

THE PARABLE OF A
RED CHAIR



A Jay Phillips short story

The Parable of a RED CHAIR

*And the chair was damaged in the house of the wood-
worker, so he refinished it so that it was fit for his use.
(Paraphrased Jer. 18:4)*

Dedicated to:

Dr. Kent Hovind of Christian Science Evangelisam, during
his current time of incarceration.

Preface

While this story was inspired by personal times of testing
and a renovation project I hope it encourages others during
times of difficulty to keep going and see the Lords working
in their lives too.

What? Put me down! Where am I going? I'm not moving again, am I? Just when I thought I had something going and a job description, I'm hulled off again and...what, the garden? Now I'm really put out to pasture and quite literally!

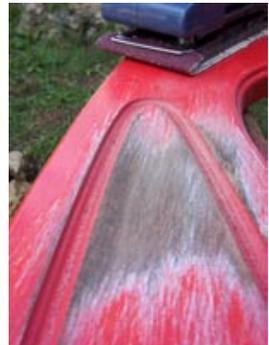
Am I reduced to a lawn chair now? Well, its better then the scrap heap for sure, but I never thought it would end like this. Whoa, what's this? Striped of my comforts and supports, I'm really good for nothing now; I saw what that table-saw did for that old man's burnt down cottage, maybe I'll be chopped up for that wood pile too, after all.



Ouch, now that is uncalled for! Killing me is one thing, but torturing me first is just plain cruel. I know I was getting old and a bit flaky in parts, but I was still a comfort and place to go when people needed a quiet

minute or two. Why, who wants to be cooped up in the stuffy house living room all the time anyways? I overheard the sofas in the next room saying they were going to get new material put on them, in-house program or something they called it, but I was okay with being left out of that; I was getting to like my balcony place and partial usefulness; I was not bothering anyone and was always there when people needed me, dependable and not broken; why this pain now? What did I do to deserve this kind of treatment?

Now this is rubbing me wrong! This noisy thing is rubbing up against me like that, with this thing vibrating this way on me. What are You doing to my paint job? What? Gone! Look what You've done now! I agree it was not the best, but that dear woman patched me up quick with this red paint and sent me to this new home, not



the best, but kind of sporty. What did that guy call it the other day? Ferrari red; it felt different at first but it covered well and frankly I did not mind, it hid the grains I had going the wrong way and old varnish job, but now it's got a spot missing.



Argh, what is that? This stuff is making me blister all over; I can't help it, I just can't take this stuff, it just makes my skin crawl! Now I'm a wreck for sure, He is just taking my paint off so that when He burns me I do not make black smoke, but this is burning me alive, and the scraping now, ouch, but at least it takes this acid stuff off my skin.

Now that too, I was just getting numb to the pain of the paint remover and now this wire brush too? And not only on my surface but the cracks and seams, really You do not have to! It's alright to leave that spot under there, no one will ever notice! Ouch! Not that one too; this is going too far, I

thought no one would ever have to see those things again, heck I had even forgotten about them; why bring them to light again? They were fine as they were!

Now look, I'm naked in the garden for all to see. Even that lady that walked by said she understood why I was painted over in red in the first place. What is this Guy thinking, just humiliating me like this in front of others? Who will ever want to use me now after seeing me like this?

What did I tell You; now I'm really screwed! My last glimmer of hope gone, He's unscrewing me into separate boards, no



one will ever remember all I did for them or what I once was, scrap heap here I come.

Yep, moving again, this time to

the sawhorse in all my separate pieces, God, it won't be long now and it will all be over, "from sawdust thou art, to sawdust thou shalt return," "ash to ash my sofa days are dash..."



...Wha...what's that, more sanding? I really got nothing more to sand off, believe me, You'll just end up on the other side of you continue at it like this, two coats of paint and a layer of varnish all bye-bye already, I'm as naked as a plank! Just start the saw and get it over with already. It's funny, this does not hurt this time, it's making me even; those big gorges I had going from that hard sandpaper are being worn down, those dents and gauges from the scraping and wire brush are wearing away, the acid from the paint remover is all rubbing off and fine splinters are falling off me and my dark spots wearing clean.

Oh no, not those hands again!

This has been so painful I almost flinch automatically when I see those hands coming towards me. They've taken everything I loved; everything I hoped and dreamed to be, they've striped me and left me in this state. I feel His touch, yet it is not hurting in the slightest, He is doing something yet it does not hurt.

Are those His hands? Why would He want to see how I feel after all that He has done to me? And that damp cloth, ahhhhhh! How good that feels taking off all the dust and paint flakes that I had all over me. All my resentment, frustration and anger are being washed off; how good it feels to be striped of everything, all my coverings and image. I feel desolate but loved. I feel there must be more of a plan, there is Someone in control. All the rough tactics I



did not understand, though now I see His wisdom in it all.

Even though I do not see the end result, I know it will be for a reason. Without all my false coverings I see and feel His care for me even more personally than ever before.

I now stand in the garden again, screwed and glued

together again in one piece, just a naked shell of what I once was, but I know in time He will refinish me to be used again, wherever in His household He finds fit to use me. For I have felt His hand in my life and know He has a plan even though I don't see it all quite yet; for truly weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning. (Psalms 30:5)

the end

