

Picking Up the Pieces

In his book *A Second Touch*, Keith Miller tells the story of a New York business executive who, after a horrendous day at the office, was on his way home at last.

He entered Grand Central Station. It was rush hour. The place was a zoo – wall-to-wall with people. All he wanted was to find his train, get to his seat and go home. The inevitable pushing and shoving ensued as he wound his way through the station, and just as he reached the platform, he saw his train.

He quickened his pace, and as he did, he accidentally banged into a little boy who had been carrying a jigsaw puzzle – bits of which were now strewn all over the platform and were being squashed under the shoes and boots of hundreds of people.

The businessman looked at the situation, glanced at his train, and saw it slowly starting to move. He looked again at the boy and the pieces of puzzle all over the platform. He glanced again at the train slowly gathering speed, looked at the little boy, and then put down his briefcase, got down on his hands and knees, and picked up every piece of the puzzle.



Placing those pieces back in the box, he handed it to the little boy, who looked up into the face of the businessman and said, "Excuse me, sir, is your name Jesus?"

Would you want someone, someplace to ask that question of you this week?

Maybe you don't hear that question as you go about your responsibilities in Life Care and Century Park, but I wouldn't bet against the idea that the thought may have crossed the minds of the residents and patients you serve, or their families.

As inconvenient as it might be at times – as it was for that New York businessman – to be the hands and feet of Jesus, we must be willing to set aside our own agendas if we are to fulfill our Lord's purposes.

After all, He called us to do what we do.

No one has ever seen God. But if we love each other, God lives in us, and His love is brought to full expression in us (1 John 4:12 NLT).

– Beecher Hunter