

Micki's meanderings

Hello!

As I'm writing this Marty and I are preparing to go to Grand Camp (grandparents camp) at Inspiration Hills with our two oldest granddaughters. We were honored they wanted to do this with us and we are all so excited for next week. It should be a wonderful time!

When I read this story it served as an excellent reminder of how easy it can be to judge others and that He/She had a reason for making us all different. What a boring world it would be if we all looked alike, acted alike, did all things alike. I hope you enjoy it!

The Living Bible

His name is Bill. He has wild hair, wears a t-shirt with holes in it, jeans, and no shoes. This was literally his wardrobe for his entire four years of college.

He is brilliant; kind of profound and very, very bright. Bill became a Christian while attending college.

Across the street from the campus is a well-appointed, very conservative church. They want to develop a ministry to the students but are not sure how to go about it.

One day Bill decides to go to this church. Bill walks in, wearing no shoes, his jeans and t-shirt with holes, and his wild hair. The service has already started so Bill starts down the aisle looking for a seat.

The church is packed and he can't find a seat.

By now, people are looking a bit uncomfortable, but no one says anything.

Bill gets closer and closer and closer to the pulpit, and when he realizes there are no seats, he just squats down right on the carpet.

This makes the congregation appear really uptight, and the tension in the air is thick.

About this time, the minister realizes that a deacon is slowly making his way toward Bill from the back of the church.

The deacon is in his eighties, has silver-gray hair, and wears a three-piece suit. A godly man; very elegant, very dignified, very courtly. He walks with a cane as he starts toward this young man. Everyone is saying to themselves that you can't blame him for what he's going to do.

How can you expect a man of his age and of his background to understand some college kid on the floor?

It takes a long time for the godly man to reach the young man.

The church is utterly silent except for the clicking of the man's cane. All eyes are focused on him. You can't even hear anyone breathing. The minister doesn't even preach the sermon until the deacon does what he has to do.

And now they see this elderly man drop his cane on the floor. With great difficulty, he lowers himself and sits down next to Bill to worship with him so he won't be alone.

Everyone chokes up with emotion.

When the minister gains control, he said, "What I'm about to preach, you will never remember. What you have just seen, you will never forget."

The lesson is: Be careful how you live, be careful what you speak. Do not judge others; you may be the only Bible some people will ever read.

Take care and have a safe and fantastic summer!

Micki