

William and His Brothers

William is a little boy. He has two brothers, Alec and James. One day William's mother told him the story of Cain and Abel.

Cain and Abel were brothers. When Cain grew up, he killed Abel. William cried and cried and said, "Why did you tell me this?" William had brothers, too. William cried.

We don't cry. It is old news to us. Tired news. We have heard the story so many times. We have watched the evening news. It is just the way things are, we say to ourselves. If we say anything at all. If we even notice. Besides, we are busy. And what can we do about it anyway? So our grown-up hearts make their weary way through this dog-eat-dog world.

But Williams' tears remind me. They remind me that Jesus said we cannot come into His kingdom unless we come as little children. Grown-up hearts can't come in. Only hearts like Williams' heart can come in.

Williams' heart is like Jesus' heart. Jesus saw the widow burying her only son, and He cried. Jesus saw all the grief and blindness at Lazarus' funeral, and He cried. Jesus saw Jerusalem hating Him, and He cried. Jesus and little William cried.