

Jesus and the Movies

I was watching Frank Capra's "It's a Wonderful Life" one winter evening when the doorbell rang. This was a real aggravation to me because, as always happens when I watch this movie, I was fairly well choked up and just about to cry. I don't know what it is, but it always happens. I know how the movie turns out, I have seen it ten or twenty times, but somehow I think that this makes it worse. Knowing that the outpouring of the townspeople's love is about to flood the Bailey's home, I choke up just anticipating it. It's rather embarrassing if anyone is nearby. I guess that a man should not be ashamed of showing this kind of emotion. But I surely should have a little more power over myself than this.

Anyway, back to the doorbell. Whoever was there was not going to go away. As I approached the door I felt a strange tingling inside me, almost more of a mental thing than a physical thing. When I opened the door I found a man whom I had never seen before, but because of some strange spiritual experience I knew at once that he was Jesus. I was like a deer caught in the headlights, I can tell you! But somehow I asked him to come in and led him into the living room.

I moved to cut the TV off, knowing that the movie I was watching was probably somewhat insulting to the Son of God, but my guest told me to just leave it where it was. He sat down and seemed immediately engrossed in the plot. I thought to myself that surely he knew how it came out, and then I remembered that so did I and there I was watching it again. There must be something about reliving Goodness that never dies no matter how many times you experience it. I wondered how he felt about the angel trying to earn his wings, but I heard him sort of chuckle when that was mentioned. Then I began to dread the finale of the movie, when I knew that I would choke up and get all broken-hearted. How could I hide my weakness from Him?

The moment came at last and my emotions began to swell and soar and grab me from the inside. I peeked over at Jesus, hoping that He wasn't looking my way, and I was astounded to see his lip quivering just like mine. We both shared a moment of tear-filled eyes before the bell rang and the angel got his wings. And then it was passed. But not before I learned a valuable lesson about the heart of Christ. He rose and, thanking me for my hospitality, left me in my thoughts.

What was it that made me feel that Jesus would not have the same kind of feelings and emotions that we do? Just because He is infinitely greater than we are does not mean that He cannot feel everything just like we do. He understands our hearts better than we do, and He loves the expression of Goodness no matter what the form or medium. I just wondered at how he might feel when we do Good in real life. It is truly something to think about.