



Turning Lost Students into Christ-Centered Laborers

HEAD OF THE HOUSE • Steve Baker

One evening I invited Jesus Christ to live with me. It was not a spectacular, emotional thing, but something very real happened at the center of my life. He came in, turned on the light, built a fire in the hearth, and filled the emptiness with His personal presence. Because I wanted to experience even more of this relationship I said, “Lord, I want you to feel perfectly at home in every area of my life. Let me show you around.”

The Study

The first place we explored was my study - the room of my mind. It was quite small and had very thick walls. He entered and looked around at the books on the shelves, the magazines on the table, and the pictures on the walls. I became a little uncomfortable. Strangely, I had never felt self conscious about this stuff before, but now that He was there looking at it all, I felt embarrassed. Some of it seemed completely out of place in His presence. And I realized for the first time that I had no business looking or reading much of what stood before me. Blushing, I turned to Him and said, “I know that this room needs cleaning, but I don’t really know where to start. Will you help me?” Since then, I have discovered that when my mind is centered upon Christ, His purity and power begin to take the place of my own impure thoughts. I have found that even my desire to think thoughts that are not pleasing to Him has decreased. While I still have quite a way to go, I can honestly say that my thinking has gradually been brought under His control.

The Dining Room

After the study, we stepped into the dining room - the room of my appetites and desires. I had spent a lot of time and energy there. Proudly I said, “This is one of my favorite rooms. I believe you will be happy with what is served up here!” He seated Himself at the table with me and asked, “So, what’s on the menu for dinner? What do you usually eat?” “Well,” I said, “I’d like you to taste a few of my favorite meals.” I set before Him all of my academic and athletic accomplishments and ambitions, as well as my career dreams.

When the “food” was placed before Him, He said nothing, and did not eat. I asked, “Master, don’t you like the meal? Is there a problem?”

He answered, “Do you honestly find this diet satisfies your hunger ? If you want to be truly filled, feed on Me and set your heart on doing the will of God alone. I happen to know that all you have been preparing for yourself will ultimately leave you feeling empty.”

That was difficult for me to hear. I had convinced myself that one day, I would finally manage to cook up just the right meal that would satisfy my hunger. I sat there stunned, trying to take in His words. Sensing my anxiety, He reached over and put a small piece of bread in my hand. I ate it. That was the first taste of pure joy I had ever tasted. The flavor was so rich - just a small bite gave me more energy and contentment than all of the empty calories I had been consuming for years. I found myself at once both full and wanting more. I have never had anything remotely like it in the world.

The Living Room

From there we walked into the living room. It was casual, intimate, and comfortable. I loved this room! There was a fireplace, overstuffed chairs, a big sofa, and a huge entertainment center.

Jesus said, "This is a great little spot. We can come here often and just 'hang-out' and talk together." I was thrilled. I couldn't think of anything I would rather do than have uninterrupted time with Jesus. He promised, "I will be here every morning. Meet me here, and we will start each day together." So morning after morning I would come downstairs to the living room and find Him waiting. He'd pull out a book of the Bible, open it, and we would read together. He began to unfold the amazing depth of His love and of His desires for my life. They were the most intimate and insightful times of my life.

Little by little, however, under the pressure of more urgent things, the time began to get crowded out, more hurried and less intimate. I began to miss days now and then. The appointments with Him that I had committed to, sometimes slipped my mind. I remember one morning rushing downstairs, choking down breakfast, on my way to do something critically important (I forget exactly what). I rushed past the living room and noticed the door was

When I returned, He was waiting for me. I decided to talk the situation over with Him. "Lord" I said, "I've learned my lesson. All my best times have been with you. From now on, I want us to do everything together." He led me back to the Rec. room and pulled out His planor rem delin□. e om on□, He was o op a ly ha