The Three Friends

Frank Boreham was educated for the Baptist ministry at Spurgeon's College in London. His ministry, which lasted well into his 70s, was spent in Australia and New Zealand. A prolific writer, Boreham frequently applied well-known texts in new and striking ways.

His book *Booelaws of Paradise* includes an essay “Lend Me Three Loaves,” based on Luke 11:5-8. I would like to adapt some of his thought to the Christian teacher's reason for being, namely the education of our young people.

In this passage, Christ asks His hearers to imagine the unthinkable—a neighbor so selfish, so ashamed that he would refuse an honest request for a loaf of bread. Jesus' hearers would have quickly risen up to condemn this betrayal of their Eastern heritage of hospitality. Still more surprising is the identity of this reluctant neighbor, for it turns out that the parable teaches about the nature of God.

Not that God is really One with a full pantry but an empty heart, for we learn in verse 13 that this is one of the “how much more” parables. God is seen in contrast, not comparison. “How much more will Your Father in heaven give the Holy Spirit to those who ask him?” (Lk. 11:13). Jesus says. But who, then, are the empty-handed householder and the midnight traveler? Well, I am reluctantly forced to conclude, I am that householder.

As I walk into class for the first lecture of the semester, I feel apprehensive. I know from experience that some students will so struggle with the subject matter that I may lose patience with them. There will be one who has a quick of personality that annoys me. Some will be suffering from the perennial loves and losses of youth. And increasingly, there will be those who nurse horrifying, yet all invisible, wounds from dysfunctional family relationships. As I take stock, I realize that I am out of bread. But I remember the rich neighbor of every Christian teacher, the One who wishes to provide a smorgasbord of patience, sensitivity, clarity, charity, and the relational skills required to shape a group of individuals into a class.

As I prepare my sermon for the regional constituency meeting, I realize that many of those listening will be worried that my college is not giving the trumpet that old and landmark-sounding.

Others are impatient with the tardiness of their church and are itching to be off. Still others are caught in the atrophy of indifference. As I survey my culinary resources, I realize that for such, my cupboard is bare. How fortunate that I have a rich neighbor at whose door I am always welcome. From Him I can expect that tasteful blend of pastoral concern with truth, that delicious mixture of sensitivity with integrity, that aromatic dish combining innovation and loyalty to feed the saints.

A student knocks at my office door, wishing to discuss the seeming lack of direction in his life. I am seized by a great horror, that of a barren board. I realize that 20 years have weakened my connection with the youth culture. What do I know of the vestigial religious, media images, cultural icons, and hormone cocktail of which the average 18-year-old is comprised? But fortunately, I have recourse to the groaning shelves of a rich Neighbor who can package for me a delicate confection of gentle understanding, empathetic counsel, a little firmness where necessary, and an accurate perspective.

And as I go home with my briefcase at the end of the day, wrung out from the afternoon's committee, and hear the lament of three children who all need quality time, and a special wife to whom I have not spoken all day, I realize once more that I am bankrupt. Could it be that even as I lift the latch, my Neighbor of the plentiful pantry may send in answer to my plea, a rich and steaming dish of patience, noise tolerance, jurisprudence, and the special ability to review a grade two spelling list with some enthusiasm.

This parable is sometimes called the story of the three friends. Of course, this is not really accurate. The traveler is known to the householder. The householder is acquainted with his neighbor, but the traveler and the well-provisioned neighbor have never met. This is not only the tragedy of the world, but increasingly the situation of our students, wayfarers all. Let us introduce them to the abundance of our God.

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