

Turning point in my life

He was not like the other guys at the party – no chat-up line, none of the superficial banalities which I found so-o boring. He was quiet, interested in what I had to say but not fooled by the well-worn camouflage. Not sure how, but we were soon talking about things that really mattered – why are we here? What is life all about? And that interested me.

That really interested me. And so, we met up, the next day I think. And talked some more, and I learnt that these were not mere words – not much cost to words. This man didn't just talk about everyone being valuable: he would spend time talking to a tramp, invite him to a coffee shop, buy him coffee and something to eat, listen to him and talk to him about things that matter. No skirting the issue – who am I? What am I worth?

And I lay in the sun, went out for a meal, learnt more about him. And the more I learnt, the more intrigued I became. What was it that made him different from other people?

Shall we pray? He asked one day. OK, don't mind if I do. So we did. Well, he did.

When he said that he was hearing from God during our conversations, I was furious. What do you mean? So this is a 3-way conversation, with one of them I can't see and can't hear, but you can? No thank you!

But we met up again.

Let's look at this in the Bible. Alright, if you want. So he read me the Bible and talked about the person it was all about. Hmm...

Would you like to come to church? 'Spose so. Not like any other church I had been to, this was different.

Apparently someone else had come to this church and left half-way through. It was like watching 2 people make love, he said. I knew what he meant. Not physical love-making, but deep, a deep connection between these people and – and ?

So, anyway, somehow, as a result of all this, I am not exactly sure how or when, I found that I wanted to pray – and when I did, it was not a one-way conversation; I wanted to read the Bible and when I did, the words were for me, speaking directly to me.

And I understood that when Jesus was crucified on that cross, that had something to do with me; that somehow, He did that for me, especially for me.

And so I started a whole new relationship – no chat-up line, none of the superficial banalities which I found so-o boring. He was quiet, interested in what I had to say but not fooled by the well-worn camouflage. Not sure how, but we talk about things that really matter – why are we here? What is life all about? And that interests me.