

Anecdotes by Papi

AS HUMBLE AS AN OLD HOUND DOG

When I occasionally or often glance behind me, which is to say in my past, there are astoundingly phenomenal events associated therein that beckon to be echoed so that perhaps another may find solacement. None dare call these actualities anything but miracles. This is such an event to share.

Thirty five years ago in 1973 I had not long been miraculously released from prison; having been incarceration in the Florida State Penitentiary, I was considered a free man. My young and lovely new wife and I had just gotten our very first rental abode, purchased a 1962 International Travelall, and I was headed to work at my new job. Now that Travelall may well be considered a classic in today's market but it was a long way from being called that 35 years ago. Any way ... we did NOT have any money! Furthermore, we ... did NOT have enough gas in that "Travelall" for me to get to work!

Beloved, please allow me to remind you, Papi's Anecdotes are all very true recounts shared in the fear of the Almighty Creator before whom we shall give an account for each and every idle word among all other things. So then this true narrative is not only shared having a profound knowledge of that fear but also in hopes that the rendering will do justice as I endeavor to share with you practiced knowledge concerning the "Grace of God." Some folks read about it some folks dream about it or hear about it; Papi knows about it. He lived it.

Off to work on a Friday morning and ABSOLUTELY worrying all the way there. Didn't have enough gas to get there; remember? I went to work at a place called Mectron INC as a welder and made it on time my first day. I wheeled into the parking lot, ran out of gas, and coasted to a stop just perfectly. I worked all day long and made several new acquaintances with many individuals who seemingly and immediately became my friends. I have always been a very conscientious employee and performed my assigned tasks that day with as much perfection as humanly possible. You may say having read that statement "That doesn't sound humble at all." Well ... I was and I believe even more so than I am today; and I do say that with a measure of shame. However, I was an excellent welder and fabricator – just the truth. The truth is I did not let my worrying all day long affect my productivity. I worried ABSOLUTELY all day long "How am I going to get home?" "How am I going to get home?" I was out of gas and had NO money.

Something in my deepest conscious resolve, deep within my soul, would not allow me to ask any of my new friends for help. Lord knows I sure thought about it. I am not one to rehearse very many conversations before I have them because I invariably speak from the content of my heart. I did that day, however, I sort of practiced "Hey Red do you mind if I borrow five dollars until payday?" I even thought about going into the front office and straightforwardly presenting my dilemma. My immediate supervisor was so impressed with my performance he evaluated it frequently and conversed accordingly all day long. He would have certainly loaned me some gas money. I just couldn't do it; I just could bring myself to ask anyone and it wasn't because of pride.

Papi was unequivocally "Humble as an old hound dog" on that day of discussion. You could almost kick him in those days. ALMOST . . . to be honest with those individuals who are acquainted with my "old nature"; praise be to Him – The ONE - as my "new nature" is still getting stronger.

Beloved this was Friday, payday, the end of the week, and people hit the parking lot at a run. I walked out with "Red" my new friend and even choked around in my throat something I had actually rehearsed all day long. "Hey Red do you mind if I borrow five dollars until payday?" I could have told him I was out of gas or any number of people. I just couldn't! We parted with an acknowledgment that we would see one another Monday morning.

Arriving very slowly to that classic automobile that I had acquired I began to weep. I am a grown man but I find myself doing that a lot; I believe I know how Jeremiah the Prophet of the Almighty must have felt at times. Every single vehicle pulled away and it got quiet except for my voice to my Savior and King. With the key in the ignition and tears in my eyes that flowed from my broken spirit I switched on the key but did not engage the starter and began to pray.

“Father you gave me this job and I am so very thankful, and you know I don’t have any gas and I have to get home to Ladonna – Oh LORD (crying) OH LORD – you’ve got to give me some gas.”

Because I had recently experienced more than one miracle in my life and I actually didn’t know any difference I simply asked as humbly as an old hound dog in the exact manner described above. I didn’t know about folks in church who don’t believe these things called miracles; I had never gone to church, I just knew faith was real and the “Grace of God” sufficient for all my needs. He did. He . . . gave . . . me . . . some . . . gas! Right then – right there! I watched through blurry eyes as the gas needle went from empty to full sitting alone in a parking lot in Orlando Florida in 1973; thirty five years ago.

I cranked that old classic up and friends let me assure you I rejoiced being full of innocent and wondrous glory all the way home. The providence of the Almighty Creator is immeasurably without limit and it is activated by “believing that he is and that he is a rewarder to them that diligently seek him.”

My wife and I have lived and enjoyed the fruits of faith often since those days of practicing belief without the cynicism of organized religion telling us “God don’t work miracles today as he did in the days of the Apostles.” I have actually been told that as well as “God don’t call people like he did in the days of the apostles”; all in the same conversation. We will allow this individual to remain shamefully anonymous, albeit, those statements are tantamount to telling lies.

That tank of gas carried me to work and back home the entire next week; I got my first pay check as well as a small loan from my supervisor Charlie. “Thanks Charlie – thanks Red”; if either one of you should ever read this, from my heart “Thanks for your friendship.” My God is an awesome God! Great are his works and greatly to be praised!

At the end of that next week Our Father gave me a revelation concerning the working of miracles in the days of the Apostles. In that little rented house kneeling at an antique sofa the Lord said “I have called you to be an Apostle.” The date was October 5th 1973 and God does work miracles for he has never ceased to reward faith. Go in peace and may Our Father bless and motivate your desire to be included in the Kingdom to come and may you run this race with patience; and in so doing possess your very soul. Amen.

Papi
April 6th 2008

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