

MID-WEEK MEDITATION  
*April 15th, 2020*

What follows is a blog my wife, Cheryl, wrote when we were volunteering at NOAH (a homeless ministry) in Detroit. In light of the recent pandemic it seemed like it needed to be shared once more. I invite you to ponder its implications right now and to "remember all the Anthony's" of this world. Pastor Joe

When I heard this morn they are burying unclaimed bodies; I needed to repost this.

*April 2016*

While working with the homeless at NOAH, we were asked if we would give Anthony a ride to his group home so off we went in my little car. Did you know there is a 'homeless' smell? Anthony will linger in my little car well after he is gone.

But this is about how he lingers in my mind and heart.

What lingers is the fact that there is a human being (one of many) who is on this earth with no one seemingly acknowledging his very existence.

So, I need to do that.

Anthony was 62 years old and lived all his years in Detroit. He was concerned that we were going to take him out of Detroit and he didn't want to leave his hometown.

He said it was hard on the street. Cold and wet. And dangerous. He had been kicked in the head and in the stomach while sleeping.

He said he had talked to God while on the street and that is why he was still alive. He told us how he felt a tap on the shoulder and thought it was someone who was going to hurt him but when he turned around no one was there. He KNOWS it was God. He asked God to keep him safe and God did and that was a blessing.

We told him we were glad that God had kept him safe and that we hoped he found comfort in knowing God was with him, tapping him on the shoulder.

Then we got to this icky house in one of Detroit's ickiest areas and we took him and his dirty, torn plastic grocery bag full of his possessions and walked him to the door.

He thanked us and said we were a blessing.

We were not a blessing. We just acknowledged him for 30 minutes. Big whoop.

I am guessing Anthony will wander again. He will probably get kicked again and pray again and he will continue to smell homeless.

BUT, he is one of God's children and he deserves to be named by someone. So, I am naming him here. He loves Detroit and he finds comfort in the "tap" of God.

His name is Anthony.

PS One week later and he is back at NOAH. I asked him if I could take his picture. He took off his hat and posed. Take a moment and hold him gently in your mind...and heart.

His name is ANTHONY.

*I have called you by name; you are mine. Isaiah 43:1*

