

## The Tiny Cross

I had just finished my night's ministry at the rescue mission and was carrying my bible and guitar out to the car when I heard her voice behind me. I turned and there was one of the women who had been attending the mission dinners off and on for some time. With a shaking body and trembling in her voice she approached me. I could see she was still high, but with tears in her eyes she spoke in a tender voice as she approached. Pastor, she said, I made something I want to give you. There was a want in her voice, a need for attention and a tone of desperation. She pulled out of her pocket a small braided cross that she had made for me. Without hesitation I grabbed one of her hands as she reached out, she asked for prayer and handed me the tiny cross she. I gave her a hug and a prayer and she responded with gratitude, such a simple inspiration for someone struggling to change.

I could not see the cross that well, it was dark with the exception of one parking lot light. When I finally saw it under good light I wondered how someone with such trembling and inability to even stand still could possibly make something so intricate. I thought of all the weaving and how one strand at a time it would take. Not a thread out of place and yet just enough unevenness to know it did not come from a store. I have never seen her again but the tiny cross hangs in our church on the cross of our Lord. It is there to remind us of those who struggle in their walk, wanting desperately to walk away from the lostness and into a promise of blessings but the world has overtaken them. We must continue to pray for and preach to the many who want a relationship with our Lord but are weak in mind. Over the years I know of a good number who have found our Lord Jesus and He has removed their chains. Awesome is our Lord Jesus.