PARABLE OF BECOMING THE BRIDE

There was a young adult woman who had given herself to an immoral lifestyle that involved prostitution. She had told herself that it was the only way that she could make a living for the time being and that it would only last a short time. But a few occasions turned into months and months into years and before long it was a lifestyle. One night as she entertained a client the man became abusive and before the night was over she was beaten and left. She couldn’t run to the police even if she were able. Although she was physically abused and beaten badly and her clothes were merely shredded rags, what had been done would turn into a blessing for her. As she lay on the bed trying to recover she looked around her. “So this is what it has become” she thought. “Not only is my body and clothes beaten and torn but my life and heart is in far worse condition. I have no dignity left. Not one person that I know has any respect for me anymore. I don’t even respect myself.” As she looked around she thought “I must get out of this place. I can’t breathe. This place is filthy. I am filthy. I must get outside.” So she made it outside to the street and there she collapsed with her back against an old brick alley side building.

As she sat there, reality continued settling into her soul and she wept and continued to weep until she heard the voice of a man. The last person she wanted to see was a man. She would never, ever, have anything to do with men again. Nevertheless the voice of this man made her look up. She had never heard a voice like this man. Not even her father, who had loved her as a child but given up on her as an adult, had a voice like this. “May I help you, Ma’am?” were the words of this man. As she looked at him she realized she had not seen eyes that had looked at her with genuine concern in many years. Men who looked at her now only had lust and greed for her. This man was different and without any prompting in tears and brokenness she told this man everything. As she finished her story he took off his coat. This coat was clean, it was new, it looked new, it smelled fresh and it was nicer than anything she had ever known. Then the strangest thing happened. He wrapped her up in His coat. Covered was her beaten body. Covered was her tattered clothing. Then he began to speak to her with that unique voice and words that she wasn’t accustomed to, words of love. “If you will let me I will make things right. If you will trust me, I will clean your life up and give you a brand new start.” Her first thought was that the men she knew didn’t want her to change. Her second thought was that she wasn’t sure she could change, but there was something in her heart that kept telling her that this man could be trusted and that there would never be a better offer than this. Then the flood of tears came again and she blurted out “Why would you do this for me?” His only answer was “Because I love you.” “But you don’t even know me” she blurted out. “I knew you before you began this life and I’ve known you every day of this misery that you’ve gone through.” Again she cried “if you’ve known me why would you do this?” “Because I love you” again was his answer. And then he said “Now if you believe me I want you to be my wife.”

This is an example of how Christ has made us His Church; His bride.

Yours in Christ,

Brother Randy Burtram