

Christmas Brunch by Jesus

By Julie Sorenson

Something special happened on the day before Christmas Eve 2015. First thing that morning, I walked to the nearby mall to use the free wi-fi service. I sent an email, and then my mouse battery went dry, so I packed up sooner than I had planned.

I noticed a 20-something guy dozing in a big leather armchair, with backpacks and a rolled sleeping bag at his feet. I thought through and weighed the options and had just decided to reach out when the young man awoke.

I truthfully told the young man that I had no money to offer, but I lived a couple of blocks away, and could I bring him some hot food?

He thanked me graciously, said he wasn't hungry at the moment, but he would ask his two friends, whom I hadn't seen at the table behind him until that very moment.

They were thrilled and willing to wait for me to gather a meal.

As I scurried home, I realized the first guy made me think of John, my son. Then I thought of the Bible verse, Hebrews 13:2, about "entertaining angels unaware," recalling how the two friends seemed to materialize so suddenly.

Hannah, my daughter, was staying with me over college break, so she put together cheese sandwiches and a festively decorated shirt box full of rolls and cookies. We packed canned pop and fresh fruit while the French fries and barbecued cocktail wieners were heating in disposable containers.

When I returned just over half an hour later, they were waiting patiently among their packs and bags. They hailed me as their "Christmas angel," referring to the same Bible verse I had pondered earlier.

We introduced ourselves all around and shook hands. Julie. Ray. John. John. I gasped and explained to them that two of the three shared my son's name.

I didn't stay long, but during the conversation I mentioned that I live with mental illness that keeps me from working. I live in poverty, and much of the food for this impromptu brunch came from a food shelf. I told them that as I carried the food to them I felt like the Little Drummer Boy, wondering if my gift – the best of what I had – was enough.

I also told them about Michael Card's song "Distressing Disguise." It describes just what had happened to all of us that morning.

"Every time a faithful servant serves a brother that's in need

what happens at that moment is a miracle indeed.

As they look to one another, in an instant, it is clear.

Only Jesus is visible, for they've both disappeared."

I saw Jesus in the need. They saw Jesus in the humble hands wishing to serve. When that happens, Jesus is real among us and we all disappear, focusing only on the love of Jesus.

Each of these three young men seemed as touched as I felt. Ray couldn't wait to post on Facebook about it. I left them with heartfelt blessings, which they warmly returned.

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