

For I was hungry and you gave me food, I was thirsty and you gave me something to drink, I was a stranger and you welcomed me.

—Matthew 25:35



**TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 16**

As I arrived to church on a Sunday, two folks came to me and said they were concerned about a man seated on a bench. I walked over, sat next to him and offered a bottle of water. I listened to his story, and he was lost.

I invited Howard into our service, and he followed me. I introduced him to several people who shepherded him around. He didn't smell very good, and he was dirty, and I remember wondering if he was homeless. He stayed for the service and came for Holy Eucharist. He cried at the altar rail. He was invited to our St. Mary's Day celebration.

I listened some more. He had a son, Joe. He'd lost a map and his wallet. We called his son, and Joe came to pick him up and take him home, several miles from the church. They were both grateful.

I put Howard on our church's daily prayer list. I am reminded of this passage from Matthew. Have you had an opportunity to welcome or feed or clothe or visit the least? Can you see Jesus in the face of strangers?

—Russ Oechsel, Jr.