

TRUTH FOR TODAY COMMENTARY

AN EXEGESIS & APPLICATION OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES

THE LIFE OF CHRIST, 1
A SUPPLEMENT



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THE DAY CHRIST CAME AGAIN

by David Roper

It wasn't just an ordinary, ordinary day. It was the most ordinary day. That day the Lord came again. It would seem that George Jones should have had at least some kind of premonition as he arose that morning – but had he done so, then God's promise would not have been sure.

Matthew 24:36

So George arose as usual - still feeling a little tired and still not used to these early hours, even after two years. George was a delivery-man – he made his daily deliveries all over town in predetermined routes.

He decided this morning he would try not to awaken his wife, Marge. “She needs the rest,” he thought, “what with running around after our active little daughter all day.” As he got up quietly, he looked down at his still sleeping wife and smiled. Marge was a Disciple.

Marge wanted George to become a disciple so very much!
In fact they had had a long discussion about it just a few days ago. And then, following that, it seemed like last Sunday the preacher had preached right at him!

“Of course that wasn't actually true,” he admitted with a smile as he started breakfast. “After all, I wasn't the only one there. But I guess the shoe did fit. What was that he preached on? Oh yes, he preached on **Christ coming again.**”

George had enjoyed most of the sermon. He had especially enjoyed the stories of those who had tried to set the date of Christ's coming – how some had donned white robes on the day set and had climbed to the tops of houses, trees, and mountains to be ready to meet the Lord. He had also been impressed with the Biblical proof that Christ was coming again and that, according to the “signs” mentioned in the bible, Christ could come “most” anytime.

“I do think, though,” thought George as he chewed on his bacon and eggs, “that the preacher was being a little dramatic when he said **Christ could come again in the next five minutes.**” And he smiled as he thought again, “But He didn’t.”

“Of course Marge and the preacher are probably right,” he admitted as he stacked his dishes in the sink. “**I don't really know what I'm waiting on.**”

“But someday I will take the step and become a Disciple.”

When he was ready he peeked in to see their sleeping daughter, Julie. His heart swelled with love as he looked on her angelic little face. Then he went in to kiss Marge goodbye. As she returned his kiss, sleepily, he smiled to think how happy she would be when he made the commitment to be a baptized disciple.

“What are you smiling about?” she asked. “Oh, nothing,” he said. And went out the door.

Little did he know that he would never see them again.

For the next hour or so, George was too busy to think of much more than his job. He had to pick up the packages, load and organize his truck and get everything ready for his first route of the day.

It was a beautiful day. This was one of the things George liked about his job. He liked to see the world wake up each morning. He liked to see it bright and fresh after a night's rest – and before it had a chance to become tired and soiled again.

He also enjoyed the quietness – he got a chance to think between stops.

As he drove along, he smiled as he saw signs of the neighborhoods beginning to stir. From the homes came the sounds of electric razors and the smell of bacon frying. And behind him he could see people running out to get their morning paper. George continued on his way, enjoying the beautiful day.

But for some reason, the preacher's sermon from last Sunday kept coming back to him.

As he smelled breakfast cooking, a passage quoted by the preacher suddenly forced itself into his mind:

People were **EATING AND DRINKING!**

Matthew 24:38

He passed a church building and noticed bird seed scattered around – evidence of a wedding the night before – and he thought again:

MARRYING AND GIVING IN MARRIAGE! Matthew 24:38

He passed a home with a sign on the front door: “Night workers. Please do not Disturb.”

And he thought of this verse: “I tell you, in that night there will be two in one bed. One will be taken and the other left.”

Luke 17:34

He passed a bakery and he thought “There will be two women grinding together. One will be taken and the other left.” Luke 17:35

And as his route took him near the edge of town,
he saw a group of farm workers on their way to
the field. And this passage came to mind:

"Two ... shall be in the field; the one shall be
taken and the other left."

Luke 17:36 [KJV]

In spite of himself, George gave a little shudder and then pushed these thoughts to the back of his mind.

