



This is a new Series. We call these articles as **Parables**. You are free to understand the meaning in your own way. This Parable is titled "[Who Wants the Son?](#)"

There was a man who loved to collect beautiful paintings. He had a son. He too was a great lover of paintings. Both father and son collected antique paintings from all over the world. Some paintings were from the lands of Ur, some from Mesopotamia, some from ancient Rome, and so on. The father and son would sit together for hours and admire the great artworks they had collected.

One day, a war broke in the land. The Son also went to the war. He fought valiantly in the battle and rescued many lives. While saving a life, a bullet struck him in his heart and he died. The Father was greatly grieved hearing the death of his beloved son.



Son's Friend

A few months later someone knocked at his door. He saw a young soldier standing at his gates. The soldier held a packet in his hands. "**Sir, you don't know me,**" said the man in army fatigues. "I am a soldier who fought wars along with your son. On the day of the battle, your son saved many lives. I was one of many who were wounded. As your son was carrying me to safety, a bullet struck your son in his heart and he died."

"**Here,**" said he and handed the packet to the old man. "**I think your son would have wanted you to have this.**" The father took the packet and tore it open. Inside was a portrait of his son, painted by this young soldier. He stared in awe at the way the soldier had captured the personality of his son. Father's eyes welled up with tears. He thanked the young man and offered to pay him for the painting.

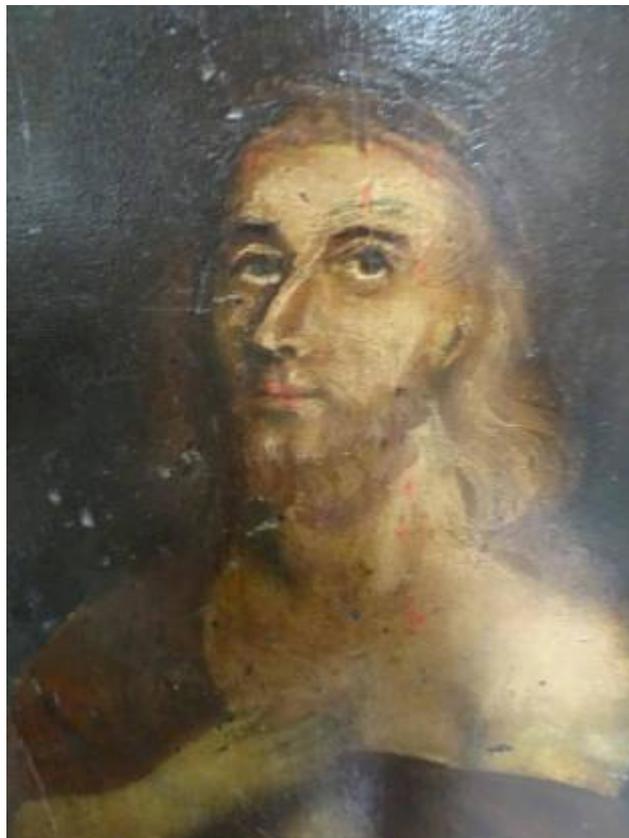


“Oh, no sir, I could never repay what your son did for me. It’s a gift,” saying so the soldier went his way.

The Father hung the portrait in his room. Every time a visitor came, he took him to the portrait of his son, before he showed any of the other great works he had collected.

The Old man died a few months later. Before his death, he had written an elaborate WILL regarding the paintings. One day, there was an auction of all his paintings. Many influential people had gathered to see the great collection of priceless paintings of the Father and the Son. They all wanted to buy the best of their great collections.

As the auction began, the auctioneer unveiled the painting kept in the center. It was the painting of the Son, painted by a young soldier. The auctioneer pounded his gavel.



Portrait of the Son



“We will start the bidding with this picture.”

“Who will bid for the Son?”

There was pin-drop silence. No one showed interest in buying the painting of the Son. After a few minutes, of silence, a man seated in the front row stood up. He wore as if a snow-white uniform with a perfect crease.

He shouted, ***“We want to see the painting of the ladder of seven steps”*** *Will you please skip this one?”*

The auctioneer ignored the man in white. He turned his face to the people seated in the auditorium and asked again,

“Will someone bid for this painting?”

“Who will start the bidding?”

\$10, \$20...?”

Another man stood up and shouted in a loud voice,

“Show us the painting of the virgins on top of the mountain in the north.”

The auctioneer still acted as if he didn't listen.

“The Son.....!” “The Son.....!”

“Who'll take the Son?”

People seated in the place started mumbling. They had traveled from far and wide places in the world. They hadn't come here for the Son. There was a great commotion in the hall.



People began shouting, "**We have left our homes, families, parents, and came so far.**" Why are you wasting our time with the painting of the son? We want something new."

But the auctioneer kept insisting for the Son only.

One guy interrupted the earlier one saying, "**I have even abandoned my wife and children for this event**".

At last, a voice came from the back of the room. A man stood up. He was an old man wearing a multicolored coat. He said, "**I could give \$10 for the painting of the Son.**" Being a poor man, it was all he could afford.

Auctioneer wanted to get a higher price for the painting of the Son. So he asked people one more time, "**Will anyone like to bid for a higher value? Who will bid \$20?**"

The crowd wearing white uniform shouted angrily,

"Get away with the son. That is for normal men. Normal people love the Son"

"We want paintings with deeper truths."

The auctioneer pounded his gavel. Going once, twice, and the painting of the son was sold to the man in the multi-colored coat.

"SOLD"

"SOLD for \$10"



A man sitting in the second row shouted, “**Now bring the paintings of Alwyn De Alwis to us.**” The white mob responded in unison, “**Yes let the deeper game begin. We are consecrated to receive these paintings**”

The auctioneer laid down his gavel.

“**I’m sorry,**” said he.

“**What about the other paintings,**” asked the crowd wearing Ujala white clothes?

The auctioneer replied, “**When I was called to conduct this auction, I was told of a secret stipulation which I was not supposed to reveal until the painting of son was sold. The owner of this entire estate had laid down in his will that only the painting of the son would be auctioned. Whoever buys the painting of the Son, would inherit the entire estate.**”

The Man in the Second Row

“The man who took the son gets everything!”

God gave his son 2,000 years ago, to die on a cruel cross. Much like the auctioneer, the true servants of God cry today, “**The Son, the Son, who’ll take the Son?**” Do you want the Son or are you like the whitewashed sepulchre interested in everything other than the Son?



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