

sep 4

when you think of me - part 2

where we left it:

i sat amazed. my homeless friend was not homeless. he was on a mission and lived this way by choice. the question burned inside for a moment and then i asked: "what's it like?"

"what?"

"to walk into a town carrying all your things on your back and to show your sign?"

"oh, it was humiliating at first. people would stare and make comments. once someone tossed a piece of half-eaten bread and made a gesture that certainly didn't make me feel welcome. but then it became humbling to realize that God was using me to touch lives and change people's concepts of other folks like me."

my concept was changing too. we finished our dessert and gathered his things. just outside the door, he paused. he turned to me and said, "come ye blessed of my Father and inherit the kingdom i've prepared for you. for when i was hungry you gave me food, when i was thirsty you gave me drink, a stranger and you took me in."

i felt as if we were on holy ground. "could you use another bible?" i asked.

he said he preferred a certain translation. it traveled well and was not too heavy. it was also his personal favorite. "i've read through it 14 times," he said. "i'm not sure we've got one of those, but let's stop by our church and see." i was able to find my new friend a bible that would do well, and he seemed very grateful.

"where are you headed from here?"

"well, i found this little map on the back of this amusement park coupon."

"are you hoping to hire on there for awhile?"

"no, i just figure i should go there. i figure someone under that star right there needs a Bible, so that's where i'm going next."

he smiled, and the warmth of his spirit radiated the sincerity of his mission. i drove him back to the town-square where we'd met two hours earlier, and as we drove, it started raining. we parked and unloaded his things.

"would you sign my autograph book?" he asked. "i like to keep messages from folks i meet."

i wrote in his little book that his commitment to his calling had touched my life. i encouraged him to stay strong. and i left him with a verse of scripture from Jeremiah, "i know the plans i have for you," declared the Lord, "plans to prosper you and not to harm you. plans to give you a Future and a hope."

“yhanks, man,” he said. “i know we just met and we’re really just strangers, but i love you.”

“i know,” i said, “i love you, too.”

“the Lord is good!”

“yes, He is.” “how long has it been since someone hugged you?” i asked.

“a long time,” he replied.

and so on the busy street corner in the drizzling rain, my new friend and i embraced, and i felt deep inside that i had been changed. he put his things on his back, smiled his winning smile and said, “see you in the new jerusalem.”

“i’ll be there!” was my reply.

he began his journey again. he headed away with his sign dangling from his bedroll and pack of Bibles. he stopped, turned and said, “when you see something that makes you think of me, will you pray for me?”

“you bet,” i shouted back, “God bless.”

“God bless.” and that was the last i saw of him.

late that evening as i left my office, the wind blew strong. the cold front had settled hard upon the town. i bundled up and hurried to my car. as i sat back and reached for the emergency brake, i saw them ... a pair

of well-worn brown work gloves neatly laid over the length of the handle. i picked them up and thought of my friend and wondered if his hands would stay warm that night without them.

then i remembered his words: “if you see something that makes you think of me, will you pray for me?”

today his gloves lie on my desk in my office. they help me to see the world and its people in a new way, and they help me remember those two hours with my unique friend and to pray for his ministry.

“see you in the new jerusalem,” he said. yes, daniel, i know i will ...

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“i shall pass this way but once. therefore, any good that i can do or any kindness that i can show, let me do it now, for i shall not pass this way again.”

if this story touched you, share it with a friend! God bless you, and have a nice day!

- author unknown

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when you think of Jesus will you stop and pray? not for Jesus - for those He loves and cherishes so dearly.