The Sting

A family of holidaymakers was driving their car on a country road, with the windows down, enjoying the warm breeze of a sunny afternoon. Suddenly, a big dark bee flew through the open window and began to buzz inside the car.

A little girl, highly allergic to bee stings, tried to hide in fear under the back seat; in case of a sting, she would be risking death within an hour. “Hey Daddy,” she cried in terror, “Help! It’s a bee! It’s going to sting me!” The father stopped the car and tried to grab the bee. Buzzing towards him the bee slammed against the windscreen, where the father blocked it with his hand.

The father held the insect against the glass, waiting for the inevitable sting. The bee struck, and visibly in pain, the father let it go.

The bee dropped somewhere inside the car. The little girl cried fearfully: “Daddy, it’s going to sting me!” But the father replied gently: “Don’t worry my dear, it won’t hurt you now; look at my hand.” The bee-sting was there, in the palm of his hand.

“Oh death, where is thy sting? Oh grave, where is thy victory?” (1 Corinthians 15:55)

© *November 2009 Calendario Cristiano*