

## THE YAY-YUCK MAN

### *The Crowds or the Christ*

Joe loved to make people happy. Joe lived to make people happy. If people weren't happy, Joe wasn't happy. So every day Joe set out to make people happy. Not an easy task, because often what makes some people happy will make other people angry; such is the human nature.

Joe was a Medfordite and he lived in the town of Medford; where everyone wore coats. It was just the way it was in Medford. The people never removed their coats. Joe never asked *Why?* It never occurred to him to ask such a question. He only asked *Which?* "Which coat should I wear today?"

Joe's mother loved the color blue. So to please her he wore a blue coat. When she would see him wearing blue she would say, "Yay, Joe! I love it when; you wear blue." So he wore the blue coat all the time. And since he never left his house and since he saw no one but his mother, he was happy, for she was happy and she said, "Yay, Joe" over and over.

Joe grew up and got a job. The first day of his first job he got up early and put on his best blue coat and walked down the street.

The crowds on the street, however, didn't like blue. They liked green. Everyone on the street wore green. As he walked past, everyone looked at his blue coat and said, "Yuck!" "We don't like your blue coat; we like green!"

Yuck! was a hard word for Joe to hear. He felt guilty that he had caused a "Yuck" to come out of a person's mouth. He loved to hear "Yay!" He hated to hear "Yuck!" He liked people to be happy.

When the people saw his blue coat and said "Yuck," Joe dashed into a clothing store and bought a green coat. He put it on over his blue coat and walked back out in the street. "Yay!" the people shouted as he walked past. He felt better because he had made them feel better.

When Joe arrived at his workplace, he walked into his boss's office wearing a green coat. "Yuck!" said his boss.

"Oh, I'm sorry," said Joe, quickly removing the green coat and revealing the blue coat. "You must be like my mother; her favorite coat is blue."

"Double yuck!" responded the boss. He got up from his chair, walked to the closet, and produced a yellow coat. "We like and wear yellow around here," he instructed.

"Whatever you say, sir," Joe answered, relieved to know he wouldn't have to hear his boss say "yuck" anymore. He put the yellow coat over the green coat, which was over the blue coat. And so he went to work. Joe was relieved that all the people were now happy.

When it was time for Joe to go home, he replaced the yellow coat with the green and walked through the streets. Just before he got to his house, he put the blue coat over the green and yellow coats and went inside.

Joe learned that wearing three coats every day was hard. His movements were stiff, and he was always hot. There were also times when the cuff of one coat would peek out and someone would notice, but before the person could say, "Yuck" Bob would tuck it away.

One day he forgot to change his coat before he went home, and when his mother saw the green coat, she turned purple with disgust and started to say, "Yuck." But before she could get the word out, Joe ran and put his hand on her mouth and held the word in while he traded coats and then removed his hand so she said, "Blue, Yay!"

It was at this moment that Joe realized he had a special gift. He could change his colors with ease. With a little practice, he was able to shed one coat and replace it with another in a matter of seconds.

Even Joe didn't understand his versatility, but he was pleased with it. For now he could be any color anytime and please every person.

His skill at changing coats quickly elevated him to high positions. Everyone liked him because everyone thought he was just like them. With time he was elected mayor over the entire city of Medford.

His acceptance speech was brilliant. Those who loved green thought he was wearing green. Those who loved yellow thought he was wearing yellow, and his mother just knew he was wearing blue. Only Joe knew that he was constantly changing from one colored coat to the other.

It wasn't easy, but it was worth it, because at the end everyone said, "Yay!"

Joe's multicolored life continued until one day some yellow-coated people stormed into his office. "We have found a criminal who needs to be executed," they announced, shoving a man toward Joe's desk. Joe was shocked at what he saw. The man wasn't wearing a coat at all, just a T-shirt.

"Leave him with me; I'll deal with this problem!" Joe instructed, and the yellow coats left.

"Where is your coat?" asked the mayor.

"I don't wear one."

"You don't have a coat?"

"I don't want one."

"You don't want a coat? But everyone wears a coat. It, it's the way things are done here."

"I'm not from here."

"What coat do they wear where you are from?"

"No coat."

"None?"

"None,"

Joe looked at the man in amazement. "But what if people don't approve?"

"It's not their approval I seek."

Joe had never heard such words. He didn't know what to say. He'd never met a person without a coat. It was almost more than his poor mind could take in. The man with no coat spoke again.

"I am here to show people they don't have to please people. I am here to tell the truth.

If Joe had ever heard of the word *truth*, he'd long since rejected it. "What is truth?" he asked.

But before the man could answer, people outside the mayor's office began to scream, "Kill him! Kill him!"

A mob had gathered outside the mayor's window. Joe went to it and saw the crowd was wearing green. Putting on his green coat, he said, "There is nothing wrong with this man."

"Yuck!" they shouted. Joe fell back at the sound. Their voices were full with hatred.

By then the yellow coats were back in his office. Seeing them, Joe changed his colors and pleaded, "The man is innocent. He means no harm to us."

"Yuck!" they proclaimed. Joe covered his ears at the word. He looked at the man and pleaded, "Who are you?"

The man answered simply, "Who are you?"

Joe did not know. But suddenly he wanted to. Just then his mother, who'd heard of the crisis, entered the office. Without realizing it, Bob changed to the blue coat. "He is not one of us," she said.

"But, but..."

"Kill him!"

A torrent of voices came from all directions. It was unnerving and Joe again covered his ears and looked at the man with no coat. The man was silent. Joe was tormented. "I can't please them and set you free!" he shouted over their screams.

The man with no coat was silent.

"I can't please you and them!"

Still the man was silent.

"Speak to me!" Joe demanded.

The man with no coat spoke one word. "**Choose.**"

"I can't!" Joe declared. He threw up his hands and screamed, "Take him, I wash my hands of the choice."

But Joe knew in his heart that in making no choice, he had in fact, made one. The man was led away, and Bob was left alone with his thoughts and his three coats.

*I am a man who has told you the truth which I heard from God...*

*But because I speak the truth, you don't believe me.      John 8:40,45*

(Author unknown -internet resource and lightly edited)