TO SEE THE UNSEEN

In his book *He Still Moves Stones*, author and minister Max Lucado describes an example of faith found on the wall of a concentration camp during World War 2.

On it, a prisoner had carved the words:

- I believe in the sun, even though it doesn't shine.
- I believe in love, even when it isn't shown.
- I believe in God, even when He doesn't speak.

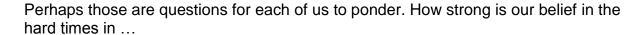
"I try to imagine the person who etched those words," Lucado said. "I try to envision his skeletal hand gripping the broken glass or stone that cut into the wall. I try to imagine his eyes squinting through the darkness as he carved each letter.

"What hand could have cut such a conviction?" he asked. "What eyes could have seen good in such horror?"

And then Lucado added: "There is only one answer: Eyes that chose to see the unseen."

That unknown prisoner's words, cut into his prison wall, sliced into my heart. In a land of plenty, with delicious food on the table, a warm home that shelters from the storms,

freedom to move about and work and worship as I choose, how strong is my faith? How adept am I at seeing the unseen in my world?



- Our marriage?
- The purpose for which God has called us in life?
- Our mission as a company?
- The impact we have on those we serve, especially because of the professional talents we've been given and the opportunities before us to exercise them?
- And, most of all, our belief in, and commitment to, Jesus Christ, our Lord and Savior?

Those prisoner's words, on a cold, dark wall, resonate – for me, at least.

He gives strength to those who are tired and more power to those who are weak (Isaiah 40:29).

- Beecher Hunter

