

My Junk Room

A knock sounded on the old worn door. I stumbled through the dark, tripping over things and making a lot of noise. "Hold on, I'm coming. Just wait a second!" I shouted. I felt along the cold wall and finally found the door handle. Grasping it, I flung open the door and found a man standing there. My eyes adjusted to the light from outside and I squinted to look him in the face. "Cleaning service...," he spoke. "Ah, yes, yes, good." I shook his hand.

He looked around and saw the area that the light from outside revealed. He didn't smile or frown but simply looked at me and waited for instructions. "I've tried everything, sir, everything I could think of but nothing worked. You are my last hope. I can't even get the lights to come on," I mumbled.

"Ah, well, then that's where we start. The lights..."

He walked over to the wall, placed his hand on it, and walked twenty paces. "It's good you called me, son. I am the only one who knows where the light is," he said as he flicked them on. The room was suddenly ablaze with light and now with everything in full view I realize just how messy this place was. I kicked a piece of junk and sighed.

"Well...?" I asked him, expecting him to start working.

"What else?" he asked. "Well, the lights are on but I want all this junk out of here."

He nodded and once again went to work. He started clearing away the pile of dusty junk that littered the floor. He threw out the things that had seemed important at one time but not anymore. He trashed all the things I knew needed to be thrown out but never ended up doing it. He cleaned up all the things that had seemed to have built up through the years. Then he came to me again. "What about the locked metal box along the wall?"

"What metal box?"

He led me to a large metal box locked many times. I gave him permission to open the locks which he strangely had the keys for. The locks clicked and the

door squeaked as he opened it. I saw what it contained and suddenly wanted it shut again.

"What is this?" he asked.

"Well, technically that's junk but I like it and I think I want to keep it. I really like it."

"But it's junk, and if you want this place truly clean it's got to be thrown out."

"But I want to keep it!"

He looked at me as if in waiting for a response.

"Fine..." I sighed, "take it."

He smiled and it was gone in a few seconds, box and all. With that he moved on and was finished with the whole building in a few hours. The metal shined and the floors glistened. The whole place looked great. When he was finished he once again came to me.

"Well, I am done with that. Is that all?"

"Uh...I guess. Was there something else you wanted to do?"

"If you want I can do a few more extra things."

"Well, OK. But don't take too long," I said.

Instantly he was once again at work. He opened a small office and stuck a tape in the sound systems tape deck. Soft music floated through the air. He came in and out a few times carrying plants and other decorative items. He opened the windows and let the musty air filter out. He went to the back and opened long-hidden cages, and suddenly sparrows and butterflies were flying around the ceiling. The whole atmosphere was different. He came to me once again.

"Now that makes it much better."

"Yes, yes, I love it!" I laughed.

"One more thing..."

"Yes?"

"I was wondering if I could stay here. That way I could keep it clean and you wouldn't have to worry about it."

"Stay here?" I asked, amazed. "Uh, I don't think that is possible. I like my privacy and I think I can keep it clean by myself from now on."

"You said yourself that I was your last hope and if I remember correctly, you couldn't even find the lights. Without me all that junk will slowly find its way back in here."

I thought for a moment and then gave in and said, "Fine, you can stay here and keep it clean."

He smiled and nodded in thanks. He went into the office and started setting up a bed. I watched him for a moment in awe. "Sir," I said, "I never got your name..."

He turned and stared at me. A smile once again formed across his face and he seemed to choose his words carefully. "I am known by many names and have cleaned many places, and I will show you where you can find them..." he laughed, laying his hand on my shoulder.

With a start I suddenly awoke. I must have fallen asleep. My Bible, long unread, sat in my lap. I looked down and found the pages had flipped to Revelation. In amazement I read 3:20. [*Behold, I stand at the door and knock. If anyone opens the door, I will come into him and dine with him and he with me.*] Then deep in a dark junk filled room in my heart I heard someone knocking on its door.

I knew who that man in my dream was. He was Jesus and he was longing to come in and clean my junk filled room. So I bowed my head and asked Him to be my cleaner. My Soul Cleaner.

Author Unknown