

The Fence



A man found himself in a large green field. In the field there was an incredibly large group of people assembled. On one side of the group stood a man calling the people to be holy, calling the people to Torah, calling any that would come to HIM, Yeshua.

On the other side of the group stood another man. This man did exciting tricks and had fireworks and sparkles of all kinds, his words promised all sorts of delights, power, and fun to everyone in the group, hasatan.

Separating the two men and running through the large group was a short fence.

The scene set, both Yeshua and hasatan continued calling to the people in the group and, one by one, each having made up his or her mind, each joined themselves with either Yeshua or hasatan.

This process was fascinating to watch and the man undecided which group was best climbed the fence, and just sat down on it. He climbed up on the fence to entertain himself with the goings on, and delay the decision he knew he would have to eventually make.

He watched interested as Yeshua gathered around Himself a group of people from the larger crowds, as did hasatan. The man on the fence delighted himself as the group around Yeshua tried, and often failed, to follow in HIS footsteps. The man laughed at them and mocked them, and generally enjoyed the show. They sometimes called out to him, urging him to join them. "I am on the fence." is all he said and though he saw much evidence of love and truth within the group, he always spotted some misstep that could be mocked instead, laughing at them was satisfying, and it made him forget all about having to make a choice.

He also watched the other man with fascination, watched his promises, that never *quite* came true in the way he claimed. This other man, he was really entertaining with his glamour, his funny tricks, and flash. "A real liar" the man decided, but truly fun to watch, without the priggish high falutin' hypocritical morality of that "Yeshua group" he said to himself. Often the crowd around this other man would beckon and cry out to him, calling him to join the fun. But, the man saw the humiliation and desperation of those who were the target of the other man's tricks and wisely said "No thank you!" All the time he enjoyed the view very much from the fence.

Ultimately the man joined neither group. He watched as a large group left following Yeshua. He was sorry to see them go, but told himself this other was "more fun to watch anyway". Soon though the other man, hasatan, disappeared. So too all those who followed him.

And the man on the fence sat alone. Pleased with himself for his "wise choice" of not following either group, a little lonely now that they were all gone. "At least I saw that other group for what it is." he smiled to himself, "that other guy was certainly leading them to no place good!"

As this man sat there happy with his choice, hasatan suddenly came back, and appeared to be angrily looking for something that he'd lost. The man on the fence said, "Have you lost something?" hasatan looked straight at him and replied, "No, there you are. Now you come with me."

"But," said the man, "I sat on the fence. I chose neither *you* nor *Him*." "That's okay," said Satan. "I own the fence."