

Space Ray Pathfinders

#9 – Man Cleaners

“One wrong step and ear-splitting sirens would go off. We're talking dirt here. And I don't mean filthy words, mud mountains, or clay clods – but particles of dust smaller than you can see without a powerful magnifying glass.” With that, the silver-haired leader of the Space Ray Pathfinders club began his lesson shortly after the all-important opening prayer.

“Hmmm, Bonnie, could you come up and help me, please?” he motioned to her hold a small hand-held vacuum cleaner. “I've charged up the battery so this little vac should make some racket. Bonnie, turn on the vac and then turn it off. Then do that a couple times.” The powerful hand vacuum cleaner jerked a little, every time it was turned on.

“OK, you can take your seat, thank you Bonnie,” were his words as the teen handed Gramps the cleaner. He held the vacuum cleaner up in front of him so all the teens could get a good look at the little noisy beauty. His voice changed to a more serious tone as he said, “Now I want each of you to put your imagination cap on. I want each of you to imagine you had somehow shrunk yourself down to fit inside this vacuum cleaner.”

Toward the back of the group of a dozen or so teens, Jimmy whispered to Jake, “Oh here we go again. Gramps has slipped into one of those senior moments where his mind is on another world.” Jake agreed with a smile.

I know it sounds weird, but stick with me, I'm not off in Weirdsville. This is not one of my dreams. In a way, I've actually done this.” He held up both hands to the clubbers in a stop gesture, and a “Let me explain,” request.

“Clubbers. Shortly after I was hired to the guidance systems repair and calibration team of the mighty Titan Ballistic missile, I was taken to a locker room. In the room I was directed to put on white plastic coveralls, booties over my shoes, and a sort-of shower cap to cover all my hair. I followed two other people through a door that boldly stated, “MAN CLEANER, ENTER HERE.”

With a bit of a smile, Gramps said it struck him funny that they were going into a man cleaner, and one of the others ahead of

him was a lady with hair trimmed fairly short.

Everyone, including the team leader, were in this very small room that had a floor like a fire escape. The leader gave certain instructions and comments about what to expect – the noise, and all.

The small room with the fire escape floor, did exactly what its name implied. The wall switch was turned on. It was a vacuum cleaner so powerful, you thought it would suck your coveralls off. According to instructions, each of the team slowly moved around and gently rubbing their coveralls, booties, and head bonnet.

After the three minute cleaning process was done, the blowers shut off. Next the electronic door lock to the gyroscope assembly room clicked and the team walked into the room filled with devices so precision that a speck of dust too small for humans to see, would destroy them.

With eye contact that captured the attention of each clubber, Gramps something that happened later that day.

“Clubbers, after supper that evening, I thought about all the amazing wonderful things I'd seen and experienced that day. Something that stuck in my mind was that when we reentered the locker room and removed our booties, bonnet, and coveralls, I thought about each of us being just as 'soiled' as we were before we put those things on. The man-cleaner only cleaned our outside.”

“As I reached for my Bible, I realized the truths and promises in it, are the only ones that are truly and thoroughly a man-cleaner. The sinless shed blood of the Lord Jesus is the only way to have our hearts – all of us, cleaned and fit for the purity and perfection of Heaven.”

“And when we ask the Lord to save us and wash away all our sins, we must also make Him – and Him alone, the Lord of our lives. We must allow Him in every room of our heart, mind, and body. Then daily, we must feed on His word, the Bible to continually guard against the dirt of this world entering in.”

We'll talk more about His cleansing and perfecting us, next time.