

The Rafters Arrived

A few years ago, Alex Dovalés was drifting to Miami on a rickety boat with 27 other Cubans. A year later, he was an angel.

Exhausted and penniless, 14 Cuban rafters washed ashore on Key Largo. The rafters had spent four days huddled in an 18-foot raft with little water and a few rusted cans filled with meat. Dovalés looked at them “and felt like I had just arrived here myself.”

The 25-year-old, who clears \$197 per week as a dishwasher, walked home and gathered all the presents from under his Christmas tree. He gave the gifts – each containing shirts and other clothing – to the new arrivals. “They were wet and cold,” said Henry Paez, Dovalés’ roommate. “Alex took off his shirt and gave it to them.”

Dovalés said he didn’t give it a second thought. “They had nothing,” he said.

As we are quickly approaching Christmas, Dovalés’ example is instructive for us. For most of us, the blessings of God rain down upon us. How do we handle all that the Lord has given us? Do we keep it all for ourselves, or are we sensitive to those who have little, or nothing, on which to subsist?

And that spirit of giving should not be confined to one day, one week or one month a year.

--Beecher Hunter