

## *MM Email Blue Sheet Hopping Along on Good Friday*

### HIPPITY HOPPING ON GOOD FRIDAY

“Will you pray for me?”

We were on the two mile section of our morning river walk, passing under the bridge across the Willamette River. We were just hippitty hoppitty side by side.

Two people, a man and woman, were seated on the ground along the walkway with two grocery carts loaded with four garbage bags full of their goods. The very last thing I expected was for the man to stand and look me in the eye and ask, “Will you pray for me?”

I was really expecting him to ask for a handout.

Some of these people know that I was once minister of the church where they go in the mornings to hang out. They call it a “warming center.” There are also programs for alcohol and drug addiction. They rarely ask for money.

We stopped and I must have stalled because the lady friend said, “Tell him what you want him to pray for.”

My first thought was still that he would ask me to pray for money.

He asked if I would pray for him to overcome his addiction to alcohol.

I wished it were that easy.

I asked whether he knew about the programs at the church. He knew but didn’t go there anymore. I asked whether he had tried any of the AA programs. He hadn’t tried them. I told him they might help him. He nodded.

“Sure, I’ll pray for you. I will pray that you may really want to get alcohol out of your life and that you will decide to go where someone can help you and that you will promise yourself to believe there is help for you.” He said, “Amen!” and squeezed my hand and thanked me, smiling, and sat down again. It wasn’t a real prayer, but maybe it was. It was good enough for him. His friend added, “And I’ll go with him and help him.” And I said, “Amen.”

As we continued our hippity hoppity walk I thought that this was a story to tell for Good Friday. It simply says that wherever we go there are those along the path who have hurts and problems worse than our own. It’s a day to remember suffering...not just the suffering of Jesus...but human suffering everywhere...all over the world...there is no escape from it. Most of it is undeserved...women...children...civilians...there is no end to it. I don’t know what God could have to do with it or about it. I only know that when a man steps up in the midst of his troubles the least one can do is stop and pray.

Art Morgan, March 29, 2013

# EASTER 2013 @ INAVALE FARM

*Hippity, hoppity, Hippity hoppity Happy Easter Day!*

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