



# ***REFLECTIONS***

December 6, 2015

**For he chose us in him before the creation of the world to be holy and blameless in his sight.**

*Ephesians 1:4*

## **Brothers and Sisters**

He was rather ordinary, dressed neither in rags nor riches. No blemishes distinguished his face or hands. Even his weight seemed average for his stature, so in my walk through the plaza that day nothing in particular drew my attention to him. Still my eyes found their way to him and I wondered about his life.

A wedding ring offered a simple clue, otherwise a few other telling signs gave insights into his life. His attire suggested he had a blue collar job; but perhaps he was not dressed for work that day. Or maybe it was a day off, or maybe he had no job at all. Then my eyes fell on the cross barely visible beneath his collar. Though the symbol alone provided no hint of the depth of his love of Jesus, it still told of a belief we shared. Then as quickly as my eyes had been drawn to him, something else interrupted it.

A young woman scurrying through the plaza caught my attention. Perhaps it wasn't her pace that caught my eye as much as the bright colors of her dress. The wardrobe told me she worked for a nearby restaurant, but from a distance no other distinguishing features revealed much about her. Still I wondered about her life.

I wondered if she liked her job, if she had children at home, or an ailing parent or disabled husband to support. The variables became too numerous to consider, but clearly her life differed from mine; but whatever inspired her joys or whatever hardships befell her, her life was equally as real.

As time came to leave the plaza still another character captured my attention. Unlike the other two, this one displayed signs of distress. Hair unkempt, clothes uncleaned, and body unwashed revealed signs of helpless poverty. I wondered about his life just as I had the other two. I wondered about the misfortunes that placed him where he is. Were they the product of his own choices or had they been imposed by neglect or the evil acts of someone else?

The images of these three people loitered in my thoughts on my drive home that day. And the questions about their lives lingered. One of them showed signs of a Christian life. But the cross around his neck provided me no more assurance of his spiritual life than the absence of Christian symbols suggested that the other two were nonbelievers. I only know that before the creation of the world God chose them in him to live in this day and time just as he chose me.

And as children of God, they are my brothers and sister.

*You are the light of the world,*

*Richard +*

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