

familiar friday - oldies but goodies

"and to her it was granted to be arrayed in fine linen, clean and bright, for the fine linen is the righteous acts of the saints." rev 19:8

that's all i have to say until i relate to you this story.

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a few years ago, a group of salesmen went to a regional sales convention in chicago. they had assured their wives that they would be home in plenty of time for friday night's dinner.

in their rush, with tickets and briefcases in hand, moving quickly through the airport terminal, one of these salesmen inadvertently kicked over a table which held a display of apples. apples flew everywhere. without stopping or looking back, they all managed to reach the plane in time for their nearly missed boarding.

all but one! he paused, took a deep breath, quickly assessed the situation -- and experienced a twinge of compassion for the girl whose apple stand had been overturned. he told his buddies to go on without him, waved good-bye, told one of them to call his wife when they arrived at their home destination and explain his taking a later flight. then, he returned to the terminal where the apples were still all over the terminal floor.

the man was glad he did. the 16-year-old girl running the stand, he discovered, was totally blind! she was softly crying, tears running down her cheeks in frustration, all the while helplessly groping for her spilled produce as the rushing crowd swirled about her, no one stopping and no one caring for her plight.

no one else, that is. the salesman knelt on the floor with her, gathered up the apples, put them back on the table and helped organize her display. as he did this, he noticed that many of them had become battered and bruised. these he set aside in another basket.

when he had finished, he pulled out his wallet and said to the girl, "here, please take this \$40 for the damage we did. are you okay?" she nodded through her tears. "i hope we didn't spoil your day too badly," he said.

as the salesman started to walk away, the bewildered blind girl called out to him, "mister..." he paused and turned to look back into those blind eyes. she continued, "are you Jesus?"

he stopped in mid-stride, and he wondered, stunned by the words. then slowly, he made his way to catch the later flight with that question burning in his soul: "are you Jesus?"

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i was intrigued by this story because i have a very good friend, since passed away. when she was born again, she thought that very same question about the man who lead her to Christ. although he was a good and

gifted man, as she grew in the Lord, she came to know he was not Jesus. but the Christ-like ways of this man lead her to meet the real Jesus. (i might add: now she has met Jesus face to face.)

but i have come to question her conclusion in a certain sense. if we have the Spirit of Christ living in us, we all are Jesus to those who are stumbling in the dark, seeking a way of escape.

in fact, you are the only Jesus some will ever see. your words, actions or inaction may well determine someone's eternal destiny. that's an awesome responsibility. whether it be a casual meeting or someone you feel you know fairly well, there can be much more going on beneath the surface than what someone chooses to reveal.

we have been made ambassadors of Christ. every day when we rise from our sleep, we must decide what we are going to put on today, in the natural and in the spiritual. i adjure you, "put on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make no provision for the flesh." rom 13:14 put on the care and love our Lord has for others. put on the selfless sacrifice which He daily adorned. "if indeed, having been clothed, we shall not be found naked." 2 cor 5:3  
so the question goes out to all, are you fully dressed today? who are you dressed as? "Are you Jesus?"