

Open House

True Story by Ron Willis

Upon joining McGregor Baptist Church, we enrolled our son in their school. One night my son, my wife and I went to our son's first grade open house, before the year got started. We were concerned because kindergarten was not a good year academically for him. In fact, it had been strongly suggested that he stay back in kindergarten. I was determined that he would go to first grade and do well. He was just a little younger than the other children because of his late birthday.

So, we are driving to the open house and wouldn't you know it started raining. I dropped off my wife and son at the main entrance of the sanctuary where we were to receive instructions on how everything was to proceed. I drove around to the left side of the church and parked the car as close as possible to the side door of the sanctuary. I ran in the rain to the side door entrance where two men were huddled under a hanging roof. Once under the cover from the rain I grabbed the doors only to find the doors locked!

That was when the rain became a raging storm.

I started banging on the door, trying to get in. I couldn't figure out why my wife or someone else couldn't hear me banging and let us in. I could not believe it. Why did they lock this door? Why was there a big event going on in this church and no one would let us in? They had to be able to hear my banging. I took a quarter out of my pocket and started tapping as hard as I could on the glass door and yet no one came.

I was drenched even though I was under a small roof. No telling what I would have looked like if I had run in the rain to the front of the church with no protection.

As the rain got stronger I turned to the two men beside me, asking what is going on. Why doesn't someone open the door? Why would they lock the door? Why don't they let us in? Could they not hear us banging on the door? As I took a deep breath I sized up the problem and came up with a game plan. Someone had to run in the rain to the front door and come around and unlock the side door so the other men could come in.

The gentleman that was to my left was short and I could see he was not the man for the job! Besides he talked too much. Then I turned my attention to the other quiet man on the bike. I could see he was different than any person I had ever met before. Number one thing that made him different was he never said a word. He looked like he was homeless, but clean. He had a large beard and mustache. The bike he was sitting on was old but nice. You could tell he took good care of it. He was not in a hurry to get in the church, but I could see in his big blue eyes that he cared about me and the other man's well-being. He wore leather sandals and light clothing. I could see he was not pleased with my beating on the door.

You can imagine that this was not a fun evening. After banging on the doors for over forty minutes as hard as I could, I got myself ready to run as fast as I could for the front door. That is when someone came and opened the door to let us in. The quiet man on the bike never came in.

To my surprise, there was no one in the sanctuary. The church had changed the venue from the sanctuary to the building next door. That is why no one came to let us in. My wife and son had walked over to the other building with everyone else. They were able to listen to all the important announcements before heading for the children's new school rooms. Of course, I missed all that info. My wife said the announcements took at least twenty minutes and they sat toward the back of the gym, looking for me. My wife and son went to the classroom and had a nice chat with the new teacher. Everyone was enjoying the evening, except me!

While I was looking for my wife and son, I happened by a little girl and her mother having a fight. The mother was telling the little girl that she would not be able to go to that school, if she could not stop interrupting her while she was talking to the teacher. This made the little girl cry endlessly and begged her mother to let her go to that school.

I acted as a mediator and intervened, giving the little girl my handkerchief to dry her tears and at the same time asked the mother, do you want your daughter to go to this school or not? Was she using what happened in front of the teacher as an excuse for something that she had already decided she was not going to do?

I informed the lady that the school, teachers and the church all worked together to help the community to grow closer to God! I was able to witness to both of them and calm them down.

I went back to the gym where I finally met up with my wife and son. We had refreshments and a family discussion. We drove home taking in all that happened that evening. I knew that too much pride and selfishness got in the way of the love I had for my wife and son. I wanted to be part of getting my son in a godly school where he would learn about Jesus while getting the basic studies like reading, writing and arithmetic. Things did not go my way that night, but we learned from it.

Sometimes it's hard when you are in the middle of problems to think of God and to ask for help in the situation. This whole thing has given us a new rule at our house. Whenever we go somewhere, so that we don't get lost or separated WE STICK TOGETHER!

True Story

If you have a story that needs to be told, write me!

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