

Putting on his warm clothes, the young boy, told his father: "OK, dad I'm ready". "Ready for what?" asked his father, the pastor. "It's time to go outside and give out our church flyers," replied his son. It's cold and drizzling outside; I'm sorry, but I'm not able to go out right now". He told his son. "But dad, people need to know about God, even on rainy days, so can I go alone, please, please!" the child pleaded, despairingly. After a few moments of deliberation, his dad relented, telling his son, "since the rain is coming to a stop, you can go, but stay around the neighbourhood, and be careful."

With fliers' underarm, the pastor's son went out into the cool afternoon. After walking all the streets of their village and having handed out all the flyers, he was down to his last one. He searched about for one more person to give the flyer to.

Seeing no one about, he turned to the first house he saw, walked to the front door, rang the bell several times and waited. With no one answering the door, the boy turned to leave; but something unexplained, stopped him. The child turned back to the door, began to ring the bell, then pound the door strongly and waited.

The door was finally eased opened, by an incredibly sad looking lady, who gently asked: "What can I do for you, son? With his radiant eyes, a bright smile, the child said: "Lady, I'm sorry if I upset you, but I came to tell you that God really loves you". Handing her his last flyer, "This tells you about God and His great love," he stated. "Thank you, son, God bless you!" she replied, closing the door as he left.

The following Sunday morning, at the church service, the pastor asked: "Does anyone have a testimony or something they wish to share before we finish?" In the back row of the church, an older lady, gently stood up. When she started talking, a radiant, glorious look, sprouted from her eyes as she stated, "Nobody in this church knows me. I have never been here before. In fact, last Sunday, I wasn't even a Christian. A while ago, my husband died, leaving me totally alone in this cold, lonely world.

Last Sunday afternoon, a particularly cold, rainy day, it was in my heart that I had come to the end of the road. With no hope, I didn't want to live anymore so I took a chair, a rope and went to the attic of my house. There I tied a noose in the rope and the other end onto the rafters. I climbed onto the chair and placed the rope around my neck. I stood on the chair, so alone, so heartbroken, I was about to throw myself off the chair, when suddenly I heard the doorbell ringing, then the loud sound of knocking on the door. I waited for a minute, so whoever it was would go away.

I waited, but the door knocking got much louder. It got so loud that I could not ignore it any longer. As no one ever comes to my door or visits me; just fall, I thought, but something unexplained, stopped me. Releasing the rope from my neck, the doorbell still ringing, I went downstairs. The pounding continued until I opened the door. I could not believe what my eyes saw.

Standing there, was the most radiant, angelic child with an indescribable smile that I have ever seen. With the voice of a cherub, the words that came from his mouth, "Lady, I just want to tell you, that I know God really loves you". It made my dead heart, come back to life again. As the little angel left, I closed my door.

I read every word of his flyer, with one verse really getting my attention and bringing me here today.

She read the bible verse; "Ephesians 2:4-5: <sup>4</sup> But because of his great love for us, God, who is rich in mercy, <sup>5</sup> made us alive with Christ even when we were dead in transgressions - it is by grace you have been saved."

I had to come here, to the church to personally say "thank you" to that little angel of God. He came just in time, to rescue my life from an eternity in hell and replaced it with an eternity in God's presence. "He heals the brokenhearted and binds up their wounds" Psalms 147:3

Coming down from the pulpit, the pastor went to the first pew, where the little angel, was sitting. Taking his son lovingly into his arms, hugging him, the pastor told his angel, "God really loves you", as he started to sob tears of joy.

This past year has seen much suffering. Many continue to suffer. With the recent lockdown for all of Ontario, people suffer, face isolation, loneliness, personal loss, financial crisis, grief. The faith that binds us all, has yet to be discovered by some.

How do we know, that knowing Jesus, changes lives? We have witnessed it, in our own lives.

What is your story? If you get a chance to share your faith story with someone, will you? Sharing your personal story, of how knowing Jesus changed your life, may be exactly what someone else needs to hear. It may be the tool God uses, to change someone's life forever, something to think about.

"And let us not grow weary while doing good, for in due season, we shall reap if we do not lose heart". Galatians 6:9.

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