

THE HOUSE OF MY HEART

Author Unknown

One day when I really understood what Jesus Christ had done for me, I invited Him to come into the house of my heart. And as soon as I invited Him He came, without any hesitation. And when He was there He filled the house with joy. And I wanted to run and tell all the neighbors about my guest and how wonderful it was to have Him there.

When everything was settled I said, "I hope you will stay and feel perfectly at home here." And He said, "I'm sure I will, and now since we are friends, why don't you show me around. I would like very much to see the library in the House of Your Heart." And so I did.

Now in my house the library is very small and has very thick walls and is filled with everything I have read. Books, magazines, news articles, everything I have seen, like T.V. shows, movies, plays, all the Sunday School and Seminary lessons I have listened to, the sermons, the lectures, they're all there in the library. And his eyes gazed over the things that were on the shelf. And I was a little embarrassed that there was so much trivia there. I wished that more scriptures and church books were really mine and on the shelf. And I suggested to Him that maybe I could stand a little bit of renovation in this room and He agreed, that maybe we, together could add more worthwhile things to the library. You see the library is a very important room because it's the study, so to speak, of the mind, a sort of control room for the whole house. It effects the lighting, the electricity, and everything else in the house.

And then He said He would like to see the dining room, and I took Him in. Now in my house this is a very large room because this is the room of appetites, and desires, and it was stacked with all kinds of boxes and things, and I told Him I was always hungry but I never seemed to be satisfied. And He told me that it was because I was eating the wrong things. He said, "If you diet as I do you would never feel hunger for I live on the word of the Lord, The Father, and then He offered me a taste of it

and it was delicious, and oh the flavor of it. And I agreed with Him that his alone satisfied and I knew that I would spend less time in the dining room now that He was a guest in the house.

Next He asked if He could see my workshop. Now I had a workshop, it was down in the basement. And we went down and looked at the work bench, and saw all the talent and skills that were there, but I hadn't really produced much. He looked everything over and said that I had a lot of good equipment, but that I really hadn't used it to produce much. Oh there were a few gadgets and trinkets and half finished projects, but nothing really of great value. And I said, "Well, if I wasn't quite so busy maybe I could do better. I know all the tools are there but I'm awkward and clumsy and I really don't know how to use them." So He said, "Would you like to be able to use the tools in your workshop?" And I said, Oh yes, would you help me?" And He said, "I was wondering if you would ask me." And so He stood behind me and put his great powerful hands over mine and guided them and He showed me how to use the tools in the workshop. And with his hands directing mine, I marveled at the work of art that came out. And I said, "Now that you have helped me I am going to come into the workshop often and this will be a fun room to come to. Will you always help me?" And He said, "Yes, if you invite me to, but I never come unless I'm invited." And so we left the workshop and the next room we went into was the drawing room.

Now this was a small, quiet, peaceful place in my heart for deep thoughts and meditation and He seemed pleased with it and comfortable there. And so He said, "Let's meet here often at least twice a day and we can have long talks together and you can tell me all about your activities and all your ambitions and all of your problems and we'll talk it over together every day." I thought that sounded wonderful. So I made an appointment with Him every day that I would do that and I did at first, faithfully. But then I got too busy and sometimes I would forget to come in the morning and sometimes I would forget at night and sometimes days would go by and we never had a talk at all. Now it wasn't that I didn't want

to talk to Him, it was just that I was so busy and had a lot to do. Then one day as I went to leave I noticed Him standing in the doorway of the drawing room. And I said, "Have you been waiting there every morning for me?" "Yes," He replied. I said, "You're a guest in my house and I have neglected you and I'm sorry." I had called on Him when I was in need, to come and help me and He always came but that was about the way I used Him. When things went well, I didn't think we needed our chat as much as we did when things were bad. And so I decided that it had been a very one sided relationship and I also realized that He missed me. So, I said, "Maybe there's something I could do for you." He said, "I was wondering when you would want to help me. I have so many projects and so many things that need to be done. I could use a good friend like you. For one thing, I have no money in the world at all. I only have yours to use. Would you let me use some of yours?" "Yes, of course." I said. "And there are people I just cannot see. I could send you and commission you to go and represent me. Would you do that?" "Yes, I'd love to go." And so I went, and I experienced great joy in this.

But then one day I got rebellious and I said, "You demand too much of me. Can't I have anything to myself? After all I have things I want to do and things I want to spend my money for and you're always there needing something." Now, that wasn't a very nice way to treat a person, especially a guest. And then He said, "Look at the nature of my projects and who benefits from them." And then I really was ashamed because everything I did benefited me as well as others and not Him personally. So I continued his work.

And then one day He said, "There is a peculiar odor in this house and it's coming from that locked closet. And although you've let me go into every room in the house, that one door has always been locked and you've never let e in." Now that made me mad! I had let Him into every room in my house, I ran and did his errands for Him, I let Him use my money and now He wanted to look in my secret closet. So I said, "I hold the key and will not let you in that closet. It's very small, only about 2 feet by 4 feet.

The rest of my house is large enough and is perfectly presentable so it shouldn't make any difference." And He said, "I cannot stay in this house if you do not give me the key to the closet." And so He left.

Oh, I was sad. And great despair and gloom and depression came over me. Because you see once having had Him as a guest in my home, life was unbearable without Him. And so I went and tearfully pleaded with Him and begged Him. "Come back, and I will give you the key to the closet and I will withhold nothing from you. I cannot stand to live without you."

And so I gave Him the key and He opened it. And then quickly and efficiently He cleaned out those things that were dead and rotten that I wanted to feel where not there and wanted to ignore. He cleaned the whole closet out, fumigated it, painted it and He made it perfectly acceptable. Afterwards I said, "I'm so ashamed that you know what was in my closet." And He said, "Why I see only a house that is totally acceptable to me." And then I knew why I loved Him so. And why of all my biggest brothers only this one could love me enough to clean out my closet. And then He said, "You know, I've cleaned out so many closets, but it's a strange thing, I can never remember afterwards what was in them."

After a few moments I said, "I get so tired of cleaning all the time, I go from one room to the other trying to keep up the drawing room, in the dining room, the workshop, and in the library but I always seem to be behind. I was wondering if you could be the owner and I would be the guest and sort of helper, servant, and we'll just switch positions. Instead of me calling on you to help me, you can call on me to help you. Is it possible?" And He said, "Why yes, that's why I came the first time you invited me." So I ran and got the deed to my house and I signed it over to Him and I said, "It is yours, it belongs to you and I withhold nothing from you."

After I gave Him the deed, He immediately started remodeling the house because He was not content to own a cottage. He was the architect, the planner, the builder, and told me eventually we would end up

with a magnificent castle. It would take a while to build but we would build it together. So He started remodeling. He was the master of the house and I was the servant and I did whatever He bid. And there were times when clouds came and gathered around the house, of war, hate, and sin and they beat on the house and demanded entry. But because He was the Lord of the house it had a firm foundation and none of these things were allowed to enter. Inside the house there was warmth, peace and tranquility regardless of what was outside.

He told me as time went on that He would move my house to another city. He would take care of all the arrangements and I wouldn't even have to know the day it took place or when. He said that I would be in a city where He had the deed to all the houses and there would be no storms or darkness and I would like the neighbors better. It sounded wonderful and I looked forward to it with eagerness. And I looked back so long ago when I first invited Christ to come into the house of my heart as a guest, and thought about the many years it took to have the courage to give Him the deed to the house. And I wondered why I had been so stingy and had reluctantly wanted to turn it over because He showered me with gifts and took care of all the remodeling and I was always the debtor.