



## Please Tell My Son By Christy C. Stutzman

I can't believe I'm here, Lord, standing before you, finally with you in heaven. It's wonderful to know I'll be here for eternity. I wanted to thank you again for saving my soul and giving me eternal life. Thank you for sending your son to die for a worthless sinner like me.

You took me home sooner than I expected; but I don't mind at all! We were celebrating your birth when I left, and now, I get to have Christmas with you, actually in your presence. I wish my family knew how wonderful it is up here.

Is my family doing all right without me? They should be well provided for with the insurance policy and then my savings. Could I maybe see them for just a minute? Oh, thank you Lord! Right there? All right. Oo . . . yes, there they are! My! Debbie looks so beautiful! Oh, and there's David. He's growing up so fast! What is he now, 15? Oh, 16? Wow! They sure grow up over night, don't they? What Lord? Oh, he's a good boy. We took him to church a lot. David and I didn't talk too much, but he knew that I loved him. I gave him everything he wanted, and he never gave me a moment's trouble. ---- He said that? I don't remember that. ---- But, . . . well . . . I thought he knew why I worked so much. I had to provide for my family! Believe me, it wasn't easy, down there, working my way up the corporate ladder. Debbie was so happy when I got that last promotion. It made her feel so secure. -----Well, . . . yes, Lord, I do remember her saying that, but if I spent more time at home, what would I do? I mean, business was my life and ----- eternity? ---- my testimony? Well, . . . I . . . I told my secretary what church I attended . . . and . . . uh, . . . my boss knew that I was . . . religious. ----- About your salvation? --- No, Lord. No, I'm so sorry, now that I think about it, I never did.

But when I was saved as a teenager, I led my parents to the Lord; so I know that they'll be here soon. And Debbie was saved when she was 12 years old. Oh, look at that! David's driving a car! Debbie, what are you thinking, letting a 16-year-old kid drive a car? Oo, be careful, son. Be careful! --- What about David? Oh, he never lacked for anything, Lord. He had great birthday parties, the latest

toys at Christmas, the best bikes and roller blades; I remember on Christmas morning, his little cheeks would flush with excitement, and his eyes would get so big and wide with amazement at each new toy! After each present, he'd run, jump on my lap, and squeeze my neck, squealing and giggling. I can almost feel his chubby little arms around me now. That's what I miss most of all; not really giving him gifts, but the joy of simply being with him, . . . being with my son.

We used to cuddle up on Christmas Eve in front of the fire, and I would read "Twas the Night Before Christmas." He loved that story. ---- About the true Christmas story? Well, no. I figured his Sunday school teacher would tell him that. He probably knew all about Jesus being born in a manger and all. ---- He didn't? ---- Well, didn't I tell him, once? . . . I didn't? ---- I'm sure that Debbie told him many times. ----- Just once? Does he remember? Oh, Lord, . . . please say that he remembers! But he's a Christian, isn't he? Oh, Lord, isn't he? I just don't know. I can't remember a time when we ever talked about it. I'm sure he knows about salvation, but I don't know if he ever accepted Christ as his Savior. I was so busy with life, that I didn't make sure that my son had eternal life. What have I done? Maybe, Debbie will tell him.

Debbie! Debbie! It's Christmas time! Tell him the REAL story of Christmas! Oh, please! Someone tell my son about Christ before it's too late! I tried to give him everything. I tried to make him happy. But he didn't really need the things I gave him. He needed salvation! I didn't tell my own son! Someone, please tell him about the Christ child! He doesn't remember, and time is running out. Remind him of the child born in a manger, who died to save him from his sins! Please, . . please . . tell my son!!

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