

## In Line at Dachau

Christmas 2018 is behind us, and – like a little kid – I’m already looking forward to Christmas 2019. It is one of my most favorite times of the year.

And maybe you are like me: I get so caught up in the music, the food (ah, yes, the food!), the get-togethers with family and the cards and letters from folks I haven’t seen or heard from since last year that I can miss some of the important messages of Christmas. A chief one is that God intrudes upon the humble, the weak and the vulnerable. God does not come to that part of us that swaggers through life, confident in our self-sufficiency.

God leaves His treasure in the broken, fragmented places of our lives. He comes to us in those rare moments when we are able to transcend our own selfishness long enough to really care about another human being. We in Life Care and Century Park understand this truth; we’ve discovered it in the love and care we provide to those who need it.



On the wall of the museum of the concentration camp at Dachau is a large and moving photograph of a mother and her little girl standing in the line of a gas chamber. The child, who is walking in front of her mother, does not know where she is going. The mother, walking behind, does know, but is helpless to stop the tragedy.

In her helplessness, the mother performs the only act of love left to her. She places her hands over the child’s eyes, so she will at least not see the horror to come.

When people come into the museum, they do not whisk by this photo hurriedly. They pause. They almost feel the pain. And deep inside, they all may be saying, “O God, don’t let that be all that there is.”

And it isn’t. God hears those prayers, and it is in just such situations of hopelessness and helplessness that His almighty power is born. It is there that God leaves His treasure in all of us as Christ is born within.

*When the righteous cry for help, the Lord hears and delivers them out of all their troubles. The Lord is near to the brokenhearted and saves the crushed in spirit (Psalm 34:17-18 ESV).*

– Beecher Hunter