

Jay is in trouble. But being banished to his room does not banish his rebellion.

No scooter for the rest of the week. It isn't fair! No one cares. They lock me up and -

To Give **LIGHT** To Them THAT SIT IN **DARKNESS**

KNOCK KNOCK

Hi, Jay. It's Uncle Ron.

Thought you might be lonely. Sure miserable to be in trouble, isn't it?

It's prison.

I was locked up once. Solitary confinement. I was eighteen and it was my second offense. Bank robbery.

I was miserable. I blamed my old pals, the judge and my parents.



Especially when I got letters from home. They were glad I was in trouble, I thought. No one loved me.

But I was blind, Jay. Jesus was there, but I didn't see Him. That is because I only thought of myself.

Until the day I got the news...



They wouldn't let me go to the funeral, of course. It was hard.

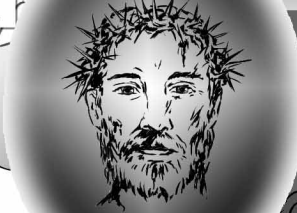
I hated them. I knew everyone despised me, but I pretended that I didn't care.

I had given Him those wounds.

It was all my fault!

Then I saw Mama's note on the back...

My dear Son, I am praying that Jesus will very close to go this time. All my love, Mama



But the look in His eyes was so like Mama's - they loved me.

My cell was no longer dark and lonely, Jay.

Jesus filled it with light

Humph.

My blinders were off and my guilt was choking me.

I looked up to see Jesus's face.

I knelt there in the prison. I found peace and forgiveness.

Take off your blinders, Jay.