

Send the Fire Truck!

In a small eastern Kentucky town, the local police chief also served as part of the Volunteer Fire Department. His job was to answer the phone and in the event of a fire was to ring the fire bell to summons all the volunteer firemen in the county.

One Saturday morning, the phone rang and the chief answered, "Fire department." Out of the ear phone came the terrified voice of a woman yelling, "Hurry, send the fire truck!", but immediately hang up the phone. The chief sat there stunned. "Send it where?"

In a very few minutes, the phone rang again, and the chief again answered, "Fire department." Once more, in hysterical cries, the voice on the other end of the phone cried, "Hurry! Hurry! Send the fire truck!" and again immediately hung up the phone.

The chief was even more perturbed. He ran out into the street and surveyed the scene for a full 360 degrees, looking for smoke. No smoke. Where was the fire? Whose house was going up in flames? Were there children who were in danger? All these things flitted through his mind.

He heard the phone rang again, and on the way back to the station office, he devised a way to keep the lady on the phone long enough to find where to send the fire truck. He grabbed the phone, and yelled, "Where's the fire?" The voice on the other end returned the yell by saying, "In the kitchen!" and promptly hung up the phone once more.

So much of what is called religion is a lot like this humorous situation. Insufficient information leaves people insufficiently informed and the lack of information promotes nothing but insufficient confusion. Only the full truth of God satisfies every situation in life.

It is by "every word" that comes from God's mouth, that our Lord says life in him is possible.

- Via Bulletin Fodder