

Russell Kelfer

Resurrection

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**Series: Fictional Stories:
An Easter Story**

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The sky that afternoon in Parasinna was a brilliant blue. Brightly colored flowers planted only by the hand of God highlighted the hillsides as though a Master Painter had carefully chosen every one; which indeed, He had. The majestic Pilgrim Mountain stood in the background like an awesome monument, a protector, as it were, from the dangers that possibly lurked on the other side.

The trees were a lush green, and the tropical climate had produced vegetation of every form until even the tall, healthy weeds that grew as high as man could see seemed to be a part of the Master's Plan, forming a third-dimension, as it were, to the pathways the natives had cut to go from village to village.

Parasinna was the end of the world. It was, even to the explorer, an off-limits kind of paradise seen only by those who dared fly over in some form of aircraft to view its beauty and wonder if there lurked below any form of human life. Only God knew. But, of course, God did. For wrapped in the camouflage of God's foliage were a people He had created, a people He longed to have to know His Name, to understand His Plan. They had no Bible, had met no missionaries, understood no theology. But it was as the apostle Paul proclaimed it would be when he said:

For the truth about God is known to them instinctively; God has put this knowledge in their hearts.

Since earliest times men have seen the earth and sky and all God made, and have known of His existence and great eternal power...
(Romans 1:19,20 TLB)

It was true! The natives of that little self-encased world had always sensed the presence of Something or Someone greater than themselves. God had seen to that. They saw it in the majesty of the mountains; they saw it in the fury of the raging rivers; they saw it in the consistency of the change of seasons. Even in the vacuum in which they lived, they knew that a Master Architect, one far greater than they, had upon the tablets of Eternity, sketched out a world for them to live in. To them, that tiny world was all there was.

Primitive was hardly an adequate word from our point of view. Here they were living in today's world without a book, without

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any means of communication, without any type of transportation, without any kind of information...even the knowledge that other people lived besides themselves. They had never seen plumbing, never heard of electricity, never seen a clock, never been exposed to money, or stores, or things as we know them.

Theirs was a self-contained existence that knew nothing else. Their pagan customs had evolved from generations of superstition; their manner of life was patterned only after the traditions of their forefathers, for no foreign influence had dared to force its way into their protected little world. None, that is, until today.

For this was the day the first human being from the outside world would set foot in this tiny tropical paradise. Whether it would prove to be a blessing or a curse was yet to be determined. Whether this intrusion into their self-satisfied world would be welcomed or not, no one knew. Only one thing was certain; it was certain to come.

It was not by chance, either. For on a faraway continent, in a place named America, a group of people who called themselves “missionaries” had been praying and planning for seven years for the people of Parasinna, (should such a people exist). The more they prayed, the greater their burden became.

So for eighty-four months they had labored under the assumption that, cradled beneath that dense cover of nature’s green blanket, was indeed a civilization, a people who needed to meet the God whose universe so clearly spoke His Name. Thus began their incredible journey into a land where no one had gone, to visit a people no one had seen.

There were five of them altogether. The Jensens, Richard and Ellen, were a young couple from the Midwestern United States who had spent the entirety of their lives on the mission field; he with his parents, she with hers, before their marriage six years before. There were the Andersons, Beth and Allen, along with their son, Rob. Rob was fifteen. To take him was the ultimate decision — a decision that took the mission board over two years to make. From previous experiences they knew the value of the natives seeing children and recognizing the family unit, and this was a young man far more mature than most adults, one who was totally committed to giving his life, if need be, to take the message of the Cross to a people whose vocabulary left no room for such a word.

There was, of course, no language to learn, because there was

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no way to know, even if there were a people there, just what kind of dialect they would speak. The two families did, however, spend twelve months studying the tongues of native tribes who were known to exist in those regions, just in case similarities existed.

As the Jensens and Andersons watched their plane land in the capital city of this land of contrasts, they could not help but be awed at the difference between what they were seeing, and what they were about to see; for as the giant aircraft lowered itself to the ground, they witnessed from the sky a portrait of a modern city, not at all unlike New York or Chicago or Dallas. Modern freeways stretched their circled limbs through the metropolis like the web of a mighty spider. Swimming pools, shopping centers, and motels spelled out the image of a “little America” transported thousands of miles from its shores. What a poor picture of life they gleaned from their first glimpse of the big city. What they were seeing was the plastic cover the world had placed over a sea of broken hearts, empty stomachs, and dying souls. What they were about to see was that only hours away from this transplanted version of suburbia was a people who lived in a world that was frozen in a capsule of time thousands of years before. Which of these peoples would be most likely to respond to their message? That was a question unanswered for the moment. Nonetheless, one thing was certain, these two couples knew for sure to whom they had been sent. They were reminded momentarily as their taxi sped through the winding streets, dodging both motorcycles and donkeys, that both groups lived in jungles, in a sense; and neither understood anything else.

