

# LIFE THROUGH THE LENS



## **“MISTER. ARE YOU JESUS?”**

He stood, the back of his rough coat against the column of the shopping mall. With a question in warmth, his eyes scanned the faces of the hurrying crowd as they rushed to – where?

Many who passed by stepped sideways while their face asked, "Who on earth is he?" One dusty hand rested on the iron cart that a woman had thrust into his side while muttering, "Look after this! I'll be back in a minute!" Her eyes not even rising above his dusty feet.

Slowly, he became aware of a gentle tugging on his coat. Looking down, two little tilted and quizzical faces gazed up at him. With a quiet hesitation came the question, "Mister? Are you Jesus?" With a slow smile, the man knelt and asked, "What do you think?"

Little faces screwed up in concentration. Finally, they looked at each other and, with a toothy smile, looked at the man and gave their verdict. "Yes! We think you are Jesus!"

Leaning a little forward and placing his elbow on a knee, the man gently asked, "Why do you think I am Jesus?" Again, the little heads tipped to one side, looked at each other, then back to "the man". "Well, you sort of look like the Jesus in our book at Kindy." "Yeah. And Mum says that Jesus is full of love, and I reckon I can feel you love me." "Yeah. Me too!" came the supportive reply.

After a thoughtful pause came, the question "the man" so often waits for, "Jesus, You are so full of love for people. Right?" "That's right." came "the man's" quiet reply. With an expansive wave of little arms came a revelation, question, and statement of faith. "Our dad works way up there in a mine somewhere. Mum and us are hoping he can get home for Christmas. We know they love each other and us, but sometimes when he comes home, there are arguments. They are not big ones, but they make us sad. Do you think some of your love could be part of our family?"

Taking four little hands in his own and blinking a speck of dust from an eye, "the man" smiled and said, "You asked me and I am sure my love WILL be part of your family."

As "the man" released the little hands, a squeal of delight came. "Look! He's got holes in his hands. It is Jesus." "I just knew it was HIM!"

As the man got to his feet, he pointed to a woman with a worried look approaching.

Placing a hand on two shoulders, "The man smiled and said, "Tell Mum Jesus says, "Just trust and keep believing Jesus loves you all no matter what."

As the two, bubbling with excitement, rushed towards their Mum, they suddenly stopped, turned and, with a wave, called, "Hey! Jesus! Have a happy Christmas!" With a wave, "the man" seemed to be gone. God bless,

Kevin.

331 MISTER ARE YOU JESUS 12-12-2024

Child images by Stephen Simpson & Child People Stock