

“Lift The Poor From The Dirt.”

Psalm 113

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By Rebecca Enney

“I’ll see you at home.” said Mr. Mawakasunga to his wife as he and Elizabeth headed for the back door at church. Children’s choir rehearsal just finished and Mrs. Mawakasunga just finished her Bible Study group and they had two cars there and Elizabeth decided to ride home with her daddy.

“I’ll be here just a few more minutes.” said Mrs. Mawakasunga.

As Mr. Mawakasunga and Elizabeth headed through the kitchen they met up with Uncle Floyd and Barabas who also were leaving out the back door.

“Reckon we’ll sleep good tonight! Nice cool evening.” said Uncle Floyd as they opened the door into the dark back parking lot.

“Well, what do we have here?!” said Mr. Mawakasunga as he bent down to pet a friendly little dog who rushed over, wagging his little tail. (We will just pretend there is a little dog here.)

“Ahhh! He’s so cute!” said Elizabeth. “He’s look really skinny and dirty.” said Barabas.

And that is when Uncle Floyd and Mr. Mawakasunga heard a sound . . . beside the dumpster. They both thought the same thing and silently made a plan. Friends can do that, make emergency plans without saying words.

“Tell you what Elizabeth and Barabas, how about you both go home with Mrs. Mawakasunga.” said Elizabeth’s daddy. And he took them back inside and gave Mrs. Mawakasunga a look that said “I’ll tell you later.” Then Mr. Mawakasunga joined Uncle Floyd out the back door again. “Cute little puppy.” he said, to buy some time.

“I reckon his owner must love him. Looks like he could use a bit o’ feedin’ though.” said Uncle Floyd. “I reckon there’s some scraps in the refrigerator.” Uncle Floyd hurried in while Mr. Mawakasunga stayed with the puppy. Then, as the two of them hunched down and watched the puppy eagerly scarf down the bit of food, they again heard a sound . . . over by the dumpster.

Mr. Mawakasunga and Uncle Floyd again looked at each other, then Uncle Floyd said in a loud but friendly voice “I reckon if this puppy’s owner was hungry, we’d have a bit o’ food for him as well.” . . . and finally a stooped figure, dressed in dirty clothing came around from behind the dumpster. (You will have to imagine the homeless man.)

The four of them stood in the dark silence a moment: the tall handsome giraffe, the plump church sexton with a tattoo on his arm, the very hungry puppy and the dirty, homeless man. . . .

“I reckon a plate of mashed potatoes and gravy sound okay?” Uncle Floyd asked. “Yeah.” said the man, with a little hesitance. “It’s been awhile since . . .”

In the 113<sup>th</sup> Psalm that we read this morning it says **“God stoops to look, and he lifts the poor from the dirt and the needy from the garbage dump.”**

Uncle Floyd and Mr. Mawakasunga made arrangements to take the young man and his dog over to Bethesda Mission, in Harrisburg where there is a building called a shelter for men who have no place to sleep. The four of them went over in Uncle Floyd’s truck. The homeless man was very thankful.

Uncle Floyd and Mr. Mawakasunga were very careful and very smart when they offered the help. I believe that they were like God's hands, reaching out to that poor man and his dog in the dark beside the dumpster, just like what is says in the Psalm: **He lifts the poor from the garbage dump!** THE END