

PARABLE OF BUDDY THE BUZZARD

One morning I looked up to see a large buzzard circling over our neighborhood. On inquiry I found that his name was Buddy. Ours is a lovely community, pleasing to the eye. Residents have well kept yards with flowering shrubs and fruit trees. Song birds and rabbits abound. We have beautiful lakes and golf courses. But none of these things impress Buddy. He is a fellow with a “single eye.” He looks for road kill or other victims of death, the riper the better. The lovely things that impress most of us are nothing to Buddy, he is feed on corruption.

Buddy has a cousin by the name of Primus the Preacher. Primus looks out over the brotherhood and surveys his brethren. He is not interested in what our missionaries are doing. He cares nothing for wonderful benevolent activities conducted by brethren. He is not impressed by those who labor with struggling churches and help them become strong and stable. He is not concerned with those who are faithfully educating our children in the way of Christ. That others stand in the front lines and engage the enemy, taking the blows and darts of the devil’s troops, does not impress Primus. He spends his time looking for flaws in other preachers: sins, failures, shortcomings, lack of knowledge, mistaken views. Any thing positive or beneficial for the kingdom does not register in Primus’s book, it is the flaws he is interested in. And he can almost always find some if he looks long enough, even if they date back years in the brother’s life. He never forgets if he can find one. The things he searches for need not be well documented, a rumor is usually sufficient.

On another occasion I rounded a corner and there stood Buddy the Buzzard having breakfast of flattened rabbit. It was an ugly sight; not the poor rabbit, but Buddy. Everything about his appearance was disgusting. His naked head and neck seemed diabolic. His cruel sharp bill easily tore the flesh from his prey. It was enough to turn my stomach. Later in the week I encountered Primus, he was feasting on the reputation of a fellow preacher. He was even more disgusting than Buddy. The only difference is that Primus thinks he is a dove, I guess he has never looked in a mirror. JHW