

Luther Lighthouse

Luther was a young lighthouse. He had been standing for only twenty years. The stones he was built from were large and strong. The wooden steps leading up to his head, were broad and secure. His gigantic, prism-light was clean and shiny. But for some time, light had stopped beaming from it.

His back-up, Fred Foghorn, was meant for foggy weather and days when clouds covered the sun, moon, and stars. But even on clear nights, Fred now had to call out continually. Fred was getting hoarse, and he had to take cough medicine every few hours.

"Please, Luther," he'd whisper, "please try again!" But every time Luther tried, his light would *not* turn on. All kinds of repairmen from the port town and neighboring towns had tried to fix Luther for months, but no one could help him.

One day, a little boy climbed up all seventy steps of the lighthouse. When he got to the top, he started to weep.

"Why are you crying, Sean?" asked Luther.

"Because you don't light up anymore," the boy said. "Why won't you, Luther?"

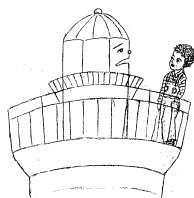
"Well, I'd like to, but I just can't."

"Why not?" probed the boy.

"Hmmm, that's a good question. . . . I guess it all began when the bell in the church steeple stopped ringing and calling people to worship, and I didn't see them coming out smiling, laughing, and singing anymore. It just made me so sad - I didn't seem to have the strength to light up anymore."

"My grandpa's really sad about the church being closed, too. He says the light's gone outta everybody's eyes."

"Why *did* the church close down?" Luther asked.



"Grandpa says 'cause lotsa people got too busy working and trying to make lots of money, and they quarrel 'n' fight 'n' worry . . . things like that."

"That sounds awful!" Luther said. "What's the use of having a lot of money and things to worry and quarrel about, if it makes peoples' eyes cloud up with unhappiness?"

"I know what!!" The little boy's eyes shone. "I'll go tell everyone in town Jesus still loves them and wants to forgive them!"

In the following weeks, as Sean told everyone how much Jesus loved them, pair after pair of eyes relit. The church door was opened again, the large church bell resounded, and prayers and songs of praise rose up like winged-birds from the steeple to Heaven. Luther Lighthouse once again lit up the town and harbor, because the light of Jesus shimmered and flamed in the souls of His people again!

"With praises from children . . . You have built a fortress." Psalm 8:2 CEV

Jesus said, "I am the light of the world! Follow Me, and you won't be walking in the dark. You will have the light that gives life." John 8:12 CEV

