

The Window in Time

Value: Evangelism

Belinda liked doing chores with her mom during the summer. Because she was out of school, there was lots of time to learn to cook, clean, mend clothes, all the things she will need to know when she becomes an adult and has a family and house of her own. This week mommy announced there were going to go in the attic and see what was up there. As mommy unlocked the door and revealed the long staircase that went up to the attic, Belinda felt a mixture of excitement and nervousness because it seemed like a trip into the past.

They had great fun in the attic all day opening old boxes. They found a big box of Belinda's old toys from when she was a baby and Belinda just giggled getting reacquainted with her old playthings. Mommy even said she could bring the box down to play with for a while and then maybe we would give the box to the church so the nursery could use some of the toys.

Belinda was trying on old hats from a trunk from Grandma's house when mommy suddenly found something. "Oh my," she exclaimed "Belinda come look at this."

When she got back, there she saw what mommy had found. It was a window right there in the wall of the attic. It had glass panes in it and a regular window latch so it could be opened for air. But it didn't show the street outside which would be what you expect on that side of the house. It was showing something else.

"What is that mommy?" Belinda wanted to know. It was like a movie with people riding horses and wearing big cowboy hats riding around just on the other side of that window.

"I don't know. It looks like a scene from the past, like the west because look, you can see the streets are all dusty and those people look like settlers who might have been alive back in the times of the west." Mommy knocked on the window to see if it was real and to both of their shock, the people down in the western street looked up to see what that noise was.

"Mommy, it's like they know we are here. It's almost like this is a window in time, like a time machine." Belinda said with excitement.

"I wonder if it will look back at other times. It sure would be fun to see David from the Bible fighting Goliath." Mommy said and just like that, the window suddenly got very hazy. Then the fog seemed to lift and just like mommy said, they were looking out on a battlefield. They saw the young boy, not that much older than Belinda and he was facing a very tall man, much bigger than anybody they had seen.

"You did it mommy!" Belinda squealed. "There is David and there is Goliath." She pointed out and in doing that; she accidentally knocked on the window. Both David and Goliath turned and looked.

"Let me see something." Mommy said and she undid the latch and pulled on the bottom of the window." Slowly it rose up and finally she got it open and they were looking directly out onto the ground not far from where David was standing. Slowly, Belinda and her mom stepped out and when they stood up, they could see everything. To their left, up on a ridge was the huge army of the Israelites watching what was going to happen. On the other side, behind Goliath was the army of the Philistines.

Suddenly David turned to them and smiled like he wasn't scared at all. They came closer but Belinda couldn't help noticing that Goliath was snarling at her mommy and her and it was scary.

"Do not fear!" David said to her. "Who is this Philistine to challenge the living God?" And then before they knew it, he swung his sling shot over his head and SWOOSH the stone let go and hit Goliath in the forehead.

"HE'S FALLING MOMMY!" Belinda screamed and she scampered back toward the window. Both Belinda and her mommy got back into the attic and closed the window as the huge giant crashed to the ground.

"Wow!" Mommy said. "I can't believe we were right there. We were with one of the greatest heroes of the bible." She gasped getting her breath.

"Yes, it was so fun!" Belinda said excitedly. "We could visit all the heroes of the Bible like Solomon, Steven, John the Baptist, even Saint Paul. I wish we could see what it was like for St. Paul." Belinda said and just like that the fog rose up again and they were looking into a dingy prison cell. Sitting alone in that cell was a small thin figure.

"Belinda, do you know what you did? I think that is Saint Paul there." Mommy said and she tapped on the window. Paul looked up and squinted at them and then he waved like they should come join him. Carefully mommy raised the window and when it was open, they stepped through and were right there with him.

"Welcome to my cell." Saint Paul said. "It isn't much but I am glad for the visits."

"Oh Saint Paul, you are the most wonderful evangelist of all time. Aren't you scared being here in prison?" Belinda asked.

"Oh no." he said. "Oh sure, it's dirty and not very good food and hard to sleep here. But this is what God wants me to do and when God wants you to share the gospel with someone, you don't mind the bad things that might happen."

"But aren't the guards mean to you?" Mommy asked.

"Well they do beat me and torture me sometimes. But when God is inside you, the joy he gives is much bigger than any of that. They might even kill me one day. But Jesus was beaten and died for me and for all of us

so it is an honor to go through those things for him." Paul answered making Belinda and her mom feel so inspired.

"Saint Paul," Belinda said. "I am supposed to on a mission trip with my youth group but I am so scared." she said.

The great evangelist took the little girl's hand. "You spend time in prayer and ask God to replace that fear with the excitement he feels for all you are going to do when you go. When you feel God's excitement for reaching lost people and then you feel how happy he is with you for serving him well, that is a feeling that no fear or worry can ever match. God can give you the peace and confidence to do anything for him."

Suddenly there was some clanking far away, like huge metal doors were being opened. "Uh Oh," Paul said. "Looks like they are coming for me." He looked at the big door to his cell and smiled as though he knew God would get him through everything as a victor, not as a victim.

"We better go Belinda." Mommy said. Before they stepped through the window they waved at Saint Paul and blew him kisses which made him smile even bigger.

"Mommy, I want to read all about all of the adventures of Paul." Belinda said as they walked down the steps of the attic to close it up for the day.

"Sure, we can read those tonight during our devotions." Mommy said happily.

"And I have decided to go on that missions trip and find God's excitement just like he taught us to do." Belinda said.

"And you know what Belinda?" Mommy added. "I am going to go as an adult sponsor. All of us can learn to be better witnesses for Jesus, even mommies." They laughed as the attic door closed and locked once again.