

Jim's Prayer



The story is told of a certain priest who was disturbed to see a shabbily dressed old man go into his church at noon every day and come out again after a few minutes. What could he be doing? He informed the caretaker and asked him to question the old man. After all, the place contained valuable furnishings.

"I go to pray," the man said in reply to the caretaker's questioning.

"Come, come now," said the other, "you are never long enough in the church to pray."

"Well, you see," the old man went on, "I don't know how to pray a long prayer, but every day at twelve o'clock I just come and say, 'Jesus, it's Jim.' I wait a minute and then come away. Even though it's just a little prayer, I think He hears me."

When Jim was injured some time later and taken to the hospital, he had a wonderful influence on the ward. Grumbling patients became cheerful and often the ward would ring with laughter.

"Well, Jim," said a nurse to him one day, "the men say you are responsible for this change in the ward. They say you are always happy."

"Aye, that I am. I can't help being happy. You see, it's my Visitor. Every day He makes me happy."

"Your visitor?" The nurse was puzzled. She had noticed that Jim's chair was always empty during visiting hours, for he was a lonely man, with no relatives. "Your visitor? But when does he come?"

"Every day," Jim replied, with a light in his eye. "Yes, every day at twelve o'clock He comes and stands at the foot of my bed. I see Him and He smiles and says, 'Jim, it's Jesus.'"

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Being familiar with the story of Jim as related above, we were encouraged by the following update to it, sent to us by Michael, a missionary in Thailand. He wrote:

We met a Scottish man who works here in Thailand. He received Jesus and invited us to his house for dinner. Since his name was Jimmy, we started telling him the story of "Jesus, it's Jim!"—about the old man who went to the church every day to pray. He interrupted us to say he knew the story well; in fact, it happened near where he lived in Scotland.

The name of the man was Jimmy Meekan, he said, and our friend knew the cardinal who officiated at Jimmy's funeral. He added this fascinating conclusion to the story, stating that he personally knew many witnesses, including the cardinal, who would swear on a Bible that this incident truly happened.

While Jim was seriously ill in the hospital, the doctors who were familiar with his condition were amazed at how cheerful he was and how he continually tried to cheer up the other patients. However, when Jim gave the explanation that Jesus came to visit him daily, many scoffed. But at his funeral, while the mourners stood about the coffin, they were astonished to hear a loud voice, as it were from the sky, saying, "Jim, it's Me, Jesus!"

Not the End, But a New Beginning

By David Brandt Berg

Death is marvelous! It's freedom for the Christian! It's a wonderful liberation! For the believer in Christ it is being set free from this old body that gives us so much trouble. The old body's heavy, it's tired, it hurts, it gets sick. But we will enter a new world of freedom from the shackles of the flesh, into the vast and boundless universe of the spirit!

The end of the road for us will just be the beginning! "When we all get to Heaven, what a day of rejoicing that will be! When we all see Jesus, we'll sing and shout the victory!" Hallelujah! Thank You, Lord!

We will meet our departed loved ones again, and find our lost loves and be joined with them eternally in everlasting happiness, in an eternal life of love and joy and heavenly happiness forever with the God of love and those we love!