“Why am I getting so morbid?”

If Christ hasn't come in over 2000 years, why should He suddenly choose now?

And after all, I'm strong and healthy and good for a long time yet. I should be thinking about living, not the end of everything!”

It really was a beautiful day. All the people he saw smiled at him and waved. “On a wonderful day like this,” George thought, “it is hard to realize that there are so many troubles in the world – famine and war and sickness and death. On a morning like this, it's just good to be alive!”
And this too, should have sounded a warning.

1 Thessalonians 5:3

But it did not. George continued on his way. He went from street to street delivering his papers.

When he finished one subdivision he then would go to the next. He was going on his regular route, just the same as every morning.

But not quite the same!

There really was no advance warning at all when it happened.

Generally there is a feeling in the air when something is about to happen – but there was nothing.

Generally, animals, with some sort of special “sixth-sense,” are nervous when tragedy is about to strike – but there was nothing.

As usual, men were growling and snarling, some still not quite awake.

As usual, boys and girls were turning up their nose at the food before them.

In some parts of our world, a sleeping children were whimpering in their sleep because they had no food.

In the Ukraine, the workers were going home, for their day of work was finished.

In Australia, a bushman was stalking his game – as he and his ancestors had done for centuries.

In Georgia, a man was worrying himself sick over how he was ever going to make his payments. He needn't have bothered.

A woman was fussing at her husband over the new furniture she wanted to have. She needn't have bothered.

A preacher was looking through his Bible and notes trying to decide what to preach next Sunday. He needn't have bothered.

There was no warning! Life with all its good and its evil was going on as usual.

AND THEN IT HAPPENED!

1 Thessalonians 5:2-3

Matthew 24:27

1 Thessalonians 4:16

George was near a cemetery when it happened.

The shout traveled through the atmosphere faster than the speed of sound or light.

It was a shout that penetrated to the core of the earth
– to the depths of the ocean. to the center of a man's
soul!

George wrecked his truck. But that didn't matter now.

George had never before heard the voice of God, but there was no question in his mind as to what this was.

Neither had he before seen Jesus, but again, somehow he knew exactly Who this was and what was happening. "NO, NO NO!" his thoughts began.

Revelation 1:7

2 Thessalonians 1:7-8

The sky was filled with color – the blue of the atmosphere was blotted out by the whiteness of the cloud, the glory of the angels, the appearance of fire. And all of this was almost blotted out by the magnificence of Jesus Himself.

Now the earth began to tremble – and its surface began to be filled with fissures. In the cemetery nearby the graves began to open. The dead started to come forth from here, there, and everywhere. Their bodies were unlike anything George had ever seen. They were flesh, but not flesh - solid, but not solid. For some reason the word “**incorruptible**” came to his mind. It was no surprise to him that some looked happy – and some did not. George could also feel that something was happening to himself.

John 5:28-29

1 Corinthians 15:51-52

George was now running. He was not far from home, and his only thoughts were to reach that haven. He was in a daze. Faintly he could hear the sound of a trumpet – a sound that chilled him to the very marrow. Out of the corner of his vision, he was aware of many glorious bodies rising into the air to meet the Lord.

It was hard now to keep his feet for the tremors were increasing.

In his head, he was aware of the most terrible cry he had ever heard in his life – a tearing, searing cry of a soul in agony.

It was some time before he realized that this cry was coming from himself.

He passed several standing dazed whose funerals he had attended. But this did not surprise him. Nothing surprised him now.

He passed a funeral procession that had stopped in the middle of the road.

The back door of the hearse was open. The lid of the casket was thrown back. It was empty.

He sped on. Around him the cries and wails and shrieks increased. And from above him came the sound of singing – a glorious refrain of rejoicing and triumph. But it brought no comfort to George's soul. He glanced up just once. Just a few were still rising to meet the Lord in the air. Evidently most all were there now. He ran and ran He forced one foot after the other. He passed block after block. And suddenly – he was at home.

