

## “IN AS MUCH AS YOU’VE DONE IT UNTO THE LEAST OF THESE...”

By Donna Jensen

Preparations for Sunday were part of every day. Prayer gave us direction and strength. Time spent with God reading and meditating on His word kept us close to Him. Love motivated us to be obedient to His leading in all of our relationships with people. Saturdays, I baked large dinner rolls and a cake to go with a salad and a hearty stew that simmered slowly on the stove. This was for the lunch we served after church in our backyard. Members of our congregation had a standing invitation to join us. Visitors were invited to come along too.

On Sunday our church served breakfast to anyone who wanted to come. My husband and I, with our four little ones in tow, left early enough for church to search the surrounding neighborhood for likely prospects to come with us; people sitting on benches or standing around with nothing to do. They were invited to come home for lunch after church and get acquainted.

One Sunday we hit the jackpot! Two men accepted our invitation, a middle-aged man and a teenager. They also joined us for lunch. I asked both men to take a few minutes to talk with me before they left.

Tony, the older man, sat down in my office with me. Briefly, I shared my testimony with him. Then I asked him if he’d like to invite Jesus into his life. A half smile warmed his face briefly, but his shoulders drooped. “Ma’am, I’ve spent most of my adult life in prison. I’ve seen men ask Jesus to come into their lives. Sometimes it made a difference, sometimes it didn’t. I want to do it but something keeps me from it. I just can’t! He leaned forward and put his head in his hands.

“Tony,” I asked, “may I pray for you right now, that you will be free to do what you really want to?”

“Yes Ma’am, please...”

I prayed out-loud so that he knew what I asked God for. First, I bound Satan’s hold on him and then I released him in Jesus name to do what he wanted to do. A sob escaped his lips and he cried out to God to save his soul. Heart-wrenching sobs continued to shake his thin frame for some time as he confessed his sin. He was raw and exposed. Then forgiveness came down over him like a warm blanket and he was so comforted. I felt honored to be a part of it.

When Brandon was ready to leave, I suggested I walk back to the bus depot with him and talk along the way. He told us that morning that he’d left home in Iowa when he couldn’t seem to see eye to eye with his parents on anything. Since then he’d had some tough times and a close call with the police. When he called home, his dad offered to buy him a bus ticket. He was headed home now.

As we walked along, I said, “Brandon, how would you say your relationship with God is these days?”

“Can’t really say I have one.”

“No?” I said, surprised. My church is Pentecostal and he had entered right in praising the Lord and raising his hands in worship. Lots of Christians don’t feel comfortable doing that.

“No,” he went on. “Oh, I was brought up in church. I just never made the commitment. I don’t think anyone ever asked me to.”

“Well, Brandon,” I said, smiling. “Why don’t you do it right now?”

He smiled back and said, “OK.”

We stepped off the sidewalk and there, standing under a palm tree, with passers-by unaware, Brandon bowed his head and joined the family of God.

