

Monday, August 29, 2016

During the civil war, a young man left the southern army and joined the North. All communication from his southern family and friends stopped. "My mother is dead and no one cares about me anymore, he said." Another union soldier told his own mother about what had happened. In a few days, a letter came from Wisconsin, addressed to the young southerner. He told the chaplain who delivered it: "It can't be mine; nobody would write to me." But it was for him, and it began, "My dear son." The mother of his fellow soldier wrote to tell him that she wanted him to be her son, and she would be his mother. The southern boy ran all over camp yelling "Boys, I've got a mother!"

1 Thes. 2:7-8 ... we proved to be gentle among you, as a nursing *mother* tenderly cares for her own children. Having so fond an affection for you, we were well-pleased to impart to you not only the gospel of God but also our own lives, because you had become very dear to us.

It's amazing how much impact a little act of gentleness can have. We can preach for hours, but it's often our gentle character that will be remembered.

A woman visiting New York City came across a cold and hungry little girl, looking into a bakery window. The woman stopped, took the little girl by the hand, and led her into the store. While there, the woman bought the hungry girl some cake. Later, the woman purchased a coat and some other things as well. The grateful little girl looked the woman in the eyes and asked, "Are you God's wife?"

No words from a preacher could better exemplify the heart of God like that kind lady's generosity. Meeting that little girl's physical needs was part of her Christian witness. The girl understood the woman's help was heaven sent. It's always easier to hear about Jesus' salvation from someone who has already shown you His love?