It was an eighteen hour drive to the outskirts of the unknown world to which they were headed. All that was necessary to see a grown man run, they discovered, was to ask him to take them there. They offered to hire taxi drivers, bus drivers, and anyone else who seemed to have a vehicle capable of holding five Americans, their belongings wrapped in backpacks, and their seemingly indomitable spirits. They had no takers. So that night, the Jensens and the Andersons spent most of their first evening in the country they longed to call home on their knees praying for a miracle. That miracle was a God-provided vehicle and an individual willing to take them to the edge of the precipice; the outer perimeters of the jungle they simply knew would lead them to the people for whom they had prayed so long. Strangely enough, it was young Rob Anderson who seemed to sum it all up and make the rest of the prayers redundant. After what seemed like hours of interceding,

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pleading with God to provide the right person, it was Rob's turn to pray. His prayer was so simple; yet so profound.

He prayed:

"Lord,

You may be taking us to a whole new life; you may even be taking us to our death, which would be to real life, but whatever you're doing, you didn't send us to rot in a Holiday Inn. Give us the patience, Lord, to wait for the right person, and the vision, Lord, to see him when he comes. Thanks, Lord; you're wonderful.

Amen."

Nothing of substance could be added to a prayer of faith like that. It was almost as though a burden was immediately lifted, and the two families rose to their feet and began to sing hymns of praise, thanking God for whoever He would send, rather than fretting over if He would.

Their singing was interrupted by a knock on the door. The natural assumption that their joy had overflowed into the ears of those around them who were trying to sleep was allayed as they opened the door, only to find a young man, neatly dressed, with a smile that stretched almost all the way down the hall. His eyes were a mixture of alertness and compassion, and he seemed as though he already knew the Jensens and the Andersons, although to them he obviously was a total stranger. It was only moments, however, before they realized that this ruddy-looking man, smiles and all, was an angel sent from God to deliver them to their destination. He was the pastor of a local church who had been praying for three years that God would send missionaries to search out the hills of Parassina, looking for a people God had created, who knew Him not. As "circumstances" would have it, his son had been in the hotel lobby that afternoon and overheard the Jensens asking for transportation. He was offering his services free to take them where they wanted to go. Chuckling, he added, His Sovereign God had provided the church with a Toyota van only days before, obviously for this trip.

While his parents were still talking to their "angel" of transportation, Rob Anderson fell to his knees by his bed and began to weep. "Oh, dear God, how perfect are your ways," he prayed, remembering a lesson he'd been taught years before about never forgetting to stop to say thank you when God has obviously

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answered a prayer.

The next two days were filled with both excitement and activity. Pastor Ben, as they came to know him, arrived the next day, Toyota and all, and their trek into the world of the unknown began to unfold so quickly that even they were not sure they were ready for it. Finally, that Tuesday morning arrived when Ben, by now a faithful friend, had to say goodbye, for his Toyota had more than stretched the limits its creators in Japan had placed upon it when they indicated in its advertising it could go “almost anywhere.” In fact, the grateful missionaries were more concerned about Ben and his new set of wheels making it back to the highway than they were about their making their “who knew how many days” trip to the foot of that marvelous creation of God they called “Pilgrim Mountain”.

To describe the next few days as “rugged” would have been to have understated the situation immeasurably. By the third day, water began to run low; mosquitoes and crawling insects of every variety seemed to have become part of the family; and the intensity of the heat far exceeded the hot hours spent in that training camp the past two summers.

Prayer times became times of simply crying out to God for strength. Doubts began to form in their hearts to tempt them; doubts that perhaps these people they had come to accept as real did not really exist at all. Yet, the thought of turning back never really entered their minds; even though they knew that every day they trudged farther into that jungle, they were that much less likely to return. It had been made clear before they left that no area existed sufficient for a plane to land to rescue them. So on they went, five people with a mission; people with eyes so focused on one objective, that their own safety or even their lives were of no consequence to them.

