

“Assignment: Comfort And Joy” sample pages section #5
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Steven's voice over the radio: Well, there you have it, my original story "Stormy Night, Holy Night." You're listening to special Christmas Eve programming here on WGKW, and I'm your host Steven Carter. I know what it's like to be in the midst of a storm in one's life; some of you that listen regularly know of the loss that I experienced a little over a year ago. The story I wrote and read to you tonight is not mere fiction, but was written from my own experience. And I can say by that experience that the comforting hand of Jesus makes all the difference. If you are feeling tossed on life's waves, with no solid foundation for your life, then the gift of God's peace, brought through accepting his salvation, and reconciliation with Him, is what you need. Accept the greatest gift ever given; Jesus himself. Ask him into your heart tonight, and know the true joy of Christmas for the first time. (HAVE STEPHEN LEAD IN THE SINNERS PRAYER, which she prays at the same time and received the Lord as the song "I Surrender All" plays.

Narrator Afriel: As Steven laid out the plan of salvation in simple terms, Diane felt something stirring in her heart, stonger than she had ever felt before. She had heard the call of the Spirit of God in the past, but had always pushed it aside. But this time, feeling as lost as she did, the words she heard were like a strong lighthouse tower in a raging hurricane. Sinking to her knees, and opening her heart to the Lord, she took a cue from Steven as he lead his listeners in a short prayer of salvation.

(Actions during the next paragraph.) As she prays for a few more moments, the angel smiles broadly and pumps his fist into the air in a jubilant motion. Then, as she wipes her eyes and rises, he moves to the side and watches as she goes to the table and swipes the pills into a small trash can which was beside the table. Picking up the note she had written, she rips it into little pieces and throws it away. Then, picking up the New Testament again, she begins reading through its pages with a look of wonderment. Still smiling, the angel turns back to where the front wall would be, facing the audience as he peers into the parking lot again. His smile fades and his brow knits in concern as he sees the man still waiting. Stepping down from the stage toward the man lingering at the edge of the audience the angel confronts the man. The lurker spies the now-visible angel, and his eyes widen in disbelief and fear. Afriel reaches behind him and takes a sword out of the back of his robe's sash. Holding the sword up over his head with both hands at first, the slowly lowering it and pointing it at the lurker, he gazes at him intently with a threatening look. The man begins to back up, tripping and falling, then gets back and and rushes out of the room down through the middle aisle of the audience. Smiling with satisfaction, Afriel puts away his sword. In the background, Diana has picked up her phone, dials someone, and after a moment begins to speak. She is doing this as the curtain is drawn over the scene.

Narrator Afriel: As Diane humbled herself and prayed to receive the Lord into her heart, she became a brand new person; a new life had begun. As she lifted her face toward Heaven with new hope, I rejoiced with exceeding great joy to know that a new name was inscribed in the Lamb's Book of Life! Rising to her feet, she went to the table where she had left the pills she had planned on taking, and swept them into a trash can. Then she picked up the Gideon Bible that was on the table, and sat back to read it, for the first time she could remember. I could hardly restrain myself from a celebratory flight into the stratosphere, but there was still work to be done here before I left... the little matter of the stalker. Looking once again out into the parking lot, I could see that he was still there, lurking under a tree. Now that Diane was a part of the family of God, I had more leeway when dealing with threats. As it says in the Psalms, "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them." Stepping through the wall into the parking lot, I willed myself tangible, and therefore visible to human eyes... and his almost bugged out as he saw me. They got even bigger when I brought out my weapon. I may not be a warrior, but even the lowliest of angels can wield a mean sword. Between that, and my gaze,

blazing with heaven's holiness, the hardened sinner quaked with the terror of the Lord and took off. I chuckled as I saw him tumble over a trash can, and run right into the path of a passing police car, which began to pursue the fleeing felon. Diana wouldn't have to worry about his sneaking around outside her room for the rest of the night... which was great, as I had other things to do now to complete my assignment.