

## The Illegal Immigrant

Houston Chronicle, March 22<sup>nd</sup> 2010, Obituaries

**Nicholson, James Henry** (1934-2010), Baker, Confectionary, Teacher, and father of four children, passed away on Sunday March 21<sup>st</sup> at 06:34 after a long battle with cancer. Born in Austin, Texas on January 14<sup>th</sup> 1934, son of Richard Michael Nicholson and Abigail Susan Nicholson (née Hart), he was well remembered by neighbours as a volunteer coach for the local community baseball team. He worked as a schoolteacher at several primary schools in the greater Houston area until he opened the 'Nicholson Treats' bakery on Travis street in 1974. His funeral service is scheduled to be held this coming Sunday March 28<sup>th</sup> at the White Pine Baptist Church at 10:30.

There was a dry field, very desolate, but it was not a desert. It resembled a farm that had not been plowed but which had been so baked by the scorching sun that nothing could grow in it. At the far end of the field there was a white gleaming wall made of an unrecognizable stone.

The man, unsure where the entrance to the city was, walked through the field and came to the wall. The wall was of magnificent construction; its stones were cut and laid perfectly without the need for any mortar between them.

The man looked left and right. He could not see where the entrance was. He had been travelling for so long it seemed, and he could not find the way in.

He badly wanted to get in, however. There had been so much suffering for him, walking in the sun outside of the walls. He yearned for a better existence than this. Even just the lowest place in that beautiful city was better than lurking around out here forever, he thought to himself.

He would sneak in, he thought. He would climb over the wall and get in, and then afterwards he could hide himself and find a good existence within the city. No one would notice, he thought.

He looked around the field for something he could use to scale the walls. But it was just empty and dry land.

Then he thought to himself, he could dig under it.

He yearned so much to get inside of it, wishing more than anything that he could escape his pitiful existence and find a better life for himself.

He was a man of dignity, but this time he would go down on his knees and dig under the wall like a robber, for he wanted entry so badly and he could not find the way in.

He dug and dug, many hours passed and he eventually was able to make a small tunnel that ran under the wall.

He squeezed his body through it, wriggling himself through it like a worm and peaked out his head on the other side.

He looked out and saw the gleaming buildings, the streets of gold, the fountains of jade, the people of so many different places all together, in such great joy and love, as though they were all the same family. His heart was exuberant, and he knew that at last his greatest dream had come true.

But then, there was a hard grip that clenched the back of his shoulders. The grip pulled him out of the hole and turned him around. He looked up and there was standing the angel, with a look of great sternness and anger. In the angel's hand was a fiery sword.

The angel said to the man, 'Let me see your documents, please.'

The man said, 'What documents?'

The angel said, 'Your documents to give you permission to enter our country. Do you have a greencard?'

'No, I...'

'A work visa?'

'No, I...'

'A tourist or student visa?'

'No, but I...'

'So, you are undocumented, are you?'

The angel already knew the answer to these questions, but he was bound to ask them anyways. He knew that the man had no documents.

The angel touched the man's wrists with his fiery sword, and fiery lines went around his two wrists like handcuffs that bound them in place. If the man tried to break his hands out of them, they only gave him a burning pain.

The angel then took the man by the tip of his head and flew with him, back outside of the city walls, to a detention facility on a barren island in the sea.

As the man was in flight, being pulled by his hairs with the angel flying above him, he looked down on the detention facility. It was a large concrete structure, painted white and institutional-like in appearance. Within the yard of the facility, he could see the prisoners. As he got closer, he could make out their faces. Some were screaming, some were crying, some were fainting. It was a place of great despair.

The angel took the man in through the doors of the main facility to a room marked 'processing' and sat him down on a wooden chair, next to a long table.

A different angel sat at the other end of the table. He looked at the newly arrived man and then reached behind him in a filing cabinet to pick out a particular file folder. The man saw his own name written on the top of the folder.

The angel opened the folder, looked up at the man and said, 'Sir, do you know why you are here?'

The man said, 'Look, I was suffering so much outside of the walls, and I wanted so badly to get into your country, but I couldn't find the entrance, so I dug a hole under the wall and got in.'

The angel said, 'You know that there are rules on who is allowed to enter our country and who is not?'

The man said, 'But I am a good man, I don't do bad things to people.'

The angel said, 'No, I'm sorry sir, you don't have the legal right to remain in our country, you are going to have to be deported.'

The man said, 'Where am I going to be sent?'

The angel pointed out a window to another land over the horizon, covered with fire and ash, and said, 'There, to the kingdom of darkness.'

The man said, 'NO! Not there! I already went there. You can't send me back!'

The angel said, 'I'm sorry sir, but you don't have a legal right to remain in our country and the law says that we need to send you back to your place of origin.'

The man said, 'But please, don't you know that they will torture me there? Don't you know that there are many evil things there that seek to gravely harm me? How can you send me back?'

The angel knocked on the file sitting on the table with his fingers and said, 'Sir, it's plainly written down here that you don't have the right to be in our country, and the law obliges us that you be returned to your place of origin. What they do with you there is not our concern, but you cannot enter our country.'

The man said, 'But didn't your King say that if I believe in Him, then I could be a citizen of your country?'

The angel looked down at the file and with his index finger he pointed at a note, 'But, I read it here, that you didn't believe in Him.'

The man said, 'Yes, I did! I went to church every Sunday!'

