

One for You, One for Me
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On the outskirts of a small town was a big pecan tree growing just inside the cemetery fence. One day, two boys sat underneath the tree, out of sight, and began dividing the nuts they had gathered. Several dropped and rolled down toward the fence.

Another boy came along on his bicycle, and heard voices from the cemetery. Closing in, he heard counting: "One for you, one for me. One for you, one for me."

Terrified, he jumped on his bike and took off, almost running over an old man with a cane. "Come quick," said the boy, "I heard Satan and the Lord down at the cemetery dividing up souls."

The man replied, "Beat it kid. I can't be bothered with such non-sense. Can't you see it's hard for me to walk?" When the boy insisted, the man hobbled slowly to the cemetery. Standing by the fence they heard, "One for you, one for me. One for you, one for me."

The old man whispered, "Boy, you've been tellin' me the truth." Shaking with fear, they peered through the fence, gripping the wrought iron bars of the fence tighter and tighter as they tried to get a glimpse. At last they heard, "One for you, one for me. That's all, now let's go get those nuts by the fence and we'll be done."

They say the old man made it back to town a full 5 minutes ahead of the kid on the bike.

Ninety-nine years ago, the unsinkable ship sank and 1,500 passengers died. At some of the Titanic exhibits, people received boarding passes to the Titanic with the name of an actual passenger. It made the experience more personal.

It really hit home when patrons stood at a large wall which had two lists, reminiscent of the same lists that were posted after the tragedy in the White Star Line's offices. Imagine anxious relatives waiting to hear the fate of a passenger they loved, and a company rep occasionally coming in to add a name to one of two lists: "Known to be saved" and "Known to be lost." One visitor had the name of a passenger who was saved. His wife and kids had names on the "lost" list.

It's sobering when you think about it, because family and friends and everyone we know is also on one of two lists: "Known to be saved" or "Known to be lost." Not rich or poor. Not liberal or conservative. Not Religion X or Religion Y. Just "saved" or "lost." And what about us? At the end when the Lord and Satan are dividing up nuts like you and me, which list will we be on?