

Another Unexpected Great Leap And broken vessels

She is forty-one with a nineteen-month-old that has already got the looks of a mountain of a man. A few months ago, she reconnected with an old friend she knew for years who had become a homeless man, forty-one and brought him home. He babysat her manchild so she could work. Disabilities prevented him from holding a job. She been through the mill on the things that kill a lot of people and survived. Got a great job, doing the best she can with her child.

She came home tonight from work and found him unresponsive. Ambulances galore came and they took him to ER. About two hours ago she came to ask us to watch the wee big one because her friend had crashed twice already at ER and was not expected to make it. She badly wanted to say good-bye. They were going to get married, and she said she had finally found the love of her life, a story she said, "Was bittersweet."

So, my beloved and I are taking turns watching little big man.

For the first hour or so I just cried and prayed and cried and prayed even though we'd known these people less than two weeks. The two of us, my beloved and I, have a few things in common, the biggest being when someone needs help, we give it, no questions asked. No conditions. That goes for us with each other too.

That is what love is. Unconditional. He proved that is universally true when He came to us over two thousand years ago, at the center of time, even if it is only 'this age'. The one of women and men.

Some of you know I lost my best friend, only confident, and only sibling other than my dear partner back in March on the nineteenth, year of our Lord 2024. I never experienced such grief. It almost ate me alive. If I did not have my beautiful Norwegian taking care of me, boy, I don't want to think about it. Six months later it still seeps through my eyes daily. Often.

You see, I got mad at the only Guy I've ever worshipped. I call Him my Jewish Boss. Many call Him 'The Master' or the Only God Triune. I've spent my almost seven decades searching and seeking to do His will even when I confuse my own measly will with His. He always brings me around.

Even when my vessel got shattered beyond repair in recent weeks. I'd figured He'd find some use for the broken pieces. Maybe even loan some Divine glue at times.

And He had again. In another extreme moment of intense grief, with a little man sleeping at my feet, I sense Him again and it has been a while, though I never truly gave up hope, will, or faith even if I sure darn wanted to. So, I pray ceaselessly for Him not to let me go or take me until there is nothing left of this vessel but dust. After all, its where we all came from, dust.

(over)

So, I pray and pray for this child at my feet, his mom, her heaven bound friend. God came to save all of us, especially folk like this homeless person.

And I cry.

And I played over and over Keith Salmon's 'Angels of Love and Healing.' My mom passed away listening to him. She was in a coma and suddenly opened her eyes. She looked over to my only sibling, then she looked at me.

And I saw the stars like a universe in her eyes. She smiled, closed them, and Leapt into His arms.

Tonight's sadness is very tough. Even though we knew these two dear people for just over two weeks.

I am glad He is here. I love Him.

And I want everybody to do as He says, **"Love Everyone!"**

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