

than an inch from the young boy, whose mother ran screaming into the road and grabbed the boy.

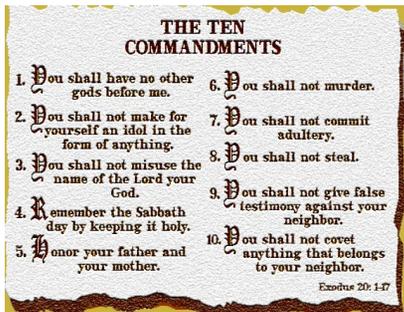
"Thank God!" cried the mother. "Thank God you are all right." Then she looked into the car, calling out, "You were speeding. This is a residential area; you should be more careful; you are a danger to society!"

The mother then left carrying her child with her. The lawyer pulled his car to the side of the road and slumped over the wheel, crying with relief. "If you had killed him, you were speeding and under the influence of a drug. What should your sentence be?" asked the voice in his head.

"You were breaking the law on two counts and you could have killed a child... what do you deserve?" The internal voice continued. The lawyer thought for awhile, then said to himself, "Yes, I was drugged. Yes, I was breaking the law. If I had killed that child, it would be, in a way, a type of murder."

"What sentence should you get then?" asked the voice in his head.

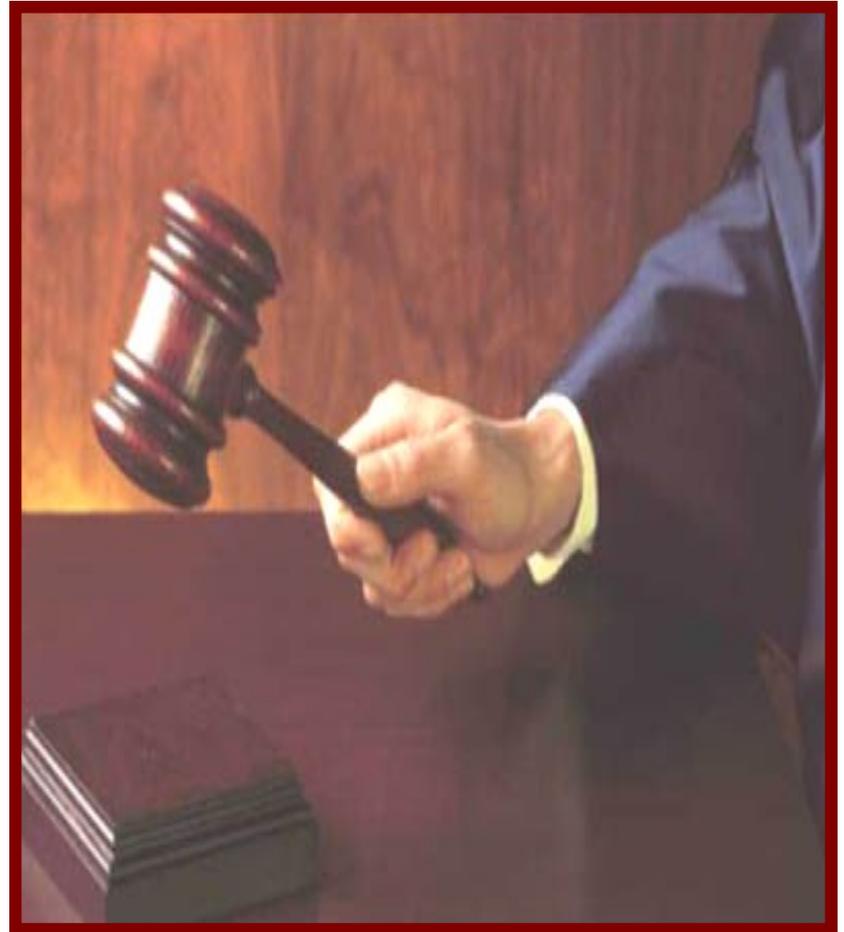
The lawyer was silent, then said out loud. "A lenient one, I hope." As he said it, an awareness came into his heart that if he would want this for himself, shouldn't he want it for others as well? At that moment he knew prosecution would no longer be his job, for now he wanted to defend people.



The voice in his head said, "Remember the Commandment, Thou Shalt Not Kill, and remember no matter what wrong a person may have done, this Commandment should not be broken, even in the name of justice, for this is the law of God, and it is the Laws all are called to live by." + + +

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## WHAT SENTENCE?



*" Who is the worse?*

*The cold calculated killer approved by society,*

*or the weak, sick man,*

*deceived and trapped by evil?"*

## WHAT SENTENCE?

from *Stories of Love*  
Jesus to Alan Ames

As the man stood before the judge who was about to sentence him, he pleaded for leniency.

"I was confused by the drugs I had taken. If I were in my right mind, I wouldn't have done it. I am truly sorry for the hurt I have caused, and now that I have been drug-free for some months, I see how stupid I was. Sir, I know I have done wrong, but at that time, my only desire was to get drugs regardless of how I achieved that. I am sorry, and I hope that I can in some way make up to society for the wrong I have committed."

The judge looked squarely in the man's eyes for a moment, then knew in his heart that he was about to condemn this man to death. As he opened his mouth to speak, all of a sudden in the convicted man before him he saw his oldest son; then the man changed to be his daughter, and then his youngest son. The judge rubbed his eyes and looked again at the man in disbelief, but again he saw each of his children in the convicted man before him. Then, inside his head, the judge heard a voice saying, "What would you do if it were your children before you? If this man had the advantages your children have had in life, he probably would not be here, but if your children had the disadvantages this man has had in his life, they probably would be here."

The judge sat silently, still looking at the convicted man.

"Your Honor, are you all right?" asked the prosecutor who was eager to hear the sentence, hoping it would be the death penalty he had asked for.

"Yes, I am fine. I am just considering my sentence a little longer," replied the judge.

"This man is part of your family and you should treat him as such," continued the voice inside the judge's head. "He has made a

serious mistake in his life, but he deserves the chance to make amends for it, both for society and for his soul. Yes, he had killed, but if you kill him, are you any different from him? The only difference will be that you in your mind will justify your cold and calculated act, while this man, who was confused and unbalanced under the influence of evil, is full of remorse for what he has done and will never justify to himself the terrible crime he has committed. Who is the worse? The cold calculated killer approved by society, or the weak, sick man, deceived and trapped by evil?"

The judge began to sweat as the words continued, "And, if it were your children, wouldn't you be lenient?"

"Fifteen years imprisonment with the chance for parole, if he is a model prisoner," snapped out the judge, as he then banged his hammer down and rose to leave the court.

Before he left, he took another look at the prisoner and saw a man crying with relief and whispering, "Thank you, and God bless you," to him.

The prosecutor looked stunned as he stood there with the sentence going over and over in his mind. "Only fifteen years," he thought dejectedly. Then, after the judge left the courtroom, the prosecutor sat down with thoughts of anger on his mind, when all of a sudden he heard a voice in his head say, "Where has all the love and compassion you used to have gone? When you studied law, you did so to help people; how does killing them help?" The prosecutor shook his head saying to himself, "I am imagining it." He then rose and left for his office.

On the way to the office, he decided to stop for a drink and pulled into a bar where he had some whisky, after which he returned to his car continuing on to his office. As he drove along, all of a sudden a young boy ran out in front of him and the lawyer stepped hard on his brakes. The car stopped less