

The Question of an Orphan

Shortly after World War II came to a close, Europe began picking up the pieces. Much of the Old Country had been ravaged by war and was in ruins.

Perhaps the saddest sight of all was that of little orphaned children starving in the streets of those war-torn cities.

Early one chilly morning, an American soldier was making his way back to the barracks in London. As he turned the corner in his jeep, he spotted a little boy with his nose pressed to the window of a pastry shop. Inside, the cook was kneading dough for a fresh batch of doughnuts.

The hungry boy stared in silence, watching every move. The soldier pulled his jeep to the curb, stopped, got out, and walked quietly over to where the little fellow was standing. Through the steamed-up window, he could see the mouth-watering morsels as they were being pulled from the oven, piping hot.

The boy salivated and released a slight groan as he watched the cook place them onto the glass-enclosed counter ever so carefully.

The soldier's heart went out to the nameless orphan as he stood beside him. "Son, would you like some of those?" he asked.

"Oh, yeah, I would!" the boy replied with a tone of disbelief in his voice.

The soldier stepped inside and bought a dozen doughnuts, put them in a bag, and walked back to where the boy was standing in the foggy cold of the London morning. The American smiled, held out the bag, and said simply: "Here you are." The boy was ecstatic.

As the soldier turned to walk away, he felt a tug on his coat. He looked around, and it was the youngster. The child gazed up at the soldier for a moment or two, and in a reverent voice, he asked, "Mister, are you God?"

The boy's question was a logical one. You see, we are never more like God than when we give, when we love, when we serve.

And among the population of our centers in Life Care and Century Park, no doubt there are those who won't believe we are God, but who think we are sent by Him.

And we are.

Now then, we are ambassadors for Christ (2 Corinthians 5:20 NKJV).

– Beecher Hunter