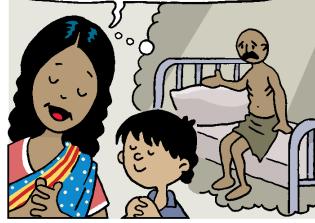


A true story related by a missionary in India.

One weekend my son and I wanted to pass out pamphlets about Jesus that included a large picture of Him. When we discussed and then prayed together about where would be a good place to go, I had a picture come to mind of a poor, unshaven older man sitting up in a hospital bed. However, because we had recently visited the hospital, we decided to go to the market. Jesus, we have these beautiful pamphlets about You that we'd like to give out. Where would be a good place to go?





That's true, we did. Let's go to the market.
Image: Comparison of the part of th



The following weekend we took 500 of the pamphlets about Jesus to the hospital and had a wonderful time passing them out and encouraging the patients.

As we approached one of the last beds, a patient reaching out for a pamphlet reminded me of the unshaven man I had seen in my mind the week before when praying. When I stopped to talk with him, he buried his face in the picture of Jesus, crying. "My Jesus came to me!" he said over and over. "Thank you!"





My Jesus came to me! My Jesus came to me!





Jesus knows who is open to His love, and He wants to guide us to them. Our part is to ask Him, listen to His guidance, and to be ready and willing to follow His lead.