

An old pastor lay dying. He sent a message for an Internal Revenue Service agent and his lawyer to come to the hospital.

When they arrived, they were ushered up to his room. As they entered the room, the pastor held out his hands and motioned for them to sit on each side of the bed. The pastor grasped their hands, sighed contentedly, smiled and stared at the ceiling.

For a time, no one said anything. Both the IRS agent and lawyer were touched and flattered that the old man would ask them to be with him during his final moments. They were also puzzled because the pastor had never given any indication that he particularly liked either one of them. Finally, the lawyer asked, "Pastor, why did you ask the two of us to come here?" The old pastor mustered all his strength, and then said weakly, "Jesus died between two thieves and that's how I'd like to go."