

Through tears, I earnestly asked God to forgive my sins and surrendered my heart and life to Him. The joy I felt then—and still feel now, as I share this with all of you— is beyond words! Who could have imagined that God would use a dream to transform my life so profoundly!”

Once she finishes telling her story, her family quickly gathers around her, enveloping her in a long, warm embrace, their voices lifted in praise to God for answering their prayers with such love and power. As they celebrate together, a Scripture comes to mind that perfectly captures this incredible moment...

“Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who according to His great mercy has caused us to be born again to a living hope through the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to obtain an inheritance which is imperishable and undefiled and will not fade away, reserved in heaven for you, who are protected by the power of God through faith for a salvation ready to be revealed in the last time.” (1 Peter 1:3-5)

Have a wonderful and blessed Resurrection Day!

Beth☺