

RESPONSE TO YOUR CALL TO ACTION

Dear Ashley,

I want to thank you for your “call to action” and let you know what a valuable experience you provided for me. **I hope that all who read this letter will also let you know of their experiences.**

I had no problem gathering up the things on the list you gave us, and putting the bags together was fun, but when I had to take some home with me, I had no idea what I was going to do. I took supplies for six bags, but only brought three home with me. I admit I felt a little uncomfortable when I thought about giving them out to complete strangers. GUESS WHAT! God took care of that for me.

I carried the bags around in my car, and never saw a single soul to give one to. Then the following Sunday, I decided on who I would give the first one to. I had an experience five years ago with a newspaper vendor. He was a surly man and walked with a limp and stood at a corner I usually never passed on Sunday, but one Sunday I bought a paper from him. It was a thin paper so I asked him if the ads were in it. He got really ugly and said all his papers had ads. It's funny how someone treating you badly makes you remember them, and five years later, he appeared on the corner I passed going to church. I have been passing him by every Sunday, choosing to go to Valero instead. Well, this Sunday I pulled up beside him, gave him a \$5 bill and told him to keep the change, and then handed him the bag, telling him it was from the Church of the Holy Spirit. He smiled! For the first time in five years, he smiled. He said thank you and wished me a Happy Memorial Day. I was ecstatic...and then realized I had been very un-Christian toward him for a long time, so now I will not pass him by any longer.

The next day, I was turning under the expressway and there is a little man with a spray bottle that offers to clean your windshield. As usual, I was in the middle lane, so I hung the bag out the window and motioned him over. He ran up to the car and thanked me and then went back to the side. He immediately rummaged through the bag and pulled out a food item, but it flew out of his hand and went over the guard rail. He jumped the guard rail into a ravine to get it. Then I realized how hungry he must have been.

The following day, I came to a corner where a man and a woman usually stand asking for money. This time only the man was there. I called him over to the car and handed him my last bag and he thanked me profoundly. Then I saw him wave the bag and saw the woman across the street under the shade of a tree. She jumped up and ran across to thank me. It was then that I wished I had more bags.

So now, Ashley, I am making up more bags on my own and will carry several with me at all times. I know God will put me in a place with more people that could use them. Thank you for your “call to action.” It has showed me how important the simple things in life are to those in need.

Barbara Cavazos