On the fifth day, as the morning sun lifted its head off a pillow of clouds in the east, seven years of waiting came to an end. As Richard and Al were packing up for another day’s journey, suddenly they heard a rustling noise behind them. Al Anderson turned around with a start and began to speak, only to feel what appeared to be a hand covering his mouth, and something as sharp as he had ever felt penetrating his side. With lightning-like speed, Rich, too, was grabbed, thrown to the ground, and surrounded by ten of the most ferocious looking humans ever seen on planet earth. They were all

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tall, dark complected and literally evil-looking. Loincloths of some kind of animal skin were all the clothing they wore, other than the most hideous kind of wooden rings that protruded from their noses. The smell confirmed that, at least to them, soap had not yet been invented in their world, and the grunts they exchanged, along with the glances that passed between them, immediately told the story. This was no welcoming committee. They had indeed found the lost people of Parasinna, and they had entered their lives as mortal enemies, unwanted intruders into a private world never before inhabited by a stranger.

It appeared to be only seconds before the entire group was awakened by the noise. The missionary women screamed at first, simply out of fright, realizing that they had rehearsed this incident over and over in their plans, and screams were not in the script. Nevertheless, the gruesomeness of the appearance of these men who seemed almost to be half-human, half-animal, exceeded even the most extreme image formed in their minds these past seven years. While they spoke of danger and prayed about danger with all the calm of seasoned warriors, when the moment of truth arrived, faith gave way, at least for a second or two, to sheer panic.

The next few hours cannot be described with pen and ink. They were so wrought with emotions — mixed emotions — the blending of faith with fear — the merging of the fulfillment of a dream with the reality — that the dream was turning into a nightmare. The men, including Rob, were bound with strong, green vines and treated with a kind of roughness that indicated their lives or their safety were of no consequence. The women, on the other hand, were treated as though they had some rare, contagious disease. No one wanted to touch them, but still they were seen as mortal enemies. The women tried to reason with the leader of the group using hand signals, of course, to no avail. The men wanted to silence them, but their culture apparently included some inexplicable kind of respect for women which simply would not allow them to be harmed in any way. They were protective of the wives, but stayed at arms length. The women were urged to follow, which of course, they did.

The leader of the group was an angry looking man, whose eyes were alive with hostility and whose every movement simply defied anyone to resist. He moved around with such arrogance, one would think for sure he had seen an old Jimmy Cagney or Humphrey Bogart movie and was trying to become Hollywood's next "tough guy." How they had made the sharp objects that looked and felt

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like knives, no one knew; but there was little doubt that they could penetrate any animal that posed a threat or that was needed for food, and there was little doubt but that, at this moment, they would be used on these intruders with no sense of remorse, should they make one false move.

The women continued to smile. They had been taught to do that. They smiled, and they very quietly sang hymns of praise, as they were marched to their appointment with destiny an appointment that God in His infinite wisdom had brought to reality at last.

The walk was not a long one. Apparently the two families had camped that last night within a mile of the cluster of straw and bamboo “shacks” (we would call them) that made up, believe it or not, the “headquarters” or “Capital village” of the Parasinna tribes. The sun was really just beginning to release the intensity of its mid-morning brilliance when the two families were led captive into the lives of a people for whom they had poured out their hearts in prayer day after day after day. Their welcome was hardly overwhelming, but the reality of knowing that these people really did exist was overwhelming, to say the least. The very way they moved and communicated and behaved left no doubt that they needed to know the God who Created them and needed to know that He had paid the price to redeem them, as well.

The eyes of the two women darted about excitedly as they searched for, and began to see emerge from these little dried huts, real live women and children, lost women and children, whom a patient God had singled out and placed on their hearts seven long years before. These women had been praying for them, even though they knew no names. But as the native women, frightened out of their wits at seeing these pale, strangely covered creatures, who could possibly be human beings, began to surface, Ellen and Beth immediately began to feel their hearts break with love for them; and for the moment, at least, their fear for their husbands' safety melted into an ocean of compassion. They imagined in their own minds that what these women were experiencing must have been far more traumatic than the feelings we would have were a visitor from outer space to land on top of our church building one Sunday and bring his family with five ears and ten eyes apiece inside to worship.

It became immediately obvious that the five uninvited guests, who had appeared to alter the Parasinnas' lifestyles for all eternity

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were being taken somewhere specific. It was one of those “Do not pass go,” “do not stop at Boardwalk,” type movements that make it clear there was no aimless wandering taking place. Soon there loomed on the horizon another grass and stick dwelling, a good bit larger than the others. Brightly colored paintings of some sort, paintings that looked strangely like huge butterflies, hung on some kind of skins on the outside of the hut. It could have been the “Butterfly Diner” for all they knew, and they might have been headed for a steak dinner, but of course no one in that group drew that conclusion. (In fact, were there to be a steak dinner at that time, it seemed almost obvious who would be the steaks.)

