

From the Vicar's Desk



(A real 'chestnut!')

A member of a certain church, who previously had been attending services regularly, stopped going. After a few weeks, the pastor decided to visit him.

It was a chilly evening. The pastor found the man at home alone, sitting before a blazing fire. Guessing the reason for his pastor's visit, the man welcomed him, led him to a comfortable chair near the fireplace, and waited.

*The pastor made himself at home, **BUT**, said nothing. In the grave silence, he contemplated the dance of the flames around the burning logs. After some minutes, the pastor took the fire tongs, carefully picked up a brightly burning ember, and placed it to one side of the hearth all alone. Then he sat back in his chair, still silent. The host watched all this in quiet contemplation. As the one lone ember's flame flickered and diminished, there was a momentary glow, and then its fire was no more. Soon it was cold and dead.*

Not a word had been spoken since the initial greeting. The pastor glanced at his watch and realized it was time to leave. He slowly stood up, picked up the cold, dead ember, and placed it back in the middle of the fire. Immediately it began to glow once more with the light and warmth of the burning coals around it.

*As the pastor reached the door to leave, his host said with a tear running down his cheek, "**Thank you so much for your visit and especially for the fiery sermon. I will be back in church next Sunday.**"*

We live in a world today, which tries to say too much. Consequently, few listen. Sometimes the best sermons are the ones lived... and left unspoken.

Sincerely & in Him, fr. t.