



OCT. 16, 2011
TELLING OUR STORIES

Can I count myself blessed?

For the last few weeks we have been talking about our blessings and how to thank God! These words have allowed me to feel blessed and to know that the more we give the more our ministry can do. Yes, I know: heat, lights, snow plowing and repairs are all part of how we take care of ourselves; we do that so we can take care of others.

Recently I feel *more blessed* than usual. It's because one early morning at 5:50 a.m., I interrupted the sleep of a homeless man, a man sleeping in the bus shelter on Iron Horse Blvd. I heard a noise as I approached the shelter to wait for the bus. I peeked in and what I saw was a man, his radio and an overstuffed backpack. They were all huddled into the corner trying to keep out of the rain.

At first I wanted to pull back, hide or maybe even run away... But the children of the church, the First Church children had taught me better. The examples they had set for me became clear in the next second. Their mission stories, their work at South Park Inn, their ability to accept others and open their hearts had made a difference.

I also wanted to make a difference and right then I had a chance to do that. So rather than back away I went inside the shelter and sat down.

"So sorry I woke you. Did I scare you?" I asked. I would later learn his name: Michael.

"No no....not at all," and he smiled. We talked until the bus arrived. I quickly handed him money for breakfast. He accepted with grace and appreciation. I told him, "See you next week!" and boarded the bus.

I thought about him all week. Was he wet? Was he cold? Did he eat? The next week, I woke up even earlier than usual so I could make him a warm breakfast. I could not wait to bring it to him. I made him eggs and bacon on an English muffin, a banana, an orange and an apple.

IT FEELS SO GOOD TO GIVE! I felt blessed to feed him, visit with him and share some of the blessings that God has so generously given to me.

First money; then breakfast; and now breakfast, some fruit, a sandwich and a granola bar.

The giving keeps growing and so does the good feeling!

THANK YOU GOD AND PLEASE COUNT ME BLESSED!

Maybe next week I will include some apple pie.

Penny Roskin