Our five visitors from another world were not prepared for what was inside that hut. As they entered by way of a finely woven net, they were immediately attacked by a swarm of flying objects. Once their eyes adjusted to the light, however, they were able to see that their “attackers” were only a band of confined butterflies! Once past what must have been the “butterfly room,” they were led into another room behind the first one in which a mound of dirt had been piled, and lo and behold, perched atop that mound was a man; a somewhat kindly looking, elderly man, believe it or not. He, too, had one of those things sticking out of his nose that looked like it came out of a “Crackerjack” box, and atop his head was something that looked like it came out of an old Carmen Miranda movie, or if that’s not familiar to you, something the Three Stooges might have dreamed up. It was a mixture of skins, died in bright colors with something, tied together with vines and sticks. Finally, the light dawned. This was their king, and this was his idea of a crown. Some basic concepts seem to work their way into any civilization, even one with no contact with the outside world.

The king, whom they later learned was called “King Butterfly,” made a sweeping movement with his right hand, indicating to the captors to loosen the vines that bound their captives — vines tied so tight that the circulation in the mens’ hands and arms was slowly beginning to disappear. That, it seemed, was at least a start. Then the king, much to the chagrin of his subjects, ordered the others out of the room. Apparently he saw these pale, strangely dressed intruders as harmless; or else he was a man of extreme bravery himself.

Once the others had left, the king began to grunt incessantly. He was obviously trying to communicate, but none of the syllables even resembled the languages the missionaries had studied before

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they left. All the five “sent ones” knew to do, then, was to smile, simply praying that they were not smiling at the wrong time. They were careful not to grin, only to smile pleasantly. There was an eternal pause, then King Butterfly’s mouth began an upward turn, and he, too, began to smile.

Al Anderson took his right hand and pointed upwards to the sky, then pointed to his heart, and said “God.” He knew the somewhat comically arrayed monarch didn’t understand the word, but he wanted to begin some kind of dialogue that might indicate why they had come. He pointed again to the sky, then to his heart, then to each of the other four. Each time, Butterfly would look up, stare into space, and scratch his head, which must have been itching anyway from a combination of lice and that horrendous, overweight laundry bag on his head. Then Al would smile. The king would smile, and that would be that. Long periods of silence were followed by repetition, and then more silence. But each time Butterfly smiled, the missionaries felt a weight released, and they continued to pray for this turban-topped ruler whom they now knew held the key to the hearts of the entire tribe.

Finally, the king grunted loudly, and the ten unfriendly messengers who had fetched them returned to the room. Butterfly grunted again, then pointed to Rob. Three of the men grabbed the boy and literally whisked him away so fast his parents barely saw what happened. The old man spoke once more, and the other seven strong men took the four remaining visitors by the arms, led them away to a straw hut not too far from Butterfly’s palace, and pushed them through the door. Then the leader of the group opened his mouth and smiled a big semi-toothless grin. That grin let them know two things: that they were not in immediate danger, and that a dentist would be a welcome addition to the next mission team.

To say that the next few hours seemed long would hardly be adequate. In fact, the next twenty-four hours seemed incredibly longer than the seven years it had taken them to get where they were. They knew nothing of what was happening to Rob, but somehow a mother’s instincts told Beth Anderson that all was not well; and she began to weep and pray intermittently for her boy, pleading with God to protect him at first, then quietly praying, “Nevertheless, thy will be done.” She knew he would never want protection at the cost of the kingdom. He treasured the lives of these people he did not know far more than his own. God seemed to have supernaturally given him that level of commitment, almost since his conversion

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nine years before. Twice that day two natives walked past the men who were “guarding” their house of confinement and brought them “food”. What it was they did not know, but the men stood over them and silently dared them not to eat it. So eat it they did, forcing the most hypocritical smiles of their Christian lives in the process. It was a meaty substance, a delicacy they later learned was made of beetles and tree bark. One thing they could praise God for was that they didn’t know that at the time.

As the night passed, the hands on their watches seemed to move only a minute or two every hour. The heat was virtually unbearable, as the natives had covered the windows with skins to keep the curious children from looking in at their visitors from outer space. They prayed, and they recited passages from the Psalms, and they claimed the promises God had given them seven years before, until finally one by one, sleep overtook them, at least for a brief season, as a loving God seemed to tenderly place his hand under each of their heads on that straw covered floor, gently closed their eyes and gave them rest.

