

Who Is???

Who is the Christian? Perhaps it is the man with the big new diesel truck with all the bells and whistles. A bad accident happened on your bicycle and you crashed real hard directly into the pavement. Your bicycle is un-rideable and your helmet is the only reason you are still alive. As you walk down hilltop you hear those turbo's whine. Your best friend passes you at high speed. You get to the back of Walgreens on that steep hill. An old truck pulls up. He is in a manual transmission which if any of you know it is hard to get going again on a hill. You two have never met and he offers a ride back home not knowing how far you live.

You are at Jolly Green Giant, the flea market in Redding. You are there evangelizing and you suddenly realize you can't get a ride home. It is far too far away, too hot and you don't have money or water. You ask the "Christian" who is selling things. He is far too busy to care though he sounded good when he thought he would sell you something. You go to the very last option. She is not a Christian. Her car has the COEXIST bumper sticker. Knowing you have no other choice you ask anyhow. She responds yes! She is a lone woman and you can tell she is poor. She doesn't care how far away you live or how much gas it will take. When you get into the car "Imagine" is playing where it talks about no heaven and no hell just be cool. Well she gave me a ride all the way across town to where I needed to go.

One day sitting at Subway eating my sandwich I started coughing because I drank down the wrong pipe. There was a man in there. He had a tattoo of a cross with wings on it. Stupid thoughts of judgement came into my mind: Leviticus 19:28. He made his order but before walking out he brought me a cold cup of water.

Last but not least: Today we were at Walmart. We just got done praying for help and with finances. You know the Devil loves to throw a curve ball. Without a warning of any kind the battery was dead. I stepped out to open the hood. I looked over and asked the first people I saw. After asking if they had jumper cables they said yes. Without hesitation, they pulled in front of the car and got us going within minutes. He had silver rings and no cross or logos. He said bless you. I responded God bless you.

Who is the Christian? Is it the couple who dress up nice and tells you God is good. Perhaps they pay a large tithe. Perhaps it is the person who struggles with addictions. Perhaps the Christian is the man in prison there for 25 years and thinks about his crime every day. Perhaps it is the man who beats his breast looks down and can't pray or read the Bible because he feels too bad. God only knows who or what a Christian is. I don't think we really know. Is it the Christian you say is beautiful, curses you in front of others, and then makes you to scared to tell a large woman at Raley's she is still beautiful. Perhaps we don't really know what makes a Christian. We judge from inside the church, condemning a person who dresses so nice, wears jewelry, and makeup. Perhaps we ran her off because she had a boyfriend. What about my church who has condemned me from reading poems or words like this because I don't believe as they do. I have often asked God I hope I am not evil. Please don't make me burn in hell for my wicked sins. I want to be a Christian: I claim to be a Christian but by my actions I know I am not. Maybe we all need to look into God's mirror and see if we are Christians or not. I think God's results might surprise all of us. Amen. Written by Dale Lee Gordon July 28, 2017.