

Greetings Family & Friends,

February, is traditionally the month that the United States, along with various other Christian Nations in the world, cerebrates Valentine's Day. It was originally set aside by the Catholic Church as a day to commemorate a third century Roman martyr named Saint Valentine. It has since evolved into a day associated with courtship and love and is often expressed by exchanging cards, gifts, candy and flowers.

If we take a moment to think about the way that God expressed his love to all mankind, we can better understand how God wants us to manifest His kind of love to those that we come in contact with.

We often find it difficult to love those who don't hold the same values that we do, believe like we do or even vote like we do. It is even harder to love those who don't respect us or treat us the way we want to be treated. Yet, none of these are conditions that limit the nature of God's love. God's kind of love is unconditional. He so loved the world that He gave His only begotten son. In John 13:34-35, Jesus gave His disciples a New Commandment to live by:

"A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."

I believe that God, in His All Knowing way, knew that we might have difficulties in relating to our fellow man. That's why He included in His Word scriptures like:

Rom 12:10 *Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honour* **preferring one another**;

Gal 5:13 "For, brethren, ye have been called unto liberty; only use not liberty for an occasion to the flesh, but by love **serve one another**."

Eph 4:2 "With all lowliness and meekness, with longsuffering, forbearing one another in love

I came across the following article that was a perfect expression of God's kind of love. I hope it will bless you as much as it blessed me. *Happy Valentine's*

God Bless you! Your friends, Mickey & Suzan

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WASHING GOD'S FEET

Every scrap of experience has value. Every shred of every encounter with every soul teaches us. Every interaction writes on our souls, changes us and moves us along our path.

Late one winter evening, I entered an exam room to find a cold, wet, disheveled man. His clothes were soiled and torn, his hair and beard, long and unkempt. My patient struggled with addictions and appeared ten years older than his stated age. Through the holes in his shoes, I saw holes in his socks. His feet were blistered and swollen.

I filled a washbasin with tepid water. I sat at the foot of his gurney and removed his tattered shoes and socks. I squirted soap on a washcloth and gently washed layers of the city from his feet.

Miraculously, everything earthly or temporal was drawn aside. As I washed this homeless man's feet, I saw only that portion of him that was divine. He had neither possessions nor the esteem of the world, but I saw the glorious and indescribable nobility of every soul who suffers. I saw God.

In serving him, I realized he'd come to minister to me. I've viewed every soul differently since. We always sit next to God, whether sitting in church or the gutter. That's who the person next to us is. That's who we are.

Edwin McNeill Poteat caught the essence of empathy in a few short lines: "He cannot heal who has not suffered much | For only sorrow, sorrow understands: | They will not come for healing at our touch | Who have not seen the scars upon our hands."

My visitor lived on the fringe of society, the antithesis of everything the world defines as success, yet he was divine. If he did nothing with his entire life except give me that gift of understanding, he was a profound success. As I thought about washing his feet, I wept.

N.B. I resited posting this for a few days. Then a verse in the New Testament seemed to resonate.

"The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister" (Matt. 20:28). That's what He did for me when He visited me as a homeless man. We are all here to minister to one another.

(Photo by Matt Collamer on Unsplash.)