They were awakened the next morning by the sound of a chanting crowd outside their hut. Whether they were coming to hang them or to greet them, no one knew; but one thing was certain, they were now the center of attention. Soon one of the “guards” opened the little shield of skins they used as a door and ushered them outside. It was a bright, hot morning, and the sun’s reflection off the peak of Pilgrim Mountain seemed almost to give off a heavenly glow, as though God were about to reveal Himself. The four missionaries were led in single file to King Butterfly’s palace, followed by the chanting natives who kept crying “hil-cal; hil-cal, hil-cal!” a word they later learned meant “life”.

Once they reached their destination, they stood motionless as the crowd chanted even more fervently, “hil-cal, hil-cal, hil-cal!” Finally their ruler, comical turban still atop his obviously bald head, emerged. He raised his right hand and immediately there was total silence. It was almost as though God had spoken.

Beth Anderson’s eyes never stopped moving about, searching frantically for some sign of her son, but to no avail. Suddenly, there was the sound of shrieking and chanting a few yards away, and there emerged from another hut, another group of natives. Their entire bodies were smeared with some kind of bright yellow substance. Their heads were covered with a kind of straw, woven

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into tightly webbed saucers, and they were carrying a huge box made of dried lumber and tied together with thick, green vines.

The natives brought the box and laid it at King Butterfly's feet. With one sweeping motion, he pointed to the sky, raised his voice to its limits and cried "Hil-cal; hil-cal; hil-cal!" Then his head fell, he moved his arms and all of the natives fell to their knees, and he simultaneously did two things: he opened the wooden box, and he flung open the door to his "butterfly room". Beth Anderson fainted. The other three missionaries fell on their faces weeping. For inside that box was the body of Rob Anderson. He was now in the presence of His Jesus. What the natives had done, they did not know. That he was dead, they knew.

Little by little, the pieces began fitting together in their grief-torn minds. Even in their self-enclosed pagan world, these people somehow believed that out of death came life. So this king, who thought he had "discovered" this principle, collected caterpillars and spent his life waiting for them to emerge into something beautiful. When they did, he would hold the butterflies captive, until once a month when the natives would kill an animal as a sacrifice, he would then release the butterflies signifying new life, crying "hil-cal, hil-cal, hil-cal." Even in their ignorance they had grasped the concept that life somehow came from above, and that sacrificing something which was alive somehow pleased whatever it was in the sky who was the giver of life. So every time someone died, an animal was killed in hopes that the death of one would give life to another.

One other concept had somehow crept into their minds as well. It was the concept that one person could die in place of many. So whenever a member of one of the tribes wanted to join another, someone had to be killed, in order for the others to be accepted. That sacrifice would usually be the son of the person wanting to join the tribal group. King Butterfly did not know from whence these white men had come. But when they pointed to heaven, he assumed that they wanted to join his tribe, and that they had brought a son to be sacrificed in their place. So a Sovereign God had prepared their hearts to understand His plan in ways no human mind can comprehend.

Beth Anderson, even in her grief, could not help remembering what day it was. Had they been at home that day, they would have been pressing Easter gowns, and getting ready for a big Sunday at

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church. It was “Good Friday”, the day Christians remember another time when one life was given as a sacrifice for many. The king, witnessing their grief, was momentarily stunned; then, recovering, he ushered them into his now empty “butterfly room” and began grunting unceasingly.

Al Anderson, heaving inside with grief, forced a gentle smile and reached out his hand to the puzzled king. The king, not knowing what a handshake was, drew Al’s hand to his heart to indicate he wanted to be a friend. For he saw something in these strangers — something more than a different colored skin and weird looking clothes. He saw a special love in their eyes he had never seen before — a love he had been searching for all of his life.

Using hand motions, Al Anderson, holding back the tears, kept pointing to the lifeless body of his son, then to heaven; then motioning with his arms as though they were surrounding someone, and he would say quietly, “Resurrection!” Why he chose that word, only God knows. He pointed to heaven again, then pointed to the entire crowd gathered so curiously outside the hut, as if to indicate that someone had already died for all of them. Then he would whisper again; “Resurrection!” Then Al pointed to one lone butterfly, who somehow had missed his escape cue and was flitting helplessly about the room, opened the door and allowed him to go free, and whispered again, “Resurrection!”

