

Is Your Life Making a Difference?

Is your life making a difference as we all sojourn for our short period here on Earth???

By difference, I am talking about some act of kindness, bravery, selflessness that has changed the course of the human race speeding toward destruction.

I am not talking about the do gooder Christian. I am talking about going that extra mile that makes one go against the grain, so to speak. I am talking about the Samaritan who stopped on his way to his busy day of work and picked up perhaps a drunk who was lying in the gutter, set him on his horse and put him up in a motel for the night and made sure he did all he could to provide comfort for one less fortunate than himself.

I am sure the Samaritan spoke kindly as he picked up this scum of his society, letting him know that someone cared, that the God who created him was also watching over him.

Time after time we have people come into the store and tell of an act of kindness shown to them perhaps twenty years ago by one of the Piecemakers as they were just doing their job - an act that changed their lives and had it stamped on their hearts for eternity.

2000 years ago there was an ordinary man who was not too busy proselyting to stop and heal the sick, feed the multitudes, never worrying about the size of His congregation or where His money was coming from. His life made such a difference that the star that is shining brightly even today, tells of a

man, born like you and I, who made such a difference the heavens proclaim it, the earth proclaims it in song, and you and I have within us the same seed to proclaim a life that is not too busy to show kindness as the opportunities come our way.

Let me tell you about Casper, our white kitty.

We have a kitty. He came small and cute and white and fluffy and so we named him Casper. Well, that kitty went from a size two to twenty over night. And he looked weird and I could tell he felt out of place like he did not belong.

Well, I had picked up a neat brush at Goodwill and I had a brush for my hair so when CASPER (I call him Snowball cause he reminds me of the soft Wisconsin snowfalls) came near me one morning as I was brushing my hair, I took my other new brush and started brushing him. As I showed him kindness, he purred and tried to lick the brush. Now every morning he comes for his brushing and he crawls on my bed at night and sleeps with me. Now he belongs. He was here with us all the time. Was fed and treated well, but it was that little extra kindness that made him get his identity after the abnormal growth and feeling misplaced.

His kingdom is not of this cruel world. He created a world within a world. One of selfless giving so He could proclaim, "My kingdom is not of this world. Come unto me all you who are weary and lonely and I will give you peace and rest."



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