

THE LAW OF GRAVITY, IT NEVER FAILS

By: Terrence Morrissey



One day when I was volunteering at a club for alcoholics, an aged man came into the club. He was obviously underweight and looked pretty pathetic in his manner of dress. His clothes were tattered and soiled. His shoes had seen better days. The leather on one of them was starting to peel off and he had on two different colored socks. One sock was bright red and was a thick winter sock. The other was striped blue and black and was a summer type sock. On his face he sported about three days' growth of beard.

"Come on in," I greeted him as he stepped through the door. "How are you?" I asked as he took a seat. He sat and with a deep prolonged sigh; it was obvious that he was a weary traveler. "Oh I'm doing fine," he stated. I am tired from travelling and I sure could use a cup of coffee." I got him his coffee; as he drank his coffee, I could see life coming back into his eyes. He told me his name was Jake. After about an hour of conversation he got up and left with his brother who came by to pick him up.

A few days later, Jake came in and was pretty well cleaned up. He had on clean blue jeans, a used, but excellent pair of shoes and he was clean-shaven. "Thanks for your kindness, I appreciate it," were the first words out of his mouth and I could see a weak smile forming on his face. "You're welcome!" I exclaimed, "But you don't seem very happy."

"Oh, I'm happy, except for one thing."

"What's that?" I asked.

He frowned, hesitated and said, "I don't have my driver's license."

"How come?" I enquired.

"Well I haven't had it for seven years due to the fact that I owe the license people \$785 dollars and until I pay that I won't have it." It was obvious that his driver's license meant more to him that just being able to drive a car.

I stood and started to put on my jacket. "Where are you going?" one of the fellows in the club asked. I confided that I was going to help Jake get his license. He stated that Jake had advanced cancer. He also told me that Jake's license was

his identification as a citizen. His driver's license gave him authenticity and acceptability into society. I nodded as I walked out the door and said I would be back in an hour.

I returned to the club and let the guys know that Jake was one happy guy. His fines were paid and he would have his license in a few days. They asked me what Jake said about the whole thing. I swallowed hard, took a deep breath and told them what Jake said... he said nothing. He just stood there with the receipt in his hand and he cried.

Three days later Jake showed up at the club grinning from ear to ear, flashing his newly acquired license with his photo on it. He showed it to everyone in the club. There were the usual jokes about the photo and congratulations were offered to Jake. He thanked all the guys, gave me a hug and walked out the door with a huge grin on his face and holding his license up in front of him.

Justin, Jake's brother, dropped in two weeks later and let us know that Jake wasn't feeling well and they had taken him to the hospital. Robert said that when they put Jake into a bed Jake held something in his hand and no prompting from the nurses or doctor would make him let go of it. It was his driver's license. Jake died that night and was laid to rest clutching his license in his hand.

Plant a seed of happiness and reap a harvest of joy. It's not really all about money. God has many fields just waiting for a seed to be sown. Sow seeds of friendship and get a harvest of friends. Plant a seed of a smile and reap a bountiful harvest of smiles. I could go on and on, but think about your own harvest. Remember this: God's promise of sowing and reaping is exactly like gravity... it never fails.