He burst in the front door and began running from room to room. He shouted.

“Marge!! Julie!! Marge! Julie!” There was Julie's favorite rag doll on the floor. Marge's house-coat was still lying on the chair beside the bed. There were evidences of Marge's housework everywhere.

He burst into the kitchen. There were the dishes half done. He felt of the dish water. It was still warm.

It was almost as if ... almost as if ... And suddenly he knew
– **THEY WERE PREPARED!**

He raced back into the front yard and looked up, but now
all was darkness. He
was alone – alone – alone. Alone in his sin.

Suddenly the earth shuddered – and he realized that it
was an old machine that had served its purpose – an old
machine running down. He looked up again. The sun was
running down, too. Now he could stare at it without
blinking. It became dimmer and dimmer. There was a chill
in the air.

The stars and the planets became visible at midday.
But nothing was motionless.

They were darting here and there.
Everything was going crazy.
The universe was literally flying to pieces.

Revelation 6:12-14, 15-17

The thought had finally struck George that he must now face God. His soul filled with terror. “No, no, no... I'm not ready,” he screamed. “I must hide, I must hide, I must hide myself.”

Stumbling blindly back into the house he made his way down into the basement.

He huddled himself in the darkest corner, and he continued to mutter to himself, “I must hide, I must hide.”

But there was no hiding. George was at that moment riding on a huge ball streaking through the heavens. It was a ball almost 8,000 miles thick, but with a cool outer crust of only a few miles. Inside were tremendous pressures – fires and gases and molten rock. Just one slight touch by the finger of God – just one small command from His voice – and this world was no more.

A moment of intense light. A moment of intense heat. Then darkness. Then silence.

2 Peter 3:10

When George raised his head again, he knew exactly where he was and why he was there.

2 Corinthians 5:10

George knew that he was with all the people who had ever lived upon the face of the earth – and that all would be judged.

He knew, too, that he had also acquired a new body – one “incorruptible” – one that would “never fade away” – one that could never be destroyed.

But there was no consolation in that for he knew where that body would spend eternity.

Yes, he knew many things now - too late.

He knew that he had had time for God's work – that those other things that he had put first were really not important at all.

He knew, too, that those hypocrites in the church, whom he had thrown up to his wife time and time again, would spend eternity where he was going to spend it – and there was little comfort now in the fact that he was
“as good as they.”

And he even knew that somehow his wife and little girl would be happy without him – for an almighty God that can do everything would see to that.

But he also knew that he would spend an eternity without them with the full knowledge of that fact – and that it would be an eternity without God and without Christ.

And somehow, somehow, he even knew now what eternity was like. He had heard eternity talked about. He had even heard eternity joked about.

But why, oh, why, had not someone conveyed the feeling of bigness – the emptiness. the vastness of it all!

“Without end, without end, without end.”

So very much had happened. There had been the shout, the sound of the trump, the dead rising, those who met Jesus in the air, the destruction of all things.

And yet he really knew that no time at all had been involved.

It was as if time had stood still – and now eternity had begun.

Then in his heart of hearts, he heard a name being called. It was his own. It was his turn to receive sentence.

He stepped forward. And even as he did so, he knew what the sentence would be.

Matthew 25:31-34,41,46

Acts 17:30-31

This story is not true. It cannot be, of course, since Christ has not yet come. It is, however, based upon scriptural teaching and a knowledge of natural reaction.

It has been told for one reason – to make you think and help you to turn to God in love.

2 Corinthians 5:11

Acts 17:30-31

Some things were assumed in this lesson, but
these things we know:

CHRIST IS COMING!

CHRIST COULD COME BEFORE THIS DAY IS DONE!

WHEN CHRIST COMES, EVERYONE WILL KNOW IT!

**WHEN CHRIST COMES, EVERYONE WILL ALSO KNOW WHERE
THEY STAND!**

ARE **YOU** READY

for the day the Lord comes?