

Jesus in the House 7

Description

Mark 2 Session 7

We had cased this joint for weeks, we had observed the movements, we knew where the dogs were kept at night, we knew how many people lived there and what time they came in and went out. We knew they were wealthy. The house was situated in a prime location, we would be able to get up on the roof relatively undetected, quietly remove the roof, take our loot and be across the rooftops before the alarm was raised.

We were so arrogant it never occurred to us that anything would go wrong, after all it hadn't up till now so why should it now. I suppose you could say this form of living had become so familiar we just did it. We had become so used to doing wrong that actually it seemed right. We had no sense of guilt whatsoever.

Well this night my whole life was about to change, we conducted our business and were just about complete when the alarm was raised, don't ask me how, all I remember was a shout and a command from one of the friends shouting "leg it". So off we went over the roofs, my heart was pounding, my head was spinning and my legs went to jelly. I had never been like this before as I had always been in control of the escape situation so was more sure footed. The next thing I remember is searing pain in my back, blood everywhere, legs that would not move and somewhere in the distance dogs barking. Somehow I managed to muster enough strength through the pain to drag myself into an alley and wait to die or so I thought.

As I lay there in this dreadful state so many thoughts came flooding back to me, "Oh I wish I had listened to my parents", "Be sure your sin will find you out" they used to quote at me. I had terrible waves of remorse, not for what I had dedicated my life to but for the fact that I was lying here and had fallen and could be caught.

As day break came I heard, through the semi consciousness, voices. As I opened my eyes I saw the blurred faces of my four friends peering down at me. They talked amongst themselves then lifted me and carried me back to my parents, laid me on a mat and left me. My parents were horrified but never the less they took me back, cleaned me up and tended to my every need. As time went on it became obvious that I was unable to walk. The injury had been so severe that I was now paralysed from the waste down.

This just made things worse, all the remorse that I had not listened to my parents, the guilt that I was now more work for them. It went on and on in my head. What also made it worse was that my four so called friends never came to visit. For the first time in my life I was alone. I could go on and tell you more of how I felt but it would serve no purpose.

I lay there thinking is there any hope? Do I have to live with this situation and this guilt for ever?

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Category

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