Now you know and I know that there is no way, humanly speaking, that two people who cannot speak one word of another’s language can communicate something as profound as the Gospel of Jesus Christ. You know, and I know. But that is humanly speaking. When God begins to speak to a human heart, however, the words men use are not the issue. God was speaking, through the death of a godly young man, to the heart of a searching native, a native who held the key to the hearts of a whole tribe of men and women God desperately wanted to redeem.

The four remaining missionaries were led back to their hut, and for the next two days they wept and they prayed. They were given no food, saw no people, heard no sounds. They were, as it were, in solitary confinement. Hunger was hardly an issue. In their grief, food was the farthest thing from their minds. Again and again they remembered Rob’s words as he had prayed in that motel room, “Lord, you may be taking us to our death, which would be to real life.” They kept remembering the passage in John 18 where

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Caiaphas counselled the Jews that it was expedient that one man die for the people.

Should even one Parasinnian native find Christ through Rob's death, they knew Rob would be in heaven praising God for the privilege he had been given to die that others might live. That thought brought great comfort to the broken hearts of Al and Beth Anderson, a comfort that lived on with them in the years to come, every time a native said "yes" to Christ.

It was two days later, early in the morning, when the doors of their hut were loosened, and the two couples, totally at peace with their God and ready, if He deemed it proper to die as Rob had, were ushered into the sunlight once again. Standing before them, the crown no longer atop his bald head, was King Butterfly. He was surrounded by literally hundreds of natives, obviously his tribe plus several others. The absence of the crown was puzzling at first, but soon they understood.

For as they walked into the center of that waiting mob, suddenly the king raised his hands to the sky, and pointing to heaven, shouted at the top of his voice, "Resurrection! Resurrection! Resurrection!" Soon the whole crowd began chanting at the top of their lungs, "Resurrection! Resurrection! Resurrection!" And as they were shouting, King Butterfly turned around, picked up his once-famous "crown", threw it at Al Anderson's feet, and pointed to the heavens, indicating that he was no longer worthy to wear that crown. He did not understand it all, to be sure, but something inside of him had revealed that there was a real King, someone who had given His own Son, once for all, for the sins of the world. Don't try to explain it. You can't. But glory in it, Beloved; this man understood resurrection!

Beth Anderson suddenly began to glow with an excitement she could not contain. Two thoughts flooded her mind. The first was a picture of her son, Rob, kneeling at the feet of Jesus, shouting in unison with the natives, "Resurrection; resurrection; resurrection." And the other was the realization that this was Easter Sunday. Here they were, ten thousand miles from home, standing before a people who had never heard the gospel before, having a sunrise service, with a whole choir of natives singing, "Resurrection". "Oh, dear God," she whispered, "How great Thou art!"

The Andersons miss their son. But they understand, now more than ever, the price their precious God paid to bring eternal life to

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fallen man. Somehow that personal understanding has given them joy unspeakable.

Four years have passed now. It is once again Easter Sunday. As the morning sun begins its ministry of light, literally hundreds of smiling natives are gathered inside the enlarged “Butterfly Room”, which now houses what you and I would call the “First Evangelical Church of Parasinna”. There the Andersons, as they do every Sunday, teach Sunday school classes in a native tongue they are finally beginning to master. And then, Pastor Butterfly, now, a simple servant of the King of kings, rises and begins his sermon. It is a simple message, but it is nonetheless profound. For he speaks of a God who loved a people so much that He gave His only Son, as a once and for all sacrifice for the sins of His people, so that all anyone would have to do was to accept that sacrifice and invite that Son into their hearts. Do that, Pastor Butterfly concludes, and it will be Easter.

Then the kindly old man’s eyes meet the eyes of Al and Beth Anderson, and a look of love overwhelms them. It is then that the entire congregation begins to shout, “Resurrection! Resurrection! Resurrection!” The entire congregation, that is, plus one. For up in heaven, where it is always Easter, Rob Anderson accompanied by a choir of angels, is joining in the celebration, singing “Resurrection! Resurrection! Resurrection!”

One of these days, (if you are a Christian), you too, will be gathered around God’s throne with the angelic host singing His praises forever, and you just might come across a quartet of very happy people with their arms about each other, singing a resurrection song.

Stop and ask them their names. One will probably be a lad named Rob, joyfully reunited with his mom and his dad. Another will be their wonderful friend, a man named “Butterfly.”

Chances are they may just keep singing “Resurrection” for all eternity!

And you may want to stop for a while and join them. Because, for you, and for them, the resurrection will be complete at last!

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