The angel sighed and shook his head from side to side, he said, 'So many detainees always make the same mistake on this point. I sometimes really wish that back in the mortal realm they could have fixed this, there are so many preachers and religious teachers that just don't realize what they are doing and presume things that we never told them to follow, I wish this problem would get fixed so that people would be more clear on this point before they come here and I have to explain the same thing each time to them.'

The angel then took up the file and walked to the other side of the table. With his hand he touched the fiery cuffs on the man's hands and they instantly disappeared, the man's hands were free. He then put the file down in front of the man and walked back to his seat on the other side of the table.

The man looked down at the file. It was intricately arranged into different boxes, containing all the things he did, said or thought throughout his entire life, with a highlighted section at the end showing the state he was in at the moment of his death.

A column on the right hand side was titled 'the least', and for each period of his life it listed a number of names of people who were suffering something terrible, whom the man was able to help, but failed to do so.

The man carefully looked over it, but he was confused. He lifted his head up and said to the angel, 'But I don't get it, I thought if I believed I would be saved.'

The angel said, 'But sir, you didn't believe.'

The man said, 'Yes, I did!'

The angel corrected him, 'No, you didn't. Take a look at the column on the right, do you recognize any of those names?'

The man said, 'Of course I do. Not all of them, but many of them, I recognize.'

The angel said, 'Are you aware that our King said, as recorded in Matthew's gospel, I was hungry and you did not feed me, I was thirsty and you did not give me drink, I was naked and you did not clothe me, and so on?'

The man said, 'Well, yes, what about it?'

The angel said, 'Those names are the names of people who were suffering, and whom you didn't help, but whom you could have helped.'

The man said, 'But I believed! Faith alone saves, works cannot save!'

The angel lightly laughed and sighed.

The angel said, 'If you believed, then you would have done good works. But you didn't believe.'

The man said, 'I did believe! Why do you keep saying I didn't believe?'

The angel said, 'Because you didn't help those people.'

The man said, 'But I believed!'

The angel said, 'You didn't believe.'

The man was confused by these seemingly circular responses. The angel then spoke, 'He was in all those people that you failed to help. All those names on that list, they just take off their masks and you see that He is the One standing behind the face of each of them. He was there standing in front of you the whole time, and you didn't believe Him. You believed an idea in your head, but not Him as He really is.'

The man looked back at the file and saw all of the names had been changed, and in their place each entry on the right hand column only had one name, the same name, the name of the King.

The angel continued, 'Are you unaware that those who worship idols cannot enter this kingdom? You refused to believe in Him as He stood in front of you, and instead created a god in your own mind, upon

which you attached His holy name, and constructed this god as you wanted him to be. You crafted an idol and trusted in it as your god. Now, unfortunately, you must be sent to the place where all the others who do not turn away from their idols are sent.'

The man got angry and said, 'You're wrong! I only believed in the Lord!'

The angel, with a look of some exasperation and frustration pointed back at the man again, 'But, look, no, you didn't! The Lord was standing right there in front of you. People suffering all kinds of different things, and never did you believe that He was in them. He was there, and you did not believe He was there. The Lord you believed in was just the way that you wanted Him to be.'

The man got angrier and angrier, trying to argue with the angel. The man said, 'Paul said by your faith you are justified!'

The angel pointed at the door and said, 'Do you want me to go get Paul now? You can ask him yourself if his words meant what you insist they meant.'

The man clenched his teeth and banged his fist, with anger at the angel for not accepting the gospel as he believed it to be. He insisted that the angel was wrong and that the Lord justified him.

The angel said, 'I'm sorry sir, but you have to be sent back to the place you came from. You don't have the legal right to enter our country.'

The man said, 'But, you know what they will do to me there? How can you send me back there?'

The angel said, 'But sir, how many others were there who you failed to help when you were sitting in my seat and judging whether they should be helped or not? And how many times did you say no? And now rather than repenting, you are insisting that I am wrong and claiming that God justifies you. I am sorry sir, the entry rules for our country are clear, there is nothing more I can do to help you.'

The man said, 'But my way is the right way! I follow the gospel! You follow the law!'

The angel said, 'We can't let just anyone enter our country. Could you imagine if we let all those people from your land enter our land? How much harm they would do? The people of that kingdom will not adopt our culture or change their ways to fit into our society. They are a danger to us. We believe in mercy, love, forgiveness, obedience to God, burning charity to all... you won't accept our ways, you insist on selfishness and smear God's name by claiming that He justifies you, so I'm afraid you cannot be qualified for applying for legal immigration either. There is nothing more I can do.'

The angel walked out and the man cursed him to his back. He was filled with despair at the coming deportation and wondered if maybe there was another way to get into the country.

Matthew 7:

**[21] Not every one that saith to me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven: but he that doth the will of my Father who is in heaven, he shall enter into the kingdom of heaven. [22] Many will say to me in that day: Lord, Lord, have not we prophesied in thy name, and cast out devils in thy name, and done many miracles in**

thy name? [23] And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from me, you that work iniquity. [24] Every one therefore that heareth these my words, and doth them, shall be likened to a wise man that built his house upon a rock, [25] And the rain fell, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and they beat upon that house, and it fell not, for it was founded on a rock.

[26] And every one that heareth these my words, and doth them not, shall be like a foolish man that built his house upon the sand, [27] And the rain fell, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and they beat upon that house, and it fell, and great was the fall thereof.

All Glory to God