

A Swear Word in Heaven

Value: Foul Language is bad.

In heaven, running and playing was what all the children are supposed to do. Ever since Jesus came and got them, Georgie and his family were blissfully happy in heaven. And for Georgie, there was so many things to see and do and you never had to be afraid or come in after dark or worry about getting hurt or bad people because you can't be hurt or get sick or meet any bad people in heave because heaven is full of people that love Jesus just like he did. So if he ran screaming in joy through the streets, nobody complained and in fact, the angels and Jesus himself might run into the street and play kickball with him. That is just the kind of place heaven is.

One day Georgie was trying to figure out how old he was. Since there is no getting older or days or months in heaven, he might be a bazillion years old for all he knew. He never worried about it but he was playing with little diamonds that he collected from the streets and using them to count. That's when he saw it. It was not like anything he had ever seen in heaven. It was very small, maybe a foot high and wide. It didn't have a head, no wait, in fact, it only had a head. It was just one little round hairy ball in the middle, with ears on the side, no arms, two very thin and scrawny crow like legs sticking out and these two HUGE feet, bigger than ducks feet which is picked up and flopped down with a PLOP PLOP PLOP as it walked down the middle of the street in heaven.

"What is that thing?" Georgie's sister asked and Georgie sure didn't know. Just then, his daddy stepped behind the children and pulled them back.

"It's a swear word." He said solemnly.

"A swear word?" Georgie said puzzled. "In heaven? How can that be, how did it get in here?"

PLOP PLOP PLOP the swear word in heaven just kept plodding along making slow and stead progress. Behind him, his footprints were green and yucky and smelled bad. Every so often, it stopped and shook and suddenly a big belch of fowl brown smoke oozed out of it and everyone on the street just went "Ewwwwwww".

All of God's people were very unhappy about the swear word in heaven and that was bad because nobody was ever supposed to be unhappy in heaven. Everybody knew that nobody knew what to do about it. Georgie ran to the one who always made him feel better. He ran to Jesus. Jesus was sitting on a park bench teaching about 30 people about what it was really like the day he gave his life for their sins so they could be in heaven when Georgie ran up and sat right at his feet. It was ok. In heaven, you can hug God anytime you need a hug. He likes it. But as Georgie was holding Jesus by the ankles, they all heard it.

PLOP PLOP PLOP. The swear word in heave was coming. They heard it before they smelled it but when they smelled it, they remembered why

swear word always were so yucky. It rounded the corner and one plop after the other walked up to about five feet in front of Jesus and it stopped.

"Do you know who I am?" The swear word said to Jesus.

"Yes, you are a swear word. I know all about you. I have cleaned you up before." Jesus answered.

"Well here I am in heaven. And I am going to ruin it for everyone." It said with a nasty laugh.

"No you won't. I know that because I know why you are a swear word and not a praise word." Jesus said with a soft sternness in his voice.

"Nobody knows that. If they did, nobody would let a swear word in heaven, in their houses or anywhere where people are." The swear word said with a small billow of that awful smoke oozing up.

"There is a door in your tummy, open it." Jesus commanded and Georgie looked closely. Sure enough, there was a tiny door in the middle of his fat round body, which was really all there was to him, with tiny little hinges and a handle with no lock. Slowly the swear word, raised his huge foot so it flipped the handle and the door swung open. A gasp went through the people of God at what they saw. They saw nothing. The swear word in heaven was empty inside. "That's why you swear isn't it? Because you are empty inside and you want people to think you are something so instead of blessing them and loving them, you are a swear word which only pushes people away."

"So what?" The swear word said defiantly. "Nobody can fix my emptiness." A gasp went up because everybody knew that everybody knew who could fix the emptiness inside of an empty soul. Jesus smiled and from his eyes came that glow that became a light beam of pure love that poured from his divine heart, out his eyes, passed Georgie who stuck his finger in it, just for a little sample and then it poured into the open door of the heart of that empty place in the creature. Just like that the swear word in heaven burst with light that drove all the awful smoke from the air. The hole inside him filled to overflowing with the sweet water of life that every occupant of heaven drank of every single day.

"What happened?" It said with a confused but joyful song in its voice. "What am I now?"

"You are no longer a swear word in heaven." Jesus pronounced. "You are now a praise word in heaven and here is your family. Rushing down the hills were not three, not seven, not thirty-eight but millions, no zillions, no bazillions of happy glowing praise words that overran heaven every single day. They rushed to their new brother and hugged him with their feet and giggled and the song of praise words that went up carried all of heaven into a concert of praise that lasted for centuries. Georgie watched the joyful celebration of a saved praise word, he still hugged Jesus' feet and together they watched the happy thing make its way to its new home in heaven where it will never be alone, never lonely,

never bored and always full of happiness, joy and fun because in heaven, a praise word is always loved by everyone.

"He will be all right now Georgie," Jesus told him.

"I know Jesus but one thing I can't help but notice." Georgie answered.

"What's that?"

"It still has awfully big feet." Georgie answered, and then he ran off to laugh and play some more.