

In that place between wakefulness and dreams, I found myself in the room.

There were no distinguishing features except for the one wall covered with small index card files. They were like the ones in libraries that list titles by author or subject in alphabetical order. But these files, which stretched from floor to ceiling and seemingly endlessly in either direction, had very different headings. As I drew near the wall of files, the first to catch my attention was one that read "Girls I have liked." I opened it and began flipping through the cards. I quickly shut it, shocked to realize that I recognized the names written on each one. And then without being told, I knew exactly where I was. This lifeless room with its small files was a crude catalog system for my life. Here were written the actions of my every moment, big and small, in a detail my memory couldn't match. A sense of wonder and curiosity, coupled with horror, stirred within me as I began randomly opening files and exploring their content.

Some brought joy and sweet memories; others a sense of shame and regret so intense that I would look over my shoulder to see if anyone was watching.

A file named "Friends" was next to one marked "Friends I have betrayed." The titles ranged from the mundane to the outright weird. "Books I Have Read," "Lies I Have Told," "Comfort I have Given," "Jokes I Have Laughed at." Some were almost hilarious in their exactness: "Things I've yelled at my brothers".

Others I couldn't laugh at: "Things I Have Done in My Anger", "Things I Have Muttered Under My Breath at My Parents." I never ceased to be surprised by the contents. Often there were many more cards than I expected. Sometimes fewer than I hoped. I was overwhelmed by the sheer volume of the life I had lived. Could it be possible that I had the time in my 20 years to write each of these thousands or even millions of cards? But each card confirmed this truth. Each was written in my own handwriting. Each signed with my signature. When I pulled out the file marked "Songs I have listened to," I realized the files grew to contain their contents. The cards were packed tightly, and yet after two or three yards, I hadn't found the end of the file. I shut it, shamed, not so much by the quality of music, but more by the vast amount of time I knew that file represented. When I came to a file marked "Lustful Thoughts," I felt a chill run through my body. I pulled the file out only an inch, not willing to test its size, and drew out a card. I shuddered at its detailed content. I felt sick to think that such a moment had been recorded. An almost animal rage broke on me. One thought dominated my mind: "No one must ever see these cards!

No one must ever see this room! I have to destroy them!" In insane frenzy I yanked the file out. Its size didn't matter now. I had to empty it and burn the cards. But as I took it at one end and began pounding it on the floor, I could not dislodge a single card. I became desperate and pulled out a card, only to find it as strong as steel when I tried to tear it.

Defeated and utterly helpless, I returned the file to its slot. Leaning my forehead against the wall, I let out a long, self-pitying sigh. And then I saw it. The title bore "People I Have Shared the Gospel With." The handle was brighter than those around it, newer, almost

unused. I pulled on its handle and a small box not more than three inches long fell into my hands. I could count the cards it contained on one hand. And then the tears came. I began to weep. Sobs so deep that the hurt started in my stomach and shook through me. I fell on my knees and cried. I cried out of shame, from the overwhelming shame of it all. The rows of file shelves swirled in my tear-filled eyes. No one must ever, ever know of this room. I must lock it up and hide the key. But then as I pushed away the tears, I saw Him.

No, please not Him. Not here! Oh, anyone but Jesus. I watched helplessly as He began to open the files and read the cards. I couldn't bear to watch His response. And in the moments I could bring myself to look at His face, I saw a sorrow deeper than my own. He seemed to intuitively go to the worst boxes. Why did He have to read every one?

Finally He turned and looked at me from across the room. He looked at me with pity in His eyes. But this was a pity that didn't anger me. I dropped my head, covered my face with my hands and began to cry again. He walked over and put His arm around me. He could have said so many things. But He didn't say a word. He just cried with me. Then He got up and walked back to the wall of files. Starting at one end of the room, He took out a file and, one by one, began to sign His name over mine on each card. "No!" I shouted rushing to Him. All I could find to say was "No, no, " as I pulled the card from Him. His name shouldn't be on these cards. But there it was, written in red so rich, so dark, so alive. The name of Jesus covered mine. It was written with His blood. He gently took the card back. He smiled a sad smile and began to sign the cards. I don't think I'll ever understand how He did it so quickly, but the next instant it seemed I heard Him close the last file and walk back to my side. He placed His hand on my shoulder and said, "It is finished." I stood up, and He led me out of the room. There was no lock on its door. There were still cards to be written.

~Author Unknown

"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

John 3:16

Questions?

Who is Good ?

As it is written, There is **none** righteous, no, not one: *Romans 3:10*

Who has Sinned ?

For **all** have sinned, and **come short** of the glory of God; *Romans 3:23*

Where did Sin come From?

Wherefore, as by **one man** sin entered into the world, and **death by sin**; and so death passed upon all men, **for that all have sinned**: *Romans 5:12*

God's Price on Sin:

For the **wages of sin is death**; but the **gift of God** is **eternal life through Jesus Christ** our Lord. *Romans 6:23*

Our Way Out

(This is the Good News)

But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet *sinners*, **Christ died for us**. *Romans 5:8*

That if thou shalt **confess** with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and **shalt believe in thine heart** that God hath raised him from the dead, **thou shalt be saved**. *Romans 10:9*

For with the **heart** man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth **confession** is made unto salvation. *Rom 10:10*

For whosoever shall call upon the name of the **Lord shall be saved**. *Rom 10:13*

Take God at his word, and claim his FREE gift of Salvation.
It truly is a gift! All you have to do is take it.

If you would like to receive the gift of Salvation given freely by our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, pray this prayer or one similar now:

Lord Jesus, I need you.
I have sinned against you,
and I ask you to forgive me of my sins.
Lord Jesus, I believe that you are God,
I believe that Jesus is your Son and was born a virgin birth.
I believe that He lived and died for my sins
and was raised by God from the dead and ascended to heaven.

I receive you now as my Savior and my Lord,
please give me a new life and make me the kind of person that you want me to be.

Thank you for giving me the gift of eternal life. Amen.

Did you pray that pray?
Did you mean it with all your heart?
If you did then God heard you and has made you a new creature.

2 Corinthians 5:17

Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away;
behold, all things are become new.

WELCOME TO THE FAMILY OF GOD !

If God is speaking to your heart and your ignoring Him, this may be your last chance.

Please send us an email to let us know
about your decision and what God has done in your life.

[SEND EMAIL](#)

or

[VISIT OUR WEBSITE](#)

Please let us know if you are unable to afford a bible
and we will mail you out a King James Bible Today.