

# 365 Stories 44. The man and the chair



## 44. The man and the chair

The daughter of a man asked the local Pastor to come and pray for her father.

When the Pastor arrived, he found the man lying on his bed, his head resting on two pillows . And an empty chair next to his bed.

\_I guess you were waiting for me! he said.

\_No, who are you ?

\_I am the new Pastor of your local Church, he said.

\_When I saw the empty chair, I thought  
That you knew that I was coming.



\_Oh yes, declared the man in his bed.  
\_Would you close the door please ?  
Intrigued, the pastor closed the door.



I didn't tell anyone ! Even my daughter, said the man." I never knew how to pray. At church I was used to hear the sermons of the Pastor, but it stayed there ! I had abandoned any attempt to pray, continued the old man. Until one day, four years ago, my best friend said to me: "Peter, prayer is simply a conversation with Jesus. This is what I suggest to you. Sit in a chair, place a chair in front of you, and by faith, imagine that Jesus is sitting in the chair. This is not untrue because Jesus has promised us, "I will always be with you !"

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Then just talk to him and listen in the same way as you do with me right now. " So, I tried and I liked it so much that I do it two hours, every day.

I'm careful, because if my daughter he would be worried for me!saw me talking to an empty chair,

Then all you have to do is speak to Him and listen to Him like you are with me right now!

"So I gave it a try and loved it so much that I now do it for two hours every day. However, I'm careful, because if my daughter saw me speaking to an empty chair she would be very worried about me!"The Pastor very moved by the story encouraged the old man to continue in this way.

Then he prayed with him, and returned to the Church.



Two days later, the daughter called the Pastor  
To tell him that her Father died that after noon.

\_Did he die in peace ? she asked.

\_Yes, when I left the house around 2 o'clock, he called  
me to his side, Just before he died, he must have leant  
over to his side. He wished me a good day, and he  
kissed me on the cheek.

When I came back from my shopping, one hour later, I  
found him without life. But Pastor, something strange  
happened. Indeed, before dad died, he leaned his head  
on a chair next to his bed !