



# Dear Inkeeper

Author Unknown

You really get a bad rap, don't you?

Anytime someone hears no room at the inn," they immediately think of you. And not in a good way. If there's a stick around, you pretty much get the short end of it. And then you get beaten with it. In a way, I don't blame people for coming down so hard on you. I mean, you didn't make room in your inn for the Messiah.

Yeah ... That's bad. And of course, I agree with those people who look at your infamous refusal and conclude that we need to make sure there is room in our hearts for Jesus. But I'm not so sure that's what your story is about ... Because here's the thing ... You didn't know it was Him.

You just saw another stranger. One among many. How many faces had appeared at your door that week? Dozens? Hundreds? Thousands? You just saw another need to meet. A need that was big and burdensome, and one that you preferred to not deal with. One that your life was much simpler without.

Another person looking for a handout ... Another person asking you for something ... Another world-weary face ... I'm guessing that if you had known the Messiah was at your door in the body of a young, pregnant woman, you would've made room. You might've even given up your own bed. But as you're now aware, we never know when the Messiah will show up, do we?

So I kind of think your story might really be about extending my hands to those in need ... Even if it requires personal sacrifice. I tend to think your story could be about embracing the young pregnant woman ... Even if I don't know how she got that way. I sort of wonder if it's about giving of myself to help the poor ... Even if it means I'm inconvenienced.

To offer shelter to those without a place to lay their heads ... Even if it seems, well, foolish. Because the truth of the matter is, it's pretty easy to say there's room in my heart for Jesus. But actions speak louder than words, don't they? And I'm afraid we're really not that different, me and you.

Sincerely,

ME

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