

REFLECTIONS

May 8, 2005

**'Assuredly, I say to you, inasmuch as you
did it to one of the least of these My
brethren, you did it to Me.'**

Matthew 25:40 NKJV

The Vagabonds' Underground Railroad

The celebration of Mothers' Day allowed my mind to wander through many warm memories of Mom, the love she had for Dan and me, and what a pal she was to both of us. There were lots of good times to remember, and many of those times also included my grandmothers. As I reflected, one story that is very familiar to my family came to mind. It is a story about Munna, my paternal grandmother.

When I was growing up Munna was always kind of in the background making things happen. Meals were always on time and prepared with her distinctive flavor; her house was always clean yet free to be lived in; the yard was always fresh with flowers blooming and vegetables growing. Butch, the docile bulldog, was well cared for and there were always a bunch of cats waiting outside after mealtime looking for the scraps that came from the dinner table.

When the weather was warm outside, we usually ate on the large, screened-in back porch. The porch was about eight feet wide and it wrapped from the back of the house around part of one side. A dusty alley went down that side of the house. Occasionally a drifter would appear in the alley while we were eating. We could never figure out where they came from because the house was not located near any thoroughfare that we would expect them to travel; but Munna's home seemed to be on the list of recommended eating places along the path of the vagabonds' underground railroad.

Munna would always see them first. My first awareness of them was when Munna would ask them to come around to the side door. As they were coming around the wall that separated the alley from the house, she would leave her own meal and go to the kitchen to prepare a plate of food for them. She would hand it to them through the screened door and they would exchange a few words with her that I could never hear.

Munna never turned any of them away, disregarding the dirt on their clothes and their unkempt hair, oblivious that they might have been unsavory characters, and unconscious of the pungency of their unwashed bodies. Asked why she always provided for them, she softly replied, "You never know. One of them might be Jesus."

You are the light of the world,

Richard +

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