Replica of Me
By Maureen Williamson

It happened recently that my ‘new found daughter, Debbie,’ was traveling to Phoenix in a Taxi to keep a medical appointment concerning her foot. Four years ago she had an accident that caused an injury while working at a nursing home. Sadly, the injury was not properly diagnosed, nor repaired, resulting in constant pain and limping over the four-year period. Debbie is now in process of receiving treatment after proper diagnosis.

The taxi driver picked up another passenger who was also keeping a doctor’s appointment in Phoenix. It was a cold day in Payson, where Debbie lives. Debbie could not help but notice that the man in his late twenties joining her in the taxi was shivering and without a jacket.

Debbie asked, ‘Are you all right? You look cold. Don’t you have a jacket?’

‘I am cold,’ the man replied.

Debbie observed this man while chatting with him. He was friendly, but sad as he shared that he had a serious back injury and is without work. He shared that he has three children, all boys, sixteen, ten, and eight years of age. He said the boys didn’t have jackets either.

The man told Debbie some about the mother of his children. She had left them and gone her own way. He was most saddened because he could hardly put food on the table for himself and his sons.

Debbie engages others easily and so the two shared further on the journey to Phoenix. By the time they reached their destination Debbie had the man’s telephone number and address.

I smile to myself seeing Debbie, thinking like I do, accomplishing the things that God approves of, and marvel that Debbie even looks like me when I was younger; well that is what I think. Debbie recently accepted Jesus Christ as her Savior, and is turning from a life of dysfunction to embrace function.

Debbie is choosing to deny herself more and look at people as though through the eyes of Jesus. She desires to be used of God, and in so doing her own life problems are beginning to be handled by her Savior, who promises that if we seek FIRST the kingdom of God, then all these other things will be provided for. God is training Debbie’s eyes to see, and her ears to hear, all for his glory.

Debbie shared the story of this man and his family with me the next day, and she and I pondered as to what we could do. Neither of us had the money to meet his needs, but together we
had the faith, imagination, and the desire needed to help this family.

After sharing with some of our Christian friends about the man in the taxi and his sons, we soon had the cash to meet the need. My husband and I gathered up Debbie with her three children and went off to Wal-Mart in search of coats. Debbie took the lead because it was she who had the compassion to spot this family’s specific need. We were able to purchase four winter jackets, and a Bible, with the money donated. We also had a few bags of donated clothing to bless these precious people who Jesus died for.

Off directly from Wal-Mart to the family’s tiny apartment we went. The ten-year-old, the second eldest son, slowly opened the door. Debbie explained to him that everything was all right and that she had met their dad in a taxi recently, and that we were there to bless them with Christmas gifts. She further explained that the gifts were really from Jesus Himself.

The two sons were sitting without shirts, and their eyes grew big as we told them that we were simply happy little helpers of Jesus Christ. We gave them the Bible saying that if they read the Bible and applied everything written in it to their own lives, their circumstances would completely turn around for the better. The children seemed to understand.

We went on our way rejoicing that we were able to lift up Jesus’ Holy, and wonderful name, while providing something much needed by this man and his boys. Maybe from this one small act of kindness they will all understand the real meaning of Christmas.

Debbie’s face shone with love and excitement throughout the event, and surely she will endeavor to seek out more simple acts like this one in the future